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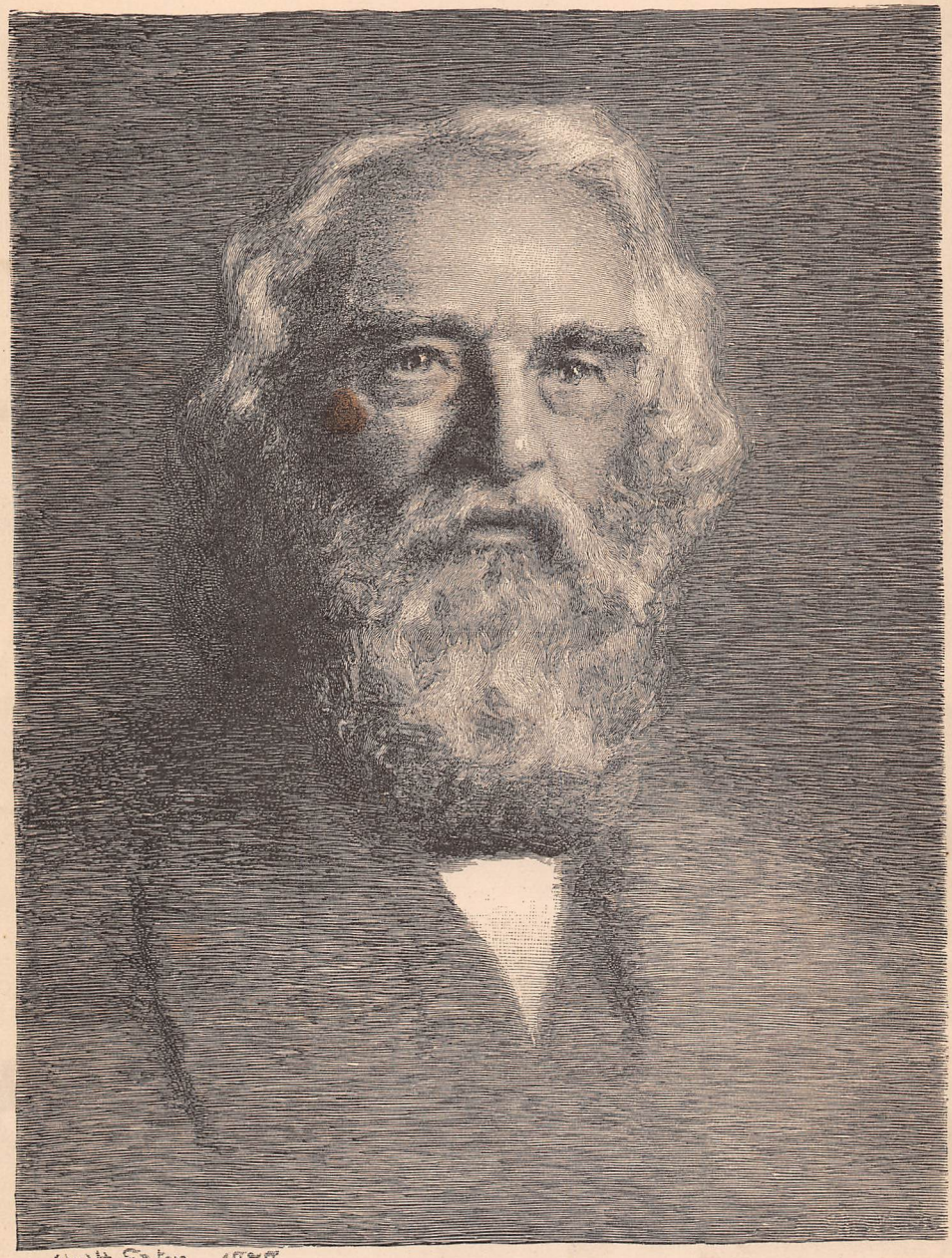

Wyatt Eaton 1878

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Henry W. Longfellow

Sept. 20. 1878.

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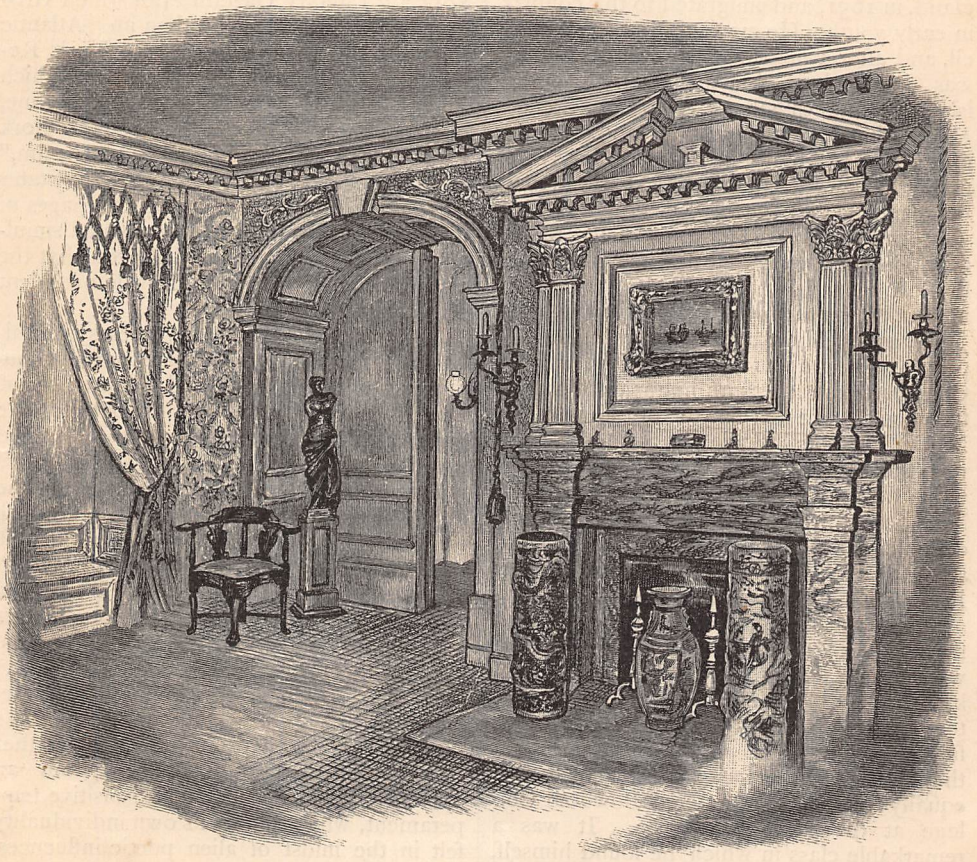
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING-ROOM.

THE work of most writers, if it be read in the order in which it was produced, and with a careful analysis of its elements, presents, I think, a unity of which the writers themselves were unconscious. Chronological criticism confines itself as strictly to facts as science does, and is not solicitous about results. Its office is to observe what lies on the surface and to discover what underlies it, and, by the twofold process of observation and discovery, to reach an equitable conclusion in regard to the value of both. We find in all biographies that all writers, even the greatest, are influenced by their surroundings, and by the books they read; that there are just so many elements in their work, be the same few or many; that their minds are crude before they are mature; that intellectual change is not necessarily intellectual growth; that they recede as well

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as advance; and, finally, that they do some things much better than others. We find, in a word, that the work of every writer worthy of the name contains some quality which especially pertains to his genius or his talent, and which is characteristic of him and of his work.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. His father, Mr. Stephen Longfellow, a native of Gorham, Maine, then a District of Massachusetts, was a descendant of William Longfellow, of Newbury, in the same state, who was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1651, and emigrated to this country in early youth. He married Miss Anne Sewell, and after a married life of fourteen years was drowned at Anticosti, a large desert island in the estuary of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Stephen Longfellow, a descendant in the fourth generation of this gentleman, was born in the year in which the colonies declared their independence of the mother country. He was graduated at Harvard College in his twenty-second year, and devoted himself to the law, removing to Portland at the beginning of the present century. He was a good jurist, as the Massachusetts and Maine Reports testify, and was a member of the national Congress when it was an honor to belong to that body. He was also the president of the Maine Historical Society. Such, in brief, was the father of our poet, whose mother was a descendant of John Alden, who must have been a prolific old Puritan, for his children's children have molded the destiny of at least two American poets, William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

When Mr. Longfellow shall have joined the Immortals, and his biography shall be written in full, students of his poetry will know more of his childhood than his contemporaries do now. That he was thoughtfully cared for by his parents, is certain, and that his education was an excellent one, is equally certain, for he entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. It was a remarkable class in which he found himself, for it contained, among other men who have arrived at eminence in literature, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever, and J. S. C. Abbott; and he must have distinguished himself, or he would not have received—as he did—the appointment of professor of modern languages and literatures, shortly after he was graduated, in 1825. He accepted this appointment, with the privilege of going abroad for three years, in order to qualify himself fully for his duties, and the following year saw him traveling on the Continent.

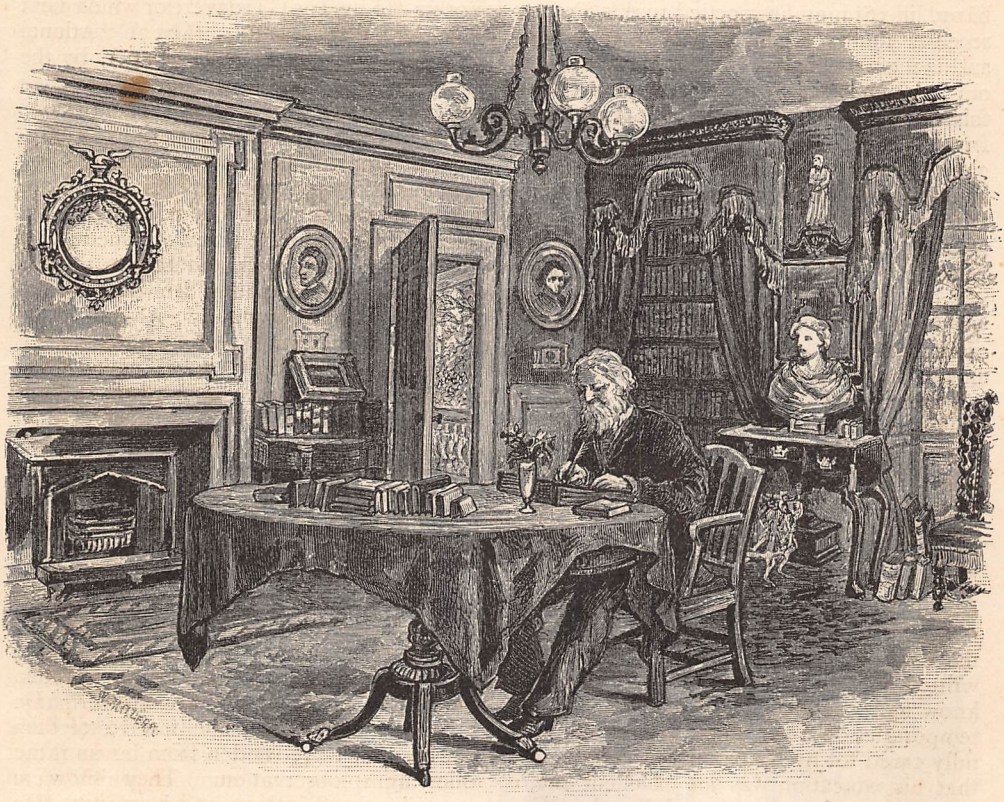
During his last years at college, the future professor of modern literature contributed in a modest way to the poetry of his native land. There was no poet at the time worth speaking of, except Bryant; and there were no periodicals, such as we have to-day, to which young aspirants could send their contributions. Attempts had been made to establish them, but without success, for they either died after a few months' struggle, or were merged in others, which were threatened with dissolution. We had here in New York a "Literary Gazette" (for which Griswold says Sands wrote); then an "Atlantic Monthly"; and then the "New York Review and Athenæum Magazine," of which Bryant was the first editor. This became, by the process of merging, the "New York Literary Gazette and American Athenæum," which culminated in the "United States Literary Gazette." It was in the pages of this last publication, which was issued simultaneously in New York and Boston, that the early poems of the young Bowdoin student were given to the world.

With rare exceptions, early poems are imitative, either of one or more poets whom their writers have read and admired, or of what is most marked in the poetry of the period. A careful reading of the "United States Literary Gazette" would show, I have no doubt, that Mr. Longfellow was not the only American singer, young and old, whose work bore the impress of the author of "Thanatopsis." It is legible in "Autumn," "Sunrise on the Hills," and "The Spirit of Poetry" (I am writing of Mr. Longfellow's early poems), and it is present, in suggestion, in "An April Day," "Woods in Winter," and "The Burial of the Minnesink." Description of nature is the motive of these pieces, which are written from books rather than from observation. They show an apt ear for versification, and a sensitive temperament, which makes its own individuality felt in the midst of alien poetic influences. Clearly, a new poet had appeared in the "United States Literary Gazette."

European travel was not common among Americans fifty years ago; nor were the places to be visited always determined beforehand. A certain amount of originality was allowed to the tourist, and if he wrote a book about what he saw it was not expected that he should cram it with information. He could be desultory, scholarly, whimsical,—he might even be a little dull:

what was wanted were his impressions. The time allotted to Mr. Longfellow by his *alma mater* was passed in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. We have glimpses of what he saw in the first three of these countries, and, in a measure, of his studies and meditations therein. He has not enabled us to follow his itinerary with any certainty, nor do we care to, we have been so pleasantly beguiled by him.

Mr. Longfellow returned to America, and to his duties at Brunswick, and took to



THE STUDY.

himself a wife in his twenty-fourth year. I cannot trace the order in which his compositions were written, nor the publications in which they appeared. His first volume, which was published in Boston, in his twenty-sixth year (1833), and is a translation of the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique," a thin little twelvemo of eighty-nine pages, which opens with an "Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain." This scholarly paper contains all that the average reader of forty-five years ago would care to read in regard to the comprehensive subject which it discussed. The preface briefly dismissed the original writer by saying that he followed the profession of arms, as did most Spanish poets of any eminence; that he fought beneath the banner of his father Roderigo Manrique, Conde de Parades, and Maestre de Santiago, and that he died on the field of battle near Cañavete, in the year 1479. This young soldier has rendered imperishable the memory of his father, in an ode which is a model of its kind, and which ranks among the world's great funeral hymns. It is admirably translated by Mr. Longfellow, other of whose Spanish studies follow it in the little volume of which I have spoken in the shape of seven moral and devotional sonnets; two of which are by Lope de Vega, two by Francisco de Aldana, two by Francisco de Medrano, the last, "The Brook," being by an anonymous poet. The sonnets of Medrano, "Art and Nature," and "The Two

Harvests," have disappeared from the later editions of Mr. Longfellow's works, and can very well be spared.

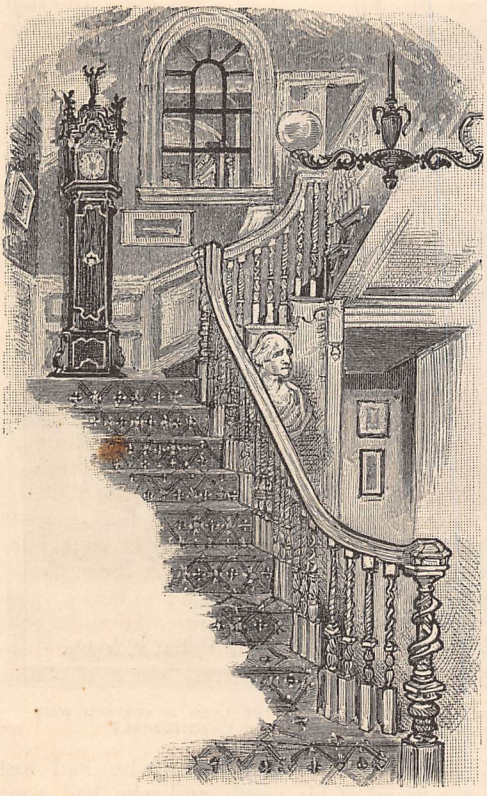
The fruits of Mr. Longfellow's three years' residence in Europe were given to the world two years later. If Bryant had been unconsciously his model in his early poems he cannot be said to have had a model in "Outre-Mer." It has reminded certain English critics of Washington Irving, I fail to see in what respect. It is more scholarly than "The Sketch Book," and the style is sweeter and mellower than obtains in that famous collection of papers,—the writer warbling, like Sidney, in poetic prose. France receives the largest share of his attention and is most lovingly observed, partly for its old-fashioned picturesqueness, but more, I think, because it happened to hit his fancy. In the ninth chapter or section, which glances at "The Trouvères," we have the first French translations by Mr. Longfellow. One is a song in praise of "Spring" by Charles d'Orleans, the other is a copy of verses upon a sleeping child by Clotilde de Surville. They are elegantly translated but we feel in reading them that the subtle aroma of their originals has somehow escaped. They do not suggest the fifteenth but the nineteenth century.

"Outre-Mer" is interesting to the student of American literature as an excellent example of a kind of prose—half essay and half narrative—which ranks among the things that were. It could not flourish now, nor can it flourish hereafter, but it delighted a literate and sympathetic class of readers forty years ago to whom it was a pleasant revealment of Old World places, customs, stories and literatures. It was quietly humorous, it was prettily pathetic, and it was pensive and poetical. Sentimental readers were attracted to the little sketch of "Jacqueline," humorous readers to "Martin Franc and the Monk of Saint Anthony," and "The Notary of Périgueux," and literary readers to "The Trouvères," "Ancient Spanish Ballads," and "The Devotional Poetry of Spain." (The last paper, by the way, was a reprint of the introduction to the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique.") Writing in 1878, I cannot say that "Outre-Mer" is a remarkable book; but recalling what American literature was in 1835, I see that it was an important book then; that it deserved all the praise that it obtained; that it was thoroughly representative of the genius of its writer, and that it was indicative of his future career, which is plainly mapped out therein.

A CORNER OF THE STUDY.

The publication of "Outre-Mer," and his growing reputation as a poet, pointed out Mr. Longfellow as the successor of Mr. George Ticknor, who in 1835 resigned his professorship of modern languages and literature in Harvard College. He was elected to fill the place of the erudite historian of Spanish Literature, and resigning his chair at Brunswick, he went abroad a second time in order to complete his studies in the literature of Northern Europe. He remained abroad a little over a year, passing the summer in Denmark and Sweden and the autumn and winter in Germany. The sudden death of his wife at Rotterdam arrested his travel and his studies until the following spring and summer, which were spent in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in November, 1836, and entered upon his duties at Cambridge, where he has ever since resided.

Mr. Longfellow's house at Cambridge is one of the few American houses to which pilgrimages will be made in the future. It was surrounded with historic associations before he entered it, and it is now surrounded with poetic ones,—a double halo encircling its time-honored walls. It is supposed to have been built in the first half of the last century by Colonel John Vassal, who died in 1747, and whose ashes repose



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

in the church-yard at Cambridge under a freestone tablet, on which are sculptured the words *Vas-sol*, and the emblems a goblet and sun. He left a son John, who lived into Revolutionary times, and was a royalist, as many of the rich colonists were. The house passed from his hands (for a suitable consideration, let us hope) and came into the hands of the provincial government, who allotted it to General Washington as his head-quarters after the battle of Bunker Hill. Its next occupant was a certain Mr. Thomas Tracy, of whom tradition says that he was very rich, and that his servants drank his costly wines from carved pitchers. He appears to have sent out privateers to scour the seas in the East and West Indies, and to worry the commerce of England and Spain; though why he should include the galleons of Spain in his free-booting voyages is not clear. He failed one day and the hundred guests who had been accustomed to sit down at the banquets of Vassal house, were compelled to find other hosts. Bankrupt Tracy was succeeded by Andrew Craigie, apothecary-general of the northern provincial army, who amassed a fortune in that office, which fortune took to itself wings, though not before it had enlarged Vassal house, and built a bridge over the Charles River connecting Cambridge with Boston and still bearing his name.

In the summer of 1837, a studious young gentleman of thirty might have been seen wending his way down the elm-shaded path which led to the Craigie house. He lifted the huge knocker, which fell with a brazen clang, and inquired for Mrs. Craigie. The parlor door was thrown open, and a tall, erect figure, crowned with a turban, stood before him. It was the relict of Andrew Craigie, whilom apothecary-general of the dead and gone northern provincial army. The young gentleman inquired if there was a room vacant in her house.

"I lodge students no longer," she answered gravely.

"But I am not a student," he remarked. "I am a professor in the University."

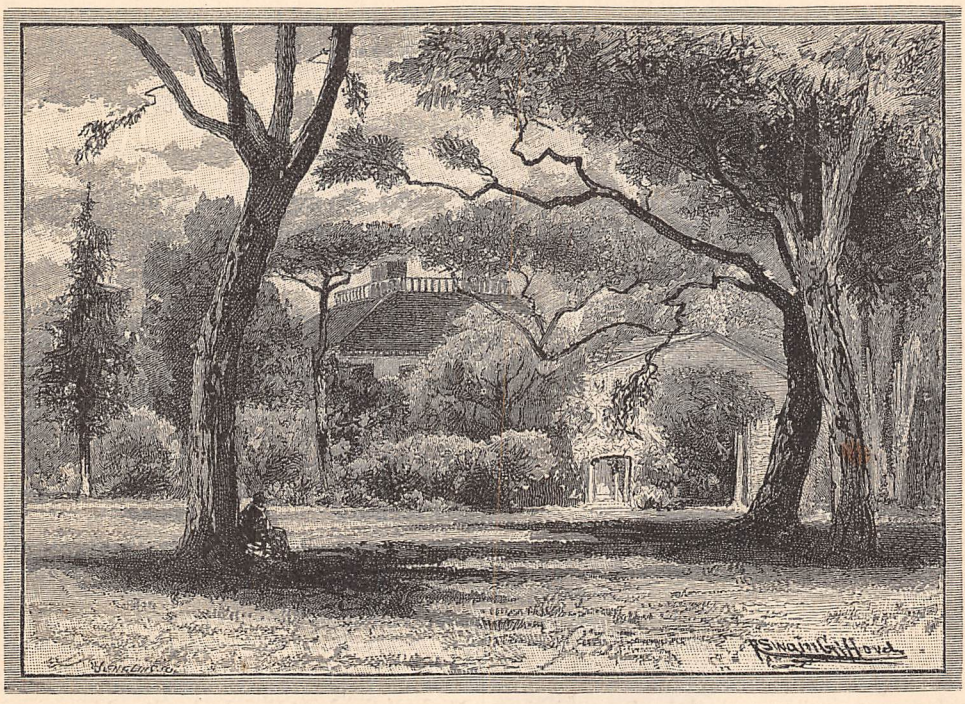
"A professor?" she inquired, as if she associated learning with age.

"Professor Longfellow," said the would-be lodger.

"Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is."

She then proceeded to show him several rooms, saying as she closed the door of each, "You cannot have that." At last she opened the door of the south-east corner room of the second story, and said that he could have it. "This was General Washington's chamber." So Professor Longfellow became a resident of this old historic house, which had been occupied before him by Edward Everett and Jared Sparks, and which was occupied with him by Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer. Truly, his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

Professor Longfellow's collegiate duties left him leisure for literary pursuits, and he turned it to advantage by writing a paper on "Frithiof's Saga," and another on the "Twice-told Tales" of his fellow-collegian, Hawthorne, whose rare excellence he was among the first to perceive. These papers were published in the "North American Review," in 1837. They were followed during the next year by other papers: among them one on "Anglo-Saxon Literature," and another on "Paris in the Seventeenth Century," which were contributions to the same periodical. If they are good reading after the lapse of forty years, they must have been better reading when they were first published; for, without vaunting ourselves on our knowledge of other literatures than our own,



THE REAR LAWN, LOOKING TOWARD LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (ALL THIS PART OF THE LAWN IS COVERED WITH GIGANTIC ELM-TREES. THE HOUSE IS NEARLY HIDDEN BY THE TREES AND LILAC BUSHES.)

it is certain that our ancestors knew much less about them than we do; and it is equally certain, as we shall soon see, that our earliest knowledge of German literature—or, at any rate, of German poetry—is largely due to the writings of Mr. Longfellow. His first volume introduced his countrymen to Spanish poetry, as represented by Don Jorge Manrique, Lope de Vega, Francisco de Aldana, and Francisco de Medrano. "Outre-Mer" introduced them to French poetry, in the paper on "The Trouvères," and to ancient Spanish ballads in the paper on that subject. Bryant had perhaps preceded him as a translator from the Spanish poets; but his translations were not of a kind to be popular.

The papers that I have mentioned, or some of them, were written in the chamber which Washington had occupied, as well as a series of papers of which European travel in Germany and Switzerland, and European experience and legend, were the chief themes. Through these, like a silken string through a rosary of beads, ran a slight personal narrative which may have been real, and may have been imaginary, but which was probably both. This narrative concerned itself with the life-history of Paul Flemming, a tender-hearted and rather shadowy young gentleman who had lost the friend of his youth, and who had gone abroad that the sea might be between him and the grave. "Alas, between him and his sorrow there could be no sea, but that of time!" He wandered from place to place,—noting what struck his sensitive fancy and discoursing of men and books,—student at once and pilgrim. The hand that penned "Outre-Mer" was visible on every page of "Hyperion," but the hand had grown firmer in the Craigie house than it was at Brunswick; and the scholarly sympathies of the writer had embraced a richer literature than that of old Spain and old France. Dismissing the romantic element of "Hyperion" for what it is worth (and there must have been genuine worth in it, for it was the cause of its immediate popularity), the chief and permanent value of the book lay in the new element which it introduced into American literature—the element of German fantasy and romanticism. It would have come in time, no doubt, but to Mr. Longfellow belongs the honor of having hastened the time, and ushered in the dawn. He was the herald of German poetry in the New World. The second book of "Hyperion" contains Mr. Longfellow's first published translation from

the German poets—the "Whither?" of Müller ("I heard a brooklet gushing"); the third book contains the "Song of the Bell" ("Bell, thou soundest merrily!"); "The Black Knight" ("'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness"); "The Castle by the Sea" ("Hast thou seen that lordly castle?"); "The Song of the Silent Land" ("Into the Silent Land"), and "Beware!" ("I know a maiden fair to see"). Besides these translations in verse, there is, in the first book, a dissertation or chapter on "Jean Paul, the Only One," and in the second book a chapter on "Goethe," whom, Mr. Paul Flemming, by the way, does not greatly admire. His friend the Baron defends the old heathen by saying that he is an artist and copies nature. "So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art, the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the more noble and the more enduring."

The dignity of the literary profession was earnestly maintained by Mr. Longfellow. "I do not see," remarked the Baron in one of his conversations with Paul Flemming, "I do not see why a successful book is not as great an event as a successful campaign, only different in kind, and not easily compared." The lives of literary men are melancholy pictures of man's strength and weakness, and, on that very account, he thought were profitable for encouragement, consolation and warning. "The lesson of such lives," continued Flemming, "is told in a single word—wait! Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I or you or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so that the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting, to hear the echo of our own voices." "Believe me," he concluded, "the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, and not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement."

If fame comes because it is deserved, it certainly comes to some men much sooner than to others; why, their contemporaries and rivals do not perceive as clearly as those who come after them. Mr. Edgar Allan Poe, for example, could never understand why Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a more successful writer than himself. He might have discovered the reason, however, if he had chosen to look for it, for it lay upon the surface of the American character. Our taste was not profound forty years ago, nor is it very profound now. But then, as now, we knew what we wanted in literature, and we could distinguish what was new from what was old. There was nothing new in Mr. Longfellow's early poems, which were rather promises than performances, but when he began to publish his "Voices of the Night" (in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," I think), we felt that poetry had undergone a change into something rich and strange.

We had taken the measure (so to speak) of the American poets and knew what to expect from them. Bryant's poetry was calm, meditative, philosophical; Willis's poetry, when not elegantly Scriptural, was light and airy; Halleck's poetry was spirited and martial; Pierpont's poetry was occasional and moral,—a few epithets described all our singers that were worthy of the name. We recognized their excellence, but it by no means exhausted our admiration and capacity for enjoyment. There was room for a new poet,—there is always room for a new poet, though old poets and old critics and old readers are sometimes slow to admit the fact. There were gardens which yielded our elder singers no flowers,—gardens in which no seed of theirs had ever been sown. It remained for a fresh singer to cultivate them. I hardly know how to characterize the seed which Mr. Longfellow began to sow in "The Voices of the Night." Romanticism does not describe it, for there is nothing romantic in "The Hymn to the Night," nor does morality describe it, except, perhaps, as it bourgeoned in "A Psalm of Life." The lesson of the poem last named and of "The Light of Stars," was the lesson of endurance and

patience and cheerfulness. It had been taught by other poets, but not as this one taught it, not in verse that set itself to music in the memory of thousands, and in words that were pictures. The young man who wrote "A Psalm of Life" possessed the art of saying rememberable things, and a very rare art it is. Shakspere possessed it in a supreme degree, and Pope and Gray in a greater measure than greater poets. Merciless critics have pointed out flaws in the literary workmanship of "A Psalm of Life," but its readers never saw them, or, seeing them, never cared for them. They found it a hopeful, helpful poem.

WEST SIDE OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (TAKEN FROM A POINT NEAR THE OLD WILLOW.)

"Footsteps of Angels" is to me the most satisfactory of all these "Voices of the Night." There is an indescribable tenderness in it, and the vision of the poet's dead wife gliding into his chamber with noiseless footsteps, taking a vacant chair beside him, and laying her hand in his, is very pathetic. "The Beleaguered City" is a product of poetic artifice of which there are but few examples in English poetry. It appears to have been compounded after a recipe which called for equal parts of outward fact and inward meaning. Given a material city, a river, a fog, and so on, the poet sets his wits to work to discover what corresponds, or can be made to correspond, with them spiritually. If he is skillful, he constructs an ingenious poem, of doubtful intellectual value. "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" is a medley of mediæval suggestion and Shaksperean remembrance, which demands a large and imaginative appreciation. The Shaksperean element strikes me as somewhat out of place, though it adds to the impressiveness and effectiveness as a whole. It is a medley, however, as I have said, and it must be judged by its own fantastic laws. Whatever faults disfigured "The Voices of the Night" were lost sight of or forgiven for the sake of their beauties and the admirable poetic spirit which they displayed. A healthful poet was singing, and his song had many tones.

"Hyperion" and "The Voices of the Night," which were published in the same year (1839), established the reputation of Mr. Longfellow as a graceful prose writer, and a poet who resembled no poet of the time, either in America or England. His scholarship was evident in both, and was not among the least of the charms which they exercised over their readers.

Mr. Bryant was the only American poet

of any note who had enriched the literature of his native land with translations. They showed his familiarity with other languages, and were well thought of by scholars, but they added nothing to his fame, for famous he was from the day he published "Thanatopsis." It was otherwise with the translations of Mr. Longfellow, which brought him many laurels, and were in as great demand as his original poems. There were twenty-three of them in the little volume which contained "The Voices of the Night," culled from "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer," his review articles, not forgetting the great ode of Don Jorge Manrique, and they represented six different languages. They were well chosen, with the exception of the two versions from the French, the subjects being in themselves poetical, and the words in which they were clothed, characteristic of the originals. The highest compliment that can be paid to Mr. Longfellow is to say that they read like original poems. The most felicitous among them are "The Castle by the Sea," "Whither?" "The Bird and the Ship," and the exquisite fragment entitled "The Happiest Land." Nearly forty years have passed since they were collected in "The Voices of the Night," and these years have seen no translator equal to Mr. Longfellow.

THE AVENUE NORTH OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. Longfellow's second poetical venture, "Ballads and Other Poems," determined his character as a poet. It was more mature, not to say more robust, than "The Voices of the Night," and its readers felt sure of its author hereafter, for he felt sure of himself. The opening ballad, "The Skeleton in Armor," was the most vigorous poem that he had yet written,—a striking conception embodied in picturesque language, and in a measure which had fallen into disuse for more

than two centuries—the measure of Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." I do not see that a line or a word could be spared. There were two elements in this collection not previously seen in Mr. Longfellow's poetry, one being the power of beautifying common things, the other, the often renewed experiment of hexameter verse. What I mean by beautifying common things is the making a village blacksmith a theme, and a legitimate theme, too, for poetry. Mr. Longfellow has certainly done this, I do not quite see how, and has drawn a lesson likewise, for which, however, I care nothing. More purely poetical than "The Village Blacksmith" is "Endymion" and "Maidenhood." The sentiment of the last is very refined and spirited. "It is not always May," "The Rainy Day," and "God's Acre," are each perfect of its kind, and the kinds are very different. "The Rainy Day," for instance, is in the manner of "The Beleaguered City," which for once has produced a good poem, —I suspect, because it is a short one. "To the River Charles" is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Longfellow's early Cambridge life, and the art of it is perfect.

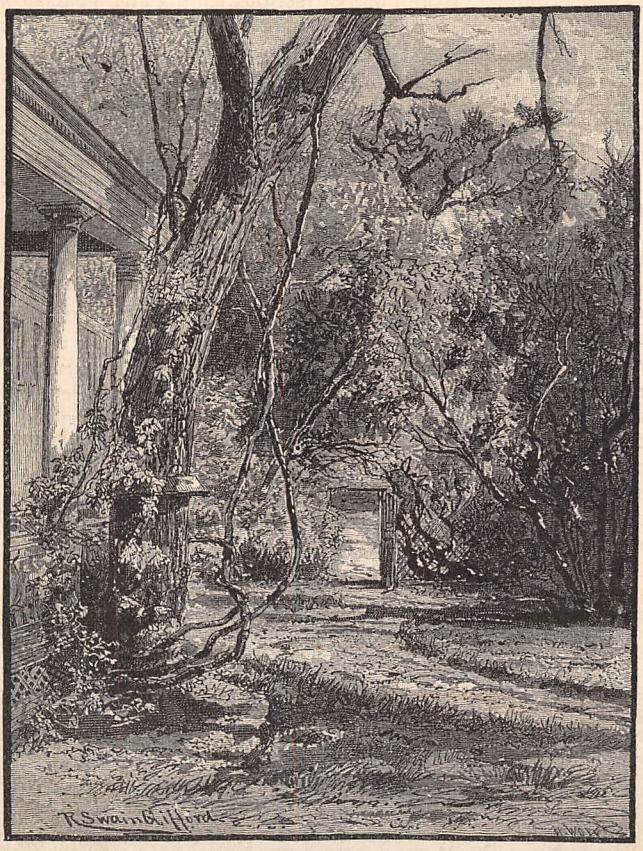
The most popular poem in Mr. Longfellow's second collection—"Excelsior"—has more moral than poetical value. The conception of a young man carrying a banner up a mountain, suggests a set scene in a drama, and the end of this imaginary person does not affect us as it should, his attempt to excel being so fool-hardy. That he would be frozen to death was a foregone conclusion. The most important of the translations here (all of which are excellent) was "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Tegnér. It renewed, as I have said, the often baffled attempt to naturalize hexameters in English poetry,—an attempt which Mr. Longfellow had made four years before, in his paper on "Frithiof's Saga," when he translated the description of Frithiof's ancestral estate at Framnäs into this measure. The poets and poetasters of the Elizabethan era tried in vain to revive it. Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, projected a reform of English poetry,—a reform which, if it had succeeded, would have caused "a general surceasing of rhyme" and a return to certain, or uncertain, rules of quantity. "Spenser suffered himself to be drawn into this foolish scheme," says Professor Child, "and for a year worked away at hexameters and iambic trimeters quite seriously." (The year in question, I take it, was 1580.) Harvey's project was taken up with zeal by a coterie over which Sidney and Dyer presided; but the wits, notably Nash, ridiculed it, the latter saying (in substance) that the hexameter was a gentleman of an ancient house, but that the English language was too craggy for him to run his long plow in it. And Ascham wrote of it, about fifteen years before, that it rather trotted and hobbled than ran smoothly "in our English tong." So thought not Master Abraham Fraunce, who, in 1587, published a translation of the "Aminta" of Tasso, in hexameters, and in the following year a work entitled "Lawier's Logicke," wherein he stowed away a version of Virgil's Eclogue of Alexis, in the same measure. Less than a century from this date, Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, paid his respects and disrespects to the ancient and modern poets in his "Theatrum Poetarum" (1675),—a curious little book, which is thought to reflect the opinions of his illustrious uncle. He sums up the unlucky translator of Tasso in a few lines: "Abraham Fraunce, a ver-

THE OLD WILLOW.

sifier of Queen Elizabeth's time, who, imitating Latin measure in English verse, wrote his 'Ivy Church' and some other things in hexameter, some also in hexameter and pentameter; nor was he altogether singular in

this way of writing, for Sir Philip Sidney, in the pastoral interludes of his 'Arcadia,' uses not only these, but all other sorts of Latin measure, in which no wonder he is followed by so few, since they neither become the English nor any other modern language." Winstanley expressed the same unfavorable opinion of Fraunce's hexameters twelve years later (1687), cribbing the very words of Phillips for that purpose.

Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatick Poets" (1691), adds four separate works, not mentioned by Winstanley and Phillips to the list of Fraunce's productions (all in hexameters), and records the disuse of quantitive experiments in English versification. "Notwithstanding Mr. Chapman in his translation of Homer, and Sir Philip Sydney in his Eclogues, have practiced this way of writing, yet this way of imitating the Latin measures of verses, particularly the hexameter, is now laid aside, and the verse of ten syllables, which we style heroic verse, is most in use." The next attempt to revive hexameters on any scale was made by that metrical experimentalist, Southey, in his "Vision of Judgment," in 1821,—a piece of obsequious profanity which richly deserved the ridicule that Byron cast upon it. Such, so far as I know, is the history of this alien measure in English poetry. Mr. Longfellow thought well of it, as we have seen, and was justified in so thinking by the excellence of his own practice therein. "The Children of the Lord's Supper" is a charming poem to which its antique setting is very becoming.



VIEW FROM THE REAR PIAZZA. (THE OPEN GATE-WAY LEADS TO THE LAWN, A BROAD AND SPLENDID STRETCH RUNNING TOWARD THE NORTH.)

Mr. Longfellow made a third voyage to Europe after publishing his "Ballads and other Poems," and passed the summer on the Rhine. He returned after a few months, bringing with him a number of poems which were written at sea, and in which he expressed his detestation of slavery. "Poems on Slavery" were published in 1843, and dedicated to W. E. Channing, who did not

live to read the poet's admiration of his character and his work. This dedication, which is spirited, contains a noble stanza:

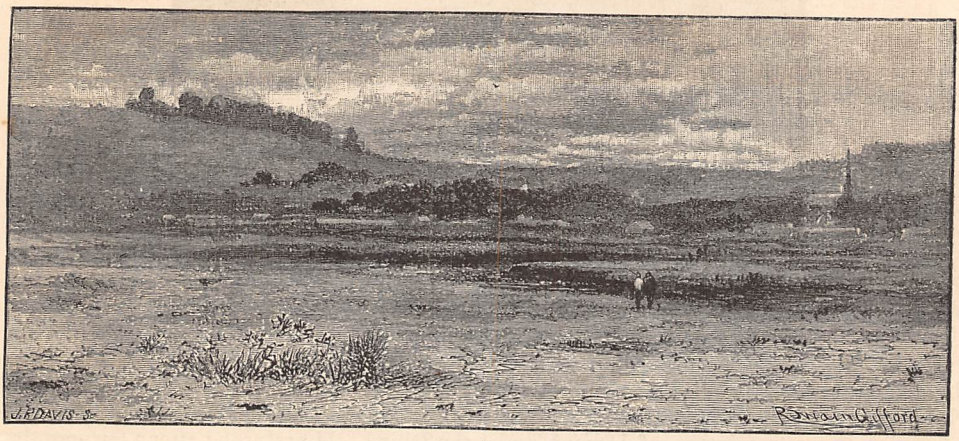
"Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half battles for the free."

"The Slave's Dream" is one of the few rememberable poems of which the "peculiar institution" was the inspiration. It is exceedingly picturesque, and its versification is masterly. The harmony of sound and sense,—the movement of the fourth stanza is very fine:

"And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank,
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank."

The fertility of Mr. Longfellow's mind, and the variety of his powers, were manifested in his thirty-sixth year, when he published the "Poems on Slavery," of which I have just spoken, and "The Spanish Student,"—a dramatic poem, the actors in which were the antipodes of the dusky figures which preceded them. Judged by the laws of its construction, and by the intention of its creator, "The Spanish Student" is a beautiful production. It should be read for what it is,—a poem, and without the slightest thought of the stage, which was not in the mind of the author when he wrote it. So read, it will be found radiant with poetry, not of a passionate or profound kind, which would be out of place; for the plot is in no sense a tragic one, but of a kind that suggests the higher walks of serious poetic comedy. The characters of the different actors in this little closet play are sketched with sufficient distinctness, and the conversation, which is lively and bustling, is suited to the speakers and their station in life. The gypsy dancing girl, Preciosa, is a lovely creation of the poet's fancy.

In 1843, Mr. Longfellow was married for the second time, and became the possessor of the Craigie house. Three years later he published "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems." Traces of his early manner, as unsuccessfully manifested in "The Beleaguered City," appear in "Carillon," the prologue to the volume, and in "The Arrow and the Song," which is perhaps the most perfect of all his smaller pieces. "The Belfry of Bruges" is a picturesque description of that quaint old city, as seen from the belfry tower in the market-place one summer morning, and an imaginative remembrance of its past history, which passes like a pageant before the eyes of the poet. Everything is clearly conceived and in orderly succession, and in no poem that he had previously written had the hand of the artist been so firm. "Nuremberg," a companion-piece in the same measure, is distinguished by the same precision of touch and the same broad excellence. There is an indescribable charm, a grace allied to melancholy, in "A Gleam of Sunshine," which is one of the few poems that refuse to be forgotten. "The Arsenal at Springfield" is in a certain sense didactic, I suppose, but I do not quite see how it could be otherwise, and be a poem at all. A poet should be a poet first, but he should also be a man,



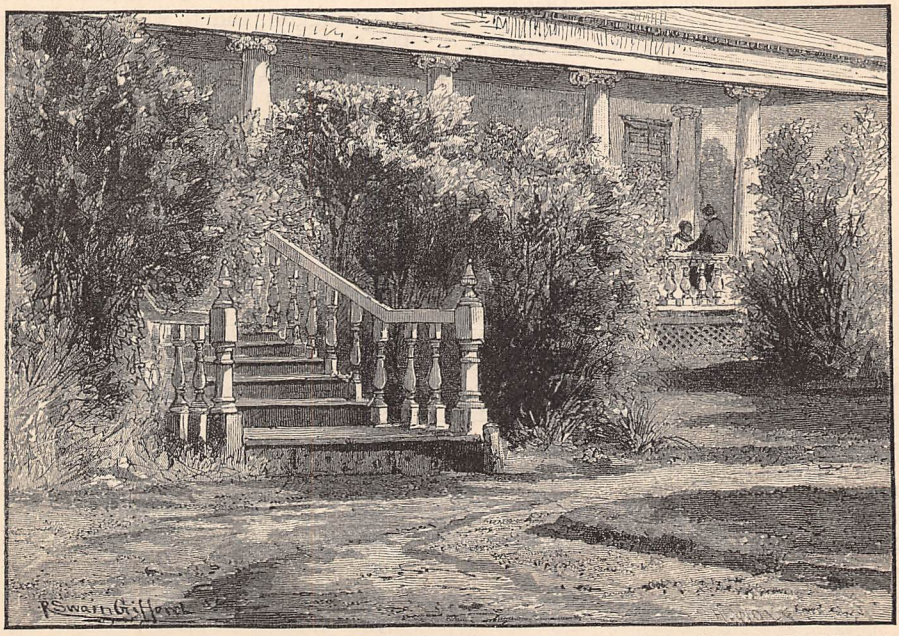
VIEW FROM THE PIAZZA. (LOOKING SOUTH.)

and a man who concerns himself with the joys and sorrows of his fellow-creatures. There was a great lesson in the burnished arms at Springfield, and a lesser poet than Mr. Longfellow would not have guessed it.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear forevermore the curse of Cain!"

Jonson wrote some lines about his first daughter, who died in infancy. Coleridge sang a serious cradle-song over his son Hartley, in "Frost at Midnight." Shelley bewailed the early death of his son William; and Leigh Hunt, most tuneful of all, celebrated two of his children in two characteristic poems, the most natural of which he inscribed to his son John, "A Nursery Song for a Four-Year-Old Romp." These, as I remember, are some of the best-known English poets, to whom childhood was a source of inspiration. Mr. Longfellow distanced all of them, and apparently without an effort, in the volume under consider-



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE. (FROM THE PIAZZA THERE IS A VIEW OF THE RIVER CHARLES, BRIGHTON, AND THE DISTANT HILLS.)

Nothing could be more unlike than "The Norman Baron," a study of the mediæval age, and "Rain in Summer," a fresh and off-hand description of a country shower. My feeling about the last is that it would have been better if it had been cast in a regular stanza, instead of its present form, which strikes me as being a whimsical one, and that it is not improved by the introduction, at the close, of a higher element than that of simple description. The last three sections are poetical and imaginative, but it seems to me they disturb the harmony and unity of the poem.

Not many English-writing poets, good fathers as most of them were, have addressed poems to their children. Ben ation. His poem "To my Child," has no superior of its kind in the language. We have a glimpse of the poet's house for the first time in verse, and of the chamber in which he wrote so many of his poems, which had now become the child's nursery. Its chimney was adorned with painted tiles, among which he enumerates:

"The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing-girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state
The Chinese mandarin."

The child shakes his coral rattle with its silver bells, and is content for the moment with its merry tune. The poet listens to

other bells than these, and they tell him that the coral was growing thousands of years in the Indian seas, and that the bells once reposed as shapeless ore in darksome mines, beneath the base of Chimborazo or the overhanging pines of Potosi.

"And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibers of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid
The buried treasures of the miser Time."

He turns from the child to the memory of one who formerly dwelt within the walls of his historic mansion:

"Up and down these echoing stairs
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread:
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

These grave thoughts are succeeded by pictures of the child at play, now in the orchard and now in the garden-walks, where his little carriage-wheels efface whole villages of sand-roofed tents that rise above the secret homes of nomadic tribes of ants. But, tired already, he comes back to parley with repose, and, seated with his father on a rustic seat in an old apple-tree, they see the waters of the river, and a sailless vessel dropping down the stream:

"And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep."

The poet speculates gravely on the future of his child, and bids him remember that if his fate is an untoward one, even in the perilous hour,

"When most afflicted and oppressed
From labor there shall come forth rest."

In this poem, and in "The Occultation of Orion," Mr. Longfellow has reached a table-land of imagination not hitherto attained by his Muse. "The Bridge" is a revealment of his personality, and a phase of his genius which has never ceased to charm the majority of his readers. The train of thought which it suggests is not new, but what thought that embraces mankind is new? Enough that it is natural, and sympathetic, and tender. The lines to "The Driving Cloud" are an admirable specimen of hexameters, and a valuable addition to our scanty store of aboriginal poetry—the forerunner of an immortal contribution not yet transmuted into verse.

Under the head of "Songs" we have eight poems, two of which are modeled after a fashion that Mr. Longfellow had succeeded in making his own. I refer to "Sea-weed" and "The Arrow and the Song," two charming fantasies in which the doctrine of poetic correspondence (if I may be allowed the phrase) works out a triumphant excuse for its being. "The Day is Done" belongs to a class of poems which depend for their success upon the human element they contain, or suggest, and to which they appeal. "The Old Clock on the Stairs" is an illustration of what I mean and as good a one as can be found in the writings of any modern poet. The humanities (to adapt a phrase) were never long absent from Mr. Longfellow's thoughts. We feel their presence in "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in "The Bridge," and in the unrhymed stanzas "To an Old Danish Song-book:"

"Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!"

This volume introduced Mr. Longfellow in a species of composition in which we have not hitherto seen him—the sonnet, of which there are three specimens here, neither of the strictest Italian form; the best, perhaps, being the one on "Dante," of whom, by the way, we had three translations, all from the "Purgatorio," in the "Voices of the Night." One feature of his poetry, and not its strongest *(me judice)*, was the first which his imitators seized upon and sought to transfer to their own rhymes. I allude to his habit of comparing one thing with another thing—an outward fact with an inward experience, or *vice versa*. An example or two will illustrate what I mean:

"Before him, like a blood-red flag
The bright flamingoes flew."

"And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream."

"Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusky beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream."

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

It was the fancy of Mr. Longfellow, and not his imagination, which commended his poetry to our poetasters of both sexes, and what was excellent in him—and is excellent in itself, when restrained within due bounds —became absurd in them, it was carried to such excesses.

Mr. Longfellow's next volume was, in a certain sense, the gift of Hawthorne, to whom he was indebted for its theme. It is stated briefly in the first volume of his "American Note-books," in a cluster of memoranda written between October 24th, 1838, and January 4th, 1839. *Voilà:* "H. L. C—— heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day, all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." This forcible deportation of a whole people occurred in 1755, when the French, to the extent of eighteen thousand souls, were seized by the English, in the manner stated. History, which excuses so much, has perhaps excused the act; but humanity never can. It is as indefensible as the Inquisition.

"Evangeline," which was published in 1847, disputed the palm with "The Princess," which was published in the same year. The two volumes are so unlike that no comparison can, or should, be made between them. Each shows its writer at his best, as a story-teller, and if the mediæval medley surpasses the modern pastoral in richness of coloring, it is surpassed, in turn, by the tender human interest of the latter. I should no more think of telling the story of Evangeline than I should think of telling the story of Ruth. It is what the critics had been so long clamoring for,—an American poem,—and it is narrated with commendable simplicity. Poetry, as poetry, is kept in the background; the descriptions, even when they appear exuberant, are subordinated to the main purpose of the poem, out of which they rise naturally; the characters are clearly drawn, and the landscapes through which they move are thoroughly characteristic of the New World. It is the French village of Grand-Pré which we behold; it is the colonial Louisiana and the remote West—not the fairy-land which Campbell imagined for himself when he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," with its shepherd swains tending their flocks on green declivities and skimming the lake with light canoes, while lovely maidens danced in brown forests to the music of timbrels! Evangeline, loving, patient, sorrowful wanderer, has taken a permanent place, I think, among the heroines of English song; but, whether the picturesque hexameters in which her pathetic story is told will hereafter rank among the standard measures of the language, can only be conjectured. That the poets have fancied them is certain, for the year after the publication of "Evangeline" saw Clough writing them in "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and ten years later saw Kingsley writing them in his "Andromeda." Matthew Arnold maintains that the hexameter is the only proper measure in which to translate Homer; and already two versions of the Iliad in this measure have been made, one by Herschel (1866) and another by Cochrane (1867).

Two years before the publication of "Evangeline" (1845), Mr. Longfellow conferred a scholarly obligation upon the admirers of foreign poetry by editing "The Poets of Europe," a closely printed octavo of nearly eight hundred pages, containing specimens of European poets in ten different languages, representing the labors of upward of one hundred translators, including himself. Four years later (1849), he published a tale, entitled "Kavanagh." It has no plot to speak of, but its sketches of character are bright and amusing, and its glimpses of New England village life are pleasantly authentic. One of the personages of the book is more than a being of the mind. I refer to Mr. Hathaway, whom all our authors have met, and whose nonsense about a national literature they have listened to with as much patience as they were blessed with. He waits upon Mr. Churchill (the readers of "Kavanagh" will remember), and that gentle genius ventures to differ with him in language which, I am sure, expresses the opinion of his scholarly creator. "Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent; but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that

speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides, that we may look toward the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction." The curious thing about this national literature is (Mr. Churchill might have added), that few nations really know when they possess it, their knowledge depending upon the prior discovery of alien nations. If the English had not so settled it, would we ever have found out for ourselves what great national poets we have in Mr. Walt Whitman and Mr. Joaquin Miller? Do our critical cousins know what an inspired singer they have in Poet Close?

VIEW ACROSS THE LAWN, NORTH-WEST OF THE HOUSE.

What impresses me in reading Mr. Longfellow's poetry is the extent of his poetic sympathies, and the apparent ease with which he passes from one class of subjects to another. His instincts are sure in his choice of all his subjects, and his perception of their poetic capacities is keen. They translate themselves readily into his mind, and he clothes them in their singing-robes when the spirit moves him. The five years which included the publication of the next three volumes of his poetical writtings,—"The Seaside and the Fireside" (1850), "The Golden Legend" (1851), and "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855),—added largely to his reputation as a man of varied attainments, to whom poetry was an art in which he was perpetually discovering new possibilities. There are twenty-three poems in "The Seaside and the Fireside" (including the dedication and the translations), no two of which are alike, though they all disclose the skillful hand by which they were wrought. The most important of them, as a work of art, is the best poem, of which Schiller's "Song of the Bell" was the model—"The Building of the Ship." I may be singular in my opinion, but my opinion is that it is a better poem than Schiller's, in which I have never been able to interest myself, possibly because all the English translations of it are so indifferent. Its theme is better adapted to poetic treatment than Schiller's, partly, no doubt, because it is more tangible to the imagination, and capable, therefore, of more definite presentation before the eye of the mind; but largely, I think, because its associations are not attached to so many memories as cluster about the ringing of a bell. Its unity is in its self-concentration.

"The Golden Legend" transports us back to the Middle Ages, of which we have had transitory gleams in the earlier writings of Mr. Longfellow. The poetic atmosphere of that remote period envelops a lovely story, which turns, like that of "Evangeline," upon the love and devotion of woman, that in this instance is happily rewarded.

The figure of Elsie, the peasant girl, who determines to sacrifice her life to restore her prince to happiness, is worthy of an exalted

place in any poet's dream of fair women. The charm of the poem, apart from its poetry, is the thorough and easy scholarship of the writer, who contrives to conceal the evidences of his reading,—an art which few poets have possessed in an equal degree, and which Moore did not possess at all. If the opinion of an unlettered man is worth anything, the miracle-play of "The Nativity," is conceived in the very spirit of those archaic entertainments which cleric pens devised for the edification of the laity. It had no prototype, so far as I know, in modern English poetry, and has had no successor at all worthy of it, except Mr. Swinburne's "Masque of Queen Bersabe." Mr. Ruskin reflected, I think, the judgment of most scholarly readers of this poem, when he wrote in his "Modern Painters" that its author had entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis.

Poets are distinguished from writers of verse not only by superiority of genius, but superiority of knowledge. The versifier gropes about in search of poetical subjects, while the poet goes to them instinctively, and often finds them when others have sought for them in vain. That there was a poetic element in the North American Indian several American poets had believed, and, so believing, had striven to quicken their verse with its creative energies. Sands and Eastburn wrote together the ponderous poem of "Yamoyden." Hoffman wrote a "Vigil of Faith;" Seba Smith a "Powhattan"; Street a "Frontenac," and others, I dare say, other aboriginal poems, whose names I have forgotten. They were unanimous in one thing,—they all failed to interest their readers. The cause of this was not far to seek, we can see, since success has been achieved, but it demanded a vision which was not theirs, and which, it seemed, only one American poet had. He saw that the Indian himself, as he figures in our history, was not capable of being made a poetic hero, but he saw that there might be a poetic side to him, and that it existed in his legends, if he had any. That he had many, and that they were remarkable for a certain primitive imagination, was well known. They were brought to light by the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, who heard of their existence among the Odjibwa Nation, inhabiting the region about Lake Superior in 1822. Specimens of these aboriginal fictions were published by Mr. Schoolcraft in his "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley" (1825), and his "Narrative of the Expedition to Itaska Lake" (1834), but they were not given to the world in their entirety until 1839 in his "Algic Researches." They were as good as manuscript for the next sixteen years, though one American poet had mastered them thoroughly. This was Mr. Longfellow, who, in 1855, turned this Indian Edda, as he happily called it, into "The Song of Hiawatha." The great and immediate success of this poem, and the increase of reputation which it brought its author, recalled the early years of the present century when Scott and Byron were sure of thousands of readers whenever it pleased them to write a metrical romance. It was eagerly read by all classes, who suddenly found themselves interested in the era of flint arrow-heads, earthen pots, and skin clothes, and in its elemental inhabitants, who, dead centuries ago, if they ever existed, were now living the everlasting life of poetry. Everybody read "The Song of Hiawatha," which passed through many editions, here and in England, and elsewhere in the Old World in other languages. Its intellectual value was universally admitted, but its form was questioned, as all new forms are sure to be. For the form was new to most readers, though not to scholars in the literatures of Northern Europe. It is original with Mr. Longfellow, his friends declared. No, his enemies answered, he has borrowed it from the Finnish epic, "The Kalewala." The quarrel, which was acrimonious, interested the critics, who are often entertained by trifles, but nobody else cared a button about it. The temporary novelty of its form led to innumerable parodies, but to nothing serious, that I remember; which I take to be a silent verdict against its permanency in English versification.

Mr. Longfellow added, three years later, to the laurels he had won by "Evangeline," by a second narrative poem in hexameters, —"The Courtship of Miles Standish." It lacks the pathetic interest which is the charm of the earlier poem, but it possesses the same merit of picturesqueness, and a firmer power of delineating character. Priscilla is a very vital little Puritan maiden, who sees no impropriety in asking the man she loves why he does not speak for himself, and not for Miles Standish, who might find time to attend to his own wooing. The Puritan atmosphere here is as perfect of its kind as

the Catholic atmosphere of "Evangeline," and is thoroughly in keeping with the grim old days in which the story is laid. The versification of the poem is more vigorous than that of the sister poem, the hexameters having a sort of martial movement about them.

I do not see that the poetry of Mr. Longfellow has changed much in the last twenty years, except that it has become graver in its tone and more serious in its purpose. Its technical excellence has steadily increased. He has more than held his own against all English-writing poets, and in no walk of poetry so positively as that of telling a story. In an age of story-tellers he stands at their head, not only in the narrative poems I have mentioned, but in the lesser stories included in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," for which he has laid all the literatures of the world under contribution. He preceded by several years the voluminous poet of "The Earthly Paradise," who has no fitting sense of the value of time, and no suspicion that there may be too much of a good thing. I would rather praise his long narratives in verse than read them, which is but another way of saying that I prefer short poems to long ones. About the only piece of criticism of Poe's to which I can assent without qualification is that long poems are mistakes. A poem proper should produce a unity of impression which can only be obtained within a reasonable time; it should never weary its readers into closing the book. This is very destructive criticism, but I am inclined to think there is something in it, though it is not respectful to the memory of Milton. Mr. Longfellow's stories can all be read at a single sitting, which insures the unity of impression which they ought to create and which they do create beyond any moderm poems with which I am acquainted. Mr. Longfellow had always shown great taste in the selection of his subjects, and it was a foregone conclusion that he would delight his admirers in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Every tale in that collection was worth a new version, even "The Falcon of Sir Federigo," which the young Barry Cornwall sang when Mr. Longfellow was a school-boy.

Mr. Longfellow's method of telling a story will compare favorably, I think, with any of the recognized masters of English narrative verse, from the days of Chaucer down. His heroics are as easy as those of Hunt and Keats, whose mannerisms and affectations he has avoided. They remind me of the heroics of no other English or American poet, and—unlike some of Mr. Longfellow's early poems—are without any manner of their own. They as certainly attain a pure poetic style as the prose of Hawthorne attains a pure prose style.

The most distinctive of Mr. Longfellow's poems are probably those which he entitles "Birds of Passage," and which he has from time to time published as portions of separate volumes. They were inspired by many literatures, and are in many measures, among which, however, that of "The Song of Hiawatha" does not re-appear, though the hexameter does, and as recently as in his last collection ("Keramos, and other Poems"), published in the present year. What first impresses me, in reading them, is the multifarious reading of their writer, who seems to have no favorite authors, but to read for the delight that he takes in letters. He has the art of finding unwritten poems in the most out-of-the-way books, and in every-day occurrences. A great man dies,—the Duke of Wellington, for example,—and he hymns his departure in "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," which many prefer to the Laureate's scholarly ode. His good friend Hawthorne dies, and he embalms his memory and his unfinished romance in imperishable verse:

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Sumner dies, and he drops a melodious tear upon his grave:

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

And again he bids him farewell in a touching sonnet, with a pathetic and unexpected ending:

"Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed:
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

A child is born to him, and his friend Lowell's wife dies on the same night, and

he commemorates both in "The Two Angels," which has always seemed to me one of his perfect poems.

Mr. Longfellow published few translations while he was writing his more important works, such as the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "The Story of Hiawatha." That he had not forgotten his cunning, however, was evident in his "Three Books of Song" (1872), where he printed several translations of Eastern Songs, and in "Keramos, and other Poems," which contains two hexameter translations from Virgil and Ovid, and twelve translations from French, German and Italian poets. The volume last mentioned is remarkable in many ways. It not only shows no diminution of mental vigor, which one might naturally expect in a poet whose years have exceeded the allotted age of man, but it recalls the young poet who wrote "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Slave's Dream." I know not where to look for more fire than I find in "The Leap of Roushan Beg," nor more delicious picturesqueness than in "Castles in Spain." "Keramos" belongs to the same class of poems as "The Building of the Ship," and is as perfect a piece of poetic art as that exquisite poem. That the making of pottery could be so effectively handled in verse reminds me of what Stella said of Swift, viz., that he could write beautifully about a broom-stick.

Mr. Longfellow's friendliness, not to say generosity, to his brother authors, is not the least among his poetic virtues. He sends a greeting to Lowell in "The Herons of Elmwood," and honors the memory of Irving in a tender sonnet, "In the Churchyard at Tarrytown." In "The Three Silences of Molinos" (which are those of Speech, Desire and Thought), he recognizes the excellence of the poet whom New England delights to honor next to himself:

"O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The world to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred."

If there was any doubt before that Mr. Longfellow was the first of living sonneteers it is settled by "A Book of Sonnets" in this collection, the workmanship of which is simply perfect.

I have not left myself room in which to speak of Mr. Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia," which is highly thought of by scholarly readers. I state, however, as a fact, that he was not engaged upon it over twenty-five years, as we are told in the "Life and Letters of George Ticknor"; nor more than thirty years, as we are told in Richardson's "Primer of American Literature." It was executed in less than two years.

It has not been given to many poets to carry out the ideal of a poetic life as he has done, and to win a great reputation at an early age,—a reputation which has not lessened or suffered from any fluctuation of public taste. The singer of "Keramos" addresses a different public from the one that welcomed "The Voices of the Night," but he holds it nevertheless. In looking back upon his long literary career, I can see that he has been true to himself as he was manifested to us in his early prose and verse; that he has fulfilled his scholarly intentions; and that he has created and satisfied a taste for a literature which did not exist in this country until he began to write,—a literature drawn from the different languages of Europe, now in the shape of direct translation, and now in the shape of suggestions, alien to the mass of English and American readers, but gladly received by both as new intellectual possessions. He has broadened our culture in completing his own, and has enlarged our sympathies until they embrace other peoples than ours,—the sturdy Norseman, the simple Swede, the patient Acadien, and the marvel-believing red man of prehistoric times.

Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture some years ago on the "Home Education of the Poor." In the course of this lecture he commented upon the fact that England has no poet who is to its laboring classes what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany, and said: "There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

FALCONBERG.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

INGRID.

THE document which had aroused so much indignation among the pastor's adherents in Hardanger was, if the truth must be told, not Norderud's own composition. He had even persistently opposed it, until Mr. Bingham, a clever young man from Maine, who had no objection to becoming United States Senator, had touched his tender spot in accusing him of Old-World sleepiness and ignorance of the American way of doing business. Mr. Bingham was one of those gentlemen who was vaguely known as an agent, being ever ready to negotiate a sale for anything under the sun, from real estate and insurance policies to subscription books and patent boot-blacking. He was understood to have followed the star of empire on its westward way, because he firmly believed in the future of his country, and was, moreover, convinced that those benighted western immigrants whose voting power made them still more worthy of pity needed a guide and counselor of his own caliber. He was usually referred to in the corner groceries as "darned smart," and those disaffected political critics who sit on boxes in front of grog-shops and indulge with equal languidness in profanity and bad cigars, were frequently heard to prophesy the most brilliant future for him. If there were political bones "lying around loose," he would be sure before long to have his finger on them. "The Citizen," when it was once well started, and with proper management, Mr. Bingham did not fail to see, would be a powerful agency for the accomplishment of his own ends, and he at length succeeded in persuading Norderud to sell him two of his own shares, giving him his note for the amount.

It was, as already intimated, this brilliant young gentleman who had supplied the high-sounding phraseology of the advertisement, and Norderud, whose habitual taciturnity could ill brook the other's deluge of words, had at last submitted with an impatient growl.

It was the third day of January, and the first number of the paper had just appeared. Einar sat at his editorial table in his well-furnished office in the Norderud block, contemplating with affectionate interest the still damp sheet of "The Hardanger Citizen," which lay spread out before him. He had never before aspired to authorial honors, and to see his thoughts which he had hitherto scattered broadcast, heedless of their value, thus immortalized, filled his breast with proud contentment. The language, he thought, was remarkably well-sounding, and one stately phrase came marching along after another with a majestic tread and a fine Ciceronian roll. He read his leader aloud with oratorical flourishes of his hands and dwelling with impressive emphasis upon r's and l's, as if he stood in the presence of an admiring audience. The sentiments, he was then quite inclined to forget, were more than half Norderud's and the doctor's, but their outward garb had undeniably been furnished by the editor. The clippings were judicious, the typographical errors reduced to a minimum, the page neither too much spread out nor too crowded, and even the advertisements were arranged with an eye to symmetry and beauty.

Einar had never been more agreeably conscious of his own importance; he had suddenly, and for the first time in his life, got a valuable stake in existence. He was sure "The Citizen" would draw the eyes of the nation upon it; that it would, in time, be within its own unmetropolitan sphere a model newspaper, and, perhaps, raise its editor to dignity and power. But at this moment some sudden memory disturbed the serenity of his countenance, and he arose and began to march excitedly up and down the floor. With an unwonted vehemence he ran his hand through his hair, and a vivid pain distorted his handsome features. Now, here was the prospect of beginning a clean life, unsullied even by the memory of hidden evil. Alas! but if he had the courage to tear the veil of concealment from his own past, would not that life of purity and usefulness of which he dreamed pitilessly close before him, leaving him standing on the threshold, forever knocking and forever turned away? He flung himself once more into his chair, leaning over the desk and resting his fore-

head on the palms of both hands; and thus he sat, he knew not how long, dimly wrestling with fitful and impetuous thoughts, — thoughts strong enough to cause an agony of pain and still too weak to lift him above mere contemplation into a decisive deed. Then there was a gentle tap on the door, and some one was heard entering. Einar turned quickly around, only too happy to have some external impression push the dismal struggle into the background of his mind.

"Ah," he exclaimed, with friendly eagerness, seeing that his visitor was Ingrid Norderud, "how kind of you, Miss Ingrid, to come and visit me in my editorial solitude!"

"Mr. Finnson," said Ingrid, with a little quivering of her lips,—for she had evidently something serious on her mind,—"I only wanted to ask you—but you must excuse my boldness—I only didn't know ——"

Ingrid had plunged boldly into her subject, but she now found that she had not strength enough to sustain her. Her lips again trembled and she laid hold of the door-knob, and stood, with her face half averted, glancing timidly at Einar with eyes of moist brightness. The school-books which she held in her arm fell upon the floor and she stooped down to pick them up, but he with precipitous politeness had anticipated her, and thus it happened that she bumped her forehead gently against his, and found a welcome excuse for giving vent to her long-restrained tears.

"But my dear Miss Ingrid," cried he, in a tone of sincere regret, "a thousand times I beg your pardon. I am very sorry if I have hurt you. Come and sit down and let me see if I can do anything for you."

And only remembering for the moment that she was weeping, and that he was the cause, he yielded to the overwhelming tenderness which rose within him, laid his arm gently, almost reverently, about her waist and led her to a seat; and she submitted unreflectingly as a weak creature submits to the guidance of a stronger will, feeling all the while a timid happiness under his caressing touch.

To him she was, with her short dress, her long yellow braids and the baby-like roundness of her features, only a sweet child and his own pupil, who had sought his aid in some childish and, as he imagined, easily soothed affliction.

"And has anybody been unkind to you, little Ingrid?" asked he, leaning over toward her and gazing into her blushing face while her convulsive sobs were gradually subsiding.

"Yes," answered the girl, catching for breath and drying her tears with her handkerchief. "You promised that you would teach me, and now you don't do it any more. We haven't seen you for a whole week, and I have studied the lesson you gave me, about the subjunctive mood, and written the exercises, but you never came to look at them."

"But, my dear girl," said he, still in the soothing tone in which one speaks to an aggrieved child, "how could I teach you when I have had the paper to attend to and have scarcely had a single moment to myself? Your father would hardly like it, if I were to neglect the paper. Now you must be a reasonable little girl and not demand of me what you know I cannot do."

Ingrid looked up appealingly and again the tears gathered in the innocent blue eyes. It required more than human strength to resist their silent entreaty; and Einar was intensely human in this moment, and had, moreover, that peculiarly masculine weakness to be constitutionally powerless against a woman's tears. Still, although knowing that he should in the end surrender, he felt that he ought to persist in his tender remonstrance. It gave him such an agreeable sense of his own strength, not to say superiority, to be thus pleading with a fair young girl against her own irrational weakness.

"You will certainly understand," he went on, "that I cannot be in two places at once, and as long as I have no assistant and have to keep the office open all day, I cannot attend to my pupils. And, yesterday, I sent around notices to all of them except you, because I expected to see you personally before long. Don't you think that is quite reasonable?"

"Yes; but I don't see why you couldn't go on and give me a lesson now and then," responded Ingrid, with tearful pertinacity. And she met his eyes with a sweet little resolute pout, as if she thought she had presented an irrefutable argument. Einar drank in the sight of the fair face and his heart went out with an irresistible force toward this young, inexperienced girl who valued his poor instruction so far beyond its actual merits. All the masculine fibers of his nature were deeply stirred, and it seemed impossible not to stoop down and kiss those pure, delicately curved lips which were still turned up toward him with their

child-like pout, tempting him beyond endurance. But he violently roused himself, and with the same winning smile which had unconsciously beguiled Ingrid's unfortified heart into a willing surrender, he seized her hand and said:

"Well, Miss Ingrid, since you think so much of my poor teaching, I will try if I can't find an evening once or twice a week to devote to you."

The girl's face brightened as if a sudden breeze had blown away the traces of her recent sorrow.

"Thank you, thank you," she cried, pressing his hand with frank cordiality. "I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Finnson. And my father will be so very glad, too; for, when I asked him he said that he could not dispose of your time, but I should have to ask you and you would know best what to do."

This visit of Ingrid to the office of "The Hardanger Citizen" was no hasty whim, but the result of a long chain of resolutions and counter-resolutions. She had first tried all her arts to persuade her father to use his influence with Einar to continue the lessons. But this Norderud had refused to do; he was very well aware of the value of his own services to his *protégé*, but his sense of fairness, if not a still finer instinct, forbade him to ask a favor in return, where he felt that a suggestion was equivalent to a demand. As for the daughter, she could hardly appreciate this complexity of motives; she only knew that she admired Mr. Finnson immensely, and that she was conscious of a tremulous happiness in his presence which she felt nowhere else. She made marvelous progress in French and German under his instruction, as she was anxious to gain his good opinion and to appear to advantage before him. He had come into her life like a beautiful, hitherto unsuspected vista in a familiar landscape. A man had to her, before his arrival, meant a rather unattractive combination of awkward angularities, draped in loosely fitting attire, and enveloped in the mixed odors of grocery stores and stables; but here was a being of the same sex whose appearance and personal attributes seemed to lift him above the earth he was treading and make him akin to creatures of a higher and nobler order, whose features seemed to be cast in a finer mold, whose manners seemed but the spontaneous expression of a gentle and refined nature, and whose clothes, without being either obtrusively fashionable or the contrary, still had a kind of quiet elegance of their own. As for his moral character, it hardly occurred to her to inquire into it. How could a man who was so irresistibly handsome be anything but good? Ingrid, you see, had read no French novels and could not go into ecstasy over picturesque wickedness. She had quietly resolved that her future lover should be good and noble-minded, and as Einar appeared to her very desirable in this capacity it inevitably followed that he must be a man of unstained virtue. It was on her part a pure school-girl's enthusiasm, and as charmingly irrational, innocent and unselfish as such enthusiasms are apt to be.

Four days after the first publication of "The Citizen" there was a small sewing circle gathered in Mrs. Raven's parlor. Helga, whose unemployed affections naturally expended themselves in harmless charities, had early in the autumn formed a society, consisting of Ingrid, Ida Ramsdale (an American friend), and herself, whose object it should be to look up the worthy poor of the village and supply them with warm under-clothing for the winter. Mrs. Norderud, although she privately believed that it was a more meritorious act in the eyes of the Almighty to clothe a needy Norwegian than a Yankee or an Irishman, had allowed them to draw upon her for funds and had at the start furnished them with a limited stock of flannels, cotton cloths and sewing materials. Helga was very much in earnest with this project of hers, and she had firmly determined that their society was not to be what such societies frequently are—a mere excuse for social gossip and flirtation. There was no coffee and sandwiches, and the gentlemen were not invited to witness the making of the shirts, at the moderate price of ten or twenty-five cents, and to lend excitement to the occasion by their presence and their jocular criticisms. In spite of these precautions, however, the first shirt which the society produced it would have been a severe affliction even for a pauper to wear, and Helga's ardor had been considerably dampened by the sullen manner with which it was received by the Irishwoman who had been selected as the first recipient of their favors. In fact paupers were very scarce in Hardanger, as labor was abundant and wages were very high, and of really worthy objects of charity the village hardly contained a single one. These were hard facts to cope with for a charitable association, but Helga and her

co-laborers were not easily daunted, and they persevered in the face of all difficulties.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the day indicated, that the three ladies were seated around the mahogany table in Mrs. Raven's parlor, fitting together detached pieces of a flannel under-garment. A large genial monster of a stove kept up a low, uninterrupted murmur which fell pleasantly upon the ear, while the burning birch-logs snapped and crackled within and sent forth a steady stream of cheerful warmth and comfort. A fresh odor of salted rose-leaves (a reminiscence of Norway to which Mrs. Raven was greatly attached) pervaded the room, and lent to the bloomless flower-pots in the window a faint illusion of summer. The keen wintry day-light, unrelieved by the remotest suffusion of color, fell with a frosty sheen through the white lace curtains and the jingle of sleigh-bells without and the creaking of the snow under the feet of a chance passer-by heightened the sense of comfort and serenity within.

They formed a very charming group, these three young girls, as they sat with bended heads around the mahogany table absorbed in their charitable industry,—Helga, with all the splendor of her eyes and tresses looking like a fair *Valkyria* of the North, Ida Ramsdale with her slim fragile form and features, capable of intenser expression, and Ingrid, with her American birth and Norse parentage, impressing one as a feebler variation of the former type or an ineffectual approach toward the latter.

Miss Ramsdale was small of stature, quick of speech and agile in her motions; her mouth and chin were well chiseled, and her mouth of good modeling, although somewhat vague in outline. In fact, all her features were admirable in their design; but the design seemed to have been but indifferently carried out, and the result, somehow, lacked finish. Her character, too, evinced the same curious incompleteness; Nature had started with some very fine intentions, but at the critical moment had lost its patience and finished with a makeshift. The consequence was that Miss Ida, in spite of her apparent shallowness, instinctively recognized fine qualities in others, and felt strongly drawn toward those who stood intellectually above her. Her gray eyes, which fairly brimmed over with suppressed merriment, and the nervous twitching of her lips gave one the impression that she was forcibly restraining all her pent-up, imprisoned laughter, which threatened any moment to explode. Her father had emigrated from Ohio, some five years since, and was now the owner of several large saw-mills in the neighborhood of the village. He was a man of narrow notions, rigidly upright, but, for all that, very difficult to deal with. His principal sphere of activity he found in the Methodist Church, of which he was a very zealous and prominent member. Nature, however, did not seem to have destined the daughter for a conspicuous career in the religious community. Her native cheerfulness made the gloom of her home oppressive to her, and she gladly seized the opportunity to escape into the sunnier atmosphere which reigned in her friend's dwelling. The deep repose of Helga's presence gave her a certain luxurious sense of rest, and soothed her own restlessness. As for Helga, her life had not been too rich in love, and she felt a woman's need of giving as well as receiving affection; therefore, the ardent homage of this impetuous, nervous little woman was very grateful to her. She did not love her as she loved Ingrid, but she had a tender regard for her which was sincere and unaffected. Her devotion for Ingrid, on the other hand, was a long and steady growth, dating back to the earliest days of their acquaintance. While Ingrid was yet a little girl, Helga had appeared to her the ideal of all that was beautiful, adorable and worthy of imitation. She still looked up to her with an admiration not unlike that with which a generous-minded duck, conscious of her own clumsiness, may be supposed to regard a swan,—as the complete carrying out of all the fine intentions which Nature in herself had left unfulfilled,—as the idealization of her own species.

The three young ladies had been discussing, not without severity, some of their male acquaintances, and Ida had had the misfortune to select Dr. Van Flint as the object of her good-natured ridicule. She was quite startled at the vehemence with which both her companions sprang to the doctor's defense.

"Why is it," she asked in a meditative tone, which sounded like recitative on a high key, "that if three women, not from Massachusetts, come together, they will in the end get to quarreling about some man?"

"I suppose," suggested Ingrid, timidly, "that it is because a little disagreement makes conversation more animated. And if they were to talk only about one another

there would hardly be much room for disagreement."

"Ah, I don't know about that," responded Miss Ramsdale, raising her eyebrows archly. "I rather think that the reason lies deeper. In my opinion, it is very unfair on the part of Providence, that it has invested men with a certain unaccountable fascination in the eyes of women, something quite independent of their personal merits, and, if my experience goes for anything, I should say, that it is the stronger, the more unreasonable it is."

"Your experience must have been a very strange one, then," said Helga, looking up from her sewing with large, serious eyes. "I am sure I could never become fascinated with a man who had no other claims to my admiration than a handsome exterior."

"Neither could I," echoed Ingrid, softly.

"Ah, don't you be too sure of that, my dear," exclaimed Ida, smiling with a sort of caressing superiority. "A girl is a very contrary kind of creature, and is apt to do the very thing she is determined not to do."

"The man whom I could admire," said Helga, dropping her sewing in her lap and gazing out before her with reflective radiance, "must have a strong will, to which everything and everybody instinctively yield, and a lofty purpose. It would matter little to me whether his head was bald and he was small."

"And he had a light, straggling mustache and wore horn spectacles," added Ida, with an explosive little laugh.

"Mere superficial brilliancy," continued the other, blushing crimson (for she readily recognized the picture her friend had in mind), "could hardly for any length of time satisfy a woman's need. If there is anything I cordially detest it is a smooth-faced, smooth-mannered man, whose every word and motion show that he is conscious of his own attractions, who wastes his energy in agreeable talk and is incapable of any kind of heroism, either good or bad."

"Well, since you have made your confession," said Ida, fixing her needle in the bosom of her dress and throwing a flannel sleeve on the table, "I feel inclined to be equally candid. I am afraid I should be very apt to marry the kind of man whom you say you detest. Heroism is a very uneasy, uncomfortable sort of thing, and will never do for every-day wear. I like a steady, easy-going man, who is no whit better and not much worse than myself, a man who will say pleasant things to me when I am out of humor and not vex me by any high moral criticism, and by telling me what I ought to do, which I am about as likely to know as he. And now, Ingrid, it is your turn to unbosom yourself. Imagine that I am your father confessor and that this is the confessional," she added, with her merry laugh.

And she flung her arms around the young girl's waist and whirled her toward the recess at the nearest window, where she disappeared behind the curtains.

"Now you may commence," she said. "I am silent as the grave."

"I don't think that is quite fair," began Ingrid, hesitatingly, as she returned to her seat. "I have no objection to telling you what I think, but you needn't make so much ado about it."

"That was the introduction," cried Ida, from behind the curtain. "I wait and listen."

"Well, the man whom I should like to marry," said Ingrid, blushing, "must have light curly hair and blue eyes. He must be tall, and have a fine figure and elegant manners."

Here Helga, who had resumed her sewing, sent a quick glance of alarm across the table; but Ingrid was too much absorbed in her subject to note the warning look, and with the same clear, child-like voice she continued:

"He must dress like a gentleman, not too showily, and not wear blue or green neckties. He must be able to speak well and interestingly, and be kind and good-natured toward me, and not expect me to be any better than I am. I don't care much what his position is——"

"But you would prefer to have him an editor," prompted the voice behind the curtain.

The pink blush spread over Ingrid's neck and face, her lips began to quiver pitiably, and two big tears fell down over her cheek.

"Why, my dear little girl," exclaimed Ida, with sudden repentance, springing forward from the window and laying her arms caressingly about Ingrid's neck, "you will not be angry with me, will you? It was very naughty of me to say such things. Indeed, I didn't mean it at all. I only wanted to tease you a little."

After a few sobs, the tears ceased to flow and harmony was once more restored. But the little scene, insignificant though it seemed, left long vibrations in their memories, and conversation seemed

but a hollow device to simulate interest in uninteresting topics. It was therefore a relief to all when, an hour later, they separated with mutual protestations of confidence.

CHAPTER IX.

NORSE REPUBLICANISM.

In one of his lyrical monologues, flavored with gentle pessimism and fragrant Havanas, the doctor had frequently given vent to a sentiment which I shall take the liberty to quote, because it comes very apropos at the present point of my narrative.

"The barren, neutral background of our lives," said the doctor, "in these western communities, like the dead gold ground of a pre-Raphaelite painting, makes our poor unpicturesque selves stand out unrelieved in all their native nakedness. It lends no kindly drapery of inherited history or sentiment to round off our glaring unplastic angularities and gather the uncouth, colorless details of our existence under a charitable semblance of beauty. Now, in the Old World it is very different; there the rich accessories of life, and its deep, warm historical setting, give even to the poorest existence a picturesque or pathetic interest. Here a man has to be something very considerable in order to be anything at all, —in order to escape from being a discordant and unpleasant fact in the great universal world harmony. I never felt more keenly my own culpability in this respect—my own failings in point of picturesqueness—than when I landed for the first time in England. And the worst of it all is that some of us are born with a dim consciousness of our own short-comings, with vague æsthetic cravings which make our lives at times utterly wretched. In Europe we are unhappy because we love our own land better than all the things we imagine we prize more highly, and at home we are haunted by a lingering regret and a yearning for what we have abandoned, which we know beforehand would cause us still greater misery if satisfied."

It is needless to say that there were very few, if any, of the citizens of Hardanger who were capable of viewing themselves and their thriving community from the doctor's æsthetic point of view. They were all very proud of their village and had all a sense of personal proprietorship in it, which immediately raised it above the possibility of adverse criticism. The more enterprising among them had vivid visions of a future when the trade of the whole western continent should center here, and they looked with ill-disguised contempt upon the aspirations of any neighboring town whose local press had betrayed that it cherished similar expectations. Mr. G. W. Bingham, for instance, could demonstrate by incontrovertible figures that if the village continued to grow at the present rate (and there was no conceivable reason why it should not) it would within twenty years become the natural metropolis of the West. The undeveloped resources of the vast continent toward the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific opened up such a charming prospect for the commercial imagination, and this probability, which almost amounted to a certainty, of future greatness imparted a youthful strength and buoyancy to the business life of the village. Hardanger, you see, was a typical Western town; it modestly regarded itself as a prodigy of intellectual and commercial enterprise; it saw no reason for doubting that the hidden treasures of the Pacific El Dorado would in the end be lodged in its pockets, and it chid and ridiculed its neighbors for entertaining similar illusions. The average citizen admired his own pluck and "smartness," and was well content with his own lot, because it had large stakes in the future. He believed himself about as indispensable in the cosmic economy as any mortal on the face of the earth, and, having a fine sense of humor, would cheerfully have tarred and feathered any man who dared to insinuate anything to the contrary. Van Flint, therefore, had valid reasons for keeping his theory of western civilization within the four walls of his cottage; but for all that, although somewhat superlatively stated, it had a large measure of truth in it, and will in some degree account for the absence of romantic accessories in the present narrative.

"The Hardanger Citizen" was managed, as such concerns usually are, by an executive committee elected by vote among the stockholders, and Norderud, holding a controlling interest in the stock, had, as a matter of course, been made chairman of the committee. The paper had started with a subscription list of about six hundred, which did not go very far toward paying its expenses, but at the end of the second month the number had risen to a thousand and the prospects were constantly brightening. Einar labored untiringly from early morn-

ing till late in the night, and the doctor still continued to read the proof before it went to press and was ever ready with his kindly criticism and assistance. After the indolent, uneasy drifting of former years, when one day followed another in dim, purposeless monotony, this fresh and healthful excitement of useful labor was a most novel and withal grateful experience. Einar felt as if he had made a sudden plunge into the thick of life; all his latent ambition was roused, and every fresh emergency called out new and hitherto unsuspected resources in his nature. For a definite and honorable calling is like the girdle of Thor, the thunder-god,—the tighter you buckle it, the stronger you grow. Your capacity for labor, within human limits, is in direct proportion to the strength of your purpose.

Einar had accepted the ready-made platform of his paper without much reflection. It had at first been merely a matter of dollars and cents to him; he had neither the necessary experience to make it, nor the right to unmake it. But the fact that his friend, the doctor, had approved of it assured him that it was also worthy of his support. Now, however, he had fully fathomed its meaning and become morally convinced of its excellence. "The Hardanger Citizen" was primarily the organ of the Scandinavian immigrants; it contained weekly reports of the political and social news from the mother countries, but in its editorial comments it assumed a distinctly American point of view and was throughout its columns strictly loyal to the institutions of the grand republic. Its first aim was not to keep up the immigrant's connection with his old fatherland, but to make him an intelligent voter, and a useful American citizen. This was, indeed, a work great enough to sanctify a thousand honest failures, great enough to make martyrdom sweet, and success the perfection of happiness. The harvest was rich; thousands of immigrants would draw inspiration from one strong and manly voice, and as Einar, week after week, sent forth his words of warning, counsel and cheer to his toiling countrymen, he felt as if it were strong enough to reach to the farthest limits of this broad continent.

One day, in the middle of March, Norderud was sitting in the office of "The Citizen," glancing over some long strips of manuscript which Einar had placed on the desk before him.

"That is very good, Mr. Finnson," said he, in a tone of profound satisfaction,—"that about the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Old World. Our own ecclesiastical tyrant will find that a hard bit to swallow. The clerical digestion is said to be equal to almost anything, but I shouldn't wonder if this would prove a little too much even for an evangelical Lutheran stomach."

"I meant no special insinuation against Mr. Falconberg," replied the editor, sticking a colored pencil behind his ear as he glanced up from his proof-sheets. "But the Norwegian clergy in this country seem to me to represent the senselessly stubborn, conservative element, which regards America merely as a land of temporary Egyptian exile, and its institutions as sheer barbarism and every way inferior to those of the Old World."

"You have hit the nail on the head there, sir," said Norderud, rubbing his hands and chuckling with pleasure; "and of all the slow-witted, pig-headed prelates which Norway has sent over here to torment us, our own is the most dangerous, because he has got most fight in him. I don't think he would be afraid to venture a partnership with the devil himself, if he thought he could beat me by his assistance. But let him wait awhile, and we shall make it hot for him."

Here the door of the office was flung open and revealed the crooked and twisted form of Magnus Fisherman, who had by this time recovered from his chronic attacks of the fever and ague. The old man, with his black, piercing eyes and hooked, vulture nose, came hobbling in on two sticks, threw his hat respectfully on the floor, and seated himself on a bench near the door.

"Good-morning, Magnus," said Norderud, with the frank cordiality with which one greets an old comrade. "I haven't had time to come and see you of late; but I sent my little wench down to inquire, the other day, if you might possibly need anything, and she told me you were not at home; so I concluded you must be all right."

"Oh yes, yes, Nils," began Magnus, in his shrill, plaintive tenor; "you are a stanch old chap, you are. And that I have always said to Annie Lisbeth, too,—'Nils Norderud is a steady old craft,' I have said, 'straight and sure both fore and aft.' We should have been in a fine fix, Annie Lisbeth and I, by this time, if it hadn't been for you, Nils, for you are not——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, Magnus,"

interrupted the farmer, with a smile of good-natured indulgence. "But what I wanted to know when I sent for you was whether those crooked old sticks of yours, which I am afraid never will be good for much, are strong enough now to allow you to do some work. We need another messenger here in the office, and I have proposed to Mr. Finnson that we should engage you, if you will promise to attend to your duties regularly and not run off on a wild-goose chase whenever the fancy happens to strike you."

"I guess it is a pretty poor opinion you have of me, Nils," responded the old man, dolefully. "But it was my bad luck that my mother—God be merciful to her soul!—brought me into the world, like any other water-rat, in a herring-yacht; but, for all that, I shouldn't wonder if I can hobble about with them newspapers of yours, as they aint very heavy, and as I have always said to Annie Lisbeth——"

"Very well, then, you will come here to-morrow morning, and Mr. Finnson will tell you what you have to do. But, by the way, I suppose you are all right in your politics, Magnus,—a good, straight Republican, eh?"

"Republican! Ah yes! I have been a pretty straight old chap, ready to stand up early and late for my king and my country,—and to risk a blow, too, if that were necessary——"

"King and country! Are you dreaming, man?" And Norderud straightened himself up in his chair and brought his broad hand down upon the desk with loud emphasis. "Don't you know that you are living in a free country, where one man is as good as another, and where the law shields rich and poor alike?"

"Sure enough, Nils Norderud, you never uttered a truer word than that. But if God Almighty had cared to make me a gentleman, he would have done it, king or no king. And as he didn't choose to make a gentleman out of me, it wont be of no use for me trying to alter the will of God Almighty. And you can't make me say that I am as good a man as you are, because I know well enough that I aint, for I aint got more than an old ax and a fishing-rod as don't belong to you or to somebody else."

"Good gracious!" cried Norderud, this time unable to control his impatience. "Here you have been living in a republican country for twelve years, and probably never once made use of your vote. Possibly you haven't even taken out your naturalization papers?"

"I guess you aint quite right there, Nils," retorted Magnus, in a tone of cheery protest. "It is some years ago now as two chaps come to my house in a buggy and took me out of my bed, for I was down quite bad with the dumb ague. And they drove off with me and gave me a scrap of paper and told me to vote for Honest Old Abe. And as I didn't know anything bad against Honest Old Abe, I got out of the buggy to put the scrap of paper into the box. But then some chap there flew right at me, and said, 'You aint a United States citizen, sir.' 'Old fellow,' say I, 'you aint got no right to shake your fist at me.' 'You aint got no papers,' says he; 'you aint no citizen.' 'Paper?' says I, 'I have got this paper here, and I am a-goin' to put it in the box for Old Abe, as these gentlemen here have told me to do.' 'That is all right,' says he, 'but you aint swore off your old king and your old country.' 'Swore off my king and my country!' cried I, for now I got real mad; 'you wont catch me up to no such tricks. The king aint done me no harm, so I don't see why I should swear him off.' Then the fellow dragged me off, and two or three others helped him, and I kicked and scratched all I was good for; but they took me and locked me up, and didn't let me out for three days, all because I wouldn't swear off my king and my country."

Norderud sat quietly listening to this recital with an expression of mingled amusement and vexation. He did not care much whether Magnus voted or not; but while the resigned fatalism of his social creed had something irresistibly comical in it, it was, on the other hand, to a man who built all his hopes of political advancement on the enlightenment and intelligence of his countrymen, exceedingly discouraging to discover that his boasted race could produce such hopeless subjects for republicanism as the garrulous old blockhead with whom he was talking.

"Well, well, Magnus," he said, at last, with a sigh of resignation, "we wont dispute any more about politics. Only come here to-morrow morning, and if you can manage to hobble around for a couple of hours and distribute the papers, I will pay you handsomely for it."

As soon as Magnus had departed, Einar broke into a hearty laugh, and he and Norderud had some serious talk together about

the approaching campaign, each devising ingenious schemes for the political education of his countrymen.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

It may be difficult to estimate with any degree of certainty how much of the largeness and cheerful liberality which characterize the present constitution of Norway may be owing to the influences of the season which gave it birth. From internal evidence, however, I should be inclined to believe that the spring of the year 1814 was exceptionally bright and genial, and displayed none of those morose moods with which even the month of May is apt to surprise us in northern latitudes. I seem to hear the lark warbling his melodious prophecies of summer through the open windows of that Eidsvold mansion where the constitution of the Norsemen was framed, filling the legislative hearts with a cheerful trust in Him who, holding the political seasons in his hands, would surely now send forth his summer of liberty over the land, after four centuries of wintry thralldom. Perhaps, too, the swallow, that swift-winged bird of promise, had just returned from her exile, with a few lingering notes of the warm south still re-echoing in her shrill song. The Norsemen, with all their native sturdiness, have always been keenly sensitive to these æsthetic influences of the seasons, and although the theory has never before been advanced, I venture to assert that the sanguine, genial May co-operated faithfully with the stern legislators, lifting her bright voice of spring in the council halls, and impressing her sunny signature with those of Rein, Krog and Nordahl Brun upon the constitutional parchment. Whether consciously or not, the Norwegians of to-day certainly recognize this fact, and there is, to my mind, an especial appropriateness in their celebrating the return of liberty and the return of spring on the same day—the seventeenth of May.

It argues no blame to them, no disloyalty to the institutions of their adopted fatherland, that whenever two or three of the Viking race are gathered together on that day, at home or abroad, they unfurl their national banner, and rejoice with all the enthusiasm of their honest northern blood in the event which, more than half a century ago placed them once more in the ranks of free and self-governing nations.

In the Hardanger calendar the seventeenth of May had been set down as a holiday of equal importance with Christmas and Easter, since the earliest days of the settlement. During the primitive period, when Norderud still lived in a log-cabin, pervaded with the odors of the adjoining cow-stables, he had been in the habit of calling together at noon his family and servant-girls, and saying, with impressive solemnity: "Boys" (including both males and females under that common appellation), "this is the day when our country gained her freedom. We shall do no more work to-day;" whereupon he would fill a footless wine-glass with brandy, and present it in turn to each one present, from the oldest to the very youngest. The women, of course, had to be urged before they could be induced to take a sip, and sneezed and made wry faces afterward; but it was a tribute which every one had to pay to the festal occasion, and a refusal would have argued disloyalty and a reprehensible indifference to the blessings of liberty. Later on, when the district had become more populous, when the log-cabin had given way to a comfortable frame house, and the Norse conservatism to the American spirit of progress, a tumbler was substituted for the old broken wine-glass, and the more dignified address, "Fellow-citizens," for the old, informal "Boys." But through all the manifold changes from pioneer life to more advanced civilization, the seventeenth of May had ever remained a day set apart from the week-day toil for bread, a day hallowed by great memories,—all the greater, perhaps, to the multitude, for being so vaguely understood.

Among the plans conceived by Einar and Norderud in common for rousing their countrymen from their political apathy was the formation of a Scandinavian club for political debate and discussion. The project, when broached by the latter at a meeting called by him, had been received with more than the expected enthusiasm, and when he had modestly refused the presidency, Einar had been unanimously chosen. It was this club which had now taken it in hand to arrange the programme for the festival of liberty. Before Einar's arrival the pastor had been the self-appointed orator on all such occasions, but as Mr. Falconberg's oratory was of an antiquated and very unrepublican kind, consisting chiefly of moral maxims and exhortations

to humility and submission to the God-given authorities, and as, moreover, the public had an opportunity of being edified by him at least fifty times in the year, the club thought it might safely venture a breach upon tradition and confer the honor of the speakership upon its own president. The appointment was accordingly made, and Einar, who believed all the world as generous and fair-dealing as he was himself, could see no reason why he should not accept. He had unlimited confidence in his eloquence (and what youth has not?) and thought himself fully capable of delivering a stirring oration. Moreover, his brief editorial experience had filled his heart to overflowing with things of vital importance which he wished to say to his countrymen, and now the opportunity had been providentially afforded him for saying them.

Aurora, to use an Homeric simile, rose from Tithonus's couch in the east, wrapped in an airy *négligé* of fog. The hills around the town shone with a misty radiance, and the outline of the leaf-forest, with its fresh, young foliage, stood softly defined against the blue horizon. In spite of the mists, which were slowly dispersing before the rising sun, the air was buoyant and invigorating. Down at the little pier at the end of the lake lay two small steam tug-boats, gayly adorned for the occasion with Norwegian and American flags and streamers. They seemed so much like animated things, as they lay there in their festal attire, rumbling and groaning and sending out from time to time exultant little shrieks, as if they shared in the general hilarity. The moment of departure was drawing near, and members of the committee of arrangements, with badges of red, white and blue in their button-holes, were running busily to and fro, carrying luncheon baskets, ladies' shawls, muskets of ancient and modern pattern, and a multitude of other articles more or less essential to the festivity of the occasion. Then began the exciting process of helping the ladies down the steeply sloping gangways which connected the boats with the pier, the nervous little screams of real or affected timidity, the soothing assurances that there was no danger, the usual masculine assumption of protecting superiority and display of agility or unintentional awkwardness. It was a scene deeply interesting to an ethnologist or a social philosopher. The mingled interjections of Anglo-Saxon and Norse speech,—the latter in all imaginable shades of dialect; the few and vanishing reminiscences of Old-World costume, the subtly-graded types of countenance and facial expression, showing the gradual adaptation of the old type to the new soil, were all easily legible characteristics of a society which is still in the process of formation,—a society in which two struggling civilizations meet, and slowly blend together, forming a new and hitherto unknown unit. There were women of all degrees of rusticity, some intensely conscious of their bonnets, and belonging manifestly to that order which has but one dress for week-day and one for holiday wear; there were others who had just begun to make the first uneasy discoveries of their own social deficiencies, and whose attire displayed ineffectual and often grotesque aspirations toward ladyhood, and there were again others whose costume and bearing had that instinctive grace, that soft tranquillity which is the gift of birth and is but slowly acquired. But all these people were grouped about on the pier in a very democratic fashion, and talked, laughed and exchanged familiar greetings with an ease and abandonment which gave emphatic evidence of the equalizing influences of pioneer life and American democracy.

Since the disagreement about the umbrella, Einar had preserved a studied indifference toward Miss Raven, and devoted himself with increased assiduity to Miss Norderud's instruction; but now the inspiration of the great day pervaded his being like a warm glow, and all petty feelings were drowned in the strong current of patriotism. The sense of a common origin which is always so powerful a motive in a foreign land seemed ten times intensified on this day; a great common memory stirred every generous fiber in the Norsemen's bosoms, drove personal animosities out of sight and made them but remember that they were all Goths,—that they had all sprung from the strong, fair, broad-breasted, mountain-guarded Saga-land beyond the sea.

As the gangways were hauled in and both steamers glided out upon the lake, the whole multitude, as with one impulse, joined their voices in the national song, "Sons of Old Norway." The mist still lingered in the air, although it was half transparent, and lay upon the water like a thin, white veil; and the song floated away and mingled with the mist, and they rose together up into the joyous spring sunshine. At last there was neither mist nor song; for a brief moment all was silence.

"What a glorious day this is!" said Helga to Einar. They were sitting together on camp-stools in the prow of one of the steamers, she clad in a soft gray dress, which, like everything that was hers, seemed a wonder of grace and simplicity, he, arrayed as the occasion required, in a dress-coat, with a white neck-tie, and with a black, shining cylinder on his head.

"It is a tradition we have in Norway," answered he, "that the seventeenth of May must be as fair as God can make it, and I should suspect that the patriotism of my countrymen here was on the decline if they departed from the old tradition."

"Tell me something about Norway," said she, after a brief pause. "You know I am one of those unfortunate creatures who really belong nowhere. I was carried away from Norway before I had fairly struck root there, but when I was still too old to become thoroughly domesticated in the new soil into which I was transplanted. I am too much of an American, I imagine, to be perfectly happy in Norway, and yet too much of a Norwegian to feel perfectly at home here."

"You have stated very pointedly the great problem of an immigrant's existence," replied Einar, with animation. "And since you have to make the best of your present situation, and remain where you are, I should be doing you a very poor service, if I were to call to life the dormant longings for your native land. It is far better to suppress them. Let us not forget that we are all Norsemen, but if we are not forever to remain exiles, let us first of all remember that we are also, or ought to be, Americans. That is the lesson I am going to preach to my countrymen and countrywomen to-day, and if I shall but succeed in pleasing one among them whom I have in mind, I shall be the happiest man the sun ever shone upon."

"You mean Mr. Norderud," said Helga, innocently. "Yes, a great deal depends upon your pleasing him. But then, you know, he is always ready to be pleased at what you do and say; so I should have no fears on that score."

"The person I refer to is far more difficult to please than Mr. Norderud."

Here a member of the committee of arrangements whispered something in Einar's ear, and he arose hurriedly, and excused himself. A minute later his fine tenor was heard in the double quartette, sustaining, with a clear, soft precision, the difficult solo in Kjerulf's "The Wedding Party on the Hardanger Fjord." Helga sat listening with rapt attention, but still vaguely wondering to whom his words alluded and hoping that it might be Ingrid. Now one song followed another in rapid succession, until the whole party, at about ten o'clock, landed on an improvised pier at the foot of a deep ravine, where a large tent was raised and preparations had been previously made for their reception. The place had evidently been chosen because the scenery was supposed to suggest Norway; although to an æsthetic eye the resemblance must have been very remote. It was one of those broad, forest-clad gorges which at every third or fourth mile break the monotony of the landscape around the lakes of Minnesota and central New York. In the midst of gently sloping, fertile plains a yawning abyss, with huge chaotic upheavals and a primeval wildness of aspect, opens abruptly at your feet, as if Nature, conscious of her deficiency in point of picturesqueness, had had a sudden attack of waywardness, only to show that her early strength had not quite forsaken her. The bottom of the ravine was covered with sprouting maples and birches, and here and there with patches of fine, light grass. A small stream broke over the edge of the rock and dashed in a series of cascades toward the lower plain, winding thence onward over a broad, pebbly bed and descending with ever gentler murmur to the glittering lake.

As soon as the passengers had disembarked, the steamers started once more for the town and returned toward noon with a second load, the greater part of whom were business men, both Norse and American. Einar then ascended the rostrum, which was appropriately adorned with the combined colors of Norway and the United States, and, with a wildly palpitating heart, stood listening to the cheers of the multitude. And when at last the noise subsided, he broke out with a clear, youthful ring in his voice:

"Norsemen, fellow-citizens."

"Oh, how handsome he is!" whispered Ingrid, who stood leaning on Helga's arm some twenty or thirty steps from the platform.

"Hush, dear!" whispered Helga, in response, and pressed Ingrid's hand more closely in hers. There was a great surging and eddying motion in the throng; all pressed nearer to the speaker, and stood with expectant, upturned faces.

"There was a time, now centuries ago, when a strong arm and an unbending spirit were the greatest inheritances a father could bequeath to his son. In those days our forefathers roamed over the wide world, holding the destinies of nations in their hands; for our forefathers were strong; they knew not fear; their joy was war; their pathway went from victory to victory; their glory was to conquer and to die. How often did the domes of cathedrals re-echo in those days with the cry: 'Deliver us, O God, from the fury of the Norsemen!' In Normandy, in England, in Italy, and even in the far East our fathers have left the imperishable tracks of their conquering march. The Anglo-Saxons of to-day count it an honor to be able to trace their blood back to the conquerors of the North. The proud aristocracy of England boast that it is our blood which flows in their veins. But the time when rude physical strength was a people's chief claim to glory is now happily past. And did our glory perish with that age? To a superficial vision which does not penetrate beneath the appearances of things it certainly seems as if it did. The voice of Norway is now but feebly heard in the councils of nations; our sword and our war-cry do no longer strike terror to the hearts of our enemies; no prayers for deliverance from us rise toward the throne of God, for no one fears us. It is an undeniable truth, bitter as it may seem, that we have retired from the visible arena of the world's history. But the great event which we celebrate this day loudly proclaims that our power has not yet perished, that there is yet health and strength in us to regain what we have lost, —regain it, not with the sword, but with the gentler and yet potent agencies which an advanced civilization has placed in our hands.

"This strange movement which we call emigration, and over which theorists and social philosophers have pondered in vain, is one of these agencies, and perhaps the most important of all. Once, nearly nine centuries ago, we planted our foot upon the virgin soil of Vineland,* and still the glory of its discovery does not belong to us. Once more in the present age we have returned to our lost heritage, not to conquer it with force, but to share peacefully with other nations in the abundance of its blessings. Here in this wondrous land a new and great people is being born; a new and great civilization, superior to any the world has ever seen, is in the process of formation. It would be a foolish and ineffectual labor if we were to try to preserve our nationality intact, if we were to cling to our inherited language and traditional prejudices, and endeavor to remain a small isolated tribe, forming no organic part of this great people with which our lot is cast. For one generation we may appear to succeed, but the success would be a very tragical one and hardly worth the labor. And our children and grandchildren, yielding unconsciously to the tide which irresistibly sweeps them onward, would soon unlearn what we had taught them and undo what we had accomplished. But even if we abandon these external claims to distinctive Norsedom, however dear they may seem to us, we shall retain those deeper and unextinguishable traits which truly constitute our nationality, and these our children will inherit, and they will be ingrafted upon the new stock and mingle with the warm heart-blood of the nation which is being born, and it will be the greater and the stronger for what it shall owe to us. The best productions of our art and our literature will become known and will exert a quiet, gradual influence upon the art and literature of those among whom we live, until, at last, by a silent process of organic absorption they will pervade with a thousand other influences the grand civilization which the future hides in its bosom. Our children, feeling themselves no longer as strangers but as heirs to the soil, will exert their power in the various walks of life, and the sturdy Gothic qualities inherent in our blood will survive in our American descendants and will add strength to the future race.

"No doubt many of you, in whose ears the loud deeds of our ancestors are still re-echoing, will think this an humble destiny for a people once so proud as ours. But let us fearlessly open our eyes to the modes of working which God employs for the advancement of the race. The far-resonant conquests of our fathers which our bards are still commemorating in song and story,— what traces have they left behind them, except these silent and invisible ones, these decisive and yet half imperceptible modifications of the character, life and society of the succeeding ages? Is Norse speech ever heard to-day in England or in Normandy? The Norse songs and traditions which Duke Rollo and his followers brought

* The name given by the Norse discoverers to the American continent.

with them from their home, did they remain distinct and intact, asserting their nationality against all foreign encroachments? No; they mingled with the life-blood of the conquered nation. They did not perish; they modified the future; they are alive, though invisibly and silently alive, unto this day. Therefore, my countrymen, let us not foolishly and stubbornly cling to the semblances of nationality, and lose its reality, its deeper essence. Let us not transplant that which is accidental and evanescent in our old life upon the new soil. Let us be alive to the larger needs of the day in which we live, asserting ourselves fearlessly as Norsemen, still ever remembering that if our lives are not to be spent in vain, we must first of all be Americans."

A feeble and scattered cheer here interrupted the orator, and a few groans were heard from the outskirts of the crowd. Norderud, who was sitting on a bench at the foot of the platform, then raised his voice in a mighty hurrah which awakened a more general response, and the groans which seemed to come from a party of young men who had gathered around the pastor were silenced. Ingrid was quivering with sympathetic excitement; she clung more closely to Helga while her eyes hung upon the face of the speaker with irresistible fascination. Einar, who during the pause had quickly scanned his audience, caught her eye, and the sight of the eager young face sent a sudden warm thrill through him and strengthened his waning courage. He went on in a tone of calm confidence strangely at variance with his inward agitation; defined in brief, incisive sentences the historical significance of the day, and reviewed eloquently the great memories which clustered around it. Here he struck skillfully those national chords which never fail to vibrate even to the gentlest touch. Great shouts of applause shook the air; a smile of intense satisfaction illuminated Norderud's square-cut features, and Ingrid breathed freely, as if a great burden had been lifted from her bosom. The constitution of the seventeenth of May, Einar said, embodied a principle which was closely akin to that which the Americans had announced in their Declaration of Independence. If the Norsemen of the United States helped to carry out in its true spirit this declaration, remaining ever faithful to the honesty and lofty self-dependence which they had imbibed with their mother's milk, they would be celebrating in the highest sense their own day of liberty. He now spoke with a happy freedom and earnestness which stirred the deepest depth of his listeners' nature. He chose his metaphors from the life which moved daily under their very eyes, and his warm appeals went straight to their hearts. When he descended from the rostrum the members of the Scandinavian Club, in spite of his protests, raised him upon their shoulders amid the wild cheering of the multitude. That was too much for Ingrid; the long-restrained agitation overpowered her, and she burst into tears. But happily no one noticed her, and Helga hurried her up through the ravine, where the trees soon hid them both from sight.

Einar's speech was published the next day verbatim in "The Citizen," and Norderud, who found here a clear and eloquent statement of his own political creed, had it afterward printed in pamphlet form and liberally distributed among friends and enemies.

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And, "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings,—
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"

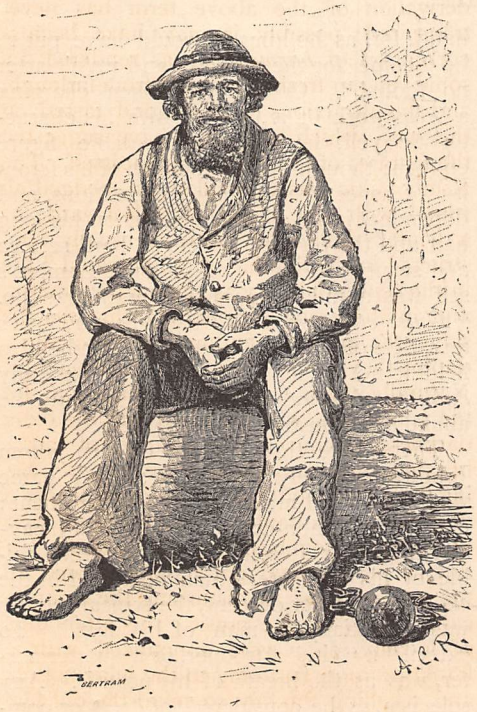
JOHNNY REB AT PLAY.

SNOW-BALLING.

Now that the party lines which have for so long indicated the political geography of the country are being wiped out by the operation of the presidential "policy," it is high time that certain misapprehensions—consequences, as they were also causes, of "the late unpleasantness"—should also be explained away. It is but an evidence of the human nature in which mankind so abounds, that some bitterness should tinge the after consideration of any issue which has been determined by force of arms, on the part of the losing side; it has naturally resulted, therefore, that the subject of this memoir has come to figure as a melodramatic, not to say tragic, character. There could be no greater mistake. In the easy intercourse of his more familiar relations, he was in the largest sense a humorist; but—following the time-honored usage of his section—he kept the best of his native product for home consumption; and being, moreover, a somewhat diffident fellow and reticent withal, his late antagonists can lay claim to little more than a business acquaintance with him. Now, so long as fighting was the order of the day, Johnny was remarkable for a studious application to the matter in hand, for, as he himself would have put it, he "come for the purpose, and wa'n't arter no foolin'." Collectively, when charging a breastwork or a battery, with his characteristic yell, he was a formidable figure enough; though even here much of his ferocity of aspect was purely adventitious, and dependent in no slight degree upon his long hair and the physical effects of hard service and scanty rations. Off duty, not Lambro's self was a milder mannered man than he. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" was an article of his creed, certainly; but he also held it no breach of decorum and equally *dulce* to *desipere in loco*, and this faith he abundantly illustrated in his works.

There were three classes of men whom Johnny especially regarded as fair game when his frugal mind was on pleasure bent: civilians, the non-combatant staff and cavalry-men; for, despite that well-known foible of his character which consisted in the claim to Cavalier descent, the typical Johnny was essentially a man of his legs. To "devil" a "cit.," a trooper, or a quartermaster, was as the breath of his nostrils. Any solecism, as he considered, of dress or equipage, was fit subject for his diversion.

The investment of several hundred dollars of pay was perhaps the least of the pains or penalties attaching to the possession of a pair of jack-boots; the dandy wearer had need of moral courage of no mean order to withstand the reproach of having gone prematurely into winter quarters, coupled with vociferous invitations to "git r-i-t-e outen 'em." But a stove-pipe hat was a treasure-trove. Woe betide the heedless lord of the soil who ventured into Johnny's presence, crowned with well-saved *ante bellum* beaver! Queries as to its uses alternated with injunctions founded upon the theory that it might upon occasion serve for purposes of concealment, and the victim was warned of the futility of any attempt in the direction last indicated by the reminder that his legs were hanging out and plainly visible. Not uncommonly the obnoxious head-gear would be misconceived as a camp-kettle, and the wearer pathetically entreated to part with it, because the "ridgiment" was "powerful bad off fur cookin' tools." It was worse than useless to show temper under this rude *badinage;* that was the very cream of the joke to Johnny, who hastened to proffer such dubious comfort as might lie in the admonition: "Mister, *don't* you mind them boys; they ar' all the time a-hollerin' arter some durned fool or nuther!"



WEARING A "KUNFEDRIT WATCH."

But the fortune of war is varied, and an instance is recorded in which our facetious friend was hoist with his own petard. A dignified old gentleman, sporting a long-napped, black-bombazined, white tile of antique pattern, had been proof against all the stock pleasantries. Even the proposal to swap hats evoked no response. Johnny was almost at the end of his resources when he was seized with an inspiration.

"O, mister!" he inquired, "what made ye put the churn in mo'nin'? Is the cows all dead?"

"I should think they were, by the way the calves are bleating," was the ready retort.

Johnny was too old a soldier not to know when he was beaten; but he retreated in good order, firing, as he went, this Parthian shot:

"Well, mister, you kin hev my hat, anyhow; but I reely *did* want that ar one o' yourn to w'ar this evenin' on dress-parade."

As serving to illustrate how Johnny "whilom was wont his leagues to cheer" with a stray trooper, a personal experience may be worth recounting. In this instance a pair of Mexican spurs, with rowels measuring several inches in diameter, were provocative of critical comment. Thus appointed, the writer happened to be detained one day upon the road by an infantry column at a halt, and immediately became the focal point of a cross-fire of remarks, called forth by his unlucky gaffs. The blocking of the road by the stacked muskets and recumbent men forbade all hope of escape, and there was nothing for it but to face the situation with as good a grace as might be. "Mister, how *old* does ye hev ter git afore they comes out that long on ye?" "Don't them things keep ye 'wake o' nights?" were among the observations vouchsafed. With an assumption of the gravest interest, one fellow—the self-constituted fugleman of the regiment for the nonce—inquired if they were "Yankee" spurs, and being answered in the negative, rejoined, "Well, ye've tuk a load off'n my mind, fur I *reely* wouldn't like ter fight nobody with sich things on 'em." Another exclaimed, "This hyar must be the hoss-artillery; don't ye see hit's got *wheels?*" At last, in the vain hope of ridding myself of an interest which had become oppressive, I unbuckled one spur and held it aloft, in full view of all. This proceeding called forth the remonstrance: "Mister, fur the Lord's sake, *don't* turn that thing loose;

"DON'T TURN THAT THING LOOSE, HIT'S DANGEROUS."

thar's a chance o' people in this hyar road, an' hit's dangerous!"

The foregoing are specimens of Johnny's off-hand practice, and in this department he excelled; his best shots being invariably made "on the wing." There was no march so long or so toilsome, no occasion so serious, that it could quite dull the edge of his humor. The exceptionally hard service and many privations of his lot were one huge joke to him, upon which he was wont to ring changes without end. But,—like other people in their season of prosperity,—Johnny, when in winter quarters, was sometimes afflicted with *ennui*, and, in default of other antagonist, was forced into systematic devices for the killing of time. Snow-ball battles, between whole brigades, arrayed in line, and with colors flying, were frequent; occasionally too, he played "chermany," the Southern equivalent of base-ball, and when the weather barred his indulgence in these sports, he sometimes resorted to the distraction of amateur theatricals.

The survivors of Hill's Light Division, who wintered at "Camp Gregg" during that dreary mud-bound interval between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, will recall to mind the "Kimbomikin." The derivation of the above term has never transpired: possibly it may have been a corruption of *harmonicon*, as rendered by some veteran freshly returned from furlough, and the attractions of Richmond tasted on the way, which may also have suggested the features of the entertainment itself. The Kimbomikin was a circular pen, hedged all round with pine brush, sloped inward, as a winter shelter for cattle is usually constructed in the South. A "lightwood" fire in the center did duty as general illuminator, and in the arena surrounding this was the stage, the audience finding what accommodation they could about its circumference. Naturally there was no dressing-room for the performers, who vanished into the outer darkness whenever any change of attire became necessary—the "assistance" being kept in good humor meanwhile by a vocal solo with banjo accompaniment, or a little "light clog business." The most fastidious purist could not have excepted to the *mise en scène* as disturbing the emotion called forth by the music; the attendants of locality, etc., were announced with a frankness quite flattering to the imagination, and recalling forcibly to mind the old placards serving a similar purpose on the

primitive English stage. With a little indulgence from the house, the difficulty of compassing feminine attire was triumphantly solved. A number of barrel-hoops, strung together, made a sufficiently proper crinoline, which was draped with a shelter-tent and an army blanket, supported at the waist by a cartridge belt, and doing duty as petticoat and overskirt respectively; while a wide-brimmed slouch hat, tied on by a band passing over the crown, was the approved thing in bonnets. The broken angular folds of a silk mantilla were symbolized in an oil-cloth poncho,—quite as accurately, by the way, as are some of the fabrics offered to our credulity on more pretentious boards. The entertainment consisted mainly of what the variety theaters style "character delineations"—Irish and negro—with a good deal of extemporization worked in. The performance often included the bulk of the attendance, when some criticism would provoke a retort from the stage; and popular choruses would be taken up *con amore*, as is custom elsewhere among "the gods." Refreshments were quite in order; a perpetual incense of pipe-smoke went up from the outer circle, while apples, ginger (?) cakes and "goobers" (peanuts), met with ready demand at figures which would have been significant of speedy wealth to the dealers in these dainties, had they but represented a *par* value in the circulating medium; for with the prodigality distinctive of his section, Johnny never considered his pay as anything more than pocket-money.

But, as is too often the case with bright boys, Johnny, it must be avowed, was occasionally a naughty one, though his offenses seemed rather the outcome of error in judgment than of deliberate and conscious iniquity. As touching matters of subsistence, he leaned toward communism,—or it may be that his deficiency in Latin rendered the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* somewhat obscure to his sense. He was further addicted to truancy, which he facetiously styled "running the *block*," and through his over confidence in the elastic properties of a furlough, he sometimes came to be reported "absent without leave." When such escapades brought upon him their legitimate consequences in the shape of punishment, Johnny's humor was as constant in this as in more honorable adversity. Mounted aloft upon a wooden horse, "very grievous to bestride," he has been known to inquire of the men below if they "didn't want to jine the cavalry;" the writer also once heard him when taunted with his ball-and-chain appendage, reply out of the hardness of his heart—"Haint you uns never seed the new Kunfedrit watches—which ye w'ars the chain around yer leg?" He would gamble too, and for every species of stake conceivable,—for rations when in camp, or even to decide upon whom should devolve the duty of

THE KIMBOMIKIN.

going upon a detail under fire when in line of battle.

The writer once assisted (in the Gallic sense) at a game of "seven-up," which was played under conditions somewhat peculiar. A canteen of "apple-jack" had been procured, and the stipulation entered into that the winners of each game should be entitled to a drink, the opposing pair being permitted the consolation of a *smell*. By some freak of fortune, it befell that the canteen was nearly empty, with two of the party as thirsty as when they sat down. But at this stage the victors relented, and the luckless ones were permitted to imbibe.

But Johnny's fertility of resource was by no means limited to such demands as would consist in the mere inventing of stakes; it

"IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, JUST JINE THE CAVALRY."

was sufficient also for the devising of novel and strange methods for the indulgence of his besetting propensity.

Shortly after a payment of the troops, some complaint came to the ears of General Archer, commanding the Tennessee Brigade of the Light Division, that his boys in homespun were wasting their substance in the riotous ways of "old sledge" and "chuck-a-luck." A special order was accordingly promulgated, forbidding "all games of cards or dice for money," within the limits of the brigade camp. Johnny was equal to the occasion, and, for perhaps the first time, it was suggested to his mind that his entomological studies might be turned to some practical account. From personal observations of daily recurrence and of the most scrutinizing character, he had been led to remark the active habits of that form of insect life which Pope and Burns deemed worthy of their verse, and these investigations developed the game bearing the significant title of *scratch*. A rubber cloth was spread, wrong side up, upon the ground, and two concentric circles roughly traced in charcoal upon the linen surface. Around this the players seated themselves, and a pool was formed of the sum of their contributions to "come in." The *starters* were placed within the inner ring, and the one first clearing the line of the outside limit entitled its fortunate owner to the stakes. But it is to be deplored that a spirit of jockeying should have invaded the precincts of this noble sport; in course of time, as favorites arose, the system of handicapping was adopted, and odds were given and taken with a nicety of judgment which would not have disgraced the quarter-stretch at Long Branch or Saratoga.

The ultimate destiny of so versatile a genius would be difficult to predict; but it is safe to assume that, with increase of years, Johnny has become not only a sadder but a wiser man; for the propensities which characterized him when in the heyday of his youth, subdued and directed by his later experience, cannot fail to tell in the long run. As evidence that he has outgrown certain extravagant notions, it may be mentioned that more recent advices speak of his having accepted a "situation" involving multifarious duties of the most serious and practical kind, and that in the performance of these he is acquitting himself with credit. His incapacity for *work* has long ago been recognized as a delusion, even by those lately arrayed in arms against him, else small glory had been theirs. It is none the less gratifying, however, to the friends of his early years when they are thus assured of his application to work of a different sort. But as all work and no play would have made Johnny a dull boy, it is still lawful to express the hope that it may ever be recorded of him, as here—"a was a merry man."

THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

"THAR'S A NEW GAME DOWN IN FRISCO."

WALTZ in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.
I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's * fierce and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year.
It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for two.
There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of Lagrange,
And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way of change.
You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names,
But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truthful James.

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend.
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—*you* have five.
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar too, that Clapp aint now alive.
'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove
Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this remark he hove:
"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thet ez far ez I kin see,
Beats euchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

* Qy. Genii.

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake!"
And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar
That the man who tackled euchre hed his education sqar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who said,
He knew the game and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate,'
Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight.
This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,
And high upon the bar itself the school-master was raised,
And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night,—
Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there,"
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride got up and took his chair.

O little kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey
These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van,
And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said he'd be durned
If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung
Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.
As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache,
And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss" and Bilson took his chair,
He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn,
But Poker Dick remarked that *he* would wait and get his turn;
Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye,
The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began with "I,"
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the fight begun
I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he moved up one.

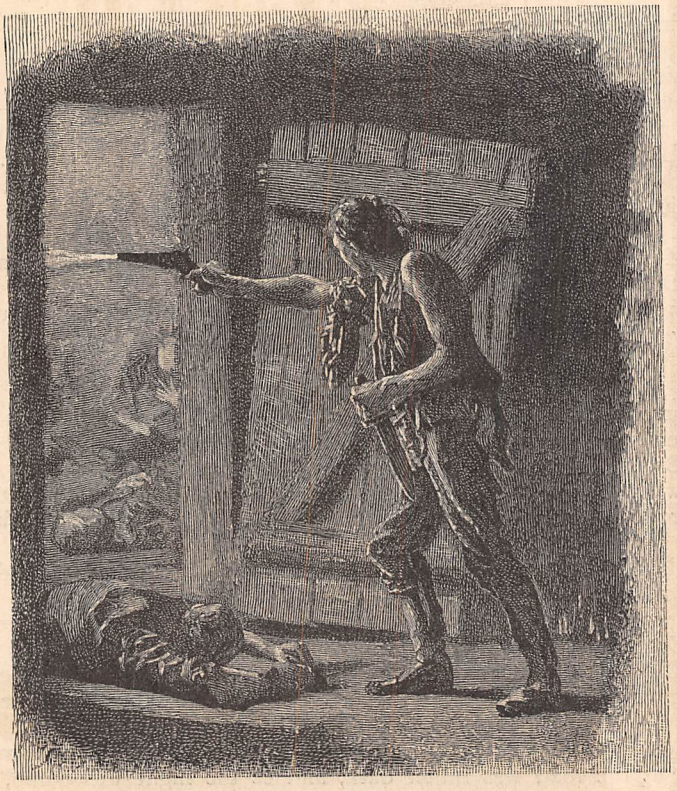
Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in camp,"
And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,
They'd"—— here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled:
"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!"
But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain,
And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he
Was huntin' up authorities thet no one else could see;
And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he "was cold,"
Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple way
Poor Smith began with "O" "R"—"or"—and *he* was dragged away.

O, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;

And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care—
You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all! In me you see
The only gent that lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!"

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play.
For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid,
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of Truthful James.



PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF FARM LIFE IN NEW YORK.

GATHERING BUTTER.

MANY of the early settlers of New York were from New England, Connecticut perhaps sending out the most; but the state early had one element introduced into its rural and farm life not found farther East, namely the Holland Dutch. These gave

features more or less picturesque to the country that are not observable in New England. The Dutch took root at various points along the Hudson, and about Albany and in the Mohawk valley, and remnants of their rural and domestic architecture may still be seen in these sections of the state. A Dutch barn became proverbial. "As broad as a Dutch barn" was a phrase that when applied to the person of a man or woman, left room for little more to be said. The main feature of these barns was their enormous expansion of roof. It was a comfort to look at them, they suggested such shelter and protection. The eaves were very low and the ridge-pole very high. Long rafters and short posts gave them a quaint, short-waisted, grandmotherly look. They were nearly square and stood very broad upon the ground. Their form was doubtless suggested by the damper climate of the Old World, where the grain and hay, instead of being packed in deep solid mows, used to be spread upon poles and exposed to the currents of air under the roof. Surface and not cubic capacity is more important in these matters in Holland than in this country. Our farmers have found that in a climate where there is so much weather as with us the less roof you have the better. Roofs will leak, and cured hay will keep sweet in a mow of any depth and size in our dry atmosphere.

The Dutch barn was the most picturesque barn that has been built, especially when thatched with straw, as they nearly all were, and forming one side of an inclosure of lower roofs or sheds also of straw, beneath which the cattle took refuge from the winter storms. Its immense, unpainted gable, cut with holes for the swallows, was like a section of a respectable sized hill and its roof like its slope. Its great doors always had a hood projecting over them, and the doors themselves were divided horizontally into upper and lower halves; the upper halves very frequently being left open, through which you caught a glimpse of the mows of hay or the twinkle of flails when the grain was being threshed.

The old Dutch farm-houses, too, were always pleasing to look upon. They were low, often made of stone, with deep window jambs and great family fire-places. The outside door, like that of the barn, was always divided into upper and lower halves. When the weather permitted the upper half could stand open, giving light and air without the cold draught over the floor where the children were playing, that our wide-swung doors admit. This feature of the Dutch house and barn certainly merits preservation in our modern buildings.

The large, unpainted timber barns that succeeded the first Yankee settlers' log stables were also picturesque, especially when a lean-to for the cow-stable was added and the roof carried down with a long sweep over it also; or when the barn was flanked by an open shed with a hay-loft above it, where the hens cackled and hid their nests, and from the open window of which the hay was always hanging.

Then the great timbers of these barns and the Dutch barn, hewn from maple or birch or oak trees from the primitive woods, and put in place by the combined strength of all the brawny arms in the neighborhood, when the barn was raised,—timbers strong enough and heavy enough for docks and quays, and that have absorbed the odors of the hay and grain until they look ripe and mellow and full of the pleasing sentiment of the great, sturdy, bountiful interior! The "big beam" has become smooth and polished from the hay that has been pitched over it and the sweaty, sturdy forms that have crossed it. One feels that he would like furniture—a chair, or a table, or a writing-desk, a bedstead, or a wainscoting made from these long-seasoned, long-tried, richly toned timbers of the old barn. But the smart-painted, natty barn that follows the humbler structure, with its glazed windows, its ornamented ventilator and gilded weather vane—who cares to contemplate it? The wise human eye loves modesty and humility, loves plain, simple structures, loves the unpainted barn that took no thought of itself, or the dwelling that looks inward and not outward; is offended when the farm buildings get above their business and aspire to be something on their own account, suggesting not cattle and crops and plain living, but the vanities of the town and the pride of dress and equipage.

Indeed, the picturesque in human affairs and occupations is always born of love and humility, as it is in art or literature; and it quickly takes to itself wings and flies away at the advent of pride, or any selfish or unworthy motive. The more directly the farm savors of the farmer, the more the fields and buildings are redolent of human care and toil, without any thought of the passer-by—the more we delight in the contemplation of it.

It is unquestionably true that farm life and farm scenes in this country are less pictur-

esque than they were fifty or one hundred years ago. This is owing partly to the advent of machinery, which enables the farmer to do so much of his work by proxy and hence removes him further from the soil, and partly to the growing distaste for the occupation among our people. The old settlers—our fathers and grandfathers—loved the farm, and had no thoughts above it; but the later generations are looking to the town and its fashions, and only waiting for a chance to flee thither. Then pioneer life is always more or less picturesque; there is no room for vain and foolish thoughts; it is a hard battle, and the people have no time to think about appearances. When my grandfather and grandmother came into the country where they reared their family and passed their days, they cut a road through the woods and brought all their worldly gear on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen. Their neighbors helped them build a house of logs, with a roof of black ash bark and a floor of hewn white ash plank. A great stone chimney and fire-place—the mortar of red clay—gave light and warmth, and cooked the meat and baked the bread, when there was any to cook or to bake. Here they lived and reared their family, and found life sweet. Their unworthy descendant, yielding to the inherited love of the soil, flees the city and its artificial ways, and gets some acres in the country, where he proposes to engage in the pursuit supposed to be free to every American citizen—the pursuit of happiness. The humble old farm-house is discarded, and a smart, modern country-house put up. Walks and roads are made and graveled; trees and hedges are planted; the rustic old barn is combed and barbered and tailored; and, after it is all fixed, the uneasy proprietor stands off and looks, and calculates by how much he has missed the picturesque, at which he aimed. Our new houses undoubtedly have greater comforts and conveniences than the old, and if we could keep our pride and vanity in abeyance and forget that all the world is looking on, they might have beauty also.

The man that forgets himself, he is the man we like, and the dwelling that forgets itself in its purpose to shelter and protect its inmates and make them feel at home in it, is the dwelling that fills the eye. When you see one of the great cathedrals, you know that it was not pride that animated these builders, but fear and worship; but when you see the house of the rich farmer or of the millionaire from the city, you see the pride of money and the insolence of social power.

MILKING-TIME.

Machinery, I say, has taken away some of the picturesque features of farm life. How much soever we may admire machinery and the faculty of mechanical invention, there is no machine like a man; and the work done directly by his hands, the things made or fashioned by them, have a virtue and a quality that cannot be imparted by machinery. The line of mowers in the meadows, with the straight swaths behind them, are more picturesque than the "Clipper" or "Buckeye" mower, with its team and driver. So are the flails of the threshers, chasing each other through the air, more pleasing to the eye and the ear than the machine, with its uproar, its choking clouds of dust, and its general hurly-burly.

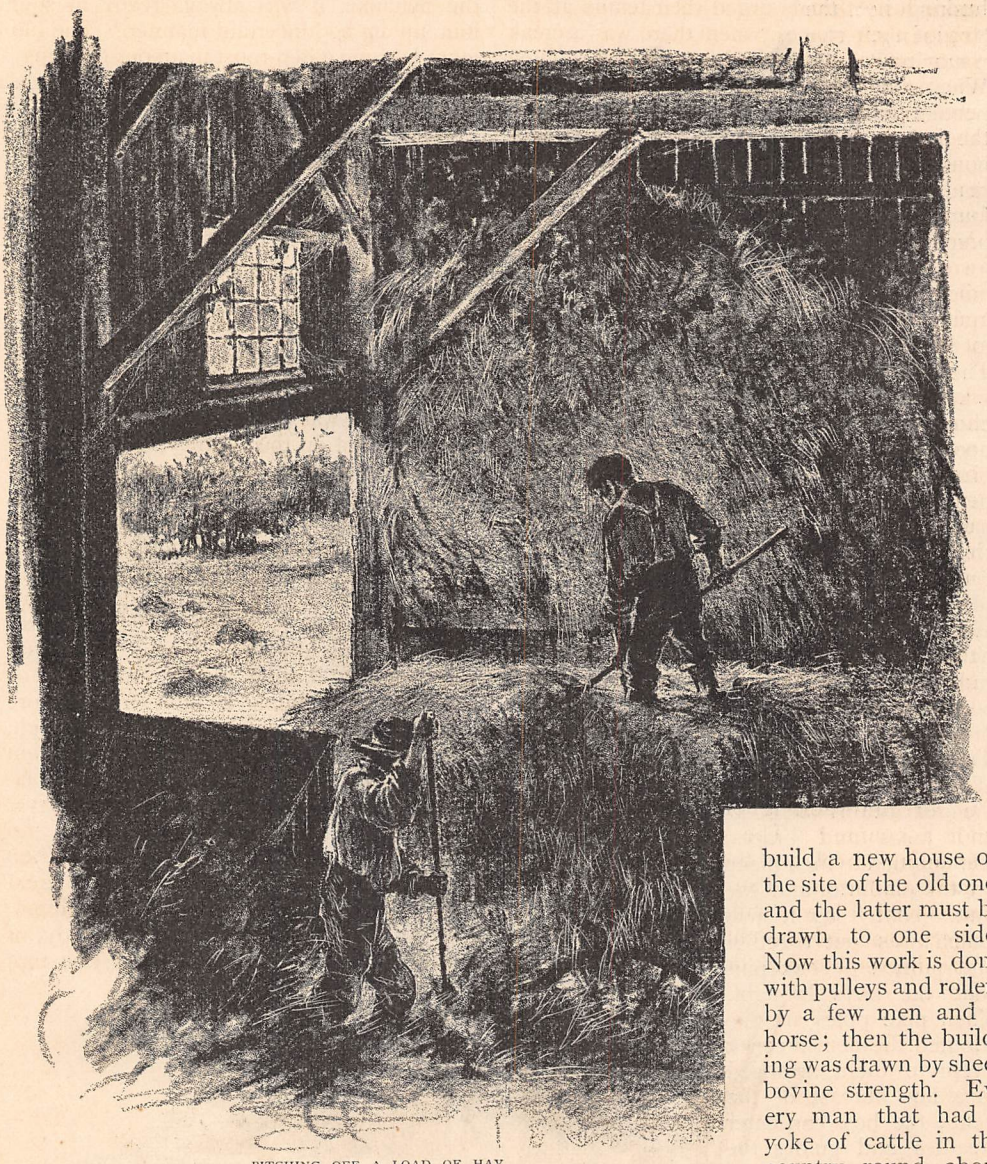
Sometimes the threshing was done in the open air, upon a broad rock, or a smooth, dry plat of green sward, and it is occasionally done there yet, especially the threshing of the buckwheat crop, by a farmer who has not a good barn floor, or who cannot afford to hire the machine. The flail makes a louder *thud* in the fields than you would imagine; and in the splendid October weather it is a pleasing spectacle to behold the gathering of the ruddy crop and three or four lithe figures beating out the grain with their flail in some sheltered nook, or some grassy lane lined with cedars. When there are three flails beating together it makes lively music; and when there are four they follow each other so fast that it is a continuous roll of sound, and it requires a very steady stroke not to hit or get hit by the others. There is just room and time to get your blow in, and that is all. When one flail is upon the straw, another has just left it, another is half-way down, and the fourth is high and straight in the air. It is like a swiftly revolving wheel that delivers four blows at each revolution. Threshing, like mowing, goes much easier in company than when alone; yet many a farmer or laborer spends nearly all the late fall and winter days shut in the barn, pounding doggedly upon the endless sheaves of oats and rye.

When the farmers made "bees," as they did a generation or two ago much more than they do now, a picturesque element was added. There was the stone bee, the

husking bee, the "raising," the "moving," etc. When the carpenters had got the timbers of the house or barn ready, and the foundation was prepared, then the neighbors for miles about were invited to come to the "raisin'". The afternoon was the time chosen. The forenoon was occupied by the carpenter and farm hands, in putting the sills and "sleepers" in place ("sleepers," what a good name for those rude hewn timbers that lie under the floor in the darkness and silence!). When the hands arrived the great beams and posts and joists and braces, were carried to their place on the platform, and the first "bent," as it was called was put together and pinned by oak pins that the boys brought. Then pike poles are distributed, the men, fifteen or twenty of them, arranged in a line abreast of the bent; the boss carpenter steadies and guides the corner post and gives the word of command, "Take holt, boys!" "Now, set her up!" "Up with her!" "Up she goes!" When it gets shoulder high it becomes heavy, and there is a pause. The pikes are brought into requisition, every man gets a good hold and braces himself, and waits for the words, "All together now;" shouts the captain, "Heave her up!" "He-o-he!" (heave-all,—heave), "he-o-he," at the top of his voice, every man doing his best. Slowly the great timbers go up; louder grows the word of command. till the bent is up.

UPPER DOOR OF A SIDE-HILL BARN.

Then it is plumed and stay-lathed, and another is put together and raised in the same way till they are all up. Then comes the putting on the great plates—timbers that run lengthwise of the building and match the sills below. Then, if there is time, the putting up of the rafters. In every neighborhood there was always some man who was especially useful at "raisin's." He was bold and strong and quick. He helped guide and superintend the work. He was the



PITCHING OFF A LOAD OF HAY

first one up on the bent, catching a pin or a brace and putting it in place. He walked the lofty and perilous plate, with the great beetle in hand; put the pins in the holes, and swinging the heavy instrument through the air, drove the pins home. He was as much at home up there as a squirrel.

Now that balloon frames are mainly used for houses, and lighter sawed timbers for barns, the old-fashioned raising is rarely witnessed.

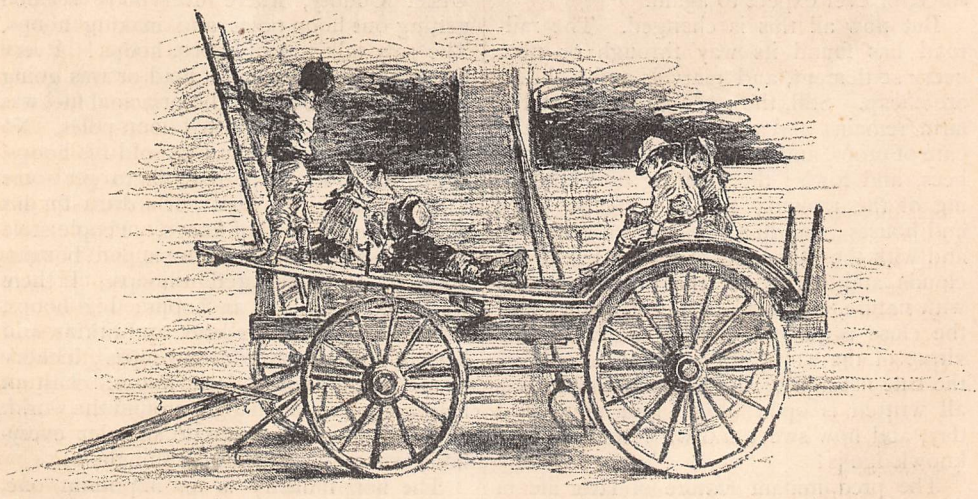
Then the moving was an event, too. A farmer had a barn to move, or wanted to build a new house on the site of the old one, and the latter must be drawn to one side. Now this work is done with pulleys and rollers by a few men and a horse; then the building was drawn by sheer bovine strength. Every man that had a yoke of cattle in the country round about was invited to assist. The barn or house was pried up and great runners, cut in the woods, placed under it, and under the runners were placed skids. To these runners it was securely chained and pinned; then the cattle—stags, steers and oxen, in two long lines, one at each runner—were hitched fast, and while men and boys aided with great levers, the word to go was given. Slowly the two lines of bulky cattle straightened and settled into their bows; the big chains that wrapt the runners tightened, a dozen or more "gads" were flourished, a dozen or

more lusty throats urged their teams at the top of their voices, when there was a creak or a groan as the building stirred. Then the drivers redoubled their efforts; there was a perfect Babel of discordant sounds; the oxen bent to the work, their eyes bulged, their nostrils distended; the lookers-on cheered and away went the old house or barn as nimbly as a boy on a hand-sled. Not always, however; sometimes the chains would break, or one runner strike a rock, or bury itself in the earth. There were generally enough mishaps or delays to make it interesting.

In the section of the state of which I write flax used to be grown, and cloth for shirts and trowsers, and towels and sheets, etc., woven from it. It was no laughing matter for the farm-boy to break in his shirt or trowsers those days. The hair shirts in which the old monks used to mortify the flesh could not have been much before them in this mortifying particular. But after the bits of shives and sticks were subdued and the knots humbled by use and the wash-board, they were good garments. If you lost your hold in a tree and your shirt caught on a knot or limb, it would save you.

But when has any one seen a crackle, or a swingling-knife, or a hetchel, or a distaff, and where can one get some tow for strings or for gun-wadding, or some swingling-tow for a bonfire? The quill-wheel, and the spinning-wheel, and the loom, are heard no more among us. The last I knew of a certain hetchel it was nailed up behind the old sheep that did the churning, and when he was disposed to shirk or hang back and stop the machine, it was always ready to spur him up in no uncertain manner. The old loom became a hen-roost in an out-building; and the crackle upon which the flax was broken, where, oh, where is it?

When the produce of the farm was taken a long distance to market—that was an event too. The carrying away of the butter in the fall, for instance, to the river, a journey that occupied both ways four days. Then the family marketing was done in a few groceries. Some cloth, new caps and boots for the boys, and a dress, or a shawl, or a cloak for the girls were brought back, besides news and adventure, strange rumors of the distant town. The farmer was days in getting ready to start, food was prepared and put in a box to stand him on the journey, and oats put up for the horses. The butter was loaded up overnight, and in the cold November morning, long before it was light, he was up and off. I can hear his wagon yet, its slow rattle over the frozen ground diminishing in the distance. On the fourth day toward night all grew expectant of his return, but it was usually dark before his wagon was heard coming down the hill, or his voice summoning a light from before the door. When the boys got big enough, one after the other accompanied him each year, until all had made the famous journey and seen the great river and the steamboats, and the thousand and one marvels of the far away town. When it came my turn to go, I was in a great state of excitement for a week beforehand, for fear my clothes would not be ready, or else that it would be too cold, or else that



THE HAY-WAGON AFTER THE HARVEST.

the world would come to an end before the time fixed for starting. The day previous I roamed the woods in quest of game to supply my bill of fare on the way, and was

DRIVING SHEEP TO BE WASHED.

lucky enough to shoot a partridge and an owl, though the latter I did not take. Perched high on a "spring-board," I made the journey and saw more sights and wonders than I have ever seen on a journey since, or ever expect to again.

But now all this is changed. The railroad has found its way through or near every settlement, and marvels and wonders are cheap. Still, the essential charm of the farm remains and always will remain; the care of crops, and of cattle, and of orchards, bees, and fowls; the clearing and improving of the ground; the building of barns and houses; the direct contact with the soil, and with the elements; the watching of the clouds and of the weather; the privacies with nature, with bird, beast and plant; and the close acquaintance with the heart and virtue of the world. The farmer should be the true naturalist; the book in which it is all written is open before him night and day, and how sweet and wholesome all his knowledge is!

The predominant feature of farm life in New York as in other states, is always given by some local industry of one kind or another. In many of the high cold counties in the eastern center of the state, this ruling industry is hop-growing; in the western it is grain and fruit-growing; in sections along the Hudson, it is small-fruit growing, as berries, currants, grapes; in other counties it is milk and butter; in others quarrying flagging-stone. I recently visited a section of Ulster County, where everybody seemed getting out hoop-poles and making hoops. The only talk was of hoops, hoops! Every team that went by had a load or was going for a load of hoops. The principal fuel was hoop-shavings or discarded hoop-poles. No man had any money until he sold his hoops. When a farmer went to town to get some grains, or a pair of boots, or a dress for his wife, he took a load of hoops. People stole hoops and poached for hoops, and bought, and sold, and speculated in hoops. If there was a corner it was in hoops; big hoops, little hoops, hoops for kegs, and firkins, and barrels, and hogsheads, and pipes; hickory hoops, birch hoops, ash hoops, chestnut hoops, hoops enough to go around the world. Another place it was shingle, shingle; everybody was shaving hemlock shingle.

The hop industry is an important one, and has its picturesque side. One day in

the train I saw a large number of brown country lads and lasses, with their satchels in their hands and their Sunday clothes on, merry and frolicsome as if bound for a picnic. I found they were going to the hop-growing region, about forty miles distant, to pick hops. And a pleasant excursion they must have made of it, gathering the fragrant hops and carrying them in baskets to the drying-house,—with now and then a "hop-spree" at night.

In places along the Hudson there is a similar movement of the younger population when the berry season commences. Little and big pick berries, the nimble fingers of the girls always winning in this race. It is the engrossing interest. The school stops, and both teacher and pupils are in the berry patch. The mother brings her baby and sets it under a bush or tree, while she fills her carries of cups or baskets near by. The berries cannot wait, and the farmer neglects his hay and grain, and the culture of his corn, to get his berries off in time. When the day's picking is done, and the berries are packed ready for shipment, there come the hurry and excitement of getting them to the boat. Sometimes the landing is several miles distant; the pickers have been kept going to the last moment, leaving barely time to reach the boat if all goes well. Somebody, however, is always late and comes whipping up his horses as he hears the warning whistle of the steamer, and is just in time to see her hauling in her planks or gliding from the dock; or the captain may signal to the engineer to wait a moment, or back a little, when the crates of berries are tossed aboard over the rail and caught by the impatient "hands." It is usually the man who lives close by that is left.

In most of the eastern counties of the State the interest and profit of the farm revolve about the cow. The dairy is the one great matter,—for milk, when milk can be shipped to the New York market, and for butter when it cannot. Great barns and stables and milking-sheds, and immense meadows and cattle on a thousand hills, are the prominent agricultural features of these sections of the country. Good grass and good water are the two indispensables to successful dairying. And the two generally go together. Where there are plenty of copious cold springs there is no dearth of grass. When the cattle are compelled to browse upon weeds and various wild growths, the milk and butter will betray it in the flavor. Tender, juicy grass, the ruddy blossoming clover, or the fragrant, well-cured hay, make the delicious milk and the sweet butter. Then there is a charm about a natural pastoral country that belongs to no other. Go through Orange county in May and see the vivid emerald of the smooth fields and hills. It is a new experience of the beauty and effectiveness of simple grass. And this grass has rare virtues, too, and imparts a

TWILIGHT IN THE FIELDS.

flavor to the milk and butter that has made them famous.

Along all the sources of the Delaware the land flows with milk, if not with honey. The grass is excellent, except in times of protracted drought, and then the browsings in the beech and birch woods are good substitute. Butter is the staple product. Every housewife is or wants to be a famous butter maker, and Delaware county butter rivals Orange in market. It is a high, cool grazing country. The farms lie tilted up against the sides of the mountain or lapping over the hills, striped or checked with stone wall, and presenting to the eye long stretches of pasture and meadow land, alternating with plowed fields and patches of waving grain. Few of their features are picturesque; they are bare, broad and simple. The farm-house gets itself a coat of white paint, and green blinds to the windows, and the barn and wagon-house a coat of red paint with white trimmings, as soon as possible. A penstock flows by the door-way, rows of tin pans sun themselves in the yard, and the great wheel of the churning machine flanks the milk-house, or rattles behind it. The winters are severe, the snow deep. The principal fuel is still wood—beech, birch and maple. It is hauled off the mountain, in great logs when the first November or December snows come, and cut up and piled in the wood-houses and under a shed. Here the ax still rules the winter, and it may be heard all day and every day upon the wood-pile, or echoing through the frost-bound wood, the coat of the chopper hanging to a limb and his white chips strewing the snow.

Many cattle need much hay; hence in dairy sections haying is the period of "storm and stress" in the farmer's year. To get the hay in, in good condition, and before the grass gets too ripe, is a great matter. All the energies and resources of the farm are bent to this purpose. It is a thirty or forty day war, in which the farmer and his "hands" are pitted against the heat and the rain, and the legions of timothy and clover. Every thing about it has the urge, the hurry, the excitement of a battle. Outside help is procured; men flock in from adjoining counties, where the ruling industry is something else, and is less imperative; coopers, blacksmiths, and laborers of various kinds drop their tools, and take down their scythes and go in quest of a job in haying. Every man is expected to pitch his endeavors in a little higher key than at any other kind of work. The wages are extra, and the work must correspond. The men are in the meadow by half-past four, or five, in the morning and mow an hour or two before breakfast. A good mower is proud of his skill. He does not "lop in," and his "pointing out" is perfect, and you can hardly see the ribs of his swath. He stands up to his grass and strikes level and sure. He will turn a double down through the stoutest grass, and when the hay is raked away you will not find a spear left standing. The Americans are—or were—the best mowers. A foreigner could never quite give the masterly touch. The hayfield has its code. One man must not take another's swath unless he expects to be crowded. Each expects to take his turn leading the band. The scythe may be so whet as to ring out a saucy challenge to the rest. It is not good manners to mow up too close to your neighbor, unless you are trying to keep out of the way of the man behind you. Many a race has been brought on by some one being a little indiscreet in this respect. Two men may mow all day together under the impression that each is trying to put the other through. The one that leads strikes out briskly, and the other, not to be outdone, follows close. Thus the blood of each is soon up; a little heat begets more heat, and it is fairly a race before long. It is a great ignominy to be mowed out of your swath. Hay gathering is clean, manly work all through. Young fellows work in haying who do not do another stroke on the farm the whole year. It is a gymnasium in the meadows and under the summer sky. How full of pictures, too!—the smooth slopes dotted with cocks with lengthening shadows; the great, broad-backed, soft-cheeked loads, moving along the lanes and brushing under the trees; the unfinished stack with forkfuls of hay being handed up its sides to the builder, and when finished the shape of a great pear, with a stalk in the top for the stem. May be in the fall and winter the calves and yearlings will hover around it and gnaw its base until it overhangs them and shelters them from the storm. Or the farmer will "fodder" his cows there,—one of the most picturesque scenes to be witnessed on the farm—twenty or thirty or forty milchers filing along toward the stack in the field, or clustered about it, waiting the promised bite. In great, green flakes the hay is rolled off, and distributed about in small heaps upon the unspotted snow. After the cattle have eaten, the birds—

Old barn with cattle sheds

snow-buntings and red-polls—come and pick up the crumbs, the seeds of the grasses and weeds. At night the fox and the owl come for mice.

What a beautiful path the cows make through the snow to the stack, or to the spring under the hill!—always more or less wayward, but uniform and firm, and carved and indented by a multitude of rounded hoofs.

In fact, the cow is the true path-finder and path-maker. She has the leisurely, deliberate movement that ensures an easy and a safe way. Follow her trail through the woods and you have the best if not the shortest course. How she beats down the brush and briers and wears away even the roots of the trees! A herd of cows left to themselves fall naturally into single file, and a hundred or more hoofs are not long in smoothing and compacting almost any surface.

Indeed, all the ways and doings of cattle are pleasant to look upon, whether grazing in the pasture, or browsing in the woods, or ruminating under the trees, or feeding in the stall, or reposing upon the knolls. There is virtue in the cow; she is full of goodness; a wholesome odor exhales from her; the whole landscape looks out of her soft eyes; the quality and the aroma of miles of meadow and pasture lands are in her presence and products. I had rather have the care of cattle than be the keeper of the great seal of the nation. Where the cow is, there is Arcadia; so far as her influence prevails there is contentment, humility and sweet, homely life.

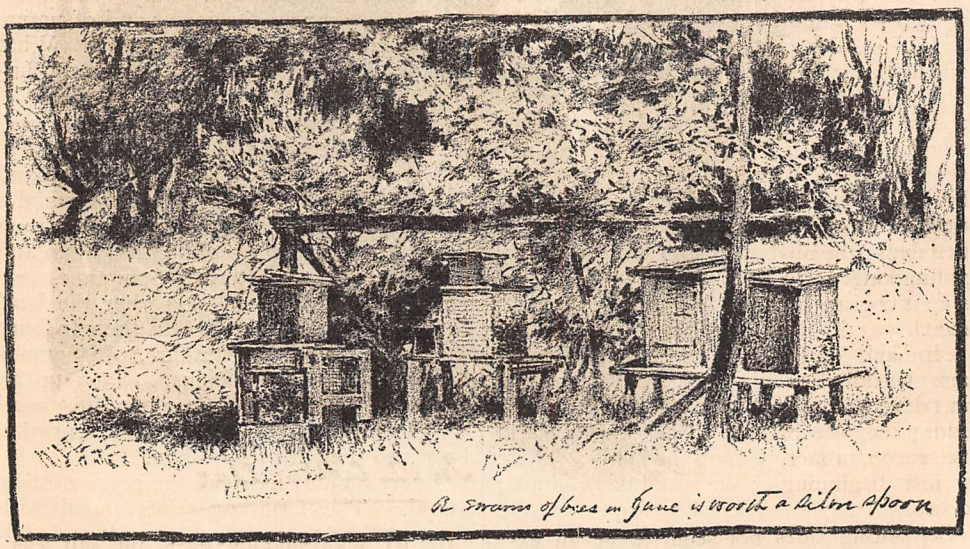
Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon the farm, and if it was a dairy farm his memories will be all the more fragrant. The driving of the cows to and from the pasture, every day and every season for years—how much of summer and of nature he got into him on these journeys! What rambles and excursions did this errand furnish the excuse for! The birds and birds' nests, the berries, the squirrels, the woodchucks, the beech woods with their treasures into which the cows loved so to wander and to browse, the fragrant winter-greens and a hundred nameless adventures all strung upon that brief journey of half a mile to and from the remote pastures. Sometimes one cow or two will be missing when the herd is brought home at night; then to hunt them up is another adventure. My grandfather went out one night to look up an absentee from the yard, when he heard something in the brush and out stepped a bear into the path before him.

Every Sunday morning the cows must be salted. The farm-boy takes a pail with three or four quarts of coarse salt and, followed by the eager herd, goes to the field and deposits the salt in handfuls upon smooth stones and rocks and upon clean places on the turf. If you want to know how good salt is, see a cow eat it. She

gives the true saline smack. How she dwells upon it and gnaws the sward and licks the stones where it has been deposited! The cow is the most delightful feeder among animals. It makes one's mouth water to see her eat pumpkins, and to see her at a pile of apples is distracting. How she sweeps off the delectable grass! The sound of her grazing is appetizing; the grass betrays all its sweetness and succulency in parting under her sickle.

The region of which I write abounds in sheep also. Sheep love high, cool, breezy lands. Their range is generally much above that of cattle. Their sharp noses will find picking where a cow would fare poorly indeed. Hence most farmers utilize their high, wild and mountain lands by keeping a small flock of sheep. But they are the outlaws of the farm and are seldom within bounds. They make many lively expeditions for the farm-boy—driving them out of mischief, hunting them up in the mountains, or salting them on the breezy hills. Then there is the annual sheep-washing in spring, when on a warm day in May or early June the whole herd is driven a mile or more to a suitable pool in the creek and one by one doused and washed and rinsed in the water. We used to wash below an old "grist mill," and it was a pleasing spectacle—the mill, the dam, the over-hanging rocks and trees, the round, deep pool and the huddled and frightened sheep.

One of the features of farm-life peculiar to this country, and one of the most picturesque of them all, is sugar-making in the maple woods in spring. This is the first work of the season, and to the boys is more play than work. In the Old World, and in more simple and imaginative times, how such an occupation as this would have got into literature, and how many legends and associations would have clustered around it. It is woodsy, and savors of the trees; it is an encampment among the maples. Before the bud swells, before the grass springs, before the plow is started, comes the sugar harvest. It is the sequel of the bitter frost; a sap-run is the sweet good-bye of winter. It denotes a certain equipoise of the season; the heat of the day fully balances the frost of the night. In New York and New England the time of the sap hovers about the vernal equinox, beginning a week or ten days before, and continuing a week or ten days after. As the days and nights get equal, the heat and cold get equal, and the sap mounts. A day that brings the bees out of the hive will bring the sap out of the maple-tree. It is the fruit of the equal marriage of the sun and frost. When the frost is all out of the ground, and all the snow from its surface, the flow stops. The thermometer must not rise above 38° or 40° by day, or sink below 24° or 25° at night, with wind in the north-west; a relaxing south wind and the run is over for the present. Sugar weather is crisp weather. How the tin buckets glisten in the gray woods; how the robins laugh; how the nut-hatches call; how lightly the thin blue smoke rises among



In the cider-cellar

the trees The squirrels are out of their dens; the migrating water-fowls are streaming northward; the sheep and cattle look wistfully toward the bare fields; the tide of the season, in fact, is just beginning to rise.

Sap-letting does not seem to be an exhaustive process to the trees, as the trees of a sugar-bush appear to be as thrifty and as long-lived as other trees. They come to have a maternal, large-waisted look from the wounds of the ax or the auger, and that is about all.

In my sugar-making days, the sap was carried to the boiling-place in pails by the aid of a neck-yoke and stored in hogsheads, and boiled or evaporated in immense kettles or caldrons set in huge stone arches; now the hogshead goes to the trees hauled upon

a sled by a team, and the sap is evaporated in broad, shallow, sheet-iron pans—a great saving of fuel and of labor.

Many a farmer sits up all night boiling his sap, when the run has been an extra good one, and a lonely vigil he has of it amid the silent trees, and beside his wild hearth. If he has a sap-house, as is now so common, he may make himself fairly comfortable, and, if a companion, he may have a good time or a glorious wake.

Maple-sugar in its perfection is rarely seen, perhaps never seen in the market. When made in large quantities and indifferently, it is dark and coarse; but when made in small quantities—that is, quickly from the first run of sap and properly treated—it has a wild delicacy of flavor that no other sweet can match. What you smell in freshly cut maple-wood, or taste in the blossom of the tree is in it. It is then, indeed, the distilled essence of the tree. Made into syrup, it is white and clear as clover-honey, and crystallized into sugar, it is pure as the wax. The way to attain this result is to evaporate the sap on the kitchen stove in tin pans or an enameled kettle; allow it to settle half a day or more, when reduced about twelve times; then clarify with milk or the white of an egg. The product is virgin syrup, or sugar worthy the table of the gods.

Perhaps the most heavy and laborious work of the farm in the section of the state of which I write, is fence-building. But it is not unproductive labor, as in the South or West, for the fence is of stone and the capacity of the soil for grass or grain is, of course, increased by its construction. It is killing two birds with one stone: a fence is had, the best in the world, while the available area of the field is enlarged. In fact, if there are ever sermons in stones, it is when they are built into a stone-wall,—turning your hindrances into helps, shielding your crops behind the obstacles to your husbandry, making the enemies of the plow stand guard over its products. This is the kind of farming worth imitating. A stone-wall with a good rock bottom will stand as long as a man lasts. Its only enemy is the frost, and it works so gently that it is not till after many years that its effect is perceptible. An old farmer will walk with you through his fields and say, "This wall I built at such and such a time, or the first year I came on the farm, or when I owned such and such a span of horses," indicating a period thirty, forty, or fifty years back. "This other, we built the summer so and so worked for me," and he relates some incident, or mishap, or comical adventures that the memory calls up. Every line of fence has a history; the mark of his plow or his crow-bar is upon the stones; the sweat of his early manhood put them in place; in fact, the long black line covered with lichens and in places tottering to the fall, revives long-gone scenes and events in the life of the farm.

The time for fence-building is usually between seed-time and harvest, May and June; or in the fall after the crops are gathered. The work has its picturesque features,—the prying of rocks; supple forms climbing or swinging from the end of the great levers, or the blasting of the rocks with powder; the hauling of them into position with oxen or horses, or with both; the picking of the stone from the greensward; the bending, athletic form of the wall layers; the snug new fence creeping slowly up the hill or across the field absorbing the windrow of loose stone,—and when the work is done much ground reclaimed to the plow and the grass, and a strong barrier erected.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!

A WIND STORM IN THE FORESTS OF THE YUBA.

THE mountain winds, like the dew and rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with wise love upon the forests, with reference to the development of their highest beauty and well-being. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal. The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a single swoop, as a gardener thins out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree; not one is forgotten; the mountain pine, towering with outstretched arms upon the rugged buttresses of the Alps, the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells—they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bending them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb, or removing an entire tree or grove; now whispering and cooing through their branches like a dreamy child, now roaring like the ocean. The wind blessing the forest, the forest the wind, with ineffable beauty as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thick-set trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or, once established, that they should not, sooner or later, have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted,—hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,—while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold; then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm-implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down, so long as they continue in sound health. These are the Alpine juniper and the dwarf *Pinus albicaulis* of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws, while their lithe, cord-like branches bend round compliantly, offering but a slight hold for any wind. The other Alpine conifers,—*Pinus aristata*, the mountain pine, the two-leafed pine, and the Williamson spruce,—on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth, are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent. The same is, in general, true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly sugar-pine towers aloft to a height of more than two hundred feet, offering a fine mark to storm-winds; but it is not densely foliaged, and its long, horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook; while the silver firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united strength. The yellow or silver pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form the largest mass in proportion to its height, while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving long, open lanes, through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and offers a less secure anchorage for the roots.

While exploring the forest zones of Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra, and when we have explored the forest belts from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied water-like flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible, not even by the

A WIND STORM IN THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant sequoias is indescribably sublime, but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving golden-rods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly Alpine portion of the forests. The burly juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rock on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the dwarf-pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Williamson-spruce, however, and the mountain-pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the two-leafed species bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most cordial wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping-out as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of

the pines, and setting free a steam of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like pursued birds. But there was not the slightest dustiness,—nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. Trees were heard falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young sugar-pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglass spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hill-tops, and so did the madronas in the dells with their red bark and bowed glossy leaves tilted every way, reflecting the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the silver-pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires two hundred feet in height waved like supple golden-rods chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire.

The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees—spruce, and fir, and pine, and leafless oak—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada, and the Carolinas, and Florida, are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among oaks and elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked personality in almost every individual tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After thus cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglass spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about a hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having

seen others of the same species still more severely tried,—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my grand outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piney hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hill-side, like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows there was nothing somber in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow, and the laurel groves, with the pale undersides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madronas, while the ground on the hill-sides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like water-falls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf—all heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors, and the way they reflected the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree, no deprecation; but rather an invincible gladness as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. It was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of rosiny branches against one another, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves; then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast; then across the golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piney woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I might tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken inland to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettoes and blooming vine tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy in Scotland again, as if all the intervening years were annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful

and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the Alps, the fact is sometimes published with flying banners half a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending trees from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirled in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of the whirls, carried rapidly aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossed on flame-like crests, smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, singing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in bowlder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches—after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this glorious spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the woods.

We all travel the milky way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm-day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, not very extensive ones, it is true; but our own little comes and goes are only little more than tree-wavings—many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

A MODERN PLAYWRIGHT.

(EUGÈNE SCRIBE.)

RECLINING on a soft seat, relieved from the fatigue of holding a book and turning its leaves, the attention allured to steadiness by a thousand syrens (lights, music, brilliant costumes, beautiful scenery, splendid hall filled with well-dressed people), which, with roses, pelt away after-dinner torpor; the nerves excited by the influence of the audience, of which one is both part and slave; sharing their mirth and their sorrow, their admiration and their horror; spared intellectual fatigue by all sorts of ingenious devices,—minute descriptions and long narrations suppressed,—the inflections of the actors' voices, the play of their countenances, their expressive gestures, flooding the meager text with a most luminous commentary which leaves no thought, not even those rather hinted than expressed, obscure,—the lazy people who are too indolent to read even a story, find theatrical performances *their* entertainments. Plays are to books what *consommés* and *purées* are to meat and vegetables.

No men ever possessed greater mastery in this delicate, difficult and wonderful art than the celebrated playwright, Eugène Scribe.

Really I cannot call Scribe a playwright. He was a great deal more and a great deal better than that. I know it is the fashion to laugh at him; to denounce him as ignorant of the art of writing, to upbraid him for having left a fortune when he might have left masterpieces; I cannot join this chorus. It is ridiculous to pretend that Scribe could not write. It might as well be said that scene-painters cannot paint because their canvas, placed in daylight side by side with some great fresco, seems mere daubing. Their canvas was not

painted to be seen by daylight, but by a light in which no color is seen with its real shade. It was not painted to be seen in a cabinet, but at a great distance, with a line of foot-lights between it and the spectator. Just so the style suited to the stage is not the style suited to the novel. The dramatist is none the less an expert writer; on the contrary, he reveals his delicate skill by adopting his style to his subject. Moreover, convincing demonstrations of Scribe's superiority to his rivals (who during his lifetime were exalted above him) have been given. Repeated attempts have been made to revive the younger Dumas's and Sardou's plays. "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Le Demi-Monde" of the former are occasionally revived successfully, simply because their subjects come home to the bosoms of everybody in Paris; everybody sees himself in the mirror presented behind the foot-light. "La Dame aux Camélias" has been popular all the world over; but not one other play by its author has been received with favor out of France. A short time since, Sardou's "Famille Benoiton," which ran more than a year upon its first appearance, was revived; it was played to empty benches after the fifth night. No manager has yet dared to revive "Patrie!"; though this is unquestionably Sardou's best play. Now, if the younger Dumas and Sardou were masters of style, their works would retain eternal youth. It is style which gives Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales" immortality, which preserves Bossuet's funeral sermons from the grocer. I am not afraid to say it is style which gives Scribe's works their vitality. Is not Sardou almost as completely master of the stage as he was? Sardou's adroitness does not save his plays from decay. Nearly all of Scribe's pieces are older than those of his rivals. Very well; there is not one of them which does not retain its hold on the public. The younger Dumas has never tried the lyric stage. Sardou's "books" of *opéras comiques* have never won public favor. If the Grand Opéra, or the Opéra Comique, or the Théâtre Lyrique revive one of Scribe's "books," it is sure to fill the house, whether the music be by Meyerbeer, or by Auber, or by Adolphe Adam. If the French Comedy brings out again one of the five-act comedies which he wrote for it (his contract with the Gymnase forbade him to bring out at any other theater works of less than five acts) the house is as full night after night as if the piece had been first played yesterday. Stranger still, the Odéon and the Gymnase have revived his own vaudevilles, some of them played before 1820; the Odéon has discarded, the Gymnase has retained the old fashioned *couplets;* these vaudevilles are played by the third-rate actors of their companies; they are insufficiently rehearsed; nevertheless Scribe's vaudevilles fill the house. Could a mere playwright work these miracles?

Do I pretend that Scribe is one of those great authors of genius, a Shakspere, a Molière, who will live in the admiration of the whole world? Assuredly not. Do I think Scribe faultless? No. There are in his works some (not a great many, as his enemies declare) incredible faults,—such as "An old soldier ought to know how to be *silent without murmuring*,"—which Scribe, strange to say, refused to correct when they were pointed out to him. Scribe had his idiosyncrasies. I have always thought this was one of them, and an honorable one. When Scribe completed a work he refused to let anybody touch it, even to remove blemishes, which were evidences that he himself had honestly labored, and at the same time did not pretend to infallibility. When I have considered these defects, it has always seemed to me I could hear Scribe whisper: "Hard as I have worked, I have not attained perfection; and I want young authors to see this for their encouragement." The same man, who during the rehearsals of his pieces, never spared the scissors; who nervously consulted everybody, this same man had a quiet contempt for public opinion when it busied itself with his private life. There was no end to the ridicule poured on him for keeping the splendid furniture of his house always under linen covers; his clocks and candelebra under glass, a linen cloth for a pathway over his hall and staircase carpets. When he built his house, he got an obscure, fifth-rate painter to fresco the walls. The poor artist began with the dining-room. He had the ill luck to introduce a musk-melon into the decoration. Meyerbeer, who dined frequently with Scribe, had the greatest antipathy to a musk-melon. Unless the melon were removed, Scribe could not hope to have him again for a guest. The artist refused to obliterate it. Scribe refused to pay him one cent. The artist brought suit. When it became known that Scribe had employed an unknown artist to decorate his dining-room, that the price agreed on was $160, and that he had refused to pay even this paltry sum of money, every witling in Paris attacked him. "Philistine"

was the least harsh epithet applied to him. Scribe's conduct was inexcusable; it showed great want of tact in a man dependent on the public for his success. He was then worth $400,000 (during his life he made in all $1,250,000 by his pieces), and the royalty on his plays never brought him in less than $25,000 a year besides. Another idiosyncrasy of Scribe, which did him great disservice, was to make actors pay him royalty on all of his pieces played on benefit nights (which no other author did), and though he always took a box on benefit nights, he would never pay for this box the prices charged for seats taken in advance; he would pay only the price charged at the door. By the way, this was Scribe's invariable practice. He never in his life asked for a free ticket; at the same time he would never pay the price charged; he would give only the price paid upon seats taken at the door. By this ungraciousness he made many enemies.

Scribe was nevertheless generous. His churlishness was produced by the life he had led. He never knew the anguish of feeling that there was no bread to be had, no rent paid, until he had coined pen, ink and paper into drachmas. His income from the outset of his life was $1,000 a year—a sum of money which in 1811–20 was equal to $3,000 to $5,000 a year now. He was surrounded by spendthrifts, who threw away money, and who did not scruple to borrow silver (the only coin in those days) without dreaming of returning it. Scribe was revolted by the shifts to which these thriftless people were driven, by the vicissitudes of their lives, by their frauds. He saw that Fortunatus alone could satisfy all the demands made by such people and not be brought down as low, as degraded, as dependent, as they themselves. He closed his purse, and opened it only advisedly. Scribe not generous? When you show me rich bankers who, during their lives, give away—as Scribe did—$400,000, I will agree with you that he was a churl.

As a rule, marriages in France are unions of money-bags, not of lovers and loved. Well, Scribe not only married for love, but wooed and won under most romantic circumstances. One day he was with his lawyer, when a lady was announced. Though still young, she was a widow. She was in deep mourning. Her husband, a wine merchant, had died early in life, and had left the whole business in her hands. She was inexperienced and was greatly embarrassed, for she had many notes to meet, and had been unable to collect debts due her husband. She came to ask the lawyer to renew the notes he held for his clients; were he to insist upon their payment at maturity, she would be ruined, and her children (she had two sons) with her. She entered into particulars which proved that, were her creditors patient, she could certainly do honor to her engagements. The lawyer told her his instructions were peremptory—pay, or protest; he had no other alternative. She burst into tears. Her mute despair touched Scribe. He, by signs, bid the lawyer grant her request, motioning that he (Scribe) would pay the notes and give her all the time required. Madame Boillay made Scribe's acquaintance. The favorable first impression she had made on him deepened, and they were married. He educated her two sons, and married them (one to the daughter of his kinsman, Bayard, the dramatic author), giving each of them a handsome fortune. Béranger knew Madame Boillay before her marriage with Scribe. He exclaimed, when he heard of it: "Ah! my dear friend, you are going to lose all your excellent qualities by becoming a fine lady." Poets are soothsayers, but they are not more exempt from false prophesies than their humbler brethren of booths. She had all her life been Charity herself. She made Scribe the best of wives. He was forty-eight years old at this time.

Perhaps Scribe felt the greater sympathy for Madame Boillay because his mother had been somewhat in her circumstances. His father was a draper in Rue St. Denis; the house, the sign—*Au Chat Noir*, with an enormous black cat—are still standing. In this house, where his father did business, Scribe was born, on Christmas Day, 1791. His father died while he was still in the nurse's arms. The whole business fell upon his mother, and in those years!—just think of them!—'92, '93; the Reign of Terror; Paris depopulated; the guillotine always up in Place de la Concorde and Place du Trône; houses closed; people afraid of their shadow; mutton-chops fetching 1,500 f. ($300) in *assignats* apiece; noble mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain bringing sixty f. ($12) in gold! It was hard struggling for bread in those years. As soon as better times came, Scribe's mother sold the key and good-will of her husband's business, and moved to Rue St. Roch.

One day Scribe received this letter from an actress, who for years had shone as the

most brilliant star of the Gymnase, and had never been brighter than in Scribe's play, "Avant, Pendant, et Après" ("Before, Meantime, and Afterward"):

"I lack nothing, and I am happy. It has now been fifteen months since I returned to St. Louis Hospital, and I have reason to hope my admittance to the Asylum for Aged Pauper Women, through the influence of Baron Taylor and the Dramatic Artists' Association. My son is a good boy, who does all he can for me. But—but would you believe that a wild notion has got into my head to disturb my peace and quiet—one of those giddy, reckless ideas which were so familiar to me once, and I can't get rid of it? Has the spring put it into my head? Really, I can't say. But when I, a poor, infirm, bed-ridden recluse for so many years, see again the return of the sun,—may be the last return of the sun I shall ever witness,—when I watch the green leaves begin to return once more to the trees, I can't help dreaming that sunbeams beyond this hospital's walls must be warmer and more brilliant, and that boughs have a deeper green outside than inside St. Louis. Well, and so it is I have a yearning—*such* a yearning—to see myself seated once more, as in old times, in a handsome carriage—a handsome, open carriage, mind you!—giving no thought to the morrow—once more as in old times, you see!—and to ride in the country for at least two hours, and—I have not done yet!—then enjoy an excellent dinner! But my dream can't come true unless Providence lends a helping hand—and here's my hand to it! I do not know any Providence better than you. I hope you may have comprehended how such a dream entered my head; may have laughed, and then you would have excused me. I'm crazy as crazy can be, am I not? Therefore, pray grant me all your indulgence."

The following day's post brought Scribe this letter, from the same decayed actress:

"How kind-hearted you must be, to have granted my request! Oh yes, indeed! yes, indeed! I will drink to your health. I will wait, as you suggest, until the weather becomes more settled. Expectation has already many charms, now that I am sure of *my happiness*. I mean what I say, *my happiness*, for it seems to me that it is the greatest happiness I have ever enjoyed. In this you see I shall be happy *avant, pendant et après*—by recollection. May God grant you long life! Thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

He was walking in an out-of-the-way obscure street when he saw a woman long past life's noon, come out of a grocer's shop. She wore an old-fashioned bonnet, a faded shawl, a faded and patched dress, coarse and patched shoes. In one hand was a milk-pot, in the other a huge basket. He looked—looked again. Surely, he could not be mistaken. 'Twas she! 'Twas the brilliant, giddy, beautiful, graceful actress who, twenty years before, attracted all Paris to the Gymnase, where she shone *the* star, and who had all the men in town at her feet. She rolled in wealth then; Crœsuses disputed which one of them should gratify her every whim. And now—her faded, threadbare, patched clothes told all; she was abandoned, poverty-stricken, faded as the garments she wore. A common—a lucky ending of Parisian beauties; for they say in Paris, that all of those garish butterflies who now wear cashmeres of India are destined to wear, a little sooner or a little later, the cashmere of willow. The great basket, which female rag-pickers carry on their back and into which they throw their gleanings, is called in Paris the cashmere of willows; because it has been worn on so many shoulders which knew only the cashmere shawl. Scribe entered the grocer's shop which that actress had just left, and emptied his purse. He ordered so much coffee, so much sugar, so many candles, so much oil, so much vinegar,—in fine, everything he could think of, so that for a year afterward she had no need to enter a grocer's shop again. She never knew that she owed it all to Scribe.

Tissot, professor of Latin prose in the Collége de France, and a member of the French Academy, was the greatest "sponger" in Paris—in Paris, the city of "spongers." This was strange, for he had one thousand dollars from his chair and several hundred more from the French Academy; moreover, he was unmarried. He was interesting because he had lived through the whole first Revolution; had been on speaking terms with all, and intimate with many of, the actors of "the sanguinary." It was always asserted that he was the man who had borne on a pike-staff the head of Princess de Lamballe about the streets of Paris. Louis Philippe took pity on him, gave him a pension from the secret service fund, and free lodgings in Luxembourg Palace. When the Revolution of '48 occurred, the provisional government ordered him out of Luxembourg Palace. He said he would not go, and had additional locks put on his door. Finding he meant what he said, one day, while he went to dine in some neighboring restaurant, the authorities made workmen put ladders on the outside of the palace and take out all the windows of poor Tissot's lodgings. The weather was cold and inclement. Tissot was then near, if indeed not past, seventy years old. He slept that night in furnished lodgings, and moved from the palace the next day. Tissot had for years levied contributions on Scribe (they were brother academicians); henceforward he looked to Scribe to pay his rent. Scribe did pay it until the latter died,—if I remember

rightly, ten or fifteen years after he was expelled from Luxembourg Palace.

Merle, the dramatic author and critic, had for years been most intimate with Scribe. The former broke with the latter, and for years attacked Scribe in the most violent and indignant manner. Merle had wasted his income every way, and especially to satisfy his gluttony. When age and disease came, he had been obliged to take refuge in a wretched garret in the outskirts of Paris. Times grew still harder as his death drew near. His wife (Mrs. Dorral) and her son-in-law, Luguet, the actor, were without engagements, for the revolution of February had just occurred, and there were riots almost daily in the streets. Deserted, diseased, dying, poor, visions of brighter days rose to him. There was scarcely one of them in which Scribe was not conspicuous. Merle felt remorse for his attacks, bitterly regretted them, and exclaimed: "How much I should like to press his hand again before I die! But he would never consent to see again the old friend who has so wronged him!" Luguet repeated this speech to Scribe. The latter instantly hastened to Merle's bedside, assured him all the past was forgiven and forgotten, except happy hours spent together, put his arms around the dying man, tenderly kissed him, did his best to rekindle hope in that despairing breast, and as he went out placed a two hundred dollar bank-note on the mantel-piece.

One morning the post brought Scribe this letter. It was post-marked Lyons, and read:

"I am an old silk-weaver, now good for nothing. I have worked hard all my life; but I have not laid by one cent; for I was too fond of going to see your pieces played. I have bought every one of them, and I still own them. I am now too old, too blind to earn my livelihood, and I have no resources unless the author of all those plays takes pity on an old life-long admirer, and out of his abundance gives a few crumbs to support a poor old weaver during the few years he has yet to live."

Scribe got a friend to make inquiries at Lyons. The correspondent proved to be really a very honest, worthy workman. Scribe paid him an annual pension until the poor fellow died, blessing the generous author who had kept him from the poor-house.

Scribe once lent $2,000 to a friend. They met frequently, but Scribe never once alluded to the debt, nor ceased to be as cordial and as friendly as ever. This silence lasted fourteen years, and was broken only by the friend. He entered Scribe's study, and said: "I am not quite as poor as I was, for this money is all I have as yet been able to amass; still I am delighted to have it in my power to pay what I owe you." He laid twenty bank-notes on Scribe's writing-desk. Two days afterward, Scribe sent him by a servant this note:

"I consider myself fortunate to have been able to give you a helping hand at your outset in life. You are now well on the road. Retain these $2,000, let them be the nest-egg of your fortune, and I pray you let there be no talk about interest between us."

In this note was a certificate of French three per cent. bonds for $2,000 which Scribe's friend had left for interest on the money borrowed.

A dramatic critic, who often attacked Scribe, asked the latter to lend him $100, and offered his note, payable twelve months after date. He had no sooner asked than it was given. Scribe had no more courteous, cordial acquaintance all that twelvemonth than this dramatic critic. But no sooner had the note fallen due and remained unpaid, than he shunned Scribe. This lasted a month, and then Scribe ran after and overtook him and said: "Let the $100 go, don't mention them again. I shall not regret them, unless they are going to cost me a friend; let me lose them with all my heart; keep me from losing him."

The insurrection of June, 1832, had scarcely been quelled, and Paris was still in the throes which accompany and easily follow those fearful convulsions, when a stranger entered Scribe's study. His whole appearance was unprepossessing. He was nervous, restless. His eyes were haggard, uneasy. His green frock-coat was buttoned up to the chin. He begged Scribe's pardon for venturing to call upon a gentleman with whom he was unacquainted, especially as he, who had no claim whatsoever upon him (Scribe), came to ask for money. He was goaded by necessity to discard all scruples; implicated in the insurrection, in danger of imprisonment and prosecution, his only hope of safety was flight across the frontier; the price of a ticket in the diligence was $12. He besought Scribe to give them to him. Scribe opened his secretary, where several bags of silver were visible (there was neither gold nor paper in France in those days), gave the stranger $20, spoke kindly to him, gave him judicious advice and bade him

God speed! That gift saved Scribe's life. His visitor (whose story was false from beginning to end) had a blood-stained dagger in his breast-pocket; was the notorious assassin Lacenaire, and confessed afterward that had he met with denial, he would have used his knife. Scribe never knew who his visitor was, had forgotten the incident until three years afterward, when he received this letter dated "Conciergerie, 24 December, 1835." The Conciergerie is one of the prisons in the Palace of Justice. The letter ran:

"You are the only person, I repeat, you are *the only* person to whom I feel I owe gratitude. Had I met several men like you, they would have reconciled me to the human race and the dagger would have fallen from my hands."

Lacenaire, who had been a school-fellow of Jules Janin and of several other eminent contemporaries, was, between arrest and execution, the lion of Paris. His autograph was eagerly sought by the highest people. His letter to Scribe made an immense noise. Paris is the city of beggars in broadcloth and in silk. Baron James de Rothschild used to say that if he were to grant all the applications for money made to him, he would be a beggar in thirty days. No sooner was it known that Scribe was one of those rare men who give money and ask no questions, than every post poured an avalanche of letters on him. He, of course, took no notice of them. He received a second letter from a contemptible fellow who, while pretending to be a literary man, drew most of his revenue from begging letters. He addressed Scribe in the most insolent manner and ended his impertinence with:

"What! you gave money to a Lacenaire whom you did not know, and you refuse money to me, whom you do know!"

The knave's insolence vexed Scribe, and he instantly replied:

"Sir, the very reason why I gave to Lacenaire was because I did not know him; and the very reason why I refuse to give money to you is because I do know you."

Scribe's mother destined him for the bar. He entered an attorney's office to master the intricacies of practice. The barbarous terms and the tedious tautology of the law grated harshly on ears which even then heard the still distant jingle of song; the attorney dismissed him, and branded him "one who was good for nothing." His mother died before this dismissal. Had she lived he might have persevered in legal studies, for he was tenderly attached to her and would not have given her pain. His guardian had less influence. Scribe deserted the law school to play truant in Montmorency Woods by day and in theaters by night.

Scribe's most intimate friends in St. Barbe College were Casimir and Germain Delavigne, brothers who were destined to attain literary reputation. Casimir Delavigne was for years thought to be the greatest French poet. His nimbus paled in the effulgence which surrounded Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; but his "Louis XI." and "Les Enfans d' Édouard" still keep the stage, and the former has its place on the English, German, Hungarian and Italian stages. Germain Delavigne was Scribe's literary partner in many pieces and especially in opera-books. They began to write plays while they were at college. They wrote a play soon after they quitted St. Barbe. At that day Monsieur Dupin was the most popular vaudeville writer. Scribe and Germain Delavigne took their piece partly to get his advice and partly that his influence might open the doors of the Vaudeville to them. He received them kindly, listened to their piece, made suggestions and introduced them to the manager of the Vaudeville. The second of September, 1811, a piece by Scribe was for the first time played. It was brought out by the manager of the Vaudeville. It was a harlequinade entitled "Les Dervis," and it was damned. Monsieur Dupin said to them: "Never mind those hisses. They never yet killed anybody. Set to work—work hard. You'll soon get accustomed to the foot-lights—sooner than I was and with fewer hisses than were my lot." Scribe and Germain Delavigne—I wont say nothing discouraged, but with stout hearts—set to work again. Again their piece fell. They set to work a third time. Damned. A fourth time. Damned again. Monsieur Dupin said to them:

"May be the Vaudeville is unlucky for you. Try another theater. Suppose we all three try our luck at the Variétés?"

"Agreed."

"Have you thought of any subject?"

"Yes. We have selected 'Le Bachelier de Salamanque' as the subject of our next piece."

"That's charming. Write the piece, then

bring it to me and we will together re-write it."

Proud of the honor of writing with Monsieur Dupin, they took especial pains with "Le Bachelier de Salamanque." It was nevertheless also damned. Monsieur Dupin exclaimed:

"This is really too bad! One of you must be born under an unlucky star. We must throw him overboard."

Germain Delavigne, who has all his life long (for I think he is still alive) been modest and retiring, replied:

"I dare say 'tis I. I withdraw."

Dupin and Scribe having tossed Jonah into the sea, wrote "Barbanera, ou les Bossus" and carried it to the Vaudeville. It was damned with enthusiasm. The hisses had not ceased when Dupin said to Scribe:

"It is *you* who were born under an unlucky star! Adieu!"

Scribe certainly, under these circumstances, was shocked by such a bucket of cold water poured on him. He was not daunted. He soon afterward gave Guénée, a composer, a comedy-opera, "La Rédingote et la Perruque." The public found the frock-coat an ill fit, or the wig ill made.

A few days after the failure of this comedy-opera Scribe met Delestre Poirson, a dramatist, the author of several novels which, in their day, had vogue, but who, may be, is more widely and will be longer known as a successful manager of the Gymnase Théâtre than as a literary man. Scribe said to him:

"I now understand the causes of my failures. I have deserved all of those hisses. I kept in the old ruts of the dramatic highway. I copied the playwrights, but I had neither their skill nor their adroitness. If I am to be successful—and I mean to be successful—I must make in vaudevilles the resolution which Picard made in comedies. As he drove from the stage the Frontin, the Valère, the Sganarelle of the old comedies and introduced in their places his contemporaries, so I mean to expel from the stage the meaningless characters now on it and to put there my contemporaries; the officers of the empire, bankers, lawyers, notaries, public functionaries, shop-keepers, the wives, the children of all these people."

Delestre Poirson replied:

"An excellent idea! Take care you don't forget the National Guards. There is no deeper mine of amusement."

"You are right. Let our next play have them for its subject."

"Agreed."

When this conversation took place Scribe and Delestre Poirson had in rehearsal "L' Auberge, ou les Brigands sans le savoir," their joint production. It was favorably received; but their next piece played under the title, "Une Nuit de Corps Garde" was received with enthusiasm. The second night it was brought out under its original title, "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," which had been suppressed lest the part of National Guard, Monsieur Pigeon, might give offense to those militia men. So far from giving offense, the play, this part, Scribe, instantly became popular. Every National Guard made it a point of duty to go to see *his* play. A dry-goods shop was opened soon afterward and took for its sign, "Monsieur Pigeon";, over this legend was a life-sized picture of a National Guard. This shop and sign disappeared from Paris only five or six years since. The lease expired. Rent was increased. No dry-goods man thought he could pay so much money. An iron monger now tenants it. The young men employed in the shop were constantly called "Monsieur Pigeon;" it annoyed them very much, especially as the epithet dimpled with smiles every cheek that heard it, and they were many in the public balls. There used to be a red-headed assistant of this shop who was fond of dancing and a constant frequenter of Valentino and Mabille. When he appeared you might have heard from a dozen lips:

"*Tiens!* Monsieur Pigeon!" a titter from twice as many lips again, which made his cheeks as high colored as his hair.

Scribe's career dates from "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale." All of his pieces were successful. All of the dramatists—Dupin at their head—were eager to become his partners. The Vaudeville and the Variétiés could not have too many of his pieces. Scribe made a revolution, not only on the stage, but in the theaters' treasury. When Scribe began to write for the stage, managers bought plays from authors, giving rarely more than a mere mess of pottage for the whole copyright. Authors starved. Managers grew rich. This deplorable system is still in vigor in the world of French publishers. French authors (there are exceptions, rich authors, who are out of the power of publishers) commonly sell the whole copyright of their books, receiving cash when the manuscript is accepted. The younger

Dumas sold the manuscript of "La Dame aux Camélias" for sixty dollars. Poor Mürger got only twenty dollars for "La Vie de Bohème." More than twenty editions of it have been published; it is still in demand. Until 1855 or '56 the majority of authors got nothing from the publishers of their plays. There was only one publisher who issued plays. He gave nothing to unknown dramatists. They were glad to give him their manuscript, partly to enjoy the pleasure all authors, and especially all young authors, find in seeing their works in print, and partly because printed plays were brought out on the provincial stages, and yielded some money to the author. This, however, was not much. The younger Dumas said, a few years after "La Dame aux Camélias" had been brought out, that he had never received more than twenty-five dollars in any one year from the provincial theaters which had played it. How changed all these things are! Now few authors will consent to have their pieces printed. They sell manuscript copies to provincial managers, and have sometimes organized companies to carry the play from provincial theater to provincial theater, that they (the authors) may pocket the lion's share—to which, of a truth, they are justly entitled. When Scribe began his career, dramatists got never more than six dollars for the copyright of a play; few more than five; the majority received three dollars and sixty cents. In 1817 Scribe organized the Dramatic Authors' Association, a powerful league of dramatists against managers, which obliges the latter to pay a given per centum for copyright on the gross receipts. Like all human devices it has, with its great advantages, serious disadvantages. It provides that a given per centum shall be paid when one author is on the play-bill, and a less per centum when there are two authors on the play-bill. The consequences are that no author will write less than a five-act piece, or, if he does, he will insist that no pieces but his own be played. This Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy always do; they have written pieces in one, and in two, acts; but when the latter are brought out, the whole bill is filled with pieces by these authors. Nobody writes those short pieces in one act which were the great school of dramatists, where they learned their difficult art. Managers readily accepted these short pieces, easily learned, still more easily put on the stage, and whose failure was a matter of no sort of consequence, except to the author, and even his bruises soon disappeared. When obscurity's imperfect and hazardous work costs as much money, as many rehearsals, and as much other preparation as fame's skilled, sure work, managers wont hesitate to prefer the latter; and as fame is ever preceded by long obscurity, it has become a great deal harder than ever for the former to pierce the clouds which hide its brightness. The Dramatic Artists' Association has in this way militated against dramatic art. It has increased the obstacles in the struggling dramatist's path; it has made the successful dramatist more prosperous.

The malicious say that Scribe made a revolution in the pit, as well as in the treasury and on the stage. He organized applause as it had never before been organized. He had, about 1818, an intimate friend named Fournier. They lodged together for some years. Fournier was busy only during office hours; when released from his ministry he was at a loss to kill time. Scribe threw open the theaters to him, and made him a man of importance by giving him fifty or sixty theater tickets whenever the former brought out a new play. Fournier's friends were eager applauders, for he kept eye on them, and they wanted to come to the theater again on the same easy terms of admittance. The public readily chimed in with them, for they were not looked upon with the suspicion which always muffles the applause of the hireling enthusiasts. This was no new thing. It is human nature. Every Johnson has his Boswell; every Webster, his Peter Harvey.

In 1820, Delestre Poirson and Cerfbeer built and opened a theater, which was destined to have great influence on the destinies of the French drama. It was to be the home of true modern comedy; to bring and keep in vogue plays above the slight vaudevilles of the Variétés and Vaudeville, and free from the conventional tone and characters of the French comedy. The new theater was at first called the Théâtre de Madame, in honor of Duchess de Berry, who took it under her patronage and made it the most fashionable theater of Paris. The revolution of 1830 made it impossible for the theater to retain this unpopular name. The theater became the Gymnase. Delestre Poirson no sooner assumed management of this theater than he determined, not only to attach Scribe to it, but to secure the monopoly of his talents for the Gymnase. His plan was ingenious. He persuaded Scribe to enter into contract to give the Gymnase twelve plays annually for twelve years, and

during this period of time to give no play to any theater in Paris; furthermore, never in the course of his life to allow any secondary theater (such as the Vaudeville, the Variétés) to bring out one of his pieces; liberty was reserved Scribe to give the Gymnase no new piece (if he so pleased) after the expiration of these twelve years. Scribe was to receive for the faithful execution of this contract his copyright on every play brought out at the Gymnase, and from and after the end of twelve years he was to receive a life annuity of $1,200. Scribe fulfilled his contract as faithfully as he fulfilled all of his engagements; he usually gave more than twelve pieces a year, and once gave eighteen plays to the Gymnase in the course of a twelvemonth. Scribe liked this mode of remuneration (he received these $1,200 a year until the day of his death), and when the managers of the Opéra Comique, after the great success of his comedy-opera, "La Neige," offered him a life annuity of $1,200 for the privilege of playing all of the pieces anterior to this work, he at once accepted the proposal. The Dramatic Authors' Association begged Scribe to annul this agreement, which, they asserted, militated against dramatic authors' interests. Scribe instantly tore it up; although he, better than anybody else, knew the protest was dictated solely by jealousy. Rossini enjoyed a similar annuity from the Grand Opéra, and Auber received the same life annuity from the Grand Opéra, and from the Opéra Comique.

Scribe gave to the Gymnase more than a hundred and fifty pieces, between 1820 and 1837, when, from some cause or another, he ceased to write for this theater, and brought no play on there for eleven years. Scribe had no sooner begun to write for the Gymnase than he asked his old friend Germain Delavigne to join him. You know how they had parted. They had none the less continued to be warm friends. When Scribe agreed to write "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale" with Delestre Poirson, he stipulated that Germain Delavigne should complete the triumvirate. When Scribe asked him to join them, he replied: "No, I have given up the stage. I have neither your perseverance, nor your stout heart. Go on without me." When Scribe renewed his request he had acquired an authority which made the success of any play by him certain; so Germain Delavigne gladly accepted Scribe's offer, and they wrote applauded plays together. Here let me mention that Scribe rendered the greatest assistance to Casimir Delavigne in putting "Louis XI." and "Les Enfants d'Édouard" on the stage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that if they still hold their old places in dramatic literature they owe it to Scribe.

Scribe has been censured with great acrimony for this literary co-partnership. His most malignant censors are people with whom he refused to work. Their venom was equaled by the insolent attacks he met in the French Academy. The day of his reception one Academician said, so that Scribe should hear:

"We want no stock-brokers here."

Stock-brokers are numerous, but united as one corporation, just as Scribe and his literary partners were. Another Academician said:

"That fellow ought not to have a chair; give him a bench, that he may seat all of his partners with him."

Scribe's most indignant detractors in the French Academy were much more indebted to literary partnership than he himself. Blot in Villemain's works the contributions of Addison, Chatham, Burke and the Fathers, what would remain? Are not all the authorities the historian ransacks his partners? Are no traces of Tacitus and Juvenal to be found in Gibbon's pages? Surely, if there ever was an original author, Shakspere is the man. Nevertheless all his plays are built on some story read in the "Palace of Pleasure" or some chronicle. Here I touch on the very essential elements of dramatic writing which make partnership more excusable (if, indeed, excuse be necessary) in this branch of literature than in any other. No man has yet lived who had ideas, plot, power to put ideas on legs, gift of the language suited to the stage. Now all of these possessions are conditions precedent to dramatic success. Byron, Scott had, Tennyson has, ideas unnumbered; but not one other condition precedent to dramatic success. Mrs. Centlivre had no ideas, but she had all the other gifts of the dramatist. Read Scott's correspondence with Terry, and imagine that Sir Walter, instead of falling into the hands of that mere playwright (and a bungler at that), had found a Scribe for a partner! What noble additions our dramatic literature would have possessed! Would anybody have carped at the partnership to which we owe immortal plays? These (call them secondary gifts, if the qualification soothes conscience) cannot be

acquired by labor. The playwright must be born playwright, just as necessarily as the Ethiopian must be born black. George Sand is a remarkable instance of the truth of this remark. She was passionately fond of the theater, and of everything and everybody connected with it. She always had actors or actresses with her. When she was in Paris she spent every night at the theater. While at Nohant there was a play in which she bore a part, always after dinner. She wrote plays innumerable for this private theater. She was extremely ambitious to shine as a dramatist. Nevertheless, she could not build a plot; she could not put an idea on its legs; she could not speak the language of the stage. August Maquet is another striking example of the truth of that remark. He witnessed play after play, from inception to fall of curtain. He saw a singularly gifted dramatist, the elder Dumas, write plays founded on ideas which he (Maquet) suggested; he was with Dumas when the latter dramatized novels which they together had written; he attended rehearsal after rehearsal and became familiar with the arduous labors by which a play gradually becomes suited to the fierce glare of the foot-lights, and this intimacy lasted some twenty or twenty-five years; nevertheless, to this day Maquet does not know even whether to make his personages enter from back, or from right, or from left (a matter of great importance; everything connected with a play's performance is a matter of great importance), and not one of the plays he alone has written has been successful. He, like many another author, is, without his partner, as zero without a numeral. This literary partnership is by no means peculiar to France. In all of Bulwer-Lytton's plays there were three partners; one who furnished ideas and plot, one who put the ideas on legs, one gifted with language. In the "Lady of Lyons," ideas and plot were supplied by the "Bellows-mender," a French play; Macready put the ideas on legs; Bulwer supplied the language. In "Richelieu," ideas and plot were supplied by Alfred de Vigny's novel, "Cinq Mars." Macready put the ideas on legs; Bulwer supplied the language. A discussion has recently been opened upon the reasons which deterred Dickens from attempting to win success on the stage. Had he made the attempt he must have leaned on somebody's arm; for dramatic sense he had none. His works, even as novels, are singularly faulty in construction, in plot. It is notorious that Fechter fitted "No Thoroughfare" for the stage; and yet, despite all of Fechter's acquaintance with the theater (which he demonstrated by the manner in which he placed "Le Tartuffe" and "Hamlet" on the stage), this piece is most unsatisfactory when seen by foot-lights; for Dickens had no dramatic sense whatsoever. The whole tendency of his mind to caricature, to the grotesque, was the intellectual turn most diametrically opposed to the dramatist's talents. Literary partnership was known in England before our day:

> "I remember when I finished 'The Tender Husband,' I told him [Addison] there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might, some time or other, publish a work written by us both. * * When the play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I have never publicly acknowledged them." (Steele, "Spectator," No. 555.)

You see that Scribe did not introduce literary partnership to dramatic literature, and that the practice is not as blamable as some purists of art would have us believe. Moreover, it is a mistake to look upon Scribe as merely a member, a very active member, of a literary partnership. Scribe's very best pieces of every sort—his best vaudevilles, his best grand operas, his best comedy-operas, his best comedies, the works by him which are revived time and again, which have for thirty years delighted generation after generation of play-goers, which are still as free from signs of age as they were the night they were first played—Scribe's very best pieces of every sort are the pieces in which he had no partner. Again, at least one-third of all the plays in which he had a share were written by himself alone. Stress is laid on these two points to show the immense and varied talents of Scribe, his rare dramatic gifts (he had ideas, plot, power to put ideas on legs, possession of the language suited to the stage—gifts which are so rare that, as I have said above, no other modern writer has had them all), and the immense height he is above the mere playwright. Discard from his works all pieces written in partnership; there would still remain a collection of plays such as few other dramatists have left. Look at them when you hear jibers sneer: "Scribe might have left works: he left only gold." Ask for his gold in five-and-twenty years. You will not find one louis d'or of it. Ask for his works in a hundred years.

The New Zealander himself will be applauding his comedies and Samoans will be delighted by his operas. Posterity will say: Scribe left no gold, he left only works.

Literary partnership with Scribe was no such mere tradesmen's division of labor as it often is. He treated his partners after the subtler fashion of the trees, which drink in juices from cloud, air, ground,—and transform them into fruit through so many processes that their originals are forgotten. Every play which bears Scribe's name was, in its definite form, written by Scribe from beginning to end. He never, under any circumstances, would consent that his name should appear as author of a piece unless he had written it. At the monthly dinner of the standing committee of the Dramatic Authors' Association, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, a young vaudeville writer vehemently attacked Scribe, saying, among other things:

"He has, it is true, brought out three hundred pieces under his name; but I should like to know how many of them he himself has written. Is it not notorious that his share in them is absolutely insignificant; his name is his largest contribution; he is popular; his name gives success, just as the label which bears the name of a celebrated vineyard gives vogue to poor wine; he has been astute enough to admit none but adroit, experienced authors in partnership, and he engrosses all their gifts, all their fame, and the best part of their money, while he contributes next to nothing—the brand Scribe & Co."

Mons. Carmouche was present, and instantly replied:

"You are mistaken every way. I have written twelve or fifteen vaudevilles with Scribe, and I pledge you my word of honor there is not in all of those pieces one syllable by me."

There were at the dinner two or three other dramatists who had written plays with Scribe. They confirmed Mons. Carmouche's declaration.

One day Dupin brought Scribe a new piece. The latter read it and thought it detestable; still there was the germ of a good play in it. It interested him, and he worked rapidly. It was in two acts. He made it a one-act piece, added a character, changed the other characters entirely, without saying anything to Dupin, and put it in rehearsal. In three weeks it was ready for performance. The evening it was to be brought out he invited Dupin to dinner. As they took seats at table, he said:

"Let us lose no time, my dear fellow, for I want you to go with me to the Gymnase. I have a ground-floor box, the front seats of which have been taken, so that, screened by those spectators, we shall be unseen."

Dupin exclaimed:

"Oh! is 'Michel et Christine' by you?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"No; there are two of us."

"Who is the other?"

"My dear fellow, let us lose no time. It is already late; the play begins early."

Dinner was merrily dispatched. They reached the Gymnase in time. The curtain soon rose. At the close of the third scene, Dupin said to Scribe:

"My dear fellow, what a charming play you have written. 'Pon my word, you have put on the stage no better characters than that soldier and that bar-maid. How fascinating they are!"

As the play went on, Dupin's delight continued to increase, and he warmly expressed it to Scribe, who archly smiled, and at last said:

"Surely you now know who wrote the piece with me?"

"I have not the remotest idea. But, I beg of you, silence. I don't want to lose one word of the piece. It is charming!"

Scribe smiled. Presently Dupin turned to him and asked:

"Do you remember the piece I carried you three weeks since? Now it seems to me this scene is somewhat like the second act of the piece I left with you. Have you read it? Do you agree with me?"

Scribe answered:

"Oh! if you think there is the least plagiarism, we will rewrite that scene."

"Heaven forbid! Men continually hit upon the same ideas. The collisions of life are constantly striking similar sparks from different flints. But you have not yet told me the name of your partner."

"Sh—! the curtain is about to fall. We shall hear his name."

Presently the curtain came down amid applause which shook the theater to its foundations. The curtain rose. The stage manager came forward to announce the authors. Dupin bent forward in eager attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the piece we have had the honor to play before you is by Messrs. Scribe and—Dupin."

The next instant Dupin held Scribe in his arms and embraced him. Scribe exclaimed:

"Unnatural father! does not recognize even his own flesh and blood!"

Dupin rejoined:

"I should like to know who could recognize his children when they are changed in the nurse's arms!"

This was Scribe's partnership; he made the piece his own.

The rubs of play-writing are to transform narration into action, to make the characters shun talk and act, and—you have seen a billiard-player so strike his ball as to drive it forward and make it spin back to the place it left? Well, the dramatist must do the same thing with his action. During half the plot it must go forward in such a manner as to make the spectators know it can never come back; this effect the dramatist attains by heaping many and innumerable obstacles in the way of its return. During the rest of the play, the action comes back to the point of departure, despite every obstacle in its path. Analyze any play, you will find this to be the art. Shakspere's plays are built by a different method. They constantly carry the spectator forward till the catastrophe is reached. The mysteries were still popular in Shakspere's day, and their rude art (they were merely *tableaux vivants*) was all the dramatic art known. Hence there is in Shakspere's plays no plot, technically speaking. Hence they are less popular than pieces by a mere playwright who is master of his trade.

Scribe not only excelled in making his characters act and in skillful build of plot, but he never rested satisfied until he had made each piece he brought out as near perfection in these particulars as possible. During rehearsals he was all attention; not the most transient play of feature on supernumeraries' or firemen's faces escaped him. He would try to divine its meaning; if it escaped him, he would ask it in such a way it was never refused. His invariable reply to suggestions of omission was, "Cut! cut! Words blotted are never hissed." Nobody better understood the meaning of the exclamations by which stage people commonly express their ideas. Actors themselves are rarely able to clothe their thoughts in words. Here is a singular example:

When Ernest Legouvé brought out "Louise de Lignerolles," he gave the leading part to Mlle. Mars. In the third act Louise surprises her husband in improper company. A most violent scene ensues between them, which ends by a reconciliation which is all the tenderer from the preceding violence. Louise exclaims, "I fear nothing; all is forgotten; we are still in our honeymoon." At this word Mlle. Mars stopped abruptly, and in her accustomed grating, harsh, imperious voice (for all the more her stage voice was melodious music, was her ordinary voice disagreeable), she exclaimed:

"I shall not use any such expression."

"Pray why not, madam?" Legouvé asked.

"Because it is detestable."

"I really cannot agree with you. Consider the scene. Louise expresses all her confidence in the repentance and assurances of her husband; all the recent painful incidents of their married life have been banished from her mind; their wedded career is to begin again, from the honeymoon."

"Still, I shall not use any such expression. You must give me another."

"What?"

"Why, nothing is easier. I want to say ——Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!"

Legouvé was puzzled enough to find what she was driving at. He could get nothing else from her. At last he said to himself, "She shows me, by that elementary music with four similar notes, the rhythm and harmony she wants in the phrase that she may adequately express her delight and love." He wrote: "I forget all—I know nothing. Life begins; you for the first time say, 'I love thee!'" When he read it to Mlle. Mars, she exclaimed, "That's just what I wanted!"

It was wonderful to see how rapidly Scribe, in a like manner, understood advice, though it was given in the most unintelligible manner.

Just as Scribe was docile to the suggestions of others, so he exacted equal docility to his own wishes, especially from actors. At rehearsals he was a rigid disciplinarian. He had no confidence in "inspiration." He insisted that actors should work; should know exactly what they were going to do; the very gesture, look, tone, they would use; in fine, that they should be masters of their art, and by the same method which had given him mastership in his art—honest, hard work. One day Scribe was induced to give a brilliant part in a new comedy to a young actor, who was thought to be of great promise. But when older actors told him the traditions of the stage, he turned on them with anger and indignation. "Do

you think I am going to be a slave to your conventionalities? Do you imagine me a supple-jack, whose strings are to be pulled by old fools in their graves?"

When he was asked:

"But at least be good enough to tell us where you will stand?"

"I myself have not the least idea. I shall rely upon the inspiration of the moment. It will point out to me the best place. There I shall stand. Do you suppose for one single instant that, when Hamlet goes to speak to Polonius, that he knows beforehand whether he will stand at Polonius's right or left hand? When Macbeth enters to meet the witches, what matters it whether he enters this side or that side, whether he stands here or there, whether he leaves yonder or where I stand? My genius will guide me, not your musty, mechanical rules."

Scribe was patient for a fortnight. He then asked the young actor to put aside the manuscript and to rehearse as his comrades were doing, that he might criticise the manner in which he (the young actor) conceived his part. The young actor replied:

"Sir, I accept criticisms from nobody. I listen to no man's suggestions. I play according to my own inspiration"—whereupon Scribe withdrew the part from him.

Nothing annoyed Scribe more than the ignorance of actors. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could make them read the whole play in which they were to appear. They would read their part—nothing more. Incredible anecdotes are told of the ignorance of French actors. Imagine that Washington Irving has assembled around him, at Tarrytown, Edwin Forrest, Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Allston, W. C. Bryant. Imagine that one morning, about an hour after breakfast, Forrest enters the drawing-room, holding in his hand a scrap of waste paper. He is all enthusiasm, as he says:

"What talents there are on earth, and which disappear without attracting attention! Here I have just accidentally found a leaf from a book, which evidently fell still-born from the press, for it is wretchedly printed, and has been sold as waste paper. Yet it contains these lines, which really are quite good poetry. There is something vigorous in these verses. The scene is this. It seems to be laid in Scotland. The character is named McBeth. You smile? Is that the name of the author? Or has the piece signally failed? Laugh on, laugh on! But just listen to these lines." And imagine Forrest declaiming as despised, unknown verses, the lines beginning,

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

and hearing, as soon as the guests are able to restrain their laughter, that the lines are from one of Shakspere's most famous plays! This is just what happened to Lafontaine, the celebrated actor. George Sand had assembled around her at Nohant just as brilliant a company as I have imagined gathered around Washington Irving. Lafontaine entered the drawing-room under the circumstances mentioned, holding a leaf which contained Camille's famous imprecations in Corneille's "Horace," and held language almost identical with that which I have put into Forrest's mouth!

While Rachel was rehearsing Madame de Girardin's "Cleopatra," the former positively refused to appear in the part unless the authoress would agree to give the lover some name other than Antony, "which," said the actress, "is too horribly vulgar." Rachel was obstinate in her refusal until she was shown that Madame de Girardin had no choice.

Scribe thought for some time that Rachel was an actress after his heart. Nobody knew better than Rachel the importance of study and the value of long, patient rehearsals, which enable an actor to play a part as he conceives it, to place it before the public with all those inflections of the voice, play of physiognomy, gestures, attitudes, movements, pauses, which enchant an audience; they see nothing in an actor but his execution. Rachel was a slow worker. She was absolutely dependent upon others to comprehend, to conceive her parts. It was necessary with her to begin with the most striking "hit" of the piece, and to show how it was to be made. Once taught, she would make the hit in a manner which far surpassed her teacher's ideal. Give her nickel, she returned you gold. Strange as this may seem, it is a very common phenomenon in art. We all know how poor old Cartlitch taught Maggie Mitchell to make some of her best "hits," which he himself could never execute, for Cartlitch's voice was thick and of narrow compass, and he was cold, heavy, ungainly. We constantly see music teachers, and especially singing masters, who cannot decently execute a single piece, who yet teach pupils to play or sing most brilliantly. Rachel never left anything to inspiration. When she was to play her most familiar part, Phèdre for instance, she

always went over the part in the morning of the evening she was to appear, with her old master, Samson, and if she failed in any passage she would go over it again and again until she was mistress of it. She would get Samson to come to her dressing-room in the theater to recall some intonations, which she feared might escape, and sometimes would even get him to stand in the wings that he might, just before she went on the stage, repeat these intonations to her. Rachel's costumes, even the Grecian and Roman dress which she wore with such grace and majesty, were always arranged in those harmonious folds, which were so justly admired, by her dressing maid and kept in position by pins and stitches, so that nothing could disarrange them. Rachel never left anything to accident.

How was it that Scribe should have written nothing for Mlle. Rachel before 1849? Surely the dramatist who had written "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Masaniello," "La Juive," could readily have built some tragedy suited to Rachel's somber genius. Scribe's modesty prevented him. He was a singularly modest man. When the Théâtre Scribe was inaugurated at Turin, he was begged to honor the ceremony with his presence. He declined from sheer modesty. He would never have written for Rachel had not the French Comedy asked him. It was not until 1848 that the request was preferred. Scribe hesitated to accept the invitation. He replied: "I dare not. It seems to me almost impious to put prose, and especially my prose, in that mouth accustomed to speak nothing but Racine's and Corneille's lines." It was Monsieur Ernest Legouvé who overcame Scribe's scruples. He said to Scribe:

"You forget Talma played 'The Stranger.' Mlle. Rachel has grace, irony, admirable diction, as well as the sterner gifts of tragedy. Put in a different frame, lay at a distant day all the gifts of Mlle. Rachel. The public will think she has undergone a metamorphosis; 'twill be but a change of costume."

Scribe replied: "Very well, would you seek the subject of a piece and write it with me?" Monsieur Legouvé consented. He read in memoirs of the last century that one evening Adrienne Lecouvreur, while playing Phèdre, went up to the stage-box where her rival, Duchess de Bouillon, was seated, and riveting her eyes on the Duchess, fiercely repeated the terrible lines of her part (now familiar even to play-goers who have never seen "Phèdre"). He went to Scribe and told him the subject he had found. Scribe threw his arms around Monsieur Legouvé, kissed both cheeks and exclaimed: "A hundred performances of $1,200 each!" They at once wrote the play, now so well known over the whole civilized world, "Adrienne Lecouvreur." They had just finished it when the Revolution of February, 1848, occurred (by which Scribe lost $300,000). A new manager was placed in the French Comedy. He was full of those sounding, empty phrases with which a certain class of Frenchmen delight themselves. He refused to allow "Adrienne Lecouvreur" to be played. The Republic wanted high art. France had enough of Scribe's legerdemain. Scribe's dramatic hocus-pocus was unworthy of Rachel. Another Revolution occurred. This manager disappeared; and when quieter times came "Adrienne Lecouvreur" was played.

Successful as Rachel was in that piece (she had success of costumes, success of beauty, and success of impersonation), she appeared in only one other play by Scribe. Had she lived, she probably would never have been offered another part by him. He deeply felt the failure of "La Czarine," and attributed it to her. He was at least partly right. Rachel was no fighter. She had no confidence in herself. She had no confidence in anybody, and yet, by a strange (but easily explained) anomaly, she was disturbed by the least hostile criticism, even by people beneath contempt. At rehearsal, she often was thrown into a panic. The night she first appeared in New York, she was so disturbed by the rustling of the leaves as the audience followed her, book in hand, that she came within an ace of falling into hysterics. The least incident put her out. Hence the care with which even her costume was secured against all disarrangement. Even at the height of her reputation, and when everybody who went to hear her was an enthusiastic applauder, she never could play unless all the hireling applauders were in their usual places in the pit. In vain the manager and actors told her that hundreds were nightly turned from the doors for want of seats; she insisted upon the presence of those mercenary applauders. How different she was from her great rival, Ristori! Ristori always insisted that there should be none of these hirelings in the theater when she played. She said: "I am not only irritated by their horrible, little, mechanical noise, but they hide the public from me. I

cannot follow the public feeling. Now, it is the public I want to see. It is the public with whom I would wrestle. If the public be hostile, all the better, the fight will be warmer. If the public hiss me, all the worse. I shall probably have merited those hisses. But then, on the other hand, if I win their applause, I shall be able to say to myself: 'That bravo is honestly and entirely mine.'"

Nothing disconcerted Ristori, and she was full of pluck. She fought for author, for play, for self, all the more ardently if the audience was hostile, till the curtain fell. The second performance of a piece in Paris is quite as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than the first. If the audience of the first night be composed of critics, rivals, friends and fashionable people, and be most sensitive, the theater is filled the second night with people who have bought their seats (the majority of tickets issued the first night are free tickets), who want the worth of their money, who come to be amused, and are ready for any sort of "fun." They are fashionable people, who have, nevertheless, no interest in the dramatic world sufficient to secure seats the first night. They are frivolous and merciless. This incident occurred during the second performance of "Medea" in Paris. In the second act, Medea (Madame Ristori), after the scene with Jason, fell upon a seat, frantic with anger and grief. Her two children make their appearance, they are terrified, and, still at a distance, call their mother. As they entered, the eldest child trod on the heel of the youngest and tore off half his sandal. The youngest came hobbling forward, dragging behind him the torn moiety of his sandal. Had the audience seen him, there would have been an end of Medea for that night. Laughter would have driven away tears. That sight would have seemed ludicrous anywhere; it is irresistibly ludicrous in Paris, for that is just the way the funny fellow of "Le Courier de Lyon"* makes his appearance. Had Rachel been Medea, she would have gone into hysterics. Ristori heard and saw the accident. Instantly she changed the settled pantomime; it required her to sit and let her children come up to her; instead of doing so, she rose, ran to them, snatched up the youngest child, put it in her arms, threw her mantle on its feet, returned to her seat with the child on her breast, sat with the child in her lap, quietly broke both sandals and threw them under the seat. Nobody saw the accident or suspected what she had done. She did all these things without retarding the progress of the scene, without omitting one word of her part, without betraying the least agitation, or embarrassment, without ceasing those tears, those sobs which filled the audience with terror and pity. While Rachel depended on her dressing-maid for the arrangement of her costume, Ristori would take a large cloth, throw it over her shoulders and drape it during the play as suited best with her present passion, now letting it trail behind her with queenly sweep, then wrapping it around her like the cloak of a nun, or rolling it around her head like the veil which hides a broken heart and tear-scalded eyes. How admirably Guizot portrayed the characteristics of both actresses, when he said: "One is the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress; the other is the *beau ideal* democratic actress." Nature oftentimes jeers man's vanity; the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress was born in the kennel.

Again, Rachel excused her lukewarm success in Scribe's and other modern plays, by the peculiarities of her talents. They were great; but they were limited. Her voice had irresistible notes; its compass was narrow. She said: "Impassioned gesticulation is something beyond my reach. I can execute everything that is expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by a sober, measured gesture; I can go no further; where great, energetic pantomime begins, my talents end."

It is greatly to be regretted that Scribe did not begin earlier to write for Rachel. We all have seen Victorien Sardou write such plays as "Patrie!" and "La Haine" (a very able and vigorous play which failed for personal reasons). What might we not have hoped from Scribe, who was so immeasurably Sardou's superior in every respect? Just consider Scribe's lyric dramas. Meyerbeer and Auber owe no small part of their success to the "books" which Scribe gave them. "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" is striking evidence of this truth. As a musical composition, it is inferior to none of Meyerbeer's works. It cannot keep possession of the stage. "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," and even "Le Prophète" (despite the austere tone which reigns in it), never tire the public. At the Boston Museum, "La Juive" has been played as a

* This play scarcely quits the playbills, especially if there be any manager menaced with bankruptcy. It draws when nothing else will.

drama, and it had a very long run. Nothing would be easier than to put "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots" on the dramatic stage. When "La Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," "Le Châlet," "L'Ambassadrice," "Le Domino Noir," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," "Haidée," are played, people go as much to see the piece as to hear the music. People go to hear "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" despite the "book," which is uninteresting and tiresome. Rossini certainly never reckoned "Le Comte Ory" among his masterpieces, yet it is always heard with pleasure, while the absurd "books" of "Moïse" and "Guillaume Tell" greatly abate the pleasure the scores give. Scribe has rivals, has superiors in comedy; in "books" he has never had an equal. It is not easy to write a "book." Nothing connected with the stage is easy. I have sometimes wondered if it be not a great deal harder to write a "book" than to write a play. The "book" writer must make the subject and scenes of the work suit with the peculiar talents and turn of mind of the composer, and the strength or weakness, the good qualities and deficiencies of singers. All rhythms, all forms of verse, cannot be used indifferently; their choice is determined by the peculiarities of the composer and of the singers. Again, parts must be so distributed as to make the chorus an active, interesting, impassioned personage, all unimpersonal as it is. Then the plot must be so clear—not as a play is clear; the method is entirely different—that, were music and singers silent, still it would be understood from the mere pantomime. We all know that the sharpest ears catch only snatches of the best sung opera; hence it is all important that the eyes be able to keep the mind informed of the plot of the piece, whose melody alone reaches it through the ears. While clear to the eyes, the plot must be dramatic. How difficult it is to satisfy both of these exigencies may be understood when it is considered that a dramatic plot is fatal to a ballet. This is an axiom familiar to everybody who takes interest in the stage: a ballet with a dramatic plot will not "run." And yet a ballet must necessarily be intelligible to the eyes, for it is all pantomime. Again, it is absolutely necessary that the "book" of an opera give the scene-painter and costumer opportunity to change the landscape or the edifice (if both, all the better) and the costumes with each act. The eyes must be incessantly interested and pleased. They are the "book"-maker's judges. Scribe fulfilled all these conditions as no other author has done. If space did not fail me, I should like to take one of Scribe's grand operas and one of his comedy operas, and, by analysis of them and by comparison with other operas, put in strong light his rare and wonderful talents.

Another very interesting study is to be found in Scribe's novels. He had subjects which he could not put on the stage; so he used them for novels. Why were they suited to novels and unsuited to the stage? The study is attractive, and throws great light on the exigencies of the theater. Two young authors thought Scribe mistaken, and put one of his novels on the stage. When they asked permission to use it, he told them it did not fit the foot-lights. They insisted. He yielded with a significant smile. Their piece failed. It is the fashion in France to decry Scribe's novels even more than his plays. I think them charming, though blotted by sensuality.

Scribe comparatively failed as a ballet-writer. He was so intensely dramatic, he saw everything only in its dramatic point of view that he made his ballets too dramatic.

It may easily be conceived that Scribe was passionately fond of the theater and of everything that touched it. He spent every night (while in town) at some theater, and was more attentive to the play than any college boy could be. He studied it, analyzed its perfections, remedied its deficiencies, strove to discover how it might be improved. He sometimes was present at the performance of his own plays which he had forgotten, and he delighted to see how he had built them. He was constantly appealed to by dramatists to help them out of embarrassment. The authors of "La Favorite" could not put the "book" on its legs; Scribe literally re-wrote the piece, and with characteristic generosity refused to have his name appear on the bills or to receive one cent of copyright. The dramatists who wrote "Les Mémoires du Diable" could not for the life of them end the piece. At last they asked Scribe to help them. He read the play, smiled when he reached the end, and said: "Ring the bell!" The authors huzzaed. When they read it to the actors their enthusiasm scarcely knew bounds. The piece ran a hundred nights consecutively, and has time and again been revived. That catastrophe is really a stroke of genius. Read the play, remember the embarrassment of the authors,

and judge for yourself. The author of "La Revolte au Sérail" could neither make it stand, nor end it. They appealed to Scribe and he fitted it for the stage. Sixty or eighty other plays or "books" might be mentioned which Scribe in many instances entirely re-wrote without receiving honor or money; for he was a most obliging man, always ready to do a favor. He had, too, such talents for dramatic composition that it had no insuperable difficulties for him. He thought of nothing but the stage. He was always on the watch for subjects of plays, for characters, for phrases, for scenes. So he was silent in company, but all ears and eyes. Subjects of plays, and indeed of all works, are suggested by objects apparently the furthest from them. Douglas Jerrold saw schoolboys playing; "Just think, those happy, careless fellows may be doomed to some termagant for life," he said, and "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures" were found. Ludovic Halévy was at a friend's wedding. The priest ended the usual address to bride and groom: "So be ye united on earth until ye be united in heaven to be no more separated." He was all attention; "'united in heaven to be no more separated,'—why, she is a widow!"—he had but to write "Madame et Monsieur Cardinal." After Webster had made his great speech in the Senate in which occurs the poetical allusion to "God Save the Queen," an intimate friend, a brother Senator, asked:

"Webster, where in the world did you get that idea? Give me its history, wont you?"

Webster archly smiled as he replied:

"It was all extempore. It came to me on the spur of the moment."

"Oh, Webster! Don't tell me that—*me*, one of the *dramatis personæ*, here in the green-room of politics!"

Webster smiled again and answered:

"To tell you the truth: I was at Halifax some years since. I was walking on the sea-beach at sunset. As the sun went down behind the landward horizon, the evening gun was fired, the flag was struck and the band played 'God Save the Queen.' These circumstances as twilight came stealing over the waters made a deep impression on me. At first, for some time, my mind was but pensive; the thought that animated it floated formless and void upon it. The thought long haunted me. At last, by oft brooding, it took shape—the shape you saw to-day. I kept it by me to use when occasion came. In this debate the occasion offered itself and I gave the thought to you."

The mind is man's master, not his slave, and reveals its wonders only at its own hours, in its own moods. The wise watch them.

Scribe, like all great workers, was an early riser. At five o'clock in winter, at four o'clock all the rest of the year, he was at his writing desk. He quitted it only at ten, when he laid down his pen. Then he went to the theater to superintend his own rehearsals, if he had a new piece forthcoming, or to talk with managers, actors or dramatists. Presently he visited, or he drove to Bois de Boulogne; after dinner he was again at the theater. He was punctuality itself in all of his engagements, be the subject visit or play. Managers and actors used to say: "The word of Scribe & Co. is as good as their bond." As soon as the lilacs bloomed he quitted Paris. His country residence to 1852 was at Meudon, which in those days was still country. Now his park is covered with villas, and the beautiful view of the river and the great plain beyond, which extends to Bois de Boulogne, exists no longer. Houses shut out the sight of the river; villages cover the plain. He bought a considerable estate near La Ferté-sous-Jouarre (a town which exports its famous burr-stones to every mill in the world), and when he sold his novel "Piquillo Alliaga" to "La Siècle," to be published in its *feuilleton*, he bought a forest with the $12,000 given him for the novel, called the forest, Bois de Piquillo, and added it to his estate, Château de Séricourt. A public foot-path separated the forest from the rest of the estate. It was worth $40. Séricourt village was $800 in debt; Scribe gave $800 for the path. He became elected a member of the village municipal council, put the village finances in excellent order, established a reserve fund, built school-houses, and organized benevolent societies. At his death there was not a pauper in the village. This country-seat was his hobby. He annually spent a good deal of money to improve it. He made three brooks in it, one he called la Rivière de Robert le Diable; the second la Rivière des Huguenots; the third, la Rivière de la Juive. An avenue he called after "La Sirène," another after "Le Prophète," and so on until each avenue, lane, lawn, bosky, bore the name of one of his pieces. Over his road-gate was a golden pen with this motto beneath: *Inde Fortuna et Libertas*—which he had long adopted for coat-of-arms and legend.

The last years of Scribe's life were disturbed by the systematic hostility of the majority of the newspapers, and of the younger literary men. Virulent efforts were made, and too often successfully, to drive his plays from the stage. He was accused of keeping young dramatists from rising. Actors rather shrank from accepting parts in his pieces, for most personal attacks were made on them wherever they appeared in Scribe's new plays. Again, a new school of dramatic literature was established, with Émile Augier, the younger Dumas, and Victorien Sardou for its masters. Their works *seemed* to have more body in them. Crinoline was worn on the stage as well as in society. I do not pretend that with Scribe, as with other magicians, "Waverley" was not followed, in time, by "Castle Dangerous." It is the law of life. I have, however, just read Scribe's last pieces, and I have found in them the same charms which make their predecessors so attractive; not one of the old spells had lost its power. Scribe had but to consider the place he held at the Grand Opéra and at the Opéra Comique, and the sale of his printed plays, to disregard the noise and the numerous gnats, but gnats still, that annoyed his evening. By the way, it is interesting to note the prices fetched by his manuscripts at different periods of his career. "L'Auberge" was sold in 1812 for $20, payable in books! "Le Comte Ory" brought, in 1816, $80. "Valérie" commanded $600 in 1822. He got $900 for "Bertrand et Raton" in 1833. His price, ever afterward, was $1,000 for a five-act piece. One of his last plays, "Les Doigts de Fée," was sold to Michel Lévy for this sum of money. The bill of sale was not written. The comedy was not as successful as had been expected. The morning after the first performance, Michel Lévy called on Scribe to pay the agreed price, and to get the manuscript. He put the money on Scribe's desk. Scribe pushed it away, saying: "No, I thought I had sold you a successful piece; I was mistaken. The bargain is at an end. Besides, you have not signed the bill of sale." Michel Lévy answered: "But hands were struck, and I insist that the bargain shall be executed. Here is the money. Give me the manuscript."

THE APPARITION OF JO MURCH.

It is no exaggeration to say that Jotham Murch was the worst boy in Old Man Potter's school. It was a town school, and the school committee of the selectmen were often at their wits' end to provide ways and means for the government of the unruly sons of fishermen,—boys who had no paternal discipline at home, as their fathers were usually at sea nine months in the year. There was Bob Weeks, for example, whose mother was such a termagant that her husband used to say that fishing on the Grand Banks was "comfortabler than stayin' to home." But even Mrs. Weeks could not wholly beat the spirit of mischief out of Bob, who put red pepper on the school stove, nailed down the lid of the master's desk, interposed with his fists whenever Old Man Potter attempted to ferule a particularly small boy, smoked a tobacco pipe under his desk, and did many other perverse and mischievous things. Then there was Bill Bridges, who set fire to the schoolhouse; and Sam Snowman who stole the master's thermometer, and whose mother restored it with the tearful remark that she didn't see "what possessed Sam to run off with that air pesky moniment." It is not necessary that I should tell of Joe Triford, who made squirt-guns of the hollow metal pen-handles which were in vogue in those days, and who was a mysterious squirter of ink for four days before he was found out and handsomely "ropesended" on his bare legs by the enraged master. Most of these boys, and others like them, had been to sea at least one voyage, or had had one season's experience in fishing off St. George's, Chaleur Bay, or on the Grand Banks. It is said that the merchant marine and the United States navy draw, or used to draw, their best men from the ranks of these hardy New England fishermen. Perhaps so. But in my youth, at least, no more rough, quarrelsome and thoroughly heathenish young fellows ever infested a Christian community than were the majority of the fishermen's sons around Penobscot Bay.

Still, I will say that Jotham Murch was the worst boy in the master's school of Fairport. He was a fighter. He "sarsed" the big boys and then kept out of their way;

but the little boys and he were constantly fighting. He and I were of the same age and never came to blows but once, and that was when I had interfered in behalf of his younger brother Abe, whom Jotham was pounding to a jelly. Even at this remote period, I record with mortification the fact that I got one of the worst "lickings" which a boy ever had; but I am also proud to say that Jo emerged from the conflict in a state of raggedness and ruin which was startling. The remnants of his shirt, I remember, consisted of a stout unbleached cotton binding buttoned about his neck, and one sleeve, which his forgiving brother had picked up and saved for him. But not for this, not even for being obliged to shake hands with him before the whole school, do I bear Jo Murch any malice.

Before he was fifteen, he stole seven shillings and sixpence, New England currency, from his grandmother's light-stand drawer,—a circumstance which gave him the nickname of "Seven-and-six." During that period of adolescence, too, he fixed a big cod-fish hook on the backstay of a ship lying at the wharf, in such a manner that when a poor little chap, whom he had seduced into climbing into the main-top, attempted to escape by the usual way, he was cruelly caught by the leg. He blocked up the mouth of Fred Tilden's rabbit-warren and then deliberately stoned to death four of his white rabbits. As for tying kettles to dogs' tails, bringing cats surreptitiously into the school-room, loading sticks of wood for the school stove with powder, "telling on" scholars who played truant, mutilating the books of his enemies, and borrowing books which he never returned,—Jo stood at the head of delinquents charged with such offenses. He organized and commanded expeditions to plunder the scanty apple orchards of Fairport; and once he and three other kindred spirits subsisted four days and three nights, in the depths of the spruce thickets of the Blockhouse pasture on green corn, turnips and chickens ravished from the Light-house farm. It should be added that as a liar he was fertile, picturesque and unconscionable.

At the age of seventeen, Jo disappeared from Fairport, having gone to sea with his father, who commanded a square-rigged brig, famous in those coasts for flying at her fore a burgee with *George W. Murch* on it in large letters. Jotham shipped as cabin-boy, was regularly "ropesended" by his father, and, smarting with pain and panting for larger liberty, he deserted the square-rigged brig in the port of Surinam. From Havana, about six months afterward, he wrote to his mother for money to pay his passage home. That indulgent parent sent the required sum, but Jo did not return to Fairport. Years went by, and only at long intervals were there any tidings of him. At last he was definitely heard of as being engaged with a thrifty former citizen of Fairport, a timber dealer, in Pascagoula, Florida. It was understood that Jo had sown his wild oats and was trying to save money for his mother, his father, in the meantime, having been lost in a gale which wrecked the square-rigged brig, off the coast of Africa. Jo gradually worked his way north, the climate of Florida not agreeing with him; and when he was about twenty-two years old he established himself in the produce and commission business in Boston. His career there was brief. After a few weeks, he absconded with the proceeds of his sales, leaving consignors and shippers only an empty store and a small lot of unpaid-for counting-room furniture by way of indemnity. Meantime, I had left Fairport, and only when I returned on my summer vacations did vague rumors of Jotham's changeful adventures reach me.

Years slipped away, and now and then, like a reminiscence out of a very distant past, would come a report of Jo Murch's being seen or heard from in some foreign land. For example, my big brother Jack, who had then just risen to the command of a fine ship, was lying at Port Mahon, island of Malta, when he heard an altercation at the door of his cabin. Stepping out to see what was the matter, he found a very ragged and dirty man trying to convince the steward that he knew the captain.

"There, now," cried he, as my brother appeared, "that's Captain Rivers. Don't you know me, Jack?"

It was Jo Murch. The steward desisted from his purpose of putting the man over the side of the ship, and gave him up to the captain with obvious surprise.

Jo was forlorn and miserable. But his usual good spirits and impudence had not deserted him. He was at Port Mahon, he said, waiting the arrival of a rich cargo of goods from somewhere. The winds had been contrary; the ship was nineteen days overdue; his expenses were heavy; he had seen Jack's ship reported, and would Jack favor him with a loan of five dollars until the *Chariot of Fame* came in? She must

be in soon with this wind, and her cargo was insured for three hundred thousand dollars.

"I'll *give* you the five dollars," said plain-spoken Jack, "for you know you don't intend to pay me, and you know you never will. But I don't mind giving you five dollars, just for the sake of old times. I would do that for any Fairport boy that I went to school with, if I found him in foreign parts and low down as you seem to be."

Jo accepted the rebuke with great cheerfulness, and protested that he would pay "when his ship came in." Of course that mythical craft never sailed into Port Mahon, nor did Jack lay his eyes on Jotham while he staid there. Jack was fated to meet him once more, many years afterward, during the late civil war. His ship was then lying at Liverpool, embargoed on account of being partly owned by persons living in New Orleans and presumably rebel, as that city was then closed against Union arms and authorities. Jack chafed under this long and unprofitable confinement; but, though his ship was supposed to be rebel property, he was a furious Union man. He would defend the ship with his life, but he abhorred a rebel.

One day, after a year of idle waiting had passed, who should come on board but Jo Murch. During this long interval his adventures had been various. He had commanded a Russian transport during the Crimean war. He had engaged in trading along the coast of South America. He had done a large business in smuggling cigars from Cuba to Key West, and his present business in Liverpool was to buy a cargo of goods to run the blockade of Savannah. My brother, to use the common phrase, "opened on him" for being a rebel and a renegade,—a Northern man, honestly brought up in Fairport, and now upholding secession and running the blockade! It was disgraceful, so Jack said.

Jotham was not the man he was at Port Mahon, seven years before. He was flush of money, well dressed, and prosperous. He not only defended himself, but upbraided Jack in the most abusive terms. The South was right, and it was just such chicken-hearted chaps as Jack (who was tied up with a rebel ownership) who were responsible for the injustice done to Southern people. Jack could not answer this somewhat inconsequent tirade, but he would hear no treason on his ship. If Jo did not "caulk up," he would fire him out into the dock. Jo did not "caulk up." On the contrary, he talked on excitedly about the wrongs of the South, until Jack, who is a tremendous fellow, seized him by the collar and the ampler part of his trowsers and deliberately threw him overboard. There was a great disturbance, of course; but Jo escaped with a ducking, while my brother was hauled up before a magistrate and fined ten pounds, which he paid with satisfaction, grimly remarking that it was worth the money.

Nothing more direct than this ever reached me from Jotham. He was reputed to have made several millions by his operations during the war, but when peace returned he did not come home with it to enjoy his gains. He settled in Havana, it was said, and married the widow of a sugar-planter. Perhaps it was the necessity of furnishing labor for his sugar plantations which drove him into his next venture; for, not long after this, we heard of his being in the slave-trade off the coast of Africa. This was too horrible for belief, and I could not, somehow, connect even the rapscallion who had been my seat-mate in the Fairport school, so long ago, with the slave-trade. But the story came very straight, and, as if to make it certain, there was a later report that Jotham Murch, formerly of Fairport, Maine, was hanged in Portsmouth harbor, England, for piracy, otherwise slave-trading. That, at last, seemed to finish Jo Murch.

In the hot summer of 1872, I went one night to my work in the office of the "Morning Clarion." Mounting to the fifth story of the rickety, stived building, I stood in the narrow door-way of the editorial rooms, dripping with perspiration and trying to recover my spent breath. From the dark nook where I stood I saw my associates and subordinates grouped about a strange-looking old man. He sat at my desk, with his feet —which were covered with shabby shoes— resting on my writing-pad. His head was quite bald, save for a few wisps of hay-colored hair which fringed its lower edge, like a forgotten aftermath on the margin of a meadow. His nose was flat, and destitute of a bridge. He wore shiny black trowsers and a colorless linen duster.

About this ancient mariner—for such he seemed to be—the young gentlemen of the office hung with manifest delight. The stranger was telling them a story. To my amazement, it was a tolerably faithful narrative of a disreputable adventure in which I had been engaged during my school-days, say thirty years ago. Somewhat nettled, as

well as bewildered, I emerged from the shadow and advanced into the gas-lighted room. One of the listeners said to the ancient mariner, "This is Mr. Rivers," whereupon they all scattered to their several desks. The ancient mariner took down his feet, and, with a gesture of surprise, said:

"Why, Bill! How are you?"

He made as if he would seize me by the hand, but I coldly drew back with:

"I can't say that I know you."

The forlorn-looking old man, whom I now saw was also nearly toothless, cried, with glee:

"I thought you wouldn't know me! Why, I'm Jo Murch!"

If the spirit of my grandfather, whose grave-stone in Fairport burying-ground was mossy when I was a school-boy, had risen through the floor of the "Morning Clarion" office, I could not have been more astonished.

In my surprise, I blurted out my instant thought—"Jo Murch? Why, I thought you were hanged in Portsmouth harbor!"

"Oh no," said Jo, blithely, "that was another feller. Just like you newspapers,—always getting things wrong end first!"

"Well, Jo, I'm glad to see you, anyway." And I trust that the recording angel dropped a tear of pity for poor Jo, as he wrote down this charitable falsehood. I was not glad to see this strange apparition. Jo Murch was a handsome, bright-eyed young fellow, a favorite with the girls, and a lady-killer when he came to man's estate. This aged person did not have Jo Murch's Roman nose, nor his fresh complexion, nor his upright carriage and elastic tread. He was bald, bent, seamed, brown, and broken-nosed.

"I never should have known you, Jo."

"No, dare say not; but *you* are as handsome and rosy and well fed as ever—eh, you fat rascal!" And he punched me in the stomach with a skinny finger. "I—well—*I* have had adventures since you licked me so like tarnation at Old Man Potter's school."

The associate editors giggled at their several desks, and the foreign news editor interrupted us to ask if he should set Gladstone's speech in minion, leaded, with a pica head, or run it up solid, with a brevier italic.

Jo's stormy and checkered career as a blockade-runner, slave-trader, smuggler and foreign mercenary, flitted mistily through my mind, as I directed Gladstone to be set in minion lead, with a brevier italic head and minion cap under.

Jo cocked his head on one side, with a parrot-like leer, and remarked:

"Old Man Potter would be mightily tickled to see you bossing Gladstone's speech. Don't you remember that time the old man tore your satinet trowsers off of you, trying to get at a good place to wallop you with his ferule?"

"Do ye moind if I set it in nonpareel? I fancy it would be shuparior," interrupted the foreign editor. And there was another slight snicker of laughter around the office.

"You see, Jo, I'm pretty busy at this time of night. Come up to my lodgings to-morrow, and we will talk over old times." And Jotham went away with a promise to see me in Van Tassell Place, next day, between two and four in the afternoon.

"That gentleman seems to have been a great traveler," remarked one of my associates.

"Yes, and if you have any copy ready for to-morrow morning's paper, suppose you rush it upstairs."

And so the weary burden of the night was taken up again, and Jo Murch faded out of mind.

Next day, as the yellow heat rained into the cracks of my closed blinds, in Van Tassell Place, the housemaid knocked on the door, opened it, and said: "A quare-lookin' gintleman is axin for yez at the fut of the shtair."

With that, Jo's wrinkled and yellow face appeared over her shoulder, and he said:

"And it's meself, ye purty dear, that's just forninst yez."

The indignant girl darted a flash of scorn at the intruder, let him into the room, shut the door with a bang of disapproval and clattered down-stairs, but not until Jo had put his head over the banisters and cried:

"Fetch us up a pitcher of good cold ice-water, there's a nice girl. It's hotter than blue blazes to-day."

Jo looked even more seedy and worn by the gay beams of garish day than in the gas-light. As I regarded him attentively, it was impossible to discover a trace of the boy who had sat in the same seat with me in Sunday-school, and at Old Man Potter's. He was curiously bent in the back, his nose was abnormal in shape, and even his eye had a queer squint which was not so before. But there was no mistaking the air of easy impudence with which he tossed on the table a small wooden box which he carried, stripped off his linen duster, kicked his broken shoes into a corner, and threw himself on the sofa with the manifest intention of taking things easy.

"Hand me that fan, will you, Bill?

Thanks; this is the hottest of the hot, I guess; hotter than old Mary Ann Hot. I have not seen such a day outside of Timbuctoo. I was there in '51. Ever in Timbuctoo? No? Well, it's hotter than New York."

"How long have you been in New York, and where were you from when you came here, Jo?"

"Oh, don't ask me now. It's too long a yarn. Wait till I get cool. By the way, have you any objection to my peeling off my pants? I could cool quicker in my drawers. Blame these black cassimeres, anyhow. I have to wear 'em this hot weather by the advice of my doctor. Legs, you know,"—and here Jo struggled with his trowsers, "legs must be protected at all hazards. I had a fever when I was in Leghorn. By the way, have you got a good cigar? I've got some first chop down to my hotel, smuggled 'em myself, and I ought to know."

Jo ensconced himself again on the sofa, half undressed, with a fragrant cigar in his lips, stretched at full length, and with his indescribable legs, which bore signs of a Leghorn fever, comfortably crossed.

"Great thing, Bill, this linen spread on a sofa in summer, and such summers as they do have in New York! By the way, how do you suppose I found out where you were?"

"I give it up," somewhat ruefully.

"Well, I saw a story of yours in the 'Picknickers' Magazine.' It had several Fairport names in it, likewise some reminiscences of Fairport school-days. Oh, don't you remember that time Alf Martin and I drove the skunk into Miss Dawson's school? My! how those girls did scud! I can see Almira Dawson now, hitching up her skirts and making for the tall grass. Let me see, where was I? Mozambique. Oh, no! I was telling how I found you. Well, I went to the office of the 'Picknickers'; stiff lot they are. They wouldn't tell where I could find you. Told 'em I was an old friend and all that sort of thing, you know; no go; could only find that you lived in New York. So I went to the 'City Directory,' looked among the R's; not many Riverses; found you were in the 'Clarion' office, and here I am—just as easy."

Jo at once made himself very much at home; helped himself to cigars from a box on the table; inquired if I had anything to drink; and, when he had stretched himself again on the sofa, with a fresh cigar in his lips and a big glass of ginger ale and ice within easy reach, he sighed comfortably, and said that this was "really very tidy."

"Let me see—where was I?" murmured Jo, between puffs of his cigar. "Oh, I told you I would tell you where I had been. Dear, dear me, to think that you and I should meet again after so many years! Say, Bill, don't you remember that time when we had that fight down to the Back Cove, how I closed up one of your eyes with blue clay, as we were making marbles on the shore? Golly! what a walloping you gave me!"

"Beg pardon, Jo, 'twas I who got the walloping; but I do remember that I tore your clothes all off of you."

"So you did—so you did, Bill; and I remember that when I went home that afternoon I had to stand with my back against the fence when I met some of the girls, I was tore so awfully behind." And Joe kicked up his crooked legs and laughed so uproariously that the street-boys passing by caught up the strain, and ran away ha-haing with a mocking chorus. Joe heard it, and suddenly growing grave, said:

"How much worse the boys are now than they used to be when we were boys! Impudent, idle, thievish vagabonds! I suppose the boys of the present generation are the worst that ever were. By the way," he continued with animation, "were you a Union man during the war?"

"Certainly I was."

"So I supposed. Your brother Jack was a hell-roaring Yank. Why, I met him in Liverpool, where he was tied up with a part-rebel ownership, and when we ventured on a little discussion about the war, he threatened to chuck me overboard if I didn't caulk up."

"He says he did throw you overboard," said I.

"He says so!" screamed Jo, sitting up on end. "He says so! Well, I never!—Well, perhaps he did; I really don't recollect, it was so long ago." And Jo calmly settled back again.

"What were you doing in Liverpool during the war?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I must tell you about that. You see, I was United States consul at Jacmel, West Indies, when the war broke out. My sympathies were with the South, and so I went into blockade-running. My position gave me lots of advantage over the other fellows, and we did a great business. Our vessels used to run into Jacmel with a full cargo, and wait for a good time when there

was no moon and we knew where the Yankee cruisers were. Then we would run into Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or wherever we could do best."

"You must have had a big capital to operate with, Jo."

"I should say so. Why, our books used to show a business of five million a year. And then the fun! Why, hunting bears on Great Mountain was nothing to it. Don't you remember how you and I and Dave Patchin got chased by a bear, and we had nothing but a single-barreled gun between us? But in blockade-running you are chased by a man-of-war that may blow you to kingdom come with one shot, whereas a bear—give me a light, will you? Thanks. Well, as I was saying, being United States consul, I got the hang of the thing, and was just coining money. My share was five hundred thousand dollars, all in good gold coin. Then your confounded mean old government got after me. One day a sharp-faced Yankee from Rhode Island came into my office, just as I was lying back after settling up my profits of the last cruise. He said that he had been appointed to take my place. Reports of 'irregularities' had reached the State Department, he said. 'Irregularities!' Wasn't that good? I showed fight, of course, but he showed his papers and I had to surrender. And, come to think of it, it wasn't just the thing, you see, for a United States consul to be engaged in running the blockade, was it?"

"I should say that it wasn't."

"No, of course not; but then you see I was devoted to the South, and the end justifies the means, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Especially when you are making half a million a year," I interposed.

"Yes," said Jo, with a sigh, "but that all went."

"All went? Did you lose it, after all?"

"Every stiver of it. After I was cheated out of my consulship I went on one or two voyages myself. It was on my first to Liverpool for a cargo that I fell in with Jack, when he threw me—I mean threatened to throw me—into the dock. On my second voyage into Charleston I was chased by the *Osceola* and the *Kittywink*, two United States gun-boats. We had an assorted cargo, worth four hundred thousand dollars. Ours was a side-wheel steamer, eighteen knots an hour, painted lead color, paddle-wheels twenty-five feet in diameter; greased lightning was nothing to her for speed. I was on the bridge when the *Osceola* hove in sight, just coming around a black point of rocks on the port bow. I laughed, for I knew the *Osceola*, —an old tub, built in East Boston; never made more than ten knots an hour. So we streaked it ahead, the Yankee just about three points on our port bow, and plunging ahead as if she would cut us off. We left her just as easy as lying, when, all of a sudden, as she had fired a couple of shots, just to show how mad her people were, out runs from the darkness another gun-boat! It was the *Kittywink*. Where she came from, the Lord only knows. I had Seth Grindle with me. You remember Seth? The same fellow that used to steal apples and hide them in the fire-buckets in the school-house when we went to Cynthy Ann Rogers's school. Well says I to Seth, 'Seth, if that's the *Kittywink*, we are done for.' But Seth was clear grit. Says he, 'We may have to throw some of the cargo overboard, but we will never be taken alive.' So I told him to get the hatches open and everything ready to throw over the cargo, and we cracked on all steam."

"It must have been exciting."

"Exciting! I should say so. You should have seen that vessel of ours fly. And abeam of us, about a two miles and a quarter away, the Yankee gun-boat darted like a flash. Tell you what! she was a regular screamer. She bore down on us, never firing a gun, still as death, without so much as a light to be seen on board. We had a straight line; the Yankee had a long oblique one. But he was light and we had a heavy cargo. The little *Adger* just fairly trembled as her tremendous wheels went round and round. The *Kittywink* seemed to gain on us: she did gain on us. Then she fired a round shot across our bow, as a polite invitation to heave to. Of course we hove to! Seventy cases of Enfield rifles, the property of the Confederacy, went overboard. Old Sumter hove in sight, the stars and bars fluttering from its ruined wall. The gun-boat gained on us, when—'bang! bang!' went a couple of guns from Sumter. The Lord was kind to the Confederacy that night; for in three minutes more we were under the guns of the fort. We slackened steam, gave three cheers and leisurely paddled up to the city, the Yankee going off as mad as a wet hen, I've no doubt."

"So that was not the time you lost your ill-gotten millions?"

"Ill-gotten millions! Well, I like that;

some folks are so prejudiced. No, that wasn't the time, but it *was*, for all that. You see I was taken down with the infernal malarial fever they have at Charleston; couldn't go back on the *Adger* when she returned, as she did soon. Perhaps it was just as well, for she was captured by the *Kittywink*—bad 'cess to her,—and was carried off as a prize to Fortress Monroe. I saw her after the peace, turned into a pleasure-yacht for the Secretary of the Navy to go junketing around with. As I was saying, my sickness prevented my going back for nearly six months; and when I got out by the way of Savannah and Nassau, my precious partners had vamosed the ranch. They had left Jacmel with every dollar of company funds, and all I had was a bill of exchange on London for five hundred pounds. I never saw one of those partners afterward, except Hernandez, a big Spanish thief. I met him in Homburg two years ago, playing the part of croupier at one of the gambling tables. 'Why,' says I, with a jump, 'it's Hernandez, the thief!' He never so much as winked but went right on with his everlasting, 'Faty voo le joo, Messers.' But it was Hernandez."

Jo lighted another cigar. Then he went on: "By the way, Bill, who do you suppose I met once in the Crimea? Why, Sidney Price! He was the worst boy at Old Man Potter's school, I do believe."

"Oh, Jo, you do yourself injustice."

Jo grinned, and replied:

"The fact is, we all overlooked Sid's fault because he was a nigger. Niggers were scarce in Fairport in our time; none there but the Prices and Leather-belly Richardson."

Here Jo broke into a long laugh, during which he fell into a fit of coughing, rolled off the lounge to the floor, where he lay choking and strangling, much to my alarm. I raised him up and tried the old-fashioned remedy of clapping him on the back. As soon as he recovered his speech, he said, angrily:

"Don't do that! You are slapping me on my old wound."

"Your old wound, Jo?" I said. "How should I know you had any?"

"Yes, that's where a Spanish devil of a count ran me through with a small-sword. I fought a duel with the dirty beggar in Seville. Every time I catch a cold, it settles on my lungs, where the darned garlic-eater's toad-sticker went through. That's what makes me cough so."

"What was the duel about, Jo?"

"About a woman, of course. What is any duel about?" replied Jo, sitting up on the floor and relighting his cigar with a match which he had carefully scratched on the rosewood frame-work of my sofa.

"Let me see, where was I?" asked Jo, as he scrambled back to his seat. "Oh, we were talking about old Rich. Don't you remember how we used to yell 'Leather-belly! Leather-belly Richardson!' at him from behind a corner? How mad he used to get! He would drop his saw and saw-horse and go for us. I recollect how he caught you once and nearly pounded the life out of you until 'Libby and Snelgro' came along. You remember we used to call Charley Grindle, 'Libby and Snelgro,' because he used to tell that awful murder story about Libby and Snelgro to us boys. Dear me! I remember one night when we were scooting through the grave-yard after we had been stealing apples out of Mark Hatch's orchard, and Charley Grindle came along and made us sit down on Captain Skinner's grave-stone while he told us that confounded story over again. That was the night Jake Norton broke his front tooth out trying to bite through an apple with a pebble punched into it. Let me see, where was I?"

"You were talking about old Richardson, and meeting Sidney Price in the Crimea. What were you doing in the Crimea, Jo?"

"Yes, yes, so I was. Dear me! how these boyish reminiscences do come over a feller once in a while. Why, one time when I was in Norway, where I was after a cargo of lumber—but let me tell you about Sid Price. I had command of a French transport in the Crimean war, *La Magicienne*, they called her,—a perfect old tub about the size of the *William and Sally*, that old Snowman used to sail out of Fairport. You remember old Snowman? He had a one-eyed boy. But, as I was saying, I was discharging a cargo of shells and fixed ammunition at Kostenika, a little one-horse port in the Crimea. The Allies were investing Sevastopol, and the Turks were in a devil of a hurry for the French to come up. The French, you know, were always behindhand with their ammunition ——"

"No, I didn't know that," I interrupted.

"Well, they were, and on this occasion a big swell-headed Turk, a bashaw of some kind, came off to the barque with a remonstrance or something written in first-rate Turkish, but not a word of which could I understand. Says I, after turning the paper

upside down and t'other side up: 'You go see admiral. He's boss. I no sabe this manifest, or whatever the devil it is. Go to admiral. Sabe?' The Turkey feller looked at me mighty hard, and says he to me: 'Jo Murch, as sure's I'm a livin' sinner!' Says I to him, says I, 'Leather-belly!' It was Porter Richardson's grandson, Sid Price."

"Oh, come now, Jo, that's an old story, fixed over. Ever so many men have told that of their old comrades," I remonstrated.

Jo put on an injured air and declared that it was the truth. Moreover, he added that Sidney Price had been cast away on the coast of Tripoli, in the barque *Arethusa*, of Fairport, that he had been sold into slavery, then taken to Pera, where he saved the life of a son of the Sultan by diving into the Bosphorus where the young man was drowning in a leisurely manner, after falling from a passing craft. Once free, Jo continued, the young negro advanced very rapidly in favor with the big-wigs, and, being about half white, passed for a Turk.

"And he reflected great credit on the Fairport town school," added Jo, "although I never shall forget how he used invariably to bound the kingdom of Portugal by Norway and Sweden, wiping out half of the map of Europe at one lick. And, by the way, don't you suppose your landlady would send you up a bite of something to eat if you were to ring for it—just a snack, you know? I'm devilish hungry. Hot weather always makes me hungry—does some folks, you know. I'm peculiar about that."

I rang the bell, and Bridget, opening the door, caught one glimpse of Jo, half undressed, with his heels in the air, as he lay on the sofa. She gave a little shriek with a suppressed giggle in it, and clapped the door to. Going out, I found her blushing over the banisters.

"The likes of that!" she said severely.

Giving the needed orders, I went into the room and found Jo laughing heartily.

"Just like those Irish girls! They put on more frills—why, when I was in London once ——"

But I never heard the rest of the story, for Jo's eye catching sight of a water-color sketch on the wall, he rose hastily, and shuffling across the floor, gazed at it a moment in silence, and exclaimed:

"Why, that's San José de Gautemala, by the living jingo!"

"Certainly," said I. "What of it, Jo?"

"Oh, nothing," said he, throwing himself down again on the sofa. "Nothing. When were you there—for I suppose you sketched that yourself?"

"Yes; I was there in 1867, on my way to Panama, in a coasting vessel."

"Well, I was there in sixty-six. Don't you remember that invasion they had from San Salvador, that year? Oh, my eye! such a fight I saw!" And Jo rolled back and laughed until he coughed again.

"You see, he continued, there was first a revolution,—one of those one-horse revolutions, such as they get up in the Central American states any day for the amusement of visitors. See this nose?" asked Jo, sitting up and laying his finger on that organ. "Well, this is how it came about. One bright morning while I was in Chicoroso,—that little town which, you remember, is half-way between San José and the border of San Salvador,—I was lying in bed, wondering why Dolores did not bring my chocolate. Mine was a little adobe hut, with an oiled-paper window on the left of the bed, about three feet away, and the adobe wall close on the right. I was flat on my back, watching the rats running over the cloth lining of the ceiling overhead. Suddenly I heard muskets popping away outside, as if in the plaza, as they call the hole in the middle of the village where they dump their rubbish. 'Aha! a revolution!' thinks I to myself. I began to speculate whether it would be possible for me to make anything out of it, for I had bills of credit on Dreyfus & Co. for two hundred and fifty thousand reals, and could have bought up the whole contemptible concern if there was anything in it.

"While I was a-thinking, 'bang!' came a musket-ball through the window, crashed through the bridge of my nose,—half an inch lower, and it would have been good-bye, Jo Murch!—and buried itself in the adobe wall. Here it is, you see; picked it out afterward; I keep it for luck."

And Jo showed me a battered lump of lead, bright with the constant friction which it had received by being carried in his pocket.

"A narrow escape for you, Jo," I said, handling the flattened bullet. "Was it much of a revolution?"

"No; I was the only man wounded. The general-in-chief of the insurgents, a big, bare-footed greaser, with a ragged straw hat and no clothes worth mentioning, was captured by the government ragamuffins in the first rush. The 'insurgents,' as they called them, made a raid on the shop of a

German Jew, the only foreign trader in the place, and when both contending armies had divided the plunder, the revolution simmered down. By the way, that trader's name was Snelgro. Queer, wasn't it? Do you remember whether Snelgro killed Libby, or was it Libby who killed Snelgro, down in Fairport, years and years ago? Hokey! I just remember how I and you met Charley Grindle one day, when we were out hunting squirrels with bows and arrows, and how we sat down on a flat rock in Hatch's back pasture, while he told us the whole story about how Libby killed Snelgro, or Snelgro killed Libby, I've forgotten which it was; and when he got through he said, lifting up his own, 'And that's the gun he killed him with!' Golly! how it scared me! I was younger then than I am now. That was the second time he told us that yarn. But I believe he lied. He was an awful liar, Charley Grindle was."

Somehow Jo's reminiscences of our boyhood were not so entertaining to me as those of his later adventures. I gently led him back to Guatemala.

"Oh yes! Well, you see that is how my beautiful nose got damaged. 'Tisn't so bad, though, do you think?" And Jo went to the mirror, turned around so that the light might not spare his defective nose, smirked at himself, and added: "Well, anyhow, I've been married twice since that damage was done, and that's more than a good many handsomer fellows can say."

"Why didn't you bring a bill of damages against the government, Jo?"

"Damages! government!" echoed Jo, with disdain. "Why, you might as well sue a beggar as to sue one of them Central American governments. There never is any government; and as for trade, why, a canoe load of red peppers would swamp the market any day. Speaking of peppers, did I show you my sewing-machine? Here it is," and going to the table, Jo opened the little case which I had observed in his hand when he came in. It contained a little polished brass machine, with two or three wheels and pinions, and a needle.

"Look at her! aint she a beauty? There's cords of money in that. You can't begin to think of the amount of time and thought and money I've put into it. It does the work of one of those rip-tearing, clumsy things of Grover and Wilson, and in half the time, twice as good, no fuss, no breakage or the money refunded. Any child can work it, takes up only seven and a half cubic inches, and costs only nine dollars. Say, old fellow, you ought to buy one of 'em for your Aunt Priscilla, just for a toy curiosity, you know. It costs nothing, and seeing it's you, I'll let you have it for the net price, seven dollars, which is only thirty-three per cent. above cost at first hands. Want one?"

I told Jo that my Aunt Priscilla hated sewing-machines, and could not abide the sight of anything that saved labor.

"Well," said Jo, with a sigh, "I was carrying this up to One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, where I have a large order pending, and it's so bloody hot to-day that I thought I would leave it on you and go up there some other day. Why, while I was getting up this machine, do you know that Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, the great sewing-machine monopolists, actually bribed my clerks and stole my plans and models. Oh, I was telling you about that invasion of Gautemala, wasn't I now? By the way, these are darn bad cigars. Thanks! this does look better. Let me send you a box of Pumariegas, smuggled, you know. But we Yanks do enjoy a thing more for its being a leetle, just a leetle unlawful, don't we?"

Jo settled himself comfortably and took up the thread of his discourse. Gautemala, he said, had been invaded from San Salvador, and both "armies," consisting of about fifty men each, had encamped on opposite sides of the little town of Chicoroso, just at night-fall. During the night, one of the Gautemalan sentries accidentally discharged his musket. Instantly both camps were in an uproar and the firing was incessant. In the confusion each party imagined itself attacked, and each promptly turned and ran. When morning broke, the astonished citizens of Chicoroso found themselves without defenders or assailants. Both armies had run away during the night.

"But you should have seen the reception," continued Jo. "When the victorious army of Guatemala returned to the capital, the President went out to meet them with a guard of honor,—sixteen tatterdemalions with red flannel rags on their shoulders by way of uniform. The only casualty in the victorious army was one fellow who had sprained his ankle by being chucked off of a bucking mule. He wanted to get home to his wife, but they put him on a litter and covered him over with the Guatemala flag, while the President made a speech congratulating the brave defenders of the republic

on their glorious victory, and complimenting them for their prowess. You should have seen the poor devil with the sprained ankle. Two or three times he would try to escape, groaning and swearing horribly. But his comrades held him on the litter and caulked him up by cramming the flag into his mouth while the President went on about their 'heroic wounded.' Oh, it was as funny as a rag."

"Well, Jo, some of our own politicians organize 'receptions' and parades on the same plan, you know. People are pretty much alike, wherever you find them."

"That's so! that's so!" broke in Jo, who excitedly took another cigar as he went on to state the case. "Why, Bill, I've seen pretty much all there is worth seeing in this world; been everywhere, seen all races, and there's just two things that you can set down as fixed facts. In the first place, this is a dreadful small world. When you've been round the globe once or twice, it's surprising how little it seems. Why, when I was a boy, it was further from Fairport to Boston, to me, than it is around the world now. The other thing is, that folks are pretty much of a muchness, wherever you find 'em. There's philosophy for you, Bill; but I know. I've been there."

"You mean to say that human nature is the same in all countries and under all conditions?"

"Not only that, but folks are folks, whether you find 'em in Kamschatka or under the equator. I remember how I once laid under a babo-tree in Senegambia, and watched the little niggers at play,—native Africans, understand, not the American improved patent nigger, but the original article. I swear to you, Bill, those young Africans were playing the same games we used to play on the common in Fairport, years and years ago. There was 'High-spy,' 'Long-come-on,' 'Horam-a-goram,' and all the rest; and they had a ball-game just like our old round-ball,—not the highfalutin base-ball they play in this country. Base-ball hadn't been introduced into Senegambia when I was there," Jo added, with a chuckle.

"What were you doing on the coast of Africa, Jo?"

"Carrying passengers," replied my visitor with a quiet laugh.

"Was the passenger traffic profitable?" I asked. I suddenly remembered Jo's bad reputation as a slave-trader.

"Just pass me that bottle, and I'll give you an example. It's a long story," and here Jo took a long drink, leaned over the sofa and carefully tucked the bottle underneath, settled himself comfortably and began:

"I was commanding the *Paul Jones*, a square-rigged brig, Baltimore built, and originally as fast as chain-lightning, but rather dull then. We had three hundred and sixty passengers on board."

"Negroes?"

"Niggers. Mostly black passengers on that coast. The third day out of the mouth of the Loando, we sighted her Britannic Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, hull down, but bouncing along with a free wind and all sail set. I knew the old devil the minute we raised her fore-to'-gallan'-s'ls; knew their cut. I laughed and said to Scotty—Scotty was my first mate, you see, born in Dumfries and a first-class sailor. 'Scotty,' says I, that old tub is a sailer, but the *Paul Jones* will leave her so far behind, before eight bells, that you will never see that flat to'-gallan'-s'l again. Now, you mind.' And I meant it. It was a stern chase, you see, Bill."

"But why should there be any chase, Jo, I don't understand."

"Well, you see on them coasts, the Britishers have everything their own way, as it were. They've made a set of laws about carrying passengers, which they enforce dreadful particular. I tell you how. They allow so many passengers to the ton; more than that, when a feller's found with too many passengers on board of him, those meddling British frigates just lay alongside and make things uncomfortable with their blasted laws. Oh, they're just pizen, I tell you. But, as I was saying, I guessed I was all hunky, so we kept right on our course, having crowded on every stitch of canvas the old brig could carry. When, just as we were widening the distance between us so that the *Gorgon* began to sink below the horizon again, we struck a dead calm! You know how the wind flies in them latitudes?—just goes and comes in streaks. Here was the *Paul Jones* in a sea like a mill-pond, scarcely a cat's-paw on the surface. And there was the cussed Britisher with a seven-knot breezer coming up hand over hand."

"And your passengers, Jo?"

"That was it. They were first-rate chaps, those passengers. When the danger of our being overhauled first dawned on them, they were so much attached to me that they actually said they'd sooner go overboard than

get me into any trouble. Fact! they did. I said that that would be a little too bad. Really, I couldn't ask it of 'em. But matters grew worse very fast; and then, to think of the ingratitude of niggers! Do you believe it! they changed their minds and said they wouldn't go overboard; no, not for no money! What could I do? Of course, I got my back up at that and they walked the plank—the whole kit and caboodle."

"You don't mean to tell me, Jo, that you threw these people overboard?"

"Why, not exactly, you see. They had agreed to go over peaceably, of their own free will and accord, man-fashion. It was their own offer. I shouldn't ever have thought of it if they hadn't suggested it first. So they went over—for'ard, as they might have been noticed going over the side, and unpleasant remarks might have been made in the frigate. But it was growing dusk, and everything was serene in an hour or two. When the calm struck the *Gorgon*, she was two miles away, and it was almost dark. She kept by us all night, and when old Fuss-and-Feathers, her commander, sent his boat alongside next morning, at day-break, I showed him my papers, my cargo of palm-oil and ivory,—just a little stock, of course, but all regular,—and he had nothing much to say."

"So you actually threw those three hundred and sixty negroes overboard, Jo?"

"Oh no, don't say that. You exaggerate," said Jo deprecatingly. "I don't think there was so many; not more than three hundred and fifty odd, I'm sure. Besides, didn't I tell you that they agreed to go of their own free will and accord? *Que voulez-vous?* as the Frenchman says."

Here Jo picked himself up in a leisurely manner, drew on his trowsers, and, looking toward the little box on the table, said:

"So you wont take one of my machines to-day?"

I told him that I really did not want it; whereupon he dressed himself in a slow, musing manner, put on his hat, took his box under his arm, told me that it was like seeing a play to meet me again after so many years, bade me adieu and went out, shutting the door after him.

I was straightening out the linen sofa-cover where he had lain, and picking up the scattered disorder of the room, when the door suddenly re-opened and Jo, with a brisk and business-like air, came back.

"Say, Bill," he said, "I find I haven't got any change about me for my car-fare. Came away and left my wallet in my other breeches. Give me a little change now, and I'll drop in on you to-night and pay you."

"All right, Jo," said I. "How much do you want?"

"Oh, I guess a couple of dollars will do."

"But isn't two dollars a good deal for car-fare?" I asked, with sudden surprise.

"Well, you see it's such a deuce of a ways, away up to One Hundred and Fiftieth street, you know," replied Jo, smiling ruefully.

"Day-day!" said he cheerily, as he put the bank-note into his pocket. "I'll drop in on you at the 'Clarion' office to-night and bring you a box of those cigars, besides. So glad I've seen you!"

He went softly down-stairs, opened the street door, looked out into the hot street, now growing yellower in the declining sunlight, looked back at me with a ghastly smile, and closed the door behind him. As I never have seen or heard of him from that day to this, or knew of anybody who saw him after I did, I am not at all certain but what this was the apparition of Jotham Murch, hanged for piracy in Portsmouth harbor.

SONGS.

HAY-MAKING.

DAISIED meadows, fields of clover,
Grasses juicy, fresh and sweet;
In a day the wild bees hover
Over many a fragrant heap;
Windrows all the meads do cover,
Blossoms fall, and farmers reap;
In a month, and all is over,—
Stored away for winter's keep.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heavens through;
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash-tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains, touched with purple haze
That, like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.

FLOWN AWAY.

On the bare, brown boughs before me,
In the softly falling rain,
Rests a bluebird; now, upstarting,
See how suddenly she's darting
Far away across the plain.

It was but a dash of color,
Shown against a stormy sky;
Only two blue wings uplifted
Where the gray clouds slowly drifted—
But they bore a song on high.

She is lost in misty darkness;—
Will she pierce beyond the gray?
Will she reach the blue behind it?
Will she pause when she shall find it?
Will she know it? Who can say!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

When the leaves are shed,
And the branches bare,
When the snows are deep,
And the flowers asleep,
And the Autumn dead,
And the skies are o'er us bent
Gray and gloomy, since she went,
And the sifting snow is drifting
Through the air;

Then, 'mid snow-drifts white,
Though the trees are bare,
Comes the snow-bird, bold
In the Winter's cold;
Quick, and round, and bright,
Light he steps across the snow,
Cares he not for winds that blow,
Though the sifting snow be drifting
Through the air.

A NIGHT WITH EDISON.

A DESCRIPTION of the machine of Thomas A. Edison,* for registering and reproducing sound, the phonograph, has already been given in this magazine. It is not necessary to amplify further upon its scientific aspects, or those ingenious speculations as to its future when perfected,—for it possibly bears hardly more the relation to what it will become than that of the early daguerreotypes to the best photographs,—with which every active imagination can supply itself. Some account, from a more personal point of view, of its inventor,—who bids fair to open a new period in the world's development, not only through his own discoveries, but on account of the immense stimulus, the fresh courage, he has given to the inventive impulse everywhere, it is believed, will be a not unwelcome supplement.

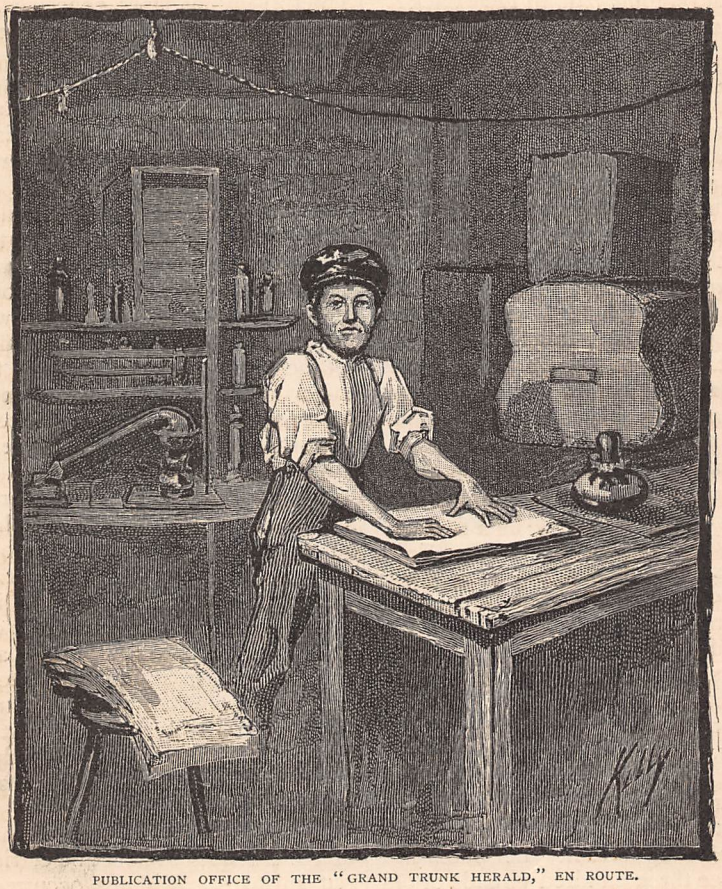
The invention has a moral side, a stirring, optimistic inspiration. "If this can be done," we ask, "what is there that cannot be?" We feel that there may, after all, be a relief for all human ills in the great storehouse of nature. We are not limited to the incomplete data for solving the problem of life already given; they are to be indefinitely extended. There is an especial appropriateness, perhaps, in its occurring in a time of more than usual discontent. It is a long step in a series of modern events which give us justly, in the domain of science, wholesale credulity. At the beginning of the century, the French Academy of Sciences reported to Napoleon, as to the feasibility of steam navigation, that it was "a mad notion, a gross delusion, an absurdity." At present such a thing as skepticism hardly exists. There were those who saw in the delusive Keely the basis of a tangible millennium,—a machine of enormous force and no appreciable cost of maintenance, to do all the work of the world in a few hours of the day, and leave the remainder for improvement and recreation.

Brilliant, almost incredible, as the phonograph is, it is so simple in its construction and process—the mere dotting of a cylinder of tin-foil with indentations, which become in turn the cause of the vibrations of the mouth-piece of which they were at first the effect—that one is not immediately, from this alone, impressed with a profound reverence for its author, as for one who has carried through a long scheme of subtle contrivances. You are inclined rather to take him for a favorite of fortune—a sort of Columbus, who has hit upon the way of making the egg stand on end, which anybody might have thought of; that is all. We shall see how just it would be to take such a position; how far the element of luck enters into the success of a man whom Professor Barker calls "a man of herculean suggestiveness; not only the greatest inventor of the age, but a discoverer as well; for when he cannot find material with the properties he requires, he reaches far out into the regions of the unknown, and brings back captive the requisites for his inventions."

Thomas Alva Edison was born at Milan, in Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847. An obscure canal village of the smallest size, it was not a place where the advent of a genius would be looked for, if this elusive spark had the habit of appearing anywhere according to prescribed formulas. The village of Port Huron, Michigan, to which his family removed soon after, and where the greater part of his youth was passed, would not have afforded a better prospect. His family was an average one of the humbler sort. There were no unusual talents in any of its members upon which a claim to heredity of ability could be based. Of a number of brothers and sisters, none have shown an inclination toward pursuits like the inventor's own. He may have taken from his father—who was in turn tailor, nurseryman, dealer in grain, in lumber, and in farm-lands—some of the restlessness which has impelled him to activity in so many different directions. He took, also, a good constitution. This parent, of Dutch descent—a hale old gentleman, still living at the age of seventy-four—had two immediate ancestors who survived, one to the age of one hundred and two, the other to one hundred and three. It is a point not altogether unimportant to note in passing, since it holds out the prospect, in the ordinary course of time, for the matured completion of the wonderful programme the inventor has laid out for himself already, at the comparatively youthful age of thirty-one. His mother, of Scotch parentage, though born in Massachusetts, was of

* "The Telephone and the Phonograph," SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, April, 1878.

good education and had formerly been a school-teacher in Canada. She imparted to him about all the instruction from outside sources he ever received. Of regular schooling he had no more than two months in his life. His schoolmates of this brief period do not remember him as brilliant, nor are there preserved family records of phenomenal infantile doings. But he was a child who amused himself much alone, and doubtless, if with the rest, and gave, as it seems, the direction to his future action. One can imagine these works. It was not a time nor a place for fastidiously elegant bindings. They were serious in aspect; perhaps an occasional half-cover gone; the leaves well yellowed and stained with brownish spots. But to a boy of ten with the omnivorous taste, a book is a book all the same. He extracts a honeyed sweetness, as he bends



PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE "GRAND TRUNK HERALD," EN ROUTE.

his quiet plays had been noted, there would have been detected indications of the faculty in which his extraordinary future career was involved. He was in particular an omnivorous reader. He had the intense curiosity about the world we inhabit and its great names and great deeds which will be found an early trait in common in almost all the lives that have histories of their own to leave behind them. At ten, he was reading Hume's "England," Gibbon's "Rome," the "Penny Encyclopædia," and even some books of chemistry, which came in his way over it, which has nothing to do with accidents of appearance.

At twelve he began the world—as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, of Canada and Central Michigan. To one who has noted the precocious self-possession, the flippant conversational powers and the sharp financial dealings of the young persons who for the most part abound in it, it does not seem a profession for the cultivation of a spirit of quiet research, or the most thorough acquirement of the sciences and arts. But it is fair to presume that Master

Edison at this time had no very comprehensive scheme of development prepared. It offered the most available means of a livelihood. He went into it with such a will that in course of time he became an employer of labor, having four assistants under him for the disposal of his wares. He is not averse to recur to the humors of this part of his life.

"Were you one of the kind of train-boys," he has been asked, "who sell figs in boxes with bottoms half an inch thick?"

"If I recollect right," he replied, with a merry twinkle, "the bottoms of my boxes were a good inch."

There exists a daguerreotype of the train-boy of this epoch. It shows the future celebrity as a chubby-faced fellow in a glazed cap and muffler, with papers under his arm. The face has an expansive smile,—not to put too fine a point upon it, a grin. Yet there is something honest and a little deprecating in it, instead of impudence. He was, as will be shown, an eccentricity among train-boys, and was no doubt sensible of it. He looks like a fellow whose glazed cap a brakeman would touzle over his eyes in passing, while thinking a good deal of him all the same.

His peculiarity consisted in having established in turn, in the disused smoking-section of a springless old baggage-car which served him as head-quarters for his papers, fruits and vegetable ivory,—two industries little known to train-boys in general. He surrounded himself with a quantity of bottles and some retort stands,—made in the railroad-shops in exchange for papers,—procured a copy of "Fresenius's Qualitative Analysis," and, while the car bumped rudely along, conducted the experiments of a chemist. By hanging about the office of the "Detroit Free-Press," in some spare hours, he had acquired an idea of printing. At a favorable opportunity he purchased from the office three hundred pounds of old type, and to the laboratory a printing-office was added. It seems to have been by a peculiar, good-natured, hanging-around process of his own, with his eyes extremely wide open and sure of what they wanted to see, that his practical information on so many useful subjects was obtained. He learned something of mechanics and the practical mastery of a locomotive in the railroad shops, and acquired an idea of the powers of electricity from telegraph operators. With his printing-office he published a paper —the "Grand Trunk Herald." It was a weekly, twelve by sixteen inches, and was noticed by the "London Times," to which a copy had been shown by some traveler, as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train. The impressions were taken by the most primitive of all means, that of pressing the sheets upon the type with the hands, and were on but one side of the paper. Baggage-men and brakemen contributed the literary contents. In 1862, during the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the enterprising manager conceived the idea of telegraphing on the head-lines of his exciting news and having them pasted on bulletin-boards at the small country stations. The result was a profitable venture, and the first awakening of interest on his side in the art of telegraphing, in which he was destined to play such a remarkable part.

During this time he continued his reading with unabated industry. His train carried him into Detroit where there were advantages he had never enjoyed before. An indication of his thirst for knowledge, of a *naïve* ignoring of enormous difficulties and of the completeness with which the shaping of his career was in his own hands, is found in a project formed by him to read through the whole public library. There was no one to tell him that all of human knowledge may be found in a certain moderate number of volumes, nor to point out to him approximately what they are. Each book was in his view a distinct part of the great domain, and he meant to lose none of it. He began with the solid treatises of a dusty lower shelf and actually read, in the accomplishment of his heroic purpose, fifteen feet in a line. He omitted no book and skipped nothing in the book. The list contained among others Newton's "Principia," Ure's scientific dictionaries, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

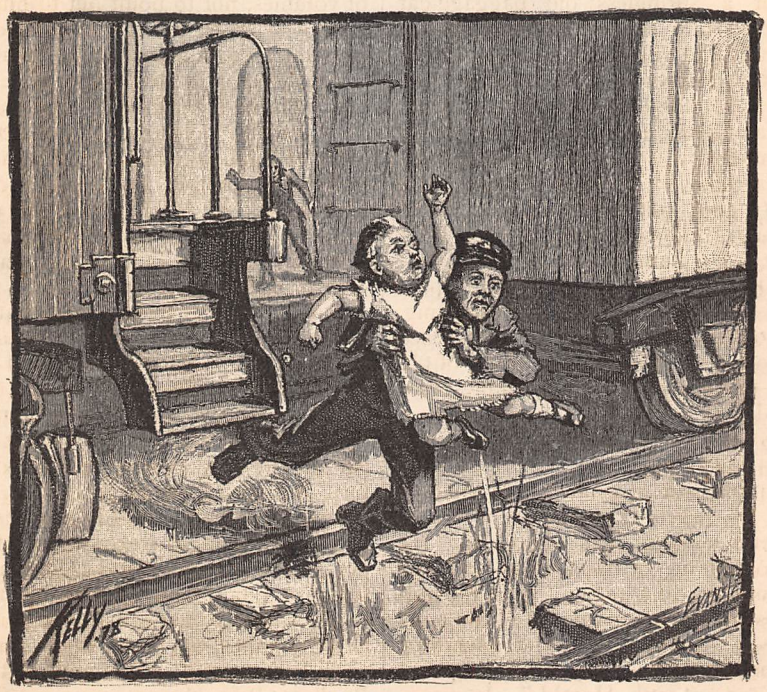
It could hardly be expected that so many active enterprises should be carried on without mishaps. Mishaps occurred and one was especially dolorous. During the chemist's absence, a phosphorus bottle rolled upon the floor and set the ancient baggage-car on fire. A conductor rushed in in a fury, hurled all of the eccentric, painfully amassed apparatus out of the place, and, by way of rendering the abatement of the danger more complete, gave the astonished scientist, editor and merchant a thrashing.

He seems to have had a genius for unlucky scrapes in these early times. He published a small paper called the "Paul Pry" at Port Huron, more nearly on the

regular plan. The articles, as before, were mainly contributions. The writers took advantage of their impersonality to make them peculiarly pointed. The young proprietor had the discouraging experience of being thrown into the river by the indignant object of one of them who had not time nor inclination for fine distinctions in the matter of responsibility.

Telegraphing, from the time he obtained a first rude insight into it, became more and more an engrossing hobby. He strung the basement of his father's house at Port Huron with wires. Then he constructed a short line, with a boy companion, using in the batteries stove-pipe wire, old bottles, nails for platina, and zinc (which urchins of the neighborhood were induced to cut out from under the kitchen stoves of their unsuspecting households and bring to him for a consideration of three cents a pound). His movements on the train were free and hardy. He had the habit of leaping from it, while it was going at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour, upon a pile of sand arranged by him for the purpose, in order to reach his home the sooner. An act of personal courage and humanity—the snatching of the station-master's child at Port Clements from in front of an advancing train—was a turning-point in his career. The grateful father taught him telegraphing in the regular way. He tried shoe-making for a short time,—he had picked up this trade with others in some inexplicable manner; but it did not please him, and he shortly entered into his light work as a telegraph operator. From that time his interest in electric science has not varied. He has studied it intensely in all its forms. It constitutes the motive power of most of his long list of inventions. He even claims to have evolved from it a new principle, "etheric force," which sends a spark through twenty feet of air and has a peculiar action upon several chemicals, yet is imperceptible by the galvanometer.

His ready ingenuity is shown in an early instance of facile adaptation of the processes of his new profession to novel circumstances. One day an ice-jam broke the cable between Port Huron in Michigan and Sarnia on the Canada side, and stopped communication. The river is a mile and a half wide. It was impassable, and no present means existed of repairing it. Young Edison jumped upon a locomotive and seized the valve controlling the whistle. He had the idea that the scream of the whistle might be broken into long and short notes, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphing.



THE RESCUE.

"Hallo! there, Sarnia! do you get me? Do you hear what I say?" tooted the locomotive, lustily.

No answer.

"Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?"

STEAM TELEGRAPHY.

A third, fourth and fifth time the message went across without response, but finally the idea was caught on the other side; answering toots came cheerfully back, and the connection was recovered.

Edison's history for a number of these first years is chiefly a record of desultory wanderings from place to place, with the view of seeing the world, of procuring better wages, and very often, if the truth must be told, under the stimulus of abrupt dismissals from his positions for blunders or unpardonable negligences. At Stratford, Canada, being required to report the word "six" to the manager every half-hour to show that he was awake and on duty, he rigged a wheel to do it for him. At Indianapolis he kept press reports waiting while he experimented with new methods for receiving them. At Memphis, in 1864, he was first working out his idea of duplex transmission. The office changed hands, and he had created no better an impression than that he was thought a good man to get rid of, in the re-adjustment. At Louisville, in procuring some sulphuric acid in the office at night for his own purposes, he tipped over a carboy of it, to the ruin of the appurtenances of a handsome banking establishment below. At Cincinnati he abandoned the office on every pretext to hasten to the Mechanics' Library to pass his days in reading. It would be gratuitously malicious to cite so many of these instances if they were thought to show a want of conscientiousness. They certainly could not be commended to the imitation of *employés* in general, but in Edison they seem to have been the result of an uncontrollable impulse. His inventions were calling to him with a sort of siren voice. Under the charm he was deaf and semi-callous to everything else.

In 1868 he appeared in Boston. In spite of his peculiar fashions of passing his time, he had become one of the most accom-

THE DUET.

plished operators. He overcame obstacles put in his way on account of a somewhat uncouth appearance, and soon took an important position. He had up to this time dallied with a number of the ideas he has since perfected, acquired a beautiful, small, rapid handwriting as clear as print, and gratified considerably his desire of seeing the world. He had once been upon the point of sailing for South America, from New Orleans, but had only been prevented by an accident. A new period commenced for him. Some small things of his succeeded,—a dial instrument for private use, a chemical note-recorder and others, and he began upon a vibratory principle of telegraphing. He commenced a great epoch in one's history,—to believe in himself. Up to this time he had not done so. "I did not think," he says, "that I was competent." He was not successful, however, in an important trial of his duplex system, and was soon again adrift.

Edison came to New York in quite a disconsolate mood. But it was here that his brilliant success, the harvest of his long tillage of an apparently thankless soil, almost immediately commenced. He repaired the indicator of the Gold and Stock Company, which had got out of order at an important moment. His attention was turned to their apparatus, and he invented a printer of stock and gold quotations, which they at once adopted. He has a radical instinct which goes, in every piece of mechanism, straight to the underlying principle. As if it were an imprisoned spirit, he considers how best to release it from its trammels, or to make them the fewest possible. The spirit may

GOSSIP, BY THE MEGAPHONE.

THE TASIMETER.

be considered, if one chooses, an enchanted fairy who, grateful for the service, procures him fame and fortune. He was taken up by the Western Union Telegraph Co., and retained by the two companies at a handsome salary, to give them the first bid on all his inventions relating to telegraphy. Most of what he has done, as has been said, does relate to telegraphy. To give a little enumeration: he has thirty-five patents connected with chemical and automatic telegraphs, eight with duplex and quadruplex, thirty-eight with telegraphic printing, and eight with emendations of the ordinary Morse register. The duplex system—the possibility of sending two messages at the same time by the same wire—had been ridiculed. The incredulous soon had the opportunity of seeing four messages going at once by the same wire—the quadruplex system. The explanation is, as all the world knows, in the existence of different electrical properties, which can be called into action on the wire at the same time without conflict. The inventor talks cheerfully of a sextuplex to come.

The ex-train-boy has arrived at an almost fabulous success. The Western Union Company are said to have paid him $100,000 for his invention, the carbon telephone, and nobody knows what for the quadruplex system, and the others that they have taken. He is said to be in receipt of $500 per week in royalties for the exhibition of the phonograph

alone. There is hardly one of his long list of patents which has not answered its purpose, and does not bring him returns. Everything in this last period has been on a great scale. He has spent $400,000 in his experiments and researches. At Newark he manufactured his stock-quotation printers, with a force of three hundred men. The business was not to his liking, as, indeed, no pursuit is which does not include the active evolution of new ideas. He took formal lessons in chemistry here, for the first time. He married, too, a Newark lady, Miss Mary Stillwell by name; but in 1876 sold out his machinery and removed to Menlo Park.

It is time that we arrived at the man himself. Menlo Park is one of the newer stations on the Pennsylvania Road in New Jersey, an hour's ride from New York. It is the merest hamlet,—half a dozen houses in shades of yellow ochre and chocolate, and of the usual suburban type. Edison's own is one of the best,—comfortable, but without a trace of ostentation. If one has come without preconceived notions, he looks about with some surprise, as the train rattles off along its broad tracks, and leaves him at the quiet station, with only the bees humming and a warm air bending the clover-tops. It hardly seems a spot for the origin of mysterious new forces which are to revolutionize science—for this is to be especially noted in these radical new discoveries: their part in preparing the way for new classifications of knowledge, for the summing up of the vast accumulation of matters and of all the forms of force in a few simple generalizations, which the human mind may grasp and save itself from a deluge that threatens to overwhelm it.

The ground falls, behind the station, to a meadow, and rises steeply in front. Near the crest of the long slope, at a distance from the houses, surrounded in a large, treeless yard by a low fence, is an elongated, white, wooden building of two stories, with a piazza on the gable end facing front. It might be a school-house, or a meeting-house, or—seeing the number of respectable men that pass in and out of it at noon, for instance—a town-hall of some kind, in which a meeting of tax-payers is in session. Doubtless the inventor's laboratory is in one corner of it. But the inventor's laboratory is in the whole of it, and twenty-eight by one hundred feet in extent as it is, it is so contracted that the plans for a larger edifice, of brick, are already in hand. A collection of valuable running machinery and tools for every delicate operation, with the office and draughting-room, occupies the lower story. A force of thirteen skilled mechanics is busy there. Above, a long, unbroken room has working-tables from distance to distance, littered, as is the floor, with batteries, magnets, retorts, and apparatus of unknown forms and uses. The whole extent of the walls is lined with shelves, containing a museum of smaller apparatus, but, for the most part, an interminable background of chemicals in jars.

Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of his appearance. The rest are but skillful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary, "ready-made" order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night-

MAKING CARBON.

printer. His features are large; the brow well shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray; the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying teeth which are, also, not altogether regular. When he looks up his attention comes back slowly, as if it had been a long way off. But it comes back fully and cordially, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in its moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big, careless school-boy released from his tasks.

3 A. M.: GOING HOME FROM THE SHOP.

If the visitor be one of those who have known Edison only by the phonograph, a series of startling surprises awaits him in the tour of the curious laboratory which he will hasten to make. Here lie the dismantled portions of the "megaphone,"—a great speaking-trumpet and two ear-trumpets, which in use are to be mounted together upon a tripod. Provided each with such an instrument, two persons converse in an ordinary tone some miles apart. "From the hollow yonder behind the red-roofed house," says the inventor, pointing over the pleasant rural prospect, "a whisper can be heard." The disadvantage of the apparatus at present is that it collects irrelevant, intervening sounds, even the twitter of birds and the munching of cows in the grass coming into it, as well as what is designed for it. For this reason it can be tested best of still nights. No doubt there are inhabitants of the vicinity who, hearing strange whisperings at midnight, and perhaps catching glimpses of figures gliding, with lights and equipments of vague, ominous import, have been satisfied to leave these phenomena uninvestigated, and have turned back with a re-awakening interest to anecdotes of the doings of the powers of darkness—if, indeed, they did not dream.

Here is the project of the aërophone, the great voice, two hundred and fifty times the capacity of the human lungs, which is to shout from light-houses, from ships at sea, from Bartholdi's statue towering god-like above our harbor. Its principle is simple, with a simplicity that constitutes a part of the greatness of these inventions. There is a mouth-piece as in the telephone and phonograph, but the vibrating disk here, instead of breaking and closing an electric circuit, as in the one, or dotting a sheet of tin-foil as in the other, flutters the valve of a steam-jet which takes the tones of the voice and sends them on to the limit of its capacity. Again, we make drawings and autographic writings with the electric pen. It is a steel point vibrated by a small battery, and cutting the writing through the paper, which may then be used as a stencil for hundreds of impressions. There will be a tool on the same principle, with a diamond point, to act like a sand-blast for engraving gems.

Next, we come to an electromotograph which proceeds by the difference in friction of a metal tip upon certain chemically prepared papers and would have supplied the place of an electro-magnet if it had not already existed. Then we turn to a harmonic engine, a tuning-fork electro-magnet two feet six inches long, which will pump, if put to such use, three or four barrels of water a day at a cost of almost nothing. There are systems of chemical telegraphic printing, and one by which the sender of a message is to transmit his own handwriting; the writing is in a white ink which rises in strong relief from the paper. An apparatus for the use of the blind who read, as is known, by the touch, is projected also from the same material. There exist already, or are in progress, an electric shears for cutting heavy materials; an electric engine for embroidering; others for revolving the limes of calcium lights and the goods in a show-window; a talking box; a flying bird, to go a thousand feet; and a phonomotor, in which a wheel which resists the force of the hardest blowing is revolved easily by the sound of the voice.

These are examples taken at random. They show, whether actually realized or yet in embryo, the character of studies going on in what it is fair to call one of the most remarkable places in the world. The man lacks our profoundest respect no longer. It has been seen that his success is not a case of luck, in a single direction. There is nowhere such another ingenious mind, but there is also nowhere such a worker. When in search of some special object he allows himself absolutely no rest. At Newark he mounted to the loft of his factory with five men, on the occasion of the apparent failure of the printing-machine he had taken a contract to furnish, and declared he would never come down till it worked. It took sixty hours of continuous labor, but it worked, and then he slept for thirty. The routine of his day is a routine of grand processes and ennobling ideas. Nowhere else probably would such a day be possible. There are not fortunes, if there were capacity, to carry on the business of pure scientific research on such a scale. His whole great establishment is occupied not in manufacturing, nor primarily in projects for profitable returns,—though these follow,—but in new reflections, new combinations, in wresting from Nature inch by inch the domain she would have kept hidden. He comes in the morning and reads his letters. He overlooks his men and the experiments of his assistants. The element of hazard enters into these somewhat. There are a great number in progress,—the action of chemicals upon various substances or upon each other, or the phenomena of substances subjected to the various forces at command. Strips of ivory, for instance, in a certain oil in six weeks become transparent. A globule of mercury in water, then with a little potassium added, takes various shapes for the opposite poles of the battery, retires coquettishly or is attracted, forms in whirlpools, changes color, or becomes immobile. There is no use at once for these results, but they are recorded in voluminous note-books. When the proper time comes they are borne in mind; some one of them may form the connecting link in the chain of an invaluable discovery. Then perhaps he tests for the thousandth time his carbon telephone for new perfections, and then goes on carrying forward a step each of the works in progress, or becomes wholly engrossed, according to his mood, in one.

In spite of the fact that the motive of his retreat to Menlo Park was in good part to escape them, numerous visitors arrive. It is the Mecca of a continuous pilgrimage of scientists, reporters for the journals, and curiosity-hunters. Yesterday a troop of one hundred and seventy-five persons brought by a gentleman who had asked the privilege of presenting a few friends,—to-morrow a special train of visitors from Boston is announced. He receives all affably, submitting himself and his inventions to be gazed at without reserve. One wonders, next to his phonograph, at his good humor.

"Still, I shall blow up somebody yet," he says, laughing. "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire connecting with a battery that knocks over everybody that touches the gate."

He sits down at the phonograph, fixes a double mouth-piece to it and summons one of his assistants, while another places himself at an organ in the corner. They sing in two parts "John Brown's Body." As the sonorous music rises and fills the long apartment, one gazes musingly yet with a secret thrill. It is like assisting at some strange, new rite,—a martial chant of rejoicing in the greatness of a new era full of sublime promise and the dissipation of mysteries.

But it is at night that the great inventor is to be seen in his most characteristic aspect. He has the habit, acquired through the necessity of gaining solitude, of doing then his most important work. It is not till

midnight merely that it continues; it goes on far into the small hours of the morning. Then more than ever does the business in progress, the discussions entered upon, the speculations, the news reported, take an inspiring character that gives the ordinary matters of life a cast of puerility. It is a question of planets, of splendid forces, of essential essences. One seems to be at a point where a hand is placed upon a lever connecting with the very heart of things. The writer has had the privilege of spending one of these nights at Menlo Park and cannot fail to look upon it as a unique and memorable occasion. The combination which is certain to come of the three instruments—the telephone, to transmit the message, the phonograph to receive it, the aërophone to proclaim it aloud at any distant time or place—is discussed. We talk about the microphone, which is to sound what the microscope is to sight; about the combination proposed by Dr. Phipson of the phonograph and kinctoscope, by which a phonographic image is to move and seem to talk. The long building on the hill is a singular spot of energy in the lonesome country sunk in repose. The crickets and tree-toads are chirping in the thick darkness outside. Within, the lamps burn steadily, raising the temperature, and the machinery plods on with a patient rumble.

An apparatus in progress, of immense importance,—a device for resolving sound into its constituent elements, as light is analyzed by a prism,—is brought out. A gentleman of New York has already found a philological use for the phonograph in proposing to preserve with it Indian dialects, like those of the Senecas and Tuscaroras, which are ready to disappear with this generation. But this sound-prism, to call it so, if it can be perfected, opens a way for philology to reduce to a few simple formulas speech of every variety, and would render a scheme of universal language by no means chimerical. We sit down and watch the action of a carbon thermo-pile thermometer, called the tasimeter, which detects one-twenty-four-thousandth of a degree of Fahrenheit, and is capable of yet greater delicacy. The sensitiveness of the carbon, on which it is based, was discovered by accident while experimenting with it for the telephone. Thus human progress avails itself of a new discovery like a ladder. It mounts and draws up its ladder after it and mounts again.

We go to where the preparation of these carbon buttons is in progress. The material is taken from lamp-chimneys in which the wicks are trained to smoke as much as possible and is afterward solidified by a powerful pressure. The inventor, bending solicitously among a dozen lurid lamps, ranged upon a brick fire-place overhung by a canopy, with the dark wreaths twisting about his head, has for the moment a wizard-like air. One might imagine him engaged in conjurations, summoning occult powers to his aid. But for the most part his air is as far from wizard-like as possible. As the night goes on, his hair is more than ever tumbled over his eyes and his appearance more nonchalant. It is much after midnight now. The machinery below has ceased to rumble and the tired hands have gone to their homes. A hasty lunch has been sent up. We are at the spectroscope. Suddenly a telegraph instrument begins to click. The inventor strikes a grotesque attitude, a herring in one hand and a biscuit in the other, and with a voice a little muffled with a mouthful of both, translates aloud slowly the sounds intelligible to him alone: "London, May——. News of death of Lord John Russell premature. John——Blanchard—whose—failure—was—announced—yesterday—has—suicided—[no, that was a bad one, *succeeded*]—in adjusting—his affairs—and—will—continue—in business."

A late moon has risen, and we pass out upon the balcony, to which a telescope is fixed, and gaze—most inspiring exercise of all—at its white vermiculated surface and the full starry heavens. It is after two in the morning. The others show fatigue, but the host is more animated than ever. It is at this time, in a feverish exaltation arising from the long night vigils, that some of his best inspirations come to him.

Some idea of the physical aspect of the man and his surroundings has, it is hoped, been conveyed. A word or two still nearer to his real personality. Morally, there are no relations, so far as is known, in which he is not exemplary. Sober and industrious, he has always had the virtues attaching to these qualities. He disclaims a mathematical mind, and even asserts that mathematics have been distasteful to him. However this may be, it is a mind of the keenest logic, of power of concentration and ability to hold at once long chains of connected processes. It is a radical mind, with a certain biting quality; it takes hold intensely, like an acid. He accepts nothing

upon authority alone. He denies, for instance, a part of the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and holds that motion is an inherent property of matter; that it pushes, finding its way in the direction of least resistance, and is not pulled.

In literature of the imagination, his liking turns to books depending for their interest upon exalted and romantic ideas or ingenious plots,—a kind of work in which one finds a certain resemblance to his own. He is fond of Hugo, Bulwer, Jules Verne—of the latter of whom his own feats go far to make a prophet rather than a rhapsodist. He has an excellent principle in literature. He had rather read one good book a dozen times than a dozen books. He does not profess to be a student of men, either in life or books. Consequently, such writers as Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, have a less attraction for him. His machines, the elements that serve his purpose, the constituents of nature, are his characters, and have for him the most engrossing interest. It is one of his axioms that all substances have an intelligence proportioned to their wants. "Else why," he asks, "will a potato-vine travel one hundred and fifty feet in a dark cellar, and rise, against the law of gravitation, to seek a ray of light?" He has great heaps of note-books which, technical and abstruse as they are, send one's thought for a moment to Hawthorne. Engaged as he is, he might be called a Hawthorne whose personages are chemicals. It is the study of both alike to place their characters in unusual circumstances and watch the result. As to the phonograph itself, when he talks to it scraps of German, Spanish, Latin,—for he knows something of them all,—when he shouts to it: "Well, old Phonograph! how are you getting on down there?" And it answers back in its grumbling or spiteful metallic tones, it is difficult to rid one's self of the notion that there is indeed an elfish personality there which has its own views of things and must be considered in its feelings.

Of the men of prominence with whom his position has brought him in contact, Edison speaks with the most respect and warmth of the scientists. He finds them more simple, unselfish and high-minded than any others. He describes his interviews with Sir William Thompson, and dwells with interest upon his bad hat and not very good clothes.

It may be asked how he amuses himself. He invents. What is his object in life? To what is he looking forward when he shall have accumulated an enormous fortune? Simply and always, to invent. If he worked hard while in obscurity, his exertions, now that everything is at hand to make the labor efficacious, are redoubled. It is not luxury that tempts him. He does not indulge in it. Nor is it public approbation, to which he is good-humoredly indifferent. He is a burning spark of inventiveness, and that only. He has called his children, one Dot, the other Dash, after the symbols of the telegraphic alphabet. He wishes to produce something at least as good as the phonograph every year.

It is three in the morning, and a late hour even for so tireless a mind. The flaring windows cease to mock the rural darkness, and the long building is outlined only against the sky. The air is cold, and the tall grass dripping with dew. The inventor circles one eye with his hand, to gaze through it at the stars, and goes stumbling down to his house over the clods.

OUR PATENT-SYSTEM, AND WHAT WE OWE TO IT.

WE are a nation of inventors, and every invention is patented; yet, curiously, there is no subject quite so void of interest to the average "gentle reader," as patents and patent-rights. Why, it is hard to say; for there is no factor of modern civilization that comes home to every one more constantly or more closely. Indeed, in their ubiquity and unresting action, patents have been aptly likened to the taxes which Sydney Smith described as following the overtaxed Englishmen of his day from the cradle to the grave. Does the comparison hold as well, as some assert, in respect to burdensomeness?

It is not to be expected that an institution which enters so potently into our life-conditions as the patent-system does, should be, in all its workings, invariably beneficial. Human interests are very conflicting. The sunshine or the rain that makes my harvest sure may spoil yours; and, as with the forces of nature, so with human contrivances. They must of necessity go contrary to our wishes sometimes. The most we can reasonably ask of any social or govern-

mental plan is that it shall be, in the main and in the long run, clearly beneficent. If the good it does more than balances the evil that attends its working, and if there is nothing at hand that can serve us better, the part of wisdom is to make the best of it, changing, if at all, only with a view to improvement. From this stand-point let us examine the objections raised against this system.

Patents for inventions are based on the theory of intellectual property,—that is to say, the right of men to own and control the creations of their minds, not less than the work of their hands. To this it is objected that there can be no such thing as property in ideas,—that the notion is an absurdity, and the attempt to enforce the alleged right a restriction of common rights. Others say that a patent is nothing less than a monopoly, and monopolies are a relic of barbarism, justly odious to all civilized men; that letters-patent are no better than letters of marque, to allow the holder to prey upon honest industry, and that not the industry of enemies and foreigners, but of his own countrymen. It is further objected that patents increase the price of commodities; that by encouraging the invention of labor-doing or labor-saving inventions, they take from the artisan his only means of earning a living, and by lessening the demand for skilled labor and individual intelligence they tend to sink the man in the machine; that a patent allows one man to step in and say that other men shall not carry on their business in the best way; that by patenting an invention we practically tie up the idea involved and stop the whole course of thought in that direction, thereby interfering injuriously with intellectual activity; that by the conventional reward which patents offer we give an unnatural impulse to the inventive faculty, and so destroy the natural equilibrium of men's capacities, and foster a fanciful turn of mind at the expense of thoroughness and a patient working out of sound ideas. The last very comical objection has been gravely urged by an Englishman, who, for a horrible example, pointed to the United States, where, he said, "the factitious value attached to invention has tended to produce an almost total sacrifice of solid workmanship to flimsy ingenuity."

The sole object for which patents are granted is the advancement of the useful arts, through the making and speedy publishing of inventions. The patent-system seeks to secure this double end, not by directly rewarding inventors, but by recognizing their exclusive right to the use and profit of their new ideas for a term of years, in return for which recognition each inventor makes public an explicit description of his invention or discovery. The opponents of the system assert that it is no part of the duty of the state to advance the arts; that inventors do not need to be encouraged in this or any other artificial way; that patents do not encourage inventors either to make or to publish their inventions; that patents destroy natural competition in the arts, and thus tend to weaken the natural impulse of men to make improvements; that patents do not reward inventors uniformly or in proportion to their merits; that they throw difficulties in the way of invention, and so hinder and annoy inventors; and contrarily, that they lead to an excessive development of the faculty of invention, and impel men to waste their time in profitless experiments. But the saddest of all the objections we have met was that of an eloquent and sympathetic Frenchman, who complained that patents give undue advantage to their possessors, "making a golden bridge for him who enters the arena with arms more subtle and more finely tempered than those of his adversaries." This reminds us of the tender-hearted boy that wept over the Bible picture for fear that there would not be enough of Daniel to go around.

It is still further urged against the patent-system that, through its action, we discriminate against native industries and play into the hands of foreign manufacturers; for, having no inventors' royalties or license fees to pay, they can sell so much the cheaper, and thus command markets that otherwise might be ours; also, that many large users of patented inventions—railway companies, for example—find it unprofitable to do without, and very burdensome to pay for, the inventions they need; and that, while the infringement of patent-rights is apt to be expensive, it is a great trouble to manufacturers and others to keep track of the operations of the patent-office so as to know whether the devices they want to use are patented or not. Finally, it is claimed that patents are inconsistent with the spirit of the age; that some of the leading statesmen and savants of Europe have declared against the policy of issuing patents, and that in Switzerland the utmost freedom of trade in ideas—the unrestricted seizure of the inventions of all nations without payment

therefor—has been a winning game for the masters and artisans of that thrifty little state.

In view of all this, does it not seem a little remarkable, to say the least, that, with our extremely liberal patent-system and two hundred thousand patents in force, we should have any industries at all?

Happily, many of these plausible objections are mutually destructive, and we may be sure that the rest will appear less formidable when tested by the logic of fact; for this reason, if for no other: that the industrial progress of modern times has been coincident with inventions, and inventions have coincided geographically with patent-laws; still more, they have been locally numerous or the reverse in proportion to the liberality of those laws.

Assuming—with all proper deference to the pope, the Turk, and the socialist—that our modern civilization is in the main a good thing; and admitting that inventions rank among the chief factors of our civilization, at least in its material aspects, we must further admit that they are in their grand results, if not in all their details, good and worthy of being encouraged. And, as a matter of common honesty, we must also admit that, if inventors have any property rights in the fruits of their genius and toil, such rights ought to be respected. Whether the patent-system provides a proper and sufficient method for encouraging invention and protecting inventors' rights, can be determined only by a study of the threefold influence of patents on invention, on industrial progress, and on public prosperity.

Accordingly, let us inquire how patents affect inventors; how they affect large users of patented appliances and processes, as, for example, farmers and manufacturers; how they affect the laboring classes; finally, how they affect social conditions generally, by changing the scope and cost of the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life. If space permits, a few words may be added with regard to the advantages of a patent-system that favors every grade of inventors, as the American system does, by its accessibility, cheapness, and liberality.

It may not be amiss to say here that a patent is nothing more than an official certificate that the patentee claims to be the inventor of some thing or process that is new and useful, and that, with the evidence in the possession of the patent-office, there is good reason to believe the claim to be a just one. In no sense is the patent a reward for invention, nor is the patent-system in any way to blame if the inventor derives no benefit from his invention. The patent-office merely registers and publishes the claim; the courts must confirm its validity, in case the claim is disputed. In the vast majority of cases, the presumptive right of the patentee to the absolute control of his invention for the specified term of years, goes unchallenged. Does the patent create that right? So the opponents of the patent-system assert; but the truth is quite the contrary. The right exists by virtue of the inventor's act of creation. The patent defines the nature and scope of the ideal property, and at the same time limits the period of its exclusive enjoyment. It is a case of give and take, in which the chief concession is made by the inventor. The time will come when patent-rights will be limited only by the natural life of inventions,—which is shorter than most people imagine,—just as other property rights are; but for the present the status of intellectual property is so insecure that great concessions have to be made by the owners of such property to popular barbarism.

In respect to the rights of intellectual property, public opinion is, in fact, not much above the level of the socialistic plane in respect to material property; and many a man, who realizes keenly enough the iniquity of the chicken-thief or pickpocket, is quite unconscious of any wrong in the infringement of an inventor's or an author's rights. Indeed, very few seem to be aware that, as Professor Shaler has pointed out,* "When we come to weigh the rights of the several sorts of property which can be held by man, and in this judgment take only the absolute questions of justice, leaving out the limitations of expediency and prejudice, it will be clearly seen that intellectual property is, after all, the only absolute possession in the world. The man who brings out of nothingness some child of his thought, has rights therein which cannot belong to any other sort of property." Nor are many aware that, as the same writer shows in another connection, when we consider the circumstances connected with the origin of the title to intellectual property through letters-patent, and compare it with those other property rights which are commonly considered the more real, the proof is convincing that the element of newness is the most noticeable feature concerning its history, and that in its origin it is essentially like the other property rights.

* "Nature of Intellectual Property."

Said Judge Storrow, before the Congressional committee on patents last winter:

"I look upon it as a mark of the highest civilization that a country shall recognize by its fundamental law, the utilitarian effects of pure brain-power; as a mark both of the highest civilization, and of the highest reaches of the law that a nation recognizes as property to be protected, because helpful to the state and to all its people, the pure creations of the intellect; a species of property not inherent in or attached to any particular portion of matter, but which depends for its recognition on the appreciative intellect of the community, and for its protection—that is, for its existence as property—upon the national deference for law and order."

The monopoly which an inventor enjoys under a patent bears no comparison to those monopolies of privilege by which semi-civilized rulers reward their favorites. The inventor's monopoly infringes no man's rights; it diminishes in no wise the world's stock of common possessions; it simply recognizes the patentee's exclusive right to control something which he has discovered or created; something which the world had not before him, and might never have had except for him.

To compare letters-patent to letters of marque is equally unfair and unjust. The idea of a patentee preying upon industry is grotesque in its absurdity. He cannot take to himself a single thing or process that the world has previously enjoyed; nor can he restrain any one from doing precisely as he has always done, if he prefers the old way. True the new way may make the old unprofitable; and that is where invention always hurts. In all progress somebody comes out behind. Shall we therefore worship immobility, Chinese-fashion?

Very often the first visible effect of an invention is the practical destruction of interests involving much of capital, and employing many laborers. Of this sort was the invention of artificial substitutes for vegetable dyes, like madder; in which case an industry almost national in magnitude had to be given up; yet the conversion of the madder-growing lands to food-producing areas proved advantageous, not merely to the world at large but also to the immediate tillers of them. The whaling industry was all but destroyed by the inventions which raised petroleum from insignificance to one of our most valuable resources. Sooner or later the manufacture of gas for illuminating purposes will receive its death-blow from inventions perfecting the electric light. And think what a crushing blow would be given to the greatest manufacturing interest in existence, should some one succeed in producing aluminium at the present cost of iron; or to the coal-mining interest, should there be devised an economical method of utilizing the enormous power of the tides, or the solar forces now squandered upon tropical deserts! Yet who would seriously argue that the ultimate effects of such inventions would not be enormously advantageous to the race? Or who would expect the owners of superseded establishments to submit cheerfully to the new order of things?

At a time like the present, when inventors are so numerous, so active and so fertile, it is not at all surprising that there should be many who feel that, after all our boasting about nineteenth-century progress, we may have rather too much of it. Nor is it surprising that in many cases the strongest opposition to inventors' rights should come from men who have reaped large benefits from the patent-law. The moment an inventor ceases to invent and becomes a manufacturer and merchant, that moment, if he is a self-seeker only, his opinion of the patent-system may undergo a radical change. The moment the owner of a profitable patent is confronted by a man with a better invention which he cannot get control of, he is apt to become a little dubious. So long as the system conserved his interests, he could look upon it as a good thing; but he is not so sure of it when it permits another to entice away his customers. However, in justice to our inventors and manufacturers, it must be said that opposition to the patent-system very rarely comes from them. That ungrateful work is almost entirely monopolized by the railway companies, or rather a few of them. Forgetting the important circumstance that it is to inventors that they owe their daily successes not less than their original existence, they foolishly think that they can succeed indefinitely without them; at any rate they adopt the course best calculated to drive invention into other channels; and not satisfied with boldly invading inventors' rights, they have the assurance to appeal to Congress for an amendment of the patent-law, which shall put inventors completely under their thumbs. Foremost in this effort has been the Western Railway Association, the temper of which is fairly illustrated by the cool avowal of one of its prominent members, that "whenever our attention is called to a patent of

value, we use it, and in a few cases we are made to pay by plucky inventors; but in the aggregate we pay much less than if we took licenses at first."

In course of time the moral development of the community at large will rise to such a level that it will not be prudent for any man or set of men to undertake to carry out so boldly

> "the good old plan,
> That they shall take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can!"

As yet, however, even in the most enlightened countries, the rights of intellectual property are but feebly respected. "The great protection of property," says Judge Storrow, "the strong arm of the law, the power of the police and the criminal courts, the right of every man to defend his own by force, is utterly denied to the patentee in this country. For one who steals the machine of the infringer, there is the summary arrest and the prison; but for the infringer who has wantonly stolen my invention, there is no policeman, no prosecution at government expense, no terror of punishment." The wronged patentee may sue for loss or damages, but that is a slow and often fruitless process, particularly if the defendant has money and the plaintiff none.

The assertion that the patent-system interferes injuriously with intellectual progress by blocking the course of thought is curiously at variance with the evidence of history. As soon as a patent is granted, the invention is made public and the new idea passes into the mental capital of thinking men. The better the idea, the sooner it bears fruit. At once a score or more of ingenious men say, "Here is a good thing;" and straightway they set to work to develop the idea, to apply it in new ways, or to compass the same or a similar end in a different way. Hence the swarms of kindred inventions that follow every important excursion from the beaten line of thought. Generic inventions are particularly prolific in after patents; witness the steam-engine, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the telephone. So far from blocking the course of thought in their direction, such patents open flood-gates of useful invention. What miracles of previously undreamed-of invention have been called out by the telephone within a year! What worlds of unexplored fact and thought have thereby been laid open for scientific investigation!

The assertion that patents over-stimulate invention, to the destruction of honest and solid workmanship, is simply preposterous. When that charge was made, the Centennial Exhibition had not opened the eyes of the world to the real condition of the industrial arts in America; and English readers were less familiar with our "flimsy inventions" than now, when American products have invaded every market in Europe, to the consternation of local producers. One of the Swiss commissioners, a large manufacturer, wrote as follows: "For several years the Americans have set themselves to work to equal and outstrip Europe. * * * They have not failed. The world has never seen so considerable a sum of new ideas and of applications of those new ideas as was presented by the exposition at Philadelphia." In another connection, after saying that if a Swiss manufacturer wished to contend only against competition, he was obliged to bring his machinery from America, he asked: "Who does not know American sewing-machines? and who has not already become satisfied that even when machines of the same kind are made in Europe in enormous quantities, the somewhat higher price of the American machines is largely compensated for by their construction, their solidity, and their convenience? Have you ever compared a rake, a knife, a hatchet, made in America with tools made here? How much is Europe left behind! I do not speak of special articles of which many are not known to us. While our makers aim generally at products heavy, massive, solid in appearance, and save rather in the quality of the metal than on the weight, American workmanship is light, pleasing to the eye, and almost always employs good material." A little further on, the same critical observer sums up the characteristics of American manufactures in the five words, —handsome, solid, practical, light, and good. That American inventiveness has not injured the quality of American workmanship, is equally evident in many other departments of production. Witness the favor with which European and other foreign markets have received our leather and leather goods, watches, light hardware, carpenters' and other artisans' tools, saws, agricultural implements and machinery, cheese, canned goods, carriages and carriage materials, railway and tram-way cars, locomotive engines, chilled rollers for sheet metal, rubber and paper making, wood and leather working machinery, paper and paper-hangings, tinware, toys, hard rubber goods, sewing and knitting machines, and a long list of less important articles, the superior quality of

which enables them to compete with European products, even when to their higher cost is added a heavy percentage for transportation.

Whether or not it is the duty of the state to encourage the industrial arts, it is superfluous to argue; it pays to do so, and that is enough. Besides, if civilization is worth having, it is worth perfecting by all legitimate means. But, say the objectors, inventors do not need to be encouraged, and, if they did, patents would not be a proper means for reaching the desired end. Inventors do not say so; on the contrary, their testimony is uniformly in favor of the patent-system. Not that the system as developed in this country or anywhere else is perfect; no one claims that; but it is infinitely better than any substitute for it that has ever been proposed. Imperfect as patent-laws have been in many of their details, they have offered to inventors a degree of protection without which, they tell us, they would rarely have had the heart, even had they felt the inclination, to devote to their ideas the time and money required to put them into practical working order. Very often the profits of one unimportant patent has put into the hands of an inventor the money required to work out an invention which has marked an era in the world's industrial progress. Such was the case of Bigelow, of the carpet loom; and with Lyall, the inventor of the positive-motion loom. The greatest of all our recent inventors, Edison, furnishes another illustration. His patents are his capital, and they bring in the money required to keep up the costly laboratory at Menlo Park. Patting the phonograph, when it was the latest offspring of his brain, he said, "This is the boy that is to take care of his father in his old age!"

No one can study the lives of Watt and Stephenson, Fulton, Wood, Whitney, Nott, Colt, Howe, Blanchard, Goodyear, Morse, McCormick, and the thousand other inventors who have given to our modern civilization its character, without being impressed by the fact that the protection offered by patent-laws has been, if not their greatest incentive to invent, at least an essential condition of their devoting their lives to this beneficent work. And though many inventors have been grievously wronged by unscrupulous infringers, while the public which owed so much to them looked on with indifference or applauded the robbery, yet it is to be doubted whether a single inventor could be found who would have the patent-system abolished. The gross injustice done to inventors, as in Whitney's case, is to be charged to corrupt courts and an undeveloped moral sense on the part of the community, and not to any radical defect in the patent-system. Even material property is not yet entirely secure against invasion among us.

The substitution of specific rewards for invention, as proposed by the grangers and a few others, finds favor with no one who has fairly investigated the conditions of the case. In the first place, it is no part of the duty of the state to reward inventors; but it is the duty of the state to protect the rights of all its members, inventors not less than others. The recognition of their rights is a matter of justice, not an act of charity. Again, admitting that inventors would be willing to surrender their rights for a cash payment, it would require something like official omniscience to determine, in any case, the just equivalent for an invention, and that is hardly to be expected. But granting that, there would still remain an insuperable objection to the plan, in the lack of any provision for the industrial development of inventions. Usually the inventor's task has barely begun when his invention is apparently completed; the hardest part is to introduce it and make it a financial success. For this, much time and labor and ready cash are demanded; and who would be willing to meet the demand, if, when all was done, any one could step in and reap all the profit, without trouble or risk?

Here comes in the advantage of the patent-law to manufacturers. To produce cheaply usually requires an expensive plant, and generally a long series of preliminary experiments, and it would be downright folly to sink capital in that way in the absence of the protection which patents afford. The charge that patents destroy natural competition and so arrest the desire for improvements is refuted by all experience. It is in this country, where patents are numerous and easily obtained, that improved machines and processes are most rapidly introduced, as in textile manufactures, in watch-making, and shoe-making; and not in Switzerland, where until recently no patents have been granted, or in England and Germany, where patents have been hard to get. In the agitation of this question in Switzerland, after the Centennial Exhibition had revealed to the manufacturers of that country the secret of their failing trade, the prominent manufacturer, Edward Dubied, said:

"Messrs. Favre-Perret, Bally, and David,

our commissioners to the Philadelphia Exhibition, call for a patent-law in Switzerland, as a means for perfecting our industries. The author of these lines regards the institution of patents as the first and indispensable measure, without which any other will be utterly useless, for reaching the end we all have in view. If he especially insists on this point, it is because he has the advantage over the gentlemen he has named, of spending twenty-five years as engineer and machine-builder in a patent-granting country, —namely, France,—before he established himself as manufacturer in Switzerland. He can, therefore, bring his own experience to the support of their demand, and he assures his fellow-citizens that a law for the protection of property in inventions would be a true magician's wand among us, completely transforming our system of manufactures, and raising us in a short time, in a natural manner and with less effort than we should expect, to a level with the nations most advanced in the arts."

Some six or eight years ago a strenuous effort was made in England to secure a radical change in, or the abolition of, the English patent-law. The Parliamentary committee had before them a large number of inventors, manufacturers and others, and collected nearly 500 closely printed quarto pages of testimony. In the final report of the committee, it was set down as established by the inquiry that the privilege conferred by the grant of letters-patent promotes the progress of manufactures, by causing many important inventions to be introduced and developed more rapidly than would otherwise be the case; that the same privilege leads to the introduction and publication of numerous improvements, each of minor character, but the sum of which contributes greatly to the progress of industry; and that it does not appear that the granting of pecuniary rewards could be substituted, with advantage to the public interest, for the temporary privilege conferred by letters-patent.

The experience of the British colonies adds practical demonstration of these truths. The colonies of the southern hemisphere began with what is called free trade in ideas; but it proved a losing game. A patent-law had to be adopted, because, as its proposers said, they could not get inventions without a patent-system, and without inventions no rapid development of their industries was possible. Canada tried a shrewder plan, and gave patents to native inventors, but denied them to outsiders. It was thought that Canadian manufacturers would gain by exemption from the charges of Yankee inventors, and would yet have all the advantage of their improvements. But the plan worked badly; Yankee inventions were free to all, and for that very reason no one dared to put his money into them. The law was changed; the rights of all inventors were respected; and now the manufacturing industries of Canada are progressing wonderfully.

From the replies received to a letter of inquiry widely circulated by our Department of State a few years ago, it appeared that from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the capital invested in manufacturing establishments in this country had been attracted by the protection offered by patents. And the progress of our manufactures has been exactly coincident with the activity of our inventors. In 1850, the products of our mechanical industries were valued at $100,000,000. In 1860 they amounted to $1,800,000,000. By 1870 they had increased to $4,200,000,000; and, in spite of financial disturbances, the census of 1880 will show an increase not less remarkable. The number of patents issued furnishes a safe basis for this prediction. About 1850 they averaged less than 1,000 a year. In 1860 they had risen to 3,000 a year. In 1870 they had jumped to over 7,000; and now they exceed 16,000 a year. The progress of manufactures westward coincides with the geographical distribution of the patentees. In 1850 the mechanical industries of the six great western states produced considerably less than half as much as those of New England. In 1871 they were nearly equal; to-day they are unquestionably far ahead.

We are apt to think of our country as primarily an agricultural country; we do, indeed, excel all other lands in that direction, thanks chiefly to our inventors; yet the value of the products turned out by our manufacturing establishments last year was very nearly double that of our agricultural products. Even the states which are above all others agricultural in character—the states next north of the Ohio River—are remarkable rather for the magnitude of their manufacturing interests. As long ago as 1870, as may be seen by the census statistics of that year, the manufactured products of the seven leading agricultural states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri—exceeded in value their agricultural products. And the development of mechanical industries in those states has been amazingly rapid since that date.

In Ohio, for instance, the manufactured products in 1870 reached the enormous sum of $269,713,000; in 1875 they were worth $400,000,000. Will anybody be so foolish as to say that the agricultural interests of Ohio were not directly advanced by her growth in mechanical industries,—by the home markets for farm products created by the thousands of artisans added to the ranks of consumers?

There remains to be considered the influence of the patent-system upon the working classes, and upon the community at large. How do inventions affect the laborer? Take the case at its worst, where the substitution of machinery for muscle has been most rapid,—as in agriculture, textile manufactures, shoe-making, sewing, and so on. The logic of uncritical thinkers on this point runs somewhat in this wise: Before the introduction of machinery, or of improved machinery, so many hands turned out so much work. Now, the annual product is ten times as great. Therefore there ought to be ten times as many hands employed. But there are only twice as many. Behold what a deadly blow machinery has given to labor! It never occurs to such distressed labor-lovers to ask where the extra hands they say should now be employed could have come from. In every instance where an industry has been modified by the introduction of machinery, the demand for labor has been increased beyond anything that could have been possible without machinery. Machinery reduces cost; cheapness multiplies consumers; to supply the widened market a larger annual product is necessary; then comes an increased demand for labor. That is the universal rule. In most cases a thousand years of machineless progress would not suffice to provide for hand-labor the employment which machine-fearing critics falsely assume to have been taken away by machinery from—operatives unborn!

In estimating the influence of machinery upon farm-labor, it will not do to calculate the number of men it would take to sow by hand and reap with a sickle the millions of bushels of wheat and other grain the country produced last year, and then say that the excess over the number actually employed was so many men shut out from farm-work by patent seeders and reaping-machines. It is to machinery that we owe the possibility of any grain crops at all throughout the larger part of the grain-producing interior,—certainly any crop that would bear transportation to market. Without machinery for saving time and labor, for doing work that man's unaided hands could never compass, nine-tenths of our broad land would still be a wilderness. And as with agriculture, so with all our industries; they could have but a feeble existence, or none, in the absence of the inventions that have given them life and character.

How much of the wealth and prosperity of our country, north and south, has been based on cotton! Yet how few realize the indebtedness of the cotton interests to two inventors—Lowell and Whitney. The one created a demand for American cotton, the other made it possible to meet that demand. Arkwright's machinery could do nothing with the American staple, and only an insignificant quantity was called for by the hand-spinners. Not until Lowell's machinery was set up here and subsequently in England did the American staple become an article of commerce. When Whitney invented his gin for separating cotton-seed from the fiber, eighty-five years ago, four pounds of cleaned cotton was accounted a day's work for a man. With Whitney's first machine a man could clean seventy pounds. To-day the perfected cotton-gin will do that work in ten minutes! Fifteen hundred thousand men, working all the year, could not have cleaned by hand our last year's crop. At what rate of wages could they have done the work and left a margin of cost which would allow the product to be transported to New Hampshire, and converted into cloth to be sold at from three to four cents a yard? It is estimated that 200,000,000 people are now reached by machine-made cottons. Three times as many more remain to be reached, the only barrier being the cost of production. The invention of a cotton-picking machine would effect a large part of the required reduction in cost. Will any one say that the amount of labor employed upon cotton would be diminished in this country, if a cotton-picking machine should displace ninety-nine out of every hundred cotton pickers now employed? The increased demand for cotton, owing to the diminished cost, would give them plenty to do, even in the cotton-field in picking-time.

It is not denied that the introduction of machinery into an established industry often seriously affects the laborer. To those who are able and willing to adjust themselves to the new conditions, the change is almost invariably beneficial.

Those who cannot, or will not, fare hard. Sometimes an invention wipes out a previously profitable industry; the only thing its followers can do under such circumstances is to try something else. Art is but little less merciless than nature; and with every step forward in civilization, the harder becomes the lot of those who lag behind. We have seen how inventions of the highest utility to the race may bear very heavily on moneyed interests for a time. It is equally so with labor interests. Take the supposed case of cheap aluminium. It would necessitate not only a large re-adjustment of capital, but a radical change of occupation on the part of thousands of more or less skilled workers in iron. Should any large body of them say, as they would be likely to: "We belong to the iron-founders' union; our business is to make iron; we wont have anything to do with your new-fangled metal, and we will destroy every clay-bank foundry you dare to put up," is it not certain that sooner or later they would go to the wall severely,—and deserve to?

The complaint that machinery robs the laborer of his only capital is entirely unfounded. Machinery never lessened the amount of work to be done, though it has constantly changed the character of the work. The labor-saving machinery employed in agriculture is almost entirely the product of the inventions of the past thirty years. In no part of the world has the introduction of such machinery been more general or more rapid than in the grain-growing states of the West. The result is shown in the census reports. During the ten years ending in 1860, the farm hands of those states increased in number more than fifty per cent. During the next ten, in spite of the losses of the war, the increase was about thirty per cent. During the same twenty years, the population of the country as a whole increased only sixty-seven per cent.

When Walter Hunt invented his sewing-machine in 1838, his wife protested that it would throw all the sewing women out of employment, and persuaded him to suppress it. Howe's and Singer's and no end of other machines have come since then, and yet there is work for women to do. Notwithstanding the thousands of family machines in use, the number of persons earning a living with the sewing-machine in this country is to-day much greater in proportion to the population than was the number of tailors and sewing women before the invention of the machine, which a recent pretended labor-lover has classed with the steam-engine as one of the two worst evils that ever befell mankind. In noting its influence upon labor, we must not forget the 20,000 or more mechanics employed in our sewing-machine factories, and the thousands of others engaged in mining and making the iron, cutting and sawing the lumber, and in transporting and preparing these raw materials for the machines and their cases; nor the men employed in making the machinery used in the construction of sewing-machines, and in transporting and selling the finished product. Counting these, the invention appears in its true light as a great creator of labor; and the average wages of the persons directly or indirectly employed by the sewing-machine is doubtless four or five times that of the old-time sewers.

It is but a little while since a metropolitan paper of high rank pointed to the shoe business as furnishing a forcible illustration of the disastrous competition of machinery with men. The truth is that while within twenty years, not less than eighty-five per cent. of the work done on factory boots and shoes has been turned over to machinery, there are to-day more men at work in shoe-factories than then, and more than would now be employed except for machinery. It is but another illustration of the old industrial paradox. During these years of rapid progress in invention, the cost of materials has advanced, wages have nearly doubled, and the quality of factory boots and shoes has been improved twenty-five per cent.; yet the cost of manufacture has been so much reduced by new and improved machinery that American shoes have not only excluded the foreign-made from our market, but have successfully invaded the markets of the whole world. As a natural consequence, many more shops are required not only in New England, but throughout the middle states and the West; more workmen are employed in shoe-factories; higher wages are paid; and a great multitude of other men are furnished with employment in tanning the additional leather used, in packing and transporting and selling the additional product, and in making shoe-makers' machinery and implements.

One of the prime conditions of our being able to manufacture for ourselves, let alone the outside world, is the improvement of mechanical processes due to our inventors. At least four-fifths of the industries of the country have been made possible by such means. Thirty-five years ago all carpets

were made by hand, and there was no labor so ill-paid in this country as to make carpet-weaving profitable among us; to-day our production of carpets is larger than that of any other nation. Then it took a man and a helper all day to make seven yards of Brussels carpet; now a girl tending an American loom will weave fifty yards in a day. Machinery does what hands could not; and so we owe to it an industry that yields over thirty million dollars' worth of useful and ornamental products a year; keeps at home many millions that formerly went abroad; and furnishes profitable employment to hundreds of native operatives.

Then think of the many labor-creating inventions, and the novel industries founded on them,—the printing press, the telegraph, the photograph, hard rubber, vulcanized fiber, artificial stone, building paper, electro-plating, the sand-blast, and a thousand other operations and products, which in the aggregate add enormously to the demand for labor. "New England has invested a great deal of capital in her leading manufactures," said a prominent eastern man, not long since; "yet her real strength lies in the numerous small things in which she stands unequaled. So many things are required in our civilization, that the absence of the very smallest of these 'Yankee notions' would be missed by thousands, both here and abroad." And by none would they be more missed than by the thousands of skilled artisans to whom they furnish steady and profitable employment. These Yankee notions are invariably patented; and they are an especial product of the American system. In Europe the same inventions could scarcely be patented; and, lacking the protection which a patent affords, they would never be largely or cheaply produced or generally adopted.

To the common assertion that machinery lessens wages and subordinates mind and muscle to brute matter, the proper reply is, where is the proof? It is only in machine-using countries that labor is at all well paid, and the pay is best where machinery is most used. The reports of our United States consuls may be studied with profit in this connection. A comparison of the wages paid to-day in our home industries of every sort, compared with those paid before machinery was introduced, and the purchasing power of such wages, will be equally instructive.

The complaint that machinery lessens the dignity and worth of industrial manhood has been conclusively answered by Professor Shaler. Says the Swiss centennial commissioner, Bally, in his pamphlet "Look out for yourselves," addressed to his fellow-manufacturers: "I am satisfied from my knowledge that no people has made in so short a time so many useful inventions as the Americans; and if to-day machinery apparently does all the work, it by no means reduces the workman to a machine. He uses it as a machine, it is true, but he is always thinking about some improvement to introduce into it; and often his thoughts lead to fine inventions or useful improvements."

In an appendix to the same pamphlet, after noting several lines of production in which American competition has become a serious matter to European manufacturers, and showing that in intelligence and productive capacity the Swiss workman compares with the American as one to four. M. Dubied says: "Our readers are perhaps astonished that we insist upon a patent-system as of the first necessity; but we shall justify this by showing that the protection of property in inventions develops the desire for technical instruction; while the absence of such legal protection is nothing less than a premium given to ignorance to the detriment of inventive talent."

Some years ago the writer described our Patent-Office as an industrial university of the best sort, doing true university work in examining and certifying the results of practical study. He has seen no reason for changing the opinion. No student ever prized a degree more highly than our mechanics do a patent; and the granting of a thousand or fifteen hundred patents a month means that no small portion of our industrial population are hard at work exploring "the untried possibilities of nature," as Professor Shaler happily expresses it. "So long as we can have this sort of training applied each year in larger and larger share to our trade life," he says, "we may feel the more hopeful of the educational influences at work in that part of society, we have therein something that gives in large part the character of results attained in scientific training of a high grade, as well as the general results which are attained by all well-directed training,—the habit of, and desire for, continuous, absorbing mental labor."

We have studied the patent-system with reference to the inventor, the manufacturer and farmer, and the laborer; and have found it, in the main, of vast and positive advantage to each. How does it affect society and social conditions generally?

Our answer would be: by extending the scope and capacity of life; by multiplying the comforts and conveniences of living; by cheapening and improving the necessities and attainable luxuries of all classes. It is invention, more than any other social factor, that makes it possible to say,—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

How often do we hear the remark, such or such a thing is dear, because it is patented; when the real state of the case is, that if it were not for the patent, the thing would be unattainable at any price. In a speech against the patent-system before the Congressional committee already referred to, the attorney of the Western Railway Association said: "Even so simple a thing as a loaf of bread pays tribute to twenty-one classes of patents, in each of which many patents are now alive,—the plow-share, point, handles and tackle; the harrower, the seed-sower, the cultivator, the harvester, the thresher, and the separator; the bag, the holder of the bag, and the strap or string with which it is tied; the bolts, the hopper, the stones, and the gearing of the mill; the yeast or baking-powder, the oven, the extension table, and the dishes, are each subject to patents to which tribute is paid."

The inference he would have drawn from all this is, that the bread we eat costs more than it ought to by its share of each and all the alleged tributes. But that is arrant nonsense, as no one knows better, probably, than the clever advocate himself. A patent cannot touch what already exists except to improve or cheapen it. The only way in which it can be of advantage to the holder—except in rare instances where an invention may be suppressed to prevent costly changes in the holder's plant or processes—is by enabling him to offer an entirely new and useful article at a price the world will pay; an improved article at or below the current price; or a standard article below the current price. Otherwise there is no chance for him to compete with what already exists, and his patent is pecuniarily worthless. The possibility of any basis for the tribute-taking charge rests entirely on the assumption that the progress of invention would be the same in the absence of the patent-system,—an assumption which all experience refutes.

That the cost of our bread is affected by patents is most true; but not in the direction Mr. Raymond would have it thought. Note the general effect of two or three of them. The patented improvements in plows are many; those of Nourse in lines of draught, now generally adopted by plow-makers, reduced the cost of plowing, according to the practical tests of the New York Agricultural Society, forty-two per cent. Rating the cost of plowing at one dollar an acre, a low figure, this one improvement saves our bread producers not less than $50,000,000 a year. Another improvement, the substitution of chilled-iron for cast-steel in the mold-board of plows, lessened their cost considerably, and, it is said, doubled their durability. Taking the average life of the 5,000,000 plows in use throughout the country at five years, their annual depreciation from wear must be between ten and fifteen million dollars; half this sum saved in addition to the saving in cost, helps still further to cheapen bread. There have been many improvements in seeders during the past twenty years, in which time their price has been reduced some fifty per cent. One of the advantages of these machines is a regular placing of the seed at a depth sufficient to prevent winter-killing, making a gain, or preventing a loss, of from one-eighth to one-fourth of the crop of winter wheat. The lowest figure gives a gain of forty million bushels on a year's crop. By the celerity and cheapness of its work, the combined reaper and binder, which the "bread or blood league" object to, has proved its capacity to save the country $100,000,000 on the cost of a single years' crop,—another tribute which our bread not pays to, but is relieved from paying by, machinery. An Ohio farmer, as reported by Mr. Coffin, kept exact account of the cost of raising corn for three years, when approved double-shovel cultivators were used. The highest cost was twelve cents, and the lowest nine cents a bushel. Any one who has hoed corn by hand can estimate the probable saving per bushel by the use of machinery, and the aggregate saving on a crop of thirteen hundred million bushels. But that is not what attention is specially called to here. There are cultivators and cultivators. Using an improved machine, the same farmer kept account of cost for three more years, during which the highest cost was eight and a half cents, and the lowest seven cents a bushel. The difference between the use of a good machine and a better, would therefore appear to lie somewhere between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000 in the cost of one year's

crop. Any one who desires more abundant evidence on this and related points is respectfully referred to the arguments of Mr. Coffin and his associates, before the patent committee last winter. (Government Printing-Office: Washington, 1878.)

There remains to be noticed briefly the objection to patents which most people think they feel severely, and that is that they add to the necessary cost of industrial products a certain amount known as the inventor's royalty. Sometimes this is the case; but even at its worst the increase of cost is nothing like what is currently believed. On sewing-machines, for example, the royalties on all the patents used in a machine would not amount to a quarter of the fee of the agent who sold the machine; a charge that was not excessive, when we take into account the fact that the seller had not only to find his customer and persuade him to buy a machine, but also teach him how to use it. The cost of introducing new inventions is, indeed, one of the chief causes of their expensiveness compared with standard articles. This appears very strikingly in the case of agricultural machinery, the salesman's fee exceeding the inventor's aggregate royalty many times. The license fees covering all the patents on reapers have rarely exceeded $10; on the more expensive automatic binders they have been about twice as much,—not two per cent. of the saving effected by their use. The patents on all the great reaper inventions have run out. Any one is free to make machines like those which were considered almost perfect twenty years ago; but no one can afford to make them, because no farmer can afford to use them in competition with improved machines. The same is true in many other departments; in most textile industries, for example. Since 1860, there has been an entire revolution in cotton manufacturing; and if we may believe the testimony of Governor Swan of New Hampshire, himself a great manufacturer, machines in use ten years ago are obsolete to-day, and are broken up for old iron. Crompton's fancy-woolen loom marked an era in the history of that industry. In 1850 it threw the shuttle fifty times a minute; to-day the shuttle is thrown one hundred and eighty times a minute. The improved loom of 1876 produces sixty per cent. more than the loom of 1850, with a saving of fifty per cent. in labor, and more than that in repairs; yet Mr. Crompton says that as regards capacity the power-loom is still in its infancy. His pay as an inventor would add but a fraction of a cent to the cost of each yard of the product of a loom,—or a small fraction of the saving effected by the improvement.

From the inquiries made by our State Department, already referred to, it appeared that inventors' royalties would not average five per cent. of the cost of patented articles, most estimates falling far within this limit. The aggregate royalties on all the machinery used in shoe-factories was given by the representative of the Shoe and Leather Association before the patent committee, as three and a quarter cents a pair for fine sewed work, and two cents for pegged work; and a prominent manufacturer assured Mr. Storrow that the royalties on all the machines used in the best equipped shops were less than would be the rent of the additional room that would be required to do the work by hand. In multitudes of cases, where the inventor is also the manufacturer, the advantage of the patent lies solely in enabling him to produce a better article than his competitors, at or below the current rate.

It is needless to pile up evidence of the value of inventions as factors of individual and national prosperity. They are the mainspring of industrial progress, and to a large extent they furnish the motive power as well as the means and conditions of our modern civilization. If the world still remains a hard place for the incompetent, the thriftless, the uncivilized, it is no worse than it always has been, though its contrasts may be greater. The inevitable struggle for existence never has been, nor is ever likely to be, very pleasant to those destined to go under. On the other hand, life is on a higher level now than ever before; more can enjoy it, and the facilities for, and the scope of, human comfort and happiness to-day are infinitely beyond what was possible before the age of invention set in.

For a very large share of all that makes life better worth living now than a century ago, we are indebted to American inventors; and if American inventors are more active and fertile than those of any other nation, as all nations admit, it is because our patent-system reaches a larger proportion of the population. It is this feature of the system that the thoughtful of other lands were quick to appreciate when they saw its effects at our Centennial Exhibition,—the feature which all have promptly imitated in their new or amended systems. Said one of the

commissioners from Switzerland,—which has since substantially adopted our system,—"Many European states have also a patent-system; but as they see in it, first of all, a source of revenue to the state, those of moderate fortune can hardly obtain a patent. In Europe the inventor anxiously hides his secret from all eyes until he is in possession of a patent. The Americans do not know this uneasiness, for there an inventor alone can take a patent, which he afterward has the right to sell if he pleases. Every intelligent man has thus before him the possibility of a fortune, often by a very slight improvement, and this keeps in ceaseless activity the intelligent part of the population."

Said one of the English commissioners, Sir William Thomson: "Judged by its results in benefiting the public, both by stimulating inventors and by giving a perseveringly practical turn to their labors, the American patent-law must be admitted to be most successful, and the beneficence of its working was very amply illustrated throughout the American region of the Exhibition, where indeed it seemed that every good thing deserving a patent was patented. I asked one inventor of a very good invention, 'Why do you not patent in England?' the reply was, 'The conditions in England are too onerous.' * * * England undoubtedly loses much of the benefit which might be had from the inventiveness of Englishmen, through the want, in English patent-law, of encouragement and protection to inventors unsupported by capitalists."

Stress is laid upon this point here, and upon the merits of our patent-system as a whole, that popular attention may be sharply called to the general excellence of the system, and the need of watchfully guarding it from the attacks of those who mean it harm.

Very few are aware how seriously the integrity of the system was assailed in Congress last winter, or how near the assault came to success, owing to the ignorance of many members from the West and South with regard to its nature, purpose, and influence. The attempt is sure to be repeated; and though the unjust and destructive tendency of the more obnoxious amendments proposed was well exposed in committee, the work may have to be done over again the coming winter. The subject deserves thorough discussion; and it is hoped this paper may be instrumental in provoking such discussion.

THE POET'S FAME.

MANY the songs of power the poet had wrought,
To shake the hearts of men. Yea, he had caught
The murmuring and inarticulate sound
That comes at midnight from the darkened ground
When the earth sleeps; for this he framed a word
Of human speech, and hearts were strangely stirred
That listened. And for him the evening dew
Fell with a sound of music, and the blue
Of the deep, starry sky he had the art
To put in language that did seem a part
Of the great scope and progeny of nature.
In woods, or waves, or winds, there was no creature
Mysterious to him. He was too wise
Either to fear, or follow, or despise
Whom men call Science,—for he knew full well
What she had told, or still might live to tell,
Was known to him before her very birth:
Yea, that there was no secret of the earth,
Nor of the waters under, nor the skies,
That had been hidden from the poet's eyes;
By him there was no ocean unexplored,
Nor any savage coast that had not roared
Its music in his ears.

He loved the town,—
Not less he loved the ever-deepening brown
Of summer twilights on the enchanted hills;
Where he might listen to the starts and thrills
Of birds that sang and rustled in the trees,
Or watch the footsteps of the wandering breeze
And the birds' shadows as they fluttered by
Or slowly wheeled across the unclouded sky.
All these were written on his very soul,—
But he knew, too, the utmost distant goal
Of the human mind. His fiery thought did run
To Time's beginnings, ere yon central sun
Had warmed to life the swarming broods of men.
In waking dreams, his many-visioned ken
Clutched the large, final destiny of things.
He heard the starry music, and the wings
Of spiritual beings fanned the air
About him. Yet the loud and angry blare
Of tempests found an echo in his verse,
And it was here that lovers did rehearse
The ditties they would sing when, not too soon,
Came the warm night,—shadows, and stars, and moon!
Who heard his songs were filled with noble rage,
And wars took fire from his prophetic page:
Most righteous wars, wherein, 'midst blood and tears,
The world rushed onward through a thousand years.
Nathless, he made the gentle sounds of peace
Heroic,—bade the nation's anger cease!
Bitter his songs of grief for those who fell—
And for all this the people loved him well.

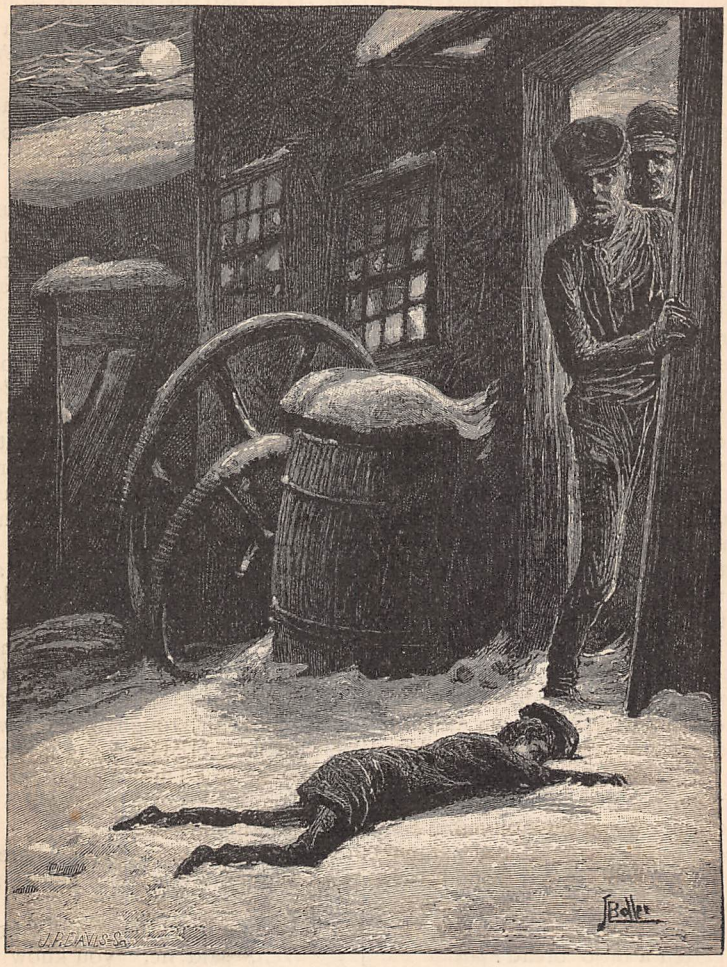
They loved him well, and therefore, on a day,
They said, with one accord: "Behold how gray
Our poet's head hath grown! Ere 'tis too late
Come, let us crown him in our Hall of State;
Let the bells ring, fill the wide air with praise,
And spread his fame to other lands and days!"

So was it done, and deep his joy therein.
But passing home at night, from out the din
Of the loud Hall, the poet, unaware,
Moved through a lonely and dim-lighted square—
There was the smell of lilacs in the air,
And then the sudden singing of a bird,
Startled by his slow tread. What memory stirred
Within his brain he told not. Yet this night—
Still lingering when the eastern heavens were bright—
He wove a song of such immortal art
That there is not in all the world one heart,—
One human heart unmoved by it. Long! long!
The laurel-crown has failed, but not that song
Born of the night and sorrow; and where he lies
At rest beneath the ever-shifting skies,
Age after age, from far-off lands they come,
Not without flowers, to seek the poet's tomb.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



HAWORTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS.

TWENTY years ago! Yes, twenty years ago this very day, and there were men among them who remembered it. Only two, however, and these were old men whose day was passed and who would soon be compelled to give up work. Naturally upon this occasion these two were the center figures in the group of talkers who were discussing the topic of the hour.

"Aye," said old Tipton, "I 'member it as well as if it wur yesterday, fur aw it's twenty year' sin'. Eh! but it wur cowd! Th' cowdest neet i' th' winter, an' th' winter wur a bad un. Th' snow wur two foot deep. Theer wur a big rush o' work, an' we'd had to keep th' foires goin' arter medneet. Theer wur a chap workin' then by th' name o' Bob

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Latham,—he's dead long sin',—an' he went to th' foundry door to look out. Yo' know how some chaps is about seein' how cowd it is, or how hot, or how heavy th' rain's comin' down. Well, he wur one o' them soart, an' he mun go an' tak' a look out at th' snow.

"'Coom in, tha foo',' sez I to him. 'Whatten tha stickin' tha thick yed out theer fur, as if it wur midsummer, i'stead o' being cowd enow to freeze th' tail off a brass jackass. Coom in wi' tha.'

"'Aye,' he sez, a-chatterin' his teeth, 'it is cowd sure-ly. It's enow to stiffen a mon.'

"'I wish it ud stiffen thee,' I sez, 'so as we mought set thee up as a monyment at th' front o' th' 'Sylum.'

"An' then aw at onct I heard him gie a jump an' a bit o' a yell, like, under his breath. 'God-a-moighty!' he sez.

"Summat i' th' way he said it soart o' wakkened me.

"'What's up?' I sez.

"'Coom here,' sez he. 'Theer's a dead lad here.'

"An' when I getten to him, sure enow I thowt he wur reet. Drawed up i' a heap nigh th' door theer *wur* a lad lyin' on th' snow, an' th' stiff look on him mowt ha' gi'en ony mon a turn.

"Latham wur bendin' ower him, wi' his teeth chatterin'.

"'Blast thee!' I sez, 'why dost na tha lift him?'

"Betwixt us we did lift him, an' carry him into th' Works an' laid him down nigh one o' the furnaces, an' th' fellys coom crowdin round to look at him. He wur a lad about nine year' owd, an' strong built; but he looked more than half clemmed, an' arter we'st rubbed him a good bit an' getten him warmed enow to coom round i' a manner, th' way he set up an' stared round were summat queer.

"'Mesters,' he sez, hoarse an' shaky, 'ha' ony on yo' getten a bit o' bread?'

"Bob Latham's missus had put him up summat to eat, an' he browt it an' gie it to him. Well, th' little chap a'most snatched it, an' crammed it into his mouth i' great mouthfuls. His honds trembled so he could scarce howd th' meat an' bread, an' in a bit us as wur standin' lookin' on seed him soart o' choke, as if he wur goin' to cry; but he swallyed it down, and did na.

"'I havn't had nowt to eat i' a time,' sez he.

"'How long?' sez I.

"Seemt like he thowt it ower a bit afore he answered, and then he sez:

"'I think it mun ha' been four days.'

"'Wheer are yo' fro'?' one chap axed.

"'I coom a long way,' he sez. 'I've bin on th' road three week'.' An' then he looks up sharp. 'I run away fro' th' Union,' he sez.

"That wur th' long an' short on it—he had th' pluck to run away fro' th' Union, an' he'd had th' pluck to stond out agen clemmin' an' freezin' until flesh an' blood ud howd out no longer, an' he'd fell down at the foundry door.

"'I seed th' loight o' th' furnaces,' he sez, 'an' I tried to run; but I went blind an' fell down. I thowt,' he sez, as cool as a cucumber, 'as I wur deein'.'

"Well, we kep' him aw neet an' took him to th' mester i' th' mornin', an' th' mester gie him a place, an' he stayed. An' he's bin i' th' foundry fro' that day to this, an' how he's worked an' getten on yo' see for yoresens—fro' beein' at ivvery one's beck an' call to buyin' out Flixton an' settin' up for hissen. It's the 'Haworth Iron Works' fro' to-day on, an' he will na mak' a bad mester, eyther."

"Nay, he will na," commented another of the old ones. "He's a pretty rough chap, but he'll do—will Jem Haworth."

There was a slight confused movement in the group.

"Here he cooms," exclaimed an outsider.

The man who entered the door-way—a strongly built fellow, whose handsome clothes sat rather ill on his somewhat uncouth body—made his way through the crowd with small ceremony. He met the glances of the workmen with a rough nod, and went straight to the managerial desk. But he did not sit down; he stood up, facing those who waited as if he meant to dispose of the business in hand as directly as possible.

"Well, chaps," he said, "here we are."

A slight murmur, as of assent, ran through the room.

"Aye, mester," they said; "here we are."

"Well," said he, "you know why, I suppose. We're taking a fresh start, and I've something to say to you. I've had my say here for some time; but I've not had my way, and now the time's come when I *can* have it. Hang me, but I'm going to have the biggest place in England, and the best place, too. 'Haworth's' sha'n't be second to none. I've set my mind on that. I said I'd stand here some day,"—with a blow on the desk,—"and here I am. I said I'd make my way, and I've done it. From to-day on, this here's 'Haworth's,' and to show you I mean to start fair and square, if there's a chap here that's got a grievance, let that

chap step out and speak his mind to Jem Haworth himself. Now's his time." And he sat down.

There was another stir and murmur, this time rather of consultation; then one of them stepped forward.

"Mester," he said, "I'm to speak fur 'em."

Haworth nodded.

"What I've getten to say," said the man, "is said easy. Them as thowt they'd getten grievances is willin' to leave the settlin' on 'em to Jem Haworth."

"That's straight enough," said Haworth. "Let 'em stick to it and there's not a chap among 'em sha'n't have his chance. Go into Greyson's room, lads, and drink luck to 'Haworth's.' Tipton and Harrison, you wait a bit."

Tipton and Harrison lingered with some degree of timidity. By the time the room had emptied itself, Haworth seemed to have fallen into a reverie. He leaned back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, and stared gloomily before him. The room had been silent five minutes before he aroused himself with a start. Then he leaned forward and beckoned to the two, who came and stood before him.

"You two were in the place when I came," he said. "You"—to Tipton—"were the fellow as lifted me from the snow."

"Aye, mester," was the answer, "twenty year' ago, to-neet."

"The other fellow ——"

"Dead! Eh! Long sin'. Ivvery chap as wur theer, dead an' gone, but me an' him," with a jerk toward his comrade.

Haworth put his hand in his vest pocket and drew forth a crisp piece of paper, evidently placed there for a purpose.

"Here," he said with some awkwardness, "divide that between you."

"Betwixt us two!" stammered the old man. "It's a ten-pun-note, mester!"

"Yes," with something like shamefacedness. "I used to say to myself when I was a youngster that every chap who was in the Works that night, should have a five-pound note to-day. Get out, old lads, and get as drunk as you please. I've kept my word. But—" his laugh breaking off in the middle—"I wish there'd been more of you to keep it up together."

Then they were gone, chuckling in senile delight over their good luck, and he was left alone. He glanced round the room—a big, handsome one, well filled with massive office furniture, and yet wearing the usual empty, barren look.

"It's taken twenty years," he said, "but I've done it. It's *done*—and yet there isn't as much of it as I used to think there would be."

He rose from his chair and went to the window to look out, rather impelled by restlessness than any motive. The prospect, at least, could not have attracted him. The place was closed in by tall and dingy houses, whose slate roofs shone with the rain which drizzled down through the smoky air. The ugly yard was wet and had a deserted look, the only living object which caught his eye was the solitary figure of a man who stood waiting at the iron gates.

At the sight of this man, he started backward with an exclamation.

"The devil take the chap!" he said. "There he is again!"

He took a turn across the room, but he came back again and looked out once more, as if he found some irresistible fascination in the sight of the frail, shabbily clad figure.

"Yes," he said, "it's him, sure enough. I never saw another fellow with the same, done-for look. I wonder what he wants."

He went to the door and opening it spoke to a man who chanced to be passing.

"Floxham, come in here," he said. Floxham was a well-oiled and burly fellow, plainly fresh from the engine-room. He entered without ceremony, and followed his master to the window. Haworth pointed to the man at the gate.

"There's a chap," he said, "that I've been running up against, here and there, for the last two months. The fellow seems to spend his time wandering up and down the streets. I'm hanged if he dont make me think of a ghost. He goes against the grain with me, somehow. Do you know who he is, and what's up with him?"

Floxham glanced toward the gate-way, and then nodded his head dryly.

"Aye," he answered. "He's the inventin' chap as has bin thirty year' at work at some contrapshun, an' hasn't browt it to a head yet. He lives i' our street, an' me an' my missis hes been noticin' him fur a good bit. He'll noan finish th' thing he's at. He's on his last legs now. He took the contrapshun to 'Merica thirty year' ago, when he first getten th' idea into his head, an' he browt it back a bit sin' a'most i' the same fix he took it. Me an' my missis think he's a bit soft i' the yed."

Haworth pushed by him to get nearer the window. A slight moisture started out upon his forehead.

"Thirty year'!" he exclaimed. "By the Lord Harry!"

There might have been something in his excitement which had its effect upon the man who stood outside. He seemed, as it were, to awaken slowly from a fit of lethargy. He glanced up at the window, and moved slowly forward.

"He's made up his mind to come in," said Floxham.

"What does he want?" said Haworth, with a sense of physical uneasiness. "Confound the fellow!" trying to shake off the feeling with a laugh. "What does he want with me—to-day?"

"I can go out an' turn him back," said Floxham.

"No," answered Haworth. "You can go back to your work. I'll hear what he has to say. I've naught else to do just now."

Floxham left him, and he went back to the big arm-chair behind the table. He sat down, and turned over some papers, not rid of his uneasiness even when the door opened, and his visitor came in. He was a tall, slender man who stooped and was narrow-chested. He was gray, hollow-eyed and haggard. He removed his shabby hat and stood before the table a second, in silence.

"Mr. Haworth?" he said, in a gentle, absent-minded voice. "They told me this was Mr. Haworth's room."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm Haworth."

"I want—" a little hoarsely, and faltering—"to get some work to do. My name is Murdoch. I've spent the last thirty years in America, but I'm a Lancashire man. I went to America on business—which has not been successful—yet. I—I have worked here before,"—with a glance around him,—"and I should like to work here again. I did not think it would be necessary, but—that doesn't matter. Perhaps it will only be temporary. I must get work."

In the last sentence his voice faltered more than ever. He seemed suddenly to awaken and bring himself back to his first idea, as if he had not intended to wander from it.

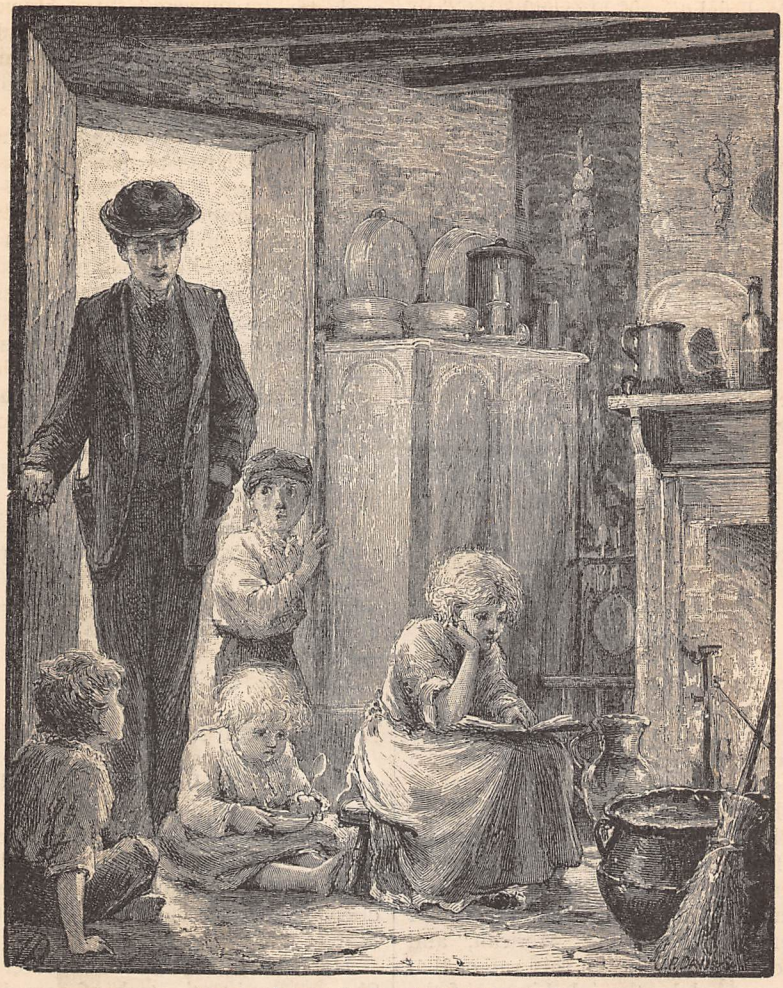
"NOT FINISHED."

"I—I must get work," he repeated.

The effect he produced upon the man he appealed to was peculiar. Jem Haworth almost resented his frail appearance. He felt it an uncomfortable thing to confront just at this hour of his triumph. He had experienced the same sensation, in a less degree, when he rose in the morning and looked out of his window upon murky sky and falling rain. He would almost have given a thousand pounds for clear, triumphant sunshine.

And yet, in spite of this, he was not quite as brusque as usual when he made his answer.

"I've heard of you," he said. "You've had ill luck."



MURDOCH'S VISIT TO THE BRIARLEY COTTAGE.

Stephen Murdoch shifted his hat from hand to hand.

"I don't know," he replied, slowly. "I've not called it that yet. The end has been slow, but I think it's sure. It will come some——"

Haworth made a rough gesture.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you given the thing up yet?"

Murdoch fell back a pace, and stared at him in a stunned way.

"Given it up!" he repeated. "Yet?"

"Look here!" said Haworth. "You'd better do it, if you hav'n't. Take my advice, and have done with it. You're not a young chap, and if a thing's a failure after thirty year's work——" he stopped, because he saw the man trembling nervously. "Oh, I didn't mean to take the pluck out of you," he said bluntly, a moment later. "You must have had plenty of it to begin with, egad, or you'd never have stood it this long."

"I don't know that it was pluck,"—still quivering. "I've lived on it so long that it would not give *me* up. I think that's it."

Haworth dashed off a couple of lines on a slip of paper, and tossed it to him.

"Take that to Greyson," he said, "and you'll get your work, and if you have anything to complain of, come to me."

Murdock took the paper, and held it hesitatingly.

"I—perhaps I ought not to have asked for it to-day," he said, nervously. "I'm not a business man, and I didn't think of it. I came in because I saw you. I'm going to London to-morrow, and shall not be back for a week.

"That's all right," said Haworth. "Come then."

He was not sorry to see his visitor turn away, after uttering a few simple words of thanks. It would be a relief to see the door close after him. But when it had closed, to his discomfiture it opened again. The thin, poorly clad figure re-appeared.

"I heard in the town," said the man, his cheek flushing faintly, "of what has happened here to-day. Twenty years have brought you better luck than thirty have brought me."

"Yes," answered Haworth, "my luck's been good enough, as luck goes."

"It seems almost a folly"—falling into the meditative—"for *me* to wish you good luck in the future." And then, pulling himself together again as before: "It is a folly; but I wish it, nevertheless. Good luck to you!"

The door closed, and he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

THIRTY YEARS.

A LITTLE later, there stood at a window in one of the cheapest of the respectable streets, a woman whom the neighbors had become used to seeing there. She was a small person, with a repressed and watchful look in her eyes, and she was noticeable, also, to the Lancashire mind, for a certain slightly foreign air, not easily described. It was in consequence of inquiries made concerning this foreign air, that the rumor had arisen that she was a "'Merican," and it was possibly a result of this rumor that she was regarded by the inhabitants of the street with a curiosity not unmingled with awe.

"Aye," said one honest matron. "Hoo's a 'Merican, fur my mester heerd it fro' th' landlord. Eh! I would like to ax her summat about th' Blacks an' th' Indians."

But it was not easy to attain the degree of familiarity warranting the broaching of subjects so delicate and truly "'Merican." The stranger and her husband lived a simple and secluded life. It was said the woman had never been known to go out; it seemed her place to stand or sit at the window and watch for the man when he left the house on one of his mysterious errands in company with the wooden case he carried by its iron handle.

This morning she waited as usual, though the case had not gone out,—rather to the disappointment of those interested, whose conjectures concerning its contents were varied and ingenious. When, at last, the tall, stooping figure turned the corner, she went to the door and stood in readiness to greet its crossing the threshold.

Stephen Murdoch looked down at her with a kindly, absent smile.

"Thank you, Kitty," he said. "You are always here, my dear."

There was a narrow, hard, horse-hair sofa in the small room into which they passed, and he went to it and laid down upon it, panting a little in an exhausted way, a hectic red showing itself on his hollow cheeks.

"Everything is ready, Kitty?" he said at last.

"Yes, all ready."

He lay and looked at the fire, still breathing shortly.

"I never was as certain of it before," he said. "I have thought I was certain, but —I never felt as I do now. And yet—I don't know what made me do it—I went into Haworth's this morning and asked for —for work."

His wife dropped the needle she was holding.

"For work!" she said.

"Yes—yes," a little hastily. "I was there and saw Haworth at a window, and there have been delays so often that it struck me I might as well—not exactly depend on it——" He broke off and buried his face in his hands. "What am I saying?" he cried. "It sounds as if I did not believe in it."

His wife drew her chair nearer to him. She was used to the task of consoling him; it had become a habit. She spoke in an even, unemotional voice.

"When Hilary comes——" she began.

"It will be all over then," he said, "one way or the other. He will be here when I come back."

"Yes."

"I may have good news for him," he said. "I don't see"—faltering afresh—"how it can be otherwise. Only I am so used to discouragement that—that I can't see the thing fairly. It has been—a long time, Kitty."

"This man in London," she said, "can tell you the actual truth about it?"

"He is the first mechanic and inventor in England," he answered, his eye sparkling feverishly. "He is a genius. If he says it is a success, it is one."

The woman rose, and going to the fire

bent down to stir it. She lingered over it for a moment or so before she came back.

"When the lad comes," he was saying, as if to himself, "we shall have news for him."

Thirty years before, he had reached America, a gentle, unpractical Lancashire man, with a frail physique and empty pockets. He had belonged in his own land to the better class of mechanics; he had a knack of invention which somehow had never as yet brought forth any decided results. He had done one or two things which had gained him the reputation among his employers of being "a clever fellow," but they had always been things which had finally slipped into stronger or shrewder hands, and left his own empty. But at last there had come to him what seemed a new and wonderful thought. He had labored with it in secret, he had lain awake through long nights brooding over it in the darkness.

And then some one had said to him:

"Why don't you try America? America's the place for a thinking, inventing chap like you. It's fellows like you who are appreciated in a new country. Capitalists are not so slow in America. Why don't you carry your traps out there?"

It was more a suggestion of boisterous good-fellowship than anything else, but it awakened new fancies in Stephen Murdoch's mind. He had always cherished vaguely grand visions of the New World, and they were easily excited.

"I only wonder I never thought of it," he said to himself.

He landed on the strange shore with high hopes in his breast, and a little unperfected model in his shabby trunk.

This was thirty years ago, and to-day he was in Lancashire again, in his native town, with the same little model among his belongings.

During the thirty years interval he had lived an unsettled, unsuccessful life. He had labored faithfully at his task, but he had not reached the end which had been his aim. Sometimes he had seemed very near it, but it had always evaded him. He had drifted here and there bearing his work with him, earning a scant livelihood by doing anything chance threw in his way. It had always been a scant livelihood,—though after the lapse of eight years, in one of his intervals of hopefulness, he had married. On the first night they spent in their new home he had taken his wife into a little bare room, set apart from the rest, and had shown her his model.

"I think a few weeks will finish it," he said.

The earliest recollections of their one child centered themselves round the small room and its contents. It was the one touch of romance and mystery in their narrow, simple life. The few spare hours the struggle for daily bread left the man were spent there; sometimes he even stole hours from the night, and yet the end was always one step further. His frail body grew frailer, his gentle temperament more excitable, he was feverishly confident and utterly despairing by turns. It was in one of his hours of elation that his mind turned again to his old home. He was sure at last that a few days' work would complete all, and then only friends were needed.

"England is the place, after all," he said. "They are more steady there, even if they are not so sanguine,—and there are men in Lancashire I can rely upon. We'll try Old England once again."

The little money hard labor and scant living had laid away for an hour of need, they brought with them. Their son had remained to dispose of their few possessions. Between this son and the father there existed a strong affection, and Stephen Murdoch had done his best by him.

"I should like the lad," he used to say, "to have a fairer chance than I had. I want him to have what I have lacked."

As he lay upon the horse-hair sofa he spoke of him to his wife.

"There are not many like him," he said. "He'll make his way. I've sometimes thought that may be——" But he did not finish the sentence, the words died away on his lips and he lay—perhaps thinking over them as he looked at the fire.

CHAPTER III.

"NOT FINISHED."

THE next morning he went upon his journey, and a few days later the son came. He was a tall young fellow with a dark, strongly cut face, deep-set black eyes and an unconventional air. Those who had been wont to watch his father, watched him in his turn with quite as much interest. He seemed to apply himself to the task of exploring the place at once. He went out a great deal and in all sorts of weather. He even presented himself at "Haworth's," and making friends with Floxham got per-

mission to go through the place and look at the machinery. His simple directness of speech at once baffled and softened Floxham, to whom the general rudeness of ordinary youth was obnoxious as it is to every elderly and orthodox Briton.

"My name's Murdoch," he had said. "I'm an American and I'm interested in mechanics. If it isn't against your rules I should like to see your machinery."

Floxham pushed his cap off his forehead and looked him over.

"Well, I'm dom'd," he remarked.

It had struck him at first that this might be "cheek." And then he had recognized that it was not.

Murdoch looked slightly bewildered.

"MURDOCH SPRUNG TO HIS FEET, WHITE WITH WRATH."

"If there is any objection ——" he began.

"Well, there is na," said Floxham. "Coom on in." And he cut the matter short by turning into the door.

"Did any o' yo' chaps see that felly as coom to look at th' machinery?" he said afterward to his comrades. "He's fro' 'Merica, an' danged if he has na more headfillin' than yo'd think fur. He goes round wi' his hands i' his pockits lookin' loike a foo', an' axin' questions as ud stump an owd un. He's that inventin' chap's lad. I dunnot go much wi' inventions mysen, but th' young chap's noan sich a foo' as he looks."

Between mother and son but little had been said on the subject which reigned supreme in the mind of each. It had never been their habit to speak freely on the matter. On the night of Hilary's arrival, as they sat together, the woman had said:

"He went away three days ago. He will be back at the end of the week. He hoped to have good news for you."

They had said little beyond this, but both had sat silent for some time afterward, and the conversation had become desultory and lagged somewhat until they separated for the night.

The week ended with fresh gusts of wind and heavy rains. Stephen Murdoch came home in a storm. On the day fixed for his return, his wife scarcely left her seat at the window for an hour. She sat looking out at the driving rain with a pale and rigid face; when the night fell and she rose to close the shutters, Hilary saw that her hands shook.

She made the small room as bright as possible, and set the evening meal upon the table and then sat down and waited again by the fire, cowering a little over it, but not speaking.

"His being detained is not a bad sign," said Hilary.

Half an hour later they both started from their seats at once. There was a loud summons at the door. It was Hilary who opened it, his mother following closely.

A great gust of wind blew the rain in upon

them, and Stephen Murdoch, wet and storm-beaten, stepped in from the outer darkness, carrying the wooden case in his hands.

He seemed scarcely to see them. He made his way past them and into the lighted room with an uncertain step. The light appeared to dazzle him. He went to the sofa weakly and threw himself upon it; he was trembling like a leaf; he had aged ten years.

"I—I——" And then he looked up at them as they stood before him waiting. "There is naught to say," he cried out, and burst into wild, hysterical weeping, like that of a woman.

In obedience to a sign from his mother, Hilary left the room. When after the lapse of half an hour, he returned, all was quiet. His father lay upon the sofa with closed eyes, his mother sat near him. He did not rise nor touch food, and only spoke once during the evening. Then he opened his eyes and turned them upon the case which still stood where he had placed it.

"Take it away," he said in a whisper. "Take it away."

The next morning Hilary went to Floxham.

"I want work," he said. "Do you think I can get it here?"

"What soart does tha want?" asked the engineer, not too encouragingly. "Th' gentlemanly soart as tha con do wi' kid gloves an' an eye-glass on?"

"No," answered Murdoch, "not that sort."

Floxham eyed him keenly.

"Would tha tak' owt as was offert thee?" he demanded.

"I think I would."

"Aw reet, then! I'll gie thee a chance. Coom tha wi' me to th' engine-room, an' see how long tha'lt stick to it."

It was very ordinary work he was given to do, but he seemed to take quite kindly to it; in fact the manner in which he applied himself to the rough tasks which fell to his lot gave rise to no slight dissatisfaction among his fellow-workmen, and caused him to be regarded with small respect. He was usually a little ahead of the stipulated time, he had an equable temper, and yet, despite this and his civility, he seemed often more than half oblivious of the existence of those around him. A highly flavored joke did not awaken him to enthusiasm, and perhaps chiefest among his failings was noted the fact that he had no predilection for "six-penny," and at his midday meal, which he frequently brought with him and ate in any convenient corner, he sat drinking cold water and eating his simple fare over a book.

"Th' chap is na more than haaf theer," was the opinion generally expressed.

Since the night of his return from his journey, Stephen Murdoch had been out no more. The neighbors watched for him in vain. The wooden case stood unopened in his room,—he had never spoken of it. Through the long hours of the day he lay upon the sofa, either dozing or in silent wakefulness, and at length instead of upon the sofa he lay upon the bed, not having strength to rise.

About three months after he had taken his place at Haworth's, Hilary came home one evening to find his mother waiting for him at the door. She shed no tears, there was in her face only a kind of hopeless terror.

"He has sent me out of the room," she said. "He has been restless all day. He said he must be alone."

Hilary went upstairs. Opening the door he fell back a step. The model was in its old place on the work-table and near it stood a tall, gaunt, white figure.

His father turned toward him. He touched himself upon the breast. "I always told my self," he said, incoherently and hoarsely, "that there was a flaw in it—that something was lacking. I have said that for thirty years, and believed the day would come when I should remedy the wrong. To-night I *know*. The truth has come to me at last. There was no remedy. The flaw was in me," touching his hollow chest,—"in *me*. As I lay there I thought once that perhaps it was not real—that I had dreamed it all and might awake. I got up to see—to touch it. It is there! Good God!" as if a sudden terror grasped him. "Not finished!—and I——"

He fell into a chair and sank forward, his hand falling upon the model helplessly and unmeaningly.

Hilary raised him and laid his head upon his shoulder. He heard his mother at the door and cried out loudly to her.

"Go back!" he said. "Go back! You must not come in."

CHAPTER IV.

JANEY BRIARLEY.

A WEEK later Hilary Murdoch returned from the Broxton grave-yard in a drizzling

rain, and made his way to the bare, cleanly swept chamber upstairs.

Since the night on which he had cried out to his mother that she must not enter, the table at which the dead man had been wont to sit at work had been pushed aside. Some one had thrown a white cloth over it. Murdoch went to it and drew this cloth away. He stood and looked down at the little skeleton of wood and steel. It had been nothing but a curse from first to last, and yet it fascinated him. He found it hard to do the thing he had come to do.

"It is not finished," he said to the echoes of the empty room. "It—never will be."

He slowly replaced it in its case, and buried it out of sight at the bottom of the trunk which, from that day forward, would stand unused and locked.

When he arose, after doing this, he unconsciously struck his hands together as he had seen grave-diggers do when they brushed the damp soil away.

The first time Haworth saw his new hand he regarded him with small favor. In crossing the yard one day at noon, he came upon him disposing of his unceremonious midday meal and reading at the same time. He stopped to look at him.

"Who's that?" he asked one of the men.

The fellow grinned in amiable appreciation of the rough tone of query.

"That's th' 'Merican," he answered. "An' a soft un he is."

"What's that he's reading?"

"Summat about engineerin', loike as not. That's his crack."

In the rush of his new plans and the hurry of the last few months, Haworth had had time to forget the man who had wished him "good luck," and whose pathetic figure had been a shadow upon the first glow of his triumph. He did not connect him at all with the young fellow before him. He turned away with a shrug of his burly shoulders.

"He doesn't look like an Englishman," he said. "He hasn't got backbone enough."

Afterward when the two accidentally came in contact, Haworth wasted few civil words. At times his domineering brusqueness excited Murdoch to wonder.

"He's a queer fellow, that Haworth," he said reflectingly to Floxham. "Sometimes I think he's out of humor with me."

With the twelve-year-old daughter of one of the workmen, who used to bring her father's dinner, the young fellow had struck up something of a friendship. She was the eldest of twelve, a mature young person whose business-like air had attracted him.

She had assisted her mother in the rearing of her family from her third year, and had apparently done with the follies of youth. She was stunted with much nursing and her small face had a shrewd and careworn look. Murdoch's first advances she received with some distrust, but after a lapse of time they progressed fairly and, without any weak sentiment, were upon excellent terms.

One rainy day she came into the yard enveloped in a large shawl, evidently her mother's, and also evidently very much in her way. Her dinner-can, her beer-jug and her shawl were more than she could manage.

"Eh! I *am* in a mess," she said to Hilary, stopping at the door-way with a long-drawn breath. "I dunnot know which way to turn—what wi' th' beer and what wi' th' dinner. I've getten on mother's Sunday shawl as she had afore she wur wed, an' th' eends keep a-draggin' an' a-draggin', an' th' mud'll be th' ruin on em. Th' pin mother put in is na big enow, an' it's getten loose."

There was perhaps not much sense of humor in the young man. He did not seem to see the grotesqueness of the little figure with its mud-bedraggled maternal wrappings. He turned up the lapel of his coat and examined it quite seriously.

"I've got a pin here that will hold it," he said. "I picked it up because it was such a large one."

Janey Briarley's eyes brightened.

"Eh!" she ejaculated, "that theer's a graidely big un. Some woman mun ha' dropped it out o' her shawl. Wheer did tha foind it?"

"In the street."

"I thowt so. Some woman's lost it. Dost tha think tha con pin it reet, or mun I put th' beer down an' do it mysen?"

He thought he could do it and bent down to reach her level.

It was at this moment that Haworth approached the door with the intention of passing out. Things had gone wrong with him, and he was in one of his worst moods. He strode down the passage in a savage hurry, and, finding his way barred, made no effort to keep his temper.

"Get out of the road," he said, and pushed Murdoch aside slightly with his foot.

It was as if he had dropped a spark of

fire into gunpowder. Murdoch sprung to his feet, white with wrath and quivering.

"D——n you!" he shrieked. "D——n you! I'll kill you!" and he rushed upon him.

As he sprang upon him, Haworth staggered between the shock and his amazement. A sense of the true nature of the thing he had done broke in upon him.

When it was all over he fell back a pace, and a grim surprise, not without its hint of satisfaction, was in his face.

"The devil take you," he said. "You *have* got some blood in you, after all."

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP.

THE next morning, when he appeared at the Works, Murdoch found he had to make his way through a group of the "hands" which some sufficiently powerful motive had gathered together,—which group greeted his appearance with signs of interest. "Theer he is," he heard them say. And then a gentleman of leisure, who was an outsider leaning against the wall, enjoying the solace of a short pipe, exerted himself to look round and add his comment.

"Well," he remarked, "he may ha' done it, an' I wunnot stick out as he did na; but if it wur na fur the circumstantyal evidence I would na ha' believed it."

Floxham met him at the entrance with a message.

"Haworth's sent fur thee," he said.

"Where is he?"—coolly enough under the circumstances.

The engineer chuckled in sly exultation.

"He's in the office. He didna say nowt about givin' thee th' bag; but tha may as well mak' up thy moind to it. Tha wert pretty cheeky, tha knows, considerin' he wur th' mester."

"Look here," with some heat; "do you mean to say you think I was in the wrong? Am I to let the fellow insult me and not resent it—touch me with his foot, as if I were a dog?"

"Tha'rt particular, my lad," dryly. "An' tha does na know as much o' th' mester koind as most folk." But the next instant he flung down the tool he held in his hand. "Dom thee!" he cried. "I loike thy pluck. Stick to it, lad,—mesters or no mesters."

As Murdoch crossed the threshold of his room, Jem Haworth turned in his seat and greeted him with a short nod not altogether combative. Then he leaned forward, with his arms upon the table before him.

"Sit down," he said. "I'd like to take a look at the chap who thought he could thrash Jem Haworth."

But Murdoch did not obey him.

"I suppose you have something to say to me," he said, "as you sent for me."

He did not receive the answer he was prepared for. Jem Haworth burst into a loud laugh.

"By George! you're a plucky chap," he said, "if you are an American."

Murdoch's blood rose again.

"Say what you have to say," he demanded. "I can guess what it is; but, let me tell you, I should do the same thing again. It was no fault of mine that I was in your path——"

"If I'd been such a fool as not to see that," put in Haworth, with a smile grimmer than before, "do you think I couldn't have smashed every bone in your body?"

Then Murdoch comprehended how matters were to stand between them.

"Getten th' bag?" asked Floxham when he went back to his work.

"No."

"Tha hannot?" with animation. "Well, dang *me!*"

At the close of the day, as they were preparing to leave their work, Haworth presented himself in the engine-room, looking perhaps a trifle awkward.

"See here," he said to Murdoch, "I've heard something to-day as I've missed hearing before, somehow. The inventing chap was your father?"

"Yes."

He stood in an uneasy attitude, looking out of the window as if he half expected to see the frail, tall figure again.

"I saw him once, poor chap," he said. "and he stuck to me, somehow. I'd meant to stand by him if he'd come here. I'd have liked to do him a good turn."

He turned to Murdoch suddenly and with a hint of embarrassment in his off-hand air.

"Come up and have dinner with me," he said. "It's devilish dull spending a chap's nights in a big place like mine. Come up with me now."

The visit was scarcely to Murdoch's taste, but it was easier to accept than to refuse. He had seen the house often, and had felt some slight curiosity as to its inside appearance.

There was only one other house in Broxton which approached it in size and splendor, and this stood empty at present, its owner being abroad. Broxton itself was a sharp

and dingy little town, whose inhabitants were mostly foundry hands. It had grown up around the Works and increased with them. It had a small railway station, two or three public houses much patronized, and wore, somehow, an air of being utterly unconnected with the outside world which much belied it. Motives of utility, a desire to be on the spot, and a general disregard for un-business-like attractions had led Haworth to build his house on the outskirts of the town.

"When I want a spree," he had said, "I can go to Manchester or London, and I'm not particular about the rest on it. I want to be nigh the place."

It was a big house and a handsome one. It was one of the expressions of the man's success, and his pride was involved in it. He spent money on it lavishly, and, having completed it, went to live a desolate life among its grandeurs.

The inhabitants of the surrounding villages, which were simple and agricultural, regarded Broxton with frank distaste, and "Haworth's" with horror. Haworth's smoke polluted their atmosphere. Haworth's hands made weekly raids upon their towns and rendered themselves obnoxious in their streets. The owner of the Works, his mode of life, his defiance of opinion, and his coarse sins, were supposed to be tabooed subjects. The man was ignored, and left to his visitors from the larger towns,—visitors who occasionally presented themselves to be entertained at his house in a fashion of his own, and who were a greater scandal than all the rest.

"They hate me," said Haworth to his visitor, as they sat down to dinner; "they hate me, the devil take 'em. I'm not moral enough for 'em—not moral enough!" with a shout of laughter.

There was something unreal to his companion in the splendor with which the great fellow was surrounded. The table was covered with a kind of banquet; servants moved about noiselessly as he talked and laughed; the appointments of the room were rich and in good taste.

"Oh! it's none of my work," he said, seeing Murdoch glance about him. "I wasn't fool enough to try to do it myself. I gave it into the hands of them as knew how."

He was loud-tongued and boastful; but he showed good-nature enough and a rough wit, and it was also plain that he knew his own strength and weaknesses.

"Thirty year' your father was at work on that notion of his?" he said once during the evening.

Murdoch made an uneasy gesture of assent.

"And it never came to aught?"

"No."

"He died?"

"Yes."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and gave the young fellow a keen look.

"Why don't you take the thing up yourself?" he said. "There may be something in it, after all, and you're a long-headed chap."

Murdoch started from his chair. He took an excited turn across the room before he knew what he was doing.

"I never will," he said, "so help me God! The thing's done with and shut out of the world."

When he went away, Haworth accompanied him to the door. At the threshold he turned about.

"How do you like the look of things?" he demanded.

"I should be hard to please if I did not like the look of them," was the answer.

"Well, then, come again. You're welcome. I have it all to myself. I'm not favorite enow with the gentry to bring any on 'em here. You're free to come when th' fit takes you."

CHAPTER VI.

MISS FFRENCH.

It was considered, after this, a circumstance illustrative of Haworth's peculiarities that he had taken to himself a *protégé* from among the "hands"; that said *protégé* was an eccentric young fellow who was sometimes spoken of as being scarcely as bright as he should be; that he occasionally dined or supped with Haworth; that he spent numberless evenings with him, and that he read his books, which would not have been much used otherwise.

Murdoch lived his regular, unemotional life, in happy ignorance of these rumors. It was true that he gradually fell into the habit of going to Haworth's house, and also of reading his books. Indeed, if the truth were told, these had been his attraction.

"I've no use for 'em," said Haworth, candidly, on showing him his library. "Get into 'em, if you've a fancy for 'em."

His fancy for them was strong enough to bring him to the place again and again. He found books he had wanted, but never

hoped to possess. The library, it may be admitted, was not of Jem Haworth's selection, and, indeed, this gentleman's fancy for his new acquaintance was not a little increased by a certain shrewd admiration for an intellectual aptness which might be turned to practical account.

"You tackle 'em as if you were used to 'em," he used to say. "I'd give something solid myself if I could do the same. There's what's against me many a time—knowing naught of books, and having to fight my way rough and ready."

From the outset of this acquaintance, Murdoch's position at the Works had been an easier one. It became understood that Haworth would stand by him, and that he must be treated with a certain degree of respect. Greater latitude was given him, and better pay, and though he remained in the engine-room, other and more responsible work frequently fell into his hands.

He went on in the even tenor of his way, uncommunicative and odd as ever. He still presented himself ahead of time, and labored with the unnecessary, absorbed ardor of an enthusiast, greatly to the distaste of those less zealous.

"Tha gets into it as if tha war doin' fur thysen," said one of these. "Happen"—feeling the sarcasm a strong one—"happen tha'rt fond on it?"

"Oh yes,"—unconsciously—"that's it, I suppose. I'm fond of it."

The scoffer bestowed upon him one thunderstruck glance, opened his mouth, shut it, and retired in disgust.

"Theer's a chap," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, on returning to his companions, "theer's a chap as says he's fond o' work—fond on it!" with dramatic scorn. "Blast his eyes! Fond on it!"

With Floxham he had always stood well, though even Floxham's regard was tempered with a slight private contempt for peculiarities not easily tolerated by the practical mind.

"Th' chap's getten gumption enow, i' his way," he said to Haworth. "If owt breaks down or gets out o' gear, he's aw theer; but theer is na a lad on th' place as could na cheat him out o' his eye-teeth."

His reputation for being a "queer chap" was greatly increased by the simplicity and seclusion of his life. The house in which he lived with his mother had the atmosphere of a monastic cell. As she had devoted herself to her husband, the woman devoted herself to her son, watching him with a hungry eye. He was given to taking long stretches of walks, and appearing in distant villages, book in hand, and with apparently no ulterior object in view. His holidays were nearly all spent out-of-doors in such rambles as these. The country people began to know his tall figure and long stride, and to regard him with the friendly toleration of strength for weakness.

"They say i' Broxton," it was said among them, "as his feyther deed daft, and it's no wonder th' young chap's getten queer ways. He's good-natured enow, though i' a simple road."

His good-nature manifested itself in more than one way which called forth comment. To his early friendship for Janey he remained faithful. The child interested him, and the sentiment developed as it grew older.

It was quite natural that, after a few months acquaintance, he should drop in at the household of her parents on Saturday afternoon, as he was passing. It was the week's half-holiday and a fine day, and he had nothing else to do. These facts, in connection with that of the Briarley's cottage presenting itself, were reasons enough for going in.

It occurred to him, as he entered the narrow strip of garden before the door, that the children of the neighborhood must have congregated to hold high carnival. Groups made dirt-pies; clusters played "bobber and kibbs;" select parties settled differences of opinions with warmth of feeling and elevation of voice; a youth of tender years, in corduroys which shone with friction, stood upon his head in one corner, calmly but not haughtily presenting to the blue vault of heaven a pair of ponderous, brass-finished clogs.

"What dost want?" he demanded, without altering his position. "Th' missis isn't in."

"I'm going in to see Janey," explained Murdoch.

He found the little kitchen shining with the Saturday "cleaning up." The flagged floor as glaringly spotless as pipe-clay and sandstone could make it, the brass oven-handles and tin pans in a condition to put an intruder out of countenance, the fire replenished, and Janey sitting on a stool on the hearth enveloped in an apron of her mother's, and reading laboriously aloud.

"Eh! dear me!" she exclaimed. "It's yo'—an' I am na fit to be seen. I wur settin' down to rest a bit. I've been doin' th' cleanin' aw day, an' I wur real done fur."

"Never mind that," said Murdoch. "That's all right enough."

He cast about him for a safe position to take—one in which he could stretch his legs and avoid damaging the embarrassing purity of the floor. Finally he settled upon a small print-covered sofa and balanced himself carefully upon its extreme edge and the backs of his heels, notwithstanding Janey's civil protestations.

"Dunnot yo' moind th' floor," she said. "Yo' needn't. Set yo' down comfortable."

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Murdoch, with calm good cheer. "This is comfortable enough. What's that you were reading?"

Janey settled down upon her stool with a sigh at once significant of relief and a readiness to indulge in friendly confidence.

"It's a book I getten fro' th' Broxton Chapel Sunday Skoo'. Its th' Mem—m–e–m–o–i–r–s ——"

"Memoirs," responded Murdoch.

"Memoyers of Mary Ann Gibbs."

Unfortunately her visitor was not thoroughly posted on the subject of the Broxton Chapel literature. He cast about him mentally, but with small success.

"I don't seem to have heard of it before," was the conclusion he arrived at.

"Hannot yo'? Well, it's a noice book, an' theer's lots more like it in th' skoo' libery—aw about Sunday skoo' scholars as has consumption an' th' loike an' reads th' boible to foalk an' dees. They aw on 'em dee."

"Oh," doubtfully, but still with respect. "It's not very cheerful, is it?"

Janey shook her head with an expression of mature resignation.

"Eh no! they're none on 'em cheerful—but they're noice to read. This here un now—she had th' asthma an' summat wrong wi' her legs, an' she knowed aw th' boible through aside o' th' hymn-book, an' she'd sing aw th' toime when she could breathe fur th' asthma, an' tell foak as if they did na go an' do likewise they'd go to burnin' hell wheer th' fire is na quenched an' th' worms dyeth not."

"It can't have been very pleasant for the friends," was her companion's comment. But there was nothing jocose about his manner. He was balancing himself seriously on the edge of the hard little sofa and regarding her with speculative interest.

"Where's your mother?" he asked next.

"Hoo's gone to th' chapel," was the answer. "Theer's a mothers' meetin' in th' vestry, an' hoo's gone theer an' takken th' babby wi' her. Th' rest o' th' childer is playin' out at th' front."

He glanced out of the door.

"Those—those are not all yours?" he said, thunderstruck.

"Aye, they are—they. Eh!" drawing a long breath, "but is na there a lot on 'em? Theer's eleven an' I've nussed 'em nigh ivvery one."

He turned toward the door again.

"There seems to be a great many of them," he remarked. "You must have had a great deal to do."

"That I ha'. I've wished mony a time I'd been a rich lady. Theer's that daughter o' Ffrench's now. Eh! I'd like to ha' bin her."

"I never heard of her before," he answered. "Who is she, and why do you choose her?"

"Cos she's so hansum. She's that theer grand she looks loike she thowt ivvery body else wur dirt. I've seen women as wur bigger, an' wore more cloas at onct, but I nivver seed none as grand as she is. I nivver seed her but onct. She coom her' wi' her feyther fur two or three week' afore he went to furrin parts, an' she wur caught i' th' rain one day an' stopped in here a bit. She dropped her hankcher an' mother's getten it yet. It's nigh aw lace. Would yo' loike to see it?" hospitably.

"Yes," feeling his lack of enthusiasm something of a fault. "I—dare say I should."

From the depths of a drawer which she opened with a vigorous effort and some skill in retaining her balance, she produced something pinned up in a fragment of old linen. This she bore to her guest and unpinning it, displayed the handkerchief.

"Tha can tak' it in thy hond an' smell it," she said graciously. "It's getten scent on it."

Murdoch took it in his hand, scarcely knowing what else to do. He knew nothing of women and their finery. He regarded the fragrant bit of lace and cambric seriously, and read in one corner the name "Rachel Ffrench," written in delicate letters. Then he returned it to Janey.

"Thank you," he said, "it is very nice."

Janey bore it back perhaps with some slight inward misgivings as to the warmth of its reception, but also with a tempering recollection of the ways of "men-foak." When she came back to her stool, she changed the subject.

"We've bin havin' trouble lately," she said. "Eh! but I've seed a lot o' trouble i' my day."

"What is the trouble now?" Murdoch asked.

"Feyther. It's allus him. He's getten in wi' a bad lot an' he's drinkin' agen. Seems loike neyther mother nor me can keep him straight fur aw we told him Haworth'll turn him off. Haworth's not goin' to stand his drink an' th' lot he goes wi'. I would na stand it mysen."

"What lot does he go with?"

"Eh!" impatiently, "a lot o' foo's as stands round th' publics an' grumbles at th' mesters an' th' wages they get. An' feyther's one o' these soft uns as believes aw they hears an' has na' getten gumption to think fur his sen. I've looked after him ivver sin' I wur three."

She became even garrulous in her lack of patience, and was in full flow when her mother entered returning from the chapel, with a fagged face, and a large baby on her hip.

"Here, tak' him, Jane Ann," she said; "but tak' off thy apron furst, or tha'lt tumble ower it an' dirty his clean bishop wi' th' muck tha's getten on it. Eh! I *am* tired. Who's this here?" signifying Murdoch.

"It's Mester Murdoch," said Janey, dropping the apron and taking the child, who made her look top-heavy. "Sit thee down, mother. Yo' needn't moind him. He's a workin' mon hissen."

When Murdoch took his departure, both accompanied him to the door.

"Coom in sometime when th' mester's here," said Mrs. Briarley. "Happen yo' could keep him in a neet an' that ud be summat."

Half way up the lane he met Haworth in his gig, which he stopped.

"Wheer hast tha been?" he asked, dropping into dialect, as he was prone to do.

"To Briarley's cottage, talking to the little girl."

Haworth stared at him a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"Tha'rt a queer chap," he said. "I can no more than half make thee out. If thy head was not so level, I should think tha wert a bit soft."

"I don't see why," answered Murdoch, undisturbed. "The child interests me. I am not a Lancashire man, remember, and she is a new species."

"Get in," said Haworth, making room for him on the seat.

Murdoch got in, and as they drove on it occurred to him to ask a question.

"Who's Ffrench?"

"Ffrench?" said Haworth. "Oh, Ffrench is one o' th' nobs here. He's a chap with a fancy for being a gentleman-manufacturer. He's spent his brass on his notions, until he has been obliged to draw in his horns a bit. He's never lived much in Broxton, though he's got a pretty big place here. The Continent's the style for him, but he'll turn up here again some day when he's hard up enow. There's his place now."

And as he spoke they drove sharply by a house standing closed among the trees and having an air of desolateness, in spite of the sun-light.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "WHO'D HA' THOWT IT?"

"It's th' queerest thing i' th' world," said Mrs. Briarley to her neighbors, in speaking of her visitor,—"it's th' queerest thing i' th' world as he should be a workin' mon. I should ha' thowt he'd ha' wanted to get behind th' counter i' a draper's shop or summat genteel. He'd be a well-lookin' young chap i' a shiny cloth coat an' wi' a blue neck-tie on. Seems loike he does na think enow o' hissen. He'll coom to our house an' set down an' listen to our Janey talkin', an' tell her things out o' books, as simple as if he thowt it wur nowt but what ony chap could do. Theer's wheer he's a bit soft. He knows nowt o' settin' hissen up."

From Mrs. Briarley Murdoch heard numberless stories of Haworth, presenting him in a somewhat startling light.

"Eh! but he's a rare un, is Haworth," said the good woman. "He does na care fur mon nor devil. The carryin's on as he has up at th' big house ud mak' a decent body's hair stand o' eend. Afore he built th' house, he used to go to Lunnon an' Manchester fur his sprees, but he has 'em here now, an' theer's drink an' riotin' an' finery and foak as owt to be shamt o' theirsens. I wonder he is na feart to stay on th' place alone after they're gone."

But for one reason or another the house was quiet enough for the first six months of Murdoch's acquaintance with its master. Haworth gave himself up to the management of the Works. He perfected plans he had laid at a time when the power had not been in his own hands. He kept his eye on his own interests sharply. The most confirmed shirkers on the place found them-

selves obliged to fall to work, however reluctantly. His bold strokes of business enterprise began to give him wide reputation. In the lapse of its first half year, "Haworth's" gained for itself a name.

At the end of this time, Murdoch arrived at the Works one morning to find a general tone of conviviality reigning. A devil-may-care air showed itself among all the graceless. There was a hint of demoralization in the very atmosphere.

"Where's Haworth?" he asked Floxham, who did not seem to share the general hilarity. "I've not seen him."

"No," was the engineer's answer, "nor tha will na see him yet a bit. A lot o' foo's coom fro' Lunnon last neet. He's on one o' his sprees, an' a noice doment they'll ha' on it afore they're done."

The next morning Haworth dashed down to the Works early in his gig, and spent a short time in his room. Before he left he went to the engine-room, and spoke to Murdoch.

"Is there aught you want from the house —aught in the way o' books, I mean?" he said, with a touch of rough bravado in his manner.

"No," Murdoch answered.

"All right," he returned. "Then keep away, lad, for a day or two."

During the "day or two," Broxton existed in a state of ferment. Gradually an air of disreputable festivity began to manifest itself among all those whose virtue was assailable. There were open "sprees" among these, and their wives, with the inevitable baby in their arms, stood upon their door-steps bewailing their fate, and retailing gossip with no slight zest.

"Silks an' satins, bless yo'," they said. "An' paint an' feathers; th' brazent things, I wonder they are na shamt to show their faces! A noice mester Haworth is to ha' men under him!"

Having occasion to go out late one evening, Murdoch encountered Janey, clad in the big bonnet and shawl, and hurrying along the street.

"Wheer am I goin'?" she echoed sharply in reply to his query. "Why, I'm goin' round to th' publics to look fur feyther—*theer's* wheer I'm goin'. I hannot seed him sin' dayleet this mornin', an' he's getten th' rent an' th' buryin'-club money wi' him."

"I'll go with you," said Murdoch.

He went with her, making the round of half the public-houses in the village, finally ending at a jovial establishment bearing upon its whitened window the ambiguous title "WHO'D HA' THOWT IT?"

There was a sound of argument accompanied by a fiddle, and an odor of beer supplemented by tobacco. Janey pushed open the door and made her way in, followed by her companion.

An uncleanly, loud-voiced fellow stood unsteadily at a table, flourishing a clay pipe and making a speech.

"Th' workin' mon," he said. "Theer's too much talk o' th' workin' mon. Is na it bad enow to *be* a workin' mon, wi'out havin' th' gentry remindin' yo' on it fro' year eend to year eend? Le's ha' less jaw-work an' more paw-work fro' th' gentry. Le's ha' fewer liberys an' athyneums, an' more wage—an' holidays—an'—an' beer. Le's *pro*-gress—tha's wha' I say—an' I'm a workin' mon."

"Ee–er! Ee–er!" cried the chorus. "Ee–er!"

In the midst of the pause following these acclamations, a voice broke in suddenly with startling loudness.

"Ee–er! Ee–er!" it said.

It was Mr. Briarley, who had unexpectedly awakened from a beery nap, and, though much surprised to find out where he was, felt called upon to express his approbation.

Janey hitched her shawl into a manageable length and approached him.

"Tha'rt here?" she said. "I knowed tha would be. Tha'lt worrit th' loife out on us afore tha'rt done. Coom on home wi' me afore tha'st spent ivvery ha'penny we've getten."

Mr. Briarley roused himself so far as to smile at her blandly.

"It's Zhaney," he said, "it's Zhaney. Don' intrup th' meetin', Zhaney. I'll be home dreckly. Mus' na intrup th' workin' mon. He's th' backbone 'n' sinoo o' th' country. Le's ha' a sup more beer."

Murdoch bent over and touched his shoulder.

"You had better come home," he said.

The man looked round at him blankly, but the next moment an exaggerated expression of enlightenment showed itself on his face.

"Iss th' 'Merican," he said. "Iss Murdoch." And then, with sudden bibulous delight: "Gi' us a speech 'bout 'Merica."

In a moment there was a clamor all over the room. The last words had been spoken loudly enough to be heard, and the idea presented itself to the members of the assembly as a happy one.

"Aye," they cried. "Le's ha' a speech

fro' th' 'Merican. Le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Theer's wheer th' laborin' mon has his dues."

Murdoch turned about and faced the company.

"You all know enough of me to know whether I am a speech-making man or not," he said. "I have nothing to say about America, and if I had I should not say it here. You are not doing yourselves any good. The least fellow among you has brains enough to tell him that."

There was at once a new clamor, this time one of dissatisfaction. The speech-maker with the long clay, who was plainly the leader, expressed himself with heat and scorn.

"He's a noice chap—he is," he cried. "He'll ha' nowt to do wi' us. He's th' soart o' workin' mon to ha' aboot, to play th' pianny an' do paintin' i' velvet. 'Merica be danged! He's more o' th' gentry koind to-day than Haworth. Haworth *does* tak' a decent spree now an' then; but this heer un —— Ax him to tak' a glass o' beer an' see what he'll say."

Disgust was written upon every countenance, but no one proffered the hospitality mentioned. Mr. Briarley had fallen asleep again, murmuring suggestively, "Aye, le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Le's *go* to 'Merica. Pu–r on thy bonnet, lass, pur—it on."

With her companion's assistance, Janey got him out of the place and led him home.

"Haaf th' rent's gone," she said, when she turned out his pockets, as he sat by the fire. "An' wheer's th' buryin' money to coom fro'?"

Mr. Briarley shook his head mournfully.

"Th' buryin' money," he said. "Aye, i'deed. A noice thing it is fur a poor chap to ha' to cut off his beer to pay fur his coffin by th' week,—wastin' good brass on summat he may nivver need as long as he lives. I dunnot loike th' thowt on it, eyther. It's bad enow to ha' to get into th' thing at th' eend, wi'out ha'in' it lugged up at th' door ivvery Saturday, an' payin' fur th' ornymentin' on it by inches."

(To be continued.)

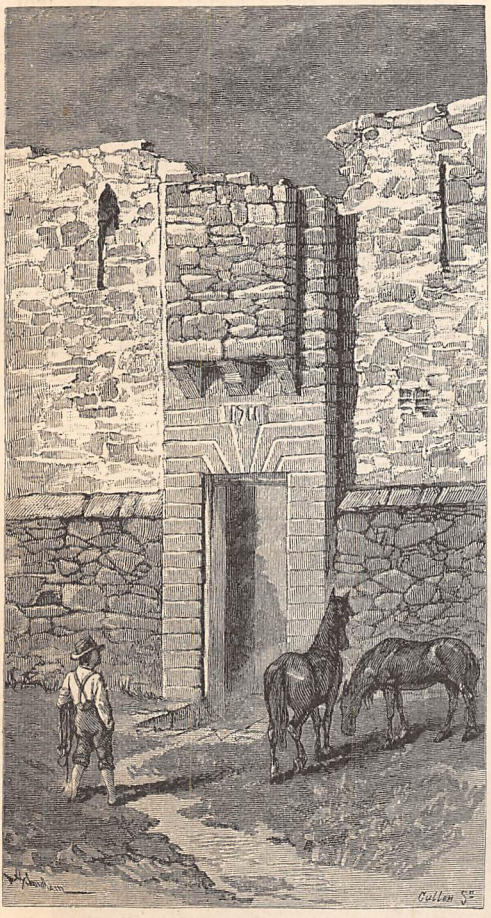
CHAMBLY FORT, ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

THE FORT FROM THE RIVER.

How often are tourists in their peregrinations along the forty-fifth parallel enticed out of their regular route by the information that within a few miles of them may be seen the ruins of "an old fort," built by the early French settlers! At the mention of the word, there rises at once even in the most phlegmatic mind a vision of a few brave men, their faces begrimed with powder, and desperate determination depicted on every feature, defending themselves against unnumbered hosts of yelling demons, hungry

for the scalps of the terrified women and children whose only hope is in the gallant fellows who man the walls and bastions. One is almost invariably disappointed and disgusted when the guide leads him up to what appears to be the remains of a row of tenement houses, destroyed by fire.

After one or more experiences of this kind it is most satisfactory to stand before a solid, substantial structure dignified by



GATE-WAY.

many undoubted marks of an honorable old age, and yet so strong in character that one does not require the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" before the eye becomes assured that it beholds the ruins of a veritable fort. Such is Fort Chambly, the subject of this sketch, situated within an hour's ride of the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

Of the many ways of reaching Chambly we will only mention two or three; making Montreal our starting-point.

The first that occurs to us is the old-fashioned stage or diligence. By taking this route a good idea may be formed of the French Canadian farm; and one thing likely to impress a stranger will be the long narrow shape of the fields, caused by the custom of dividing the homestead among the children. In order to enable each member of the family to build his house by the side of the main road, the farms are divided lengthwise; the result being that in many cases the farmer is possessed of a ribbon of land a mile or more in length and about a stone's throw in width. What will be the ultimate result if this principle continues to be followed, we leave our readers to imagine for themselves.

The next means of transit, in contrast to this old-fashioned stage, is a new and unfinished railroad, by which, when completed, the time consumed in making the journey from Montreal to Boston will be shortened several hours. At present the road is in running order only to Chambly.

By the two routes just mentioned the distance to the fort is twelve miles. But if time is no object, and the tourist wishes a really enjoyable trip, we would recommend following the great water highway to the United States from Canada, *via* the St. Lawrence to Sorel, and up the Richelieu. By this route, the distance traveled will be about ninety miles. Upon referring to the map the reason of the difference in the distances of these several routes will be easily comprehended.

The river upon whose banks the ruin stands is the outlet of Lake Champlain, and empties into the St. Lawrence at Sorel. The Richelieu is especially interesting to a native of this continent, as its scenery is so unlike the general run of American landscape. It gives one the impression that some huge Brobdingnag had picked up one of the rivers of old France, with its banks and inhabitants, and set it down in the new Dominion of Canada. In many cases the descendants of the first settlers still occupy the old homestead, retaining their forefathers' love for old France, and its peculiarities; the result is, that as you ascend the river, the eye is greeted on all sides by pieces of French landscape,—flat country, with middle distance strongly marked against the sky, here and there the Lombardy poplar raising its straight, spire-like form, in strong contrast to the graceful sweeping lines of the elm. The Richelieu, therefore, is not only historic, but quaint and beautiful, and

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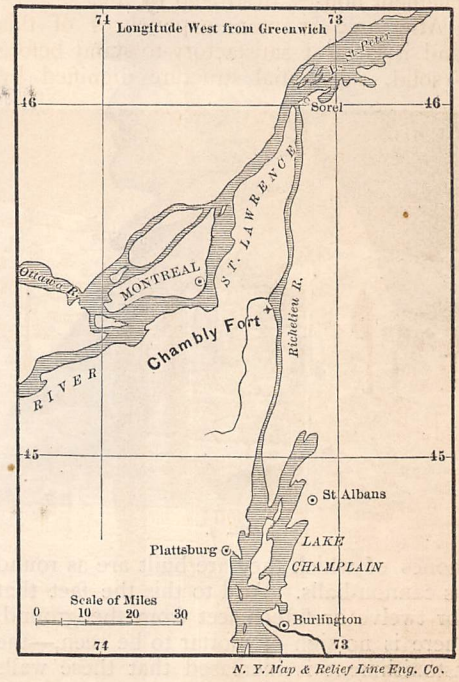
full of picturesqueness. On account of its narrowness, both sides are brought close under the view of the observer, each turn displaying a new picture; but it must be looked at with an eye that can appreciate the landscape so much loved by the French painters.

By whatever route we have come to Chambly we are now face to face with its old fort that for nearly two centuries has frowned defiance on foe, extended its welcome shelter to friend, and now with equal honesty of purpose throws its grateful shadows over the herds of cows, who in its various nooks and corners are chewing their cuds, and looking as though they could impart a world of historic information if disposed so to do.

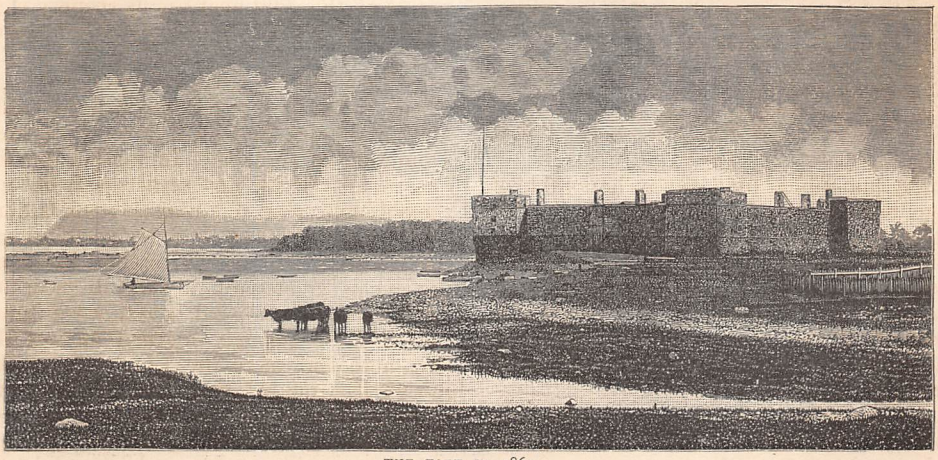
The first thing that strikes one in connection with these ruins, is the wonderful state of preservation of the old gate-way,—the stones forming its sides and top being



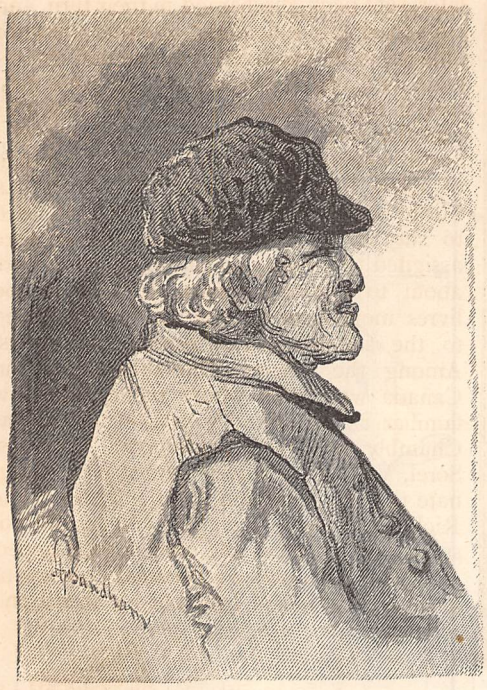
MAP, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF FORT CHAMBLY.

as crisp and sharp in form as if they had only just left the stone-cutter's hands, while all else is worn and crumbling with age.

The next wonder is, how any part of the walls are still standing, as about half the



THE FORT IN 1862.



stones of which they are built are as round as cannon-balls. Add to this the fact that for twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, there is no sign of mortar to be seen,—the astonishment is increased that these walls are yet in existence.

Another feature that will impress the visitor is the irregular height at which the various openings have been made in the walls, forcing the conviction that the builders followed the custom in vogue among the backwoodsmen when raising their log houses, viz., to build the walls solid and cut out the doors and windows afterward. Only in this case it would seem that the commandant had furnished each soldier with a crowbar and permission to dig out his own opening, at whatever place he liked best. If this theory is correct, the standard of height in the regiment must have varied greatly.

Fort Chambly—or Portchartrain—was built in the year 1665, and was constructed of wood. In 1709, it was in ruins and useless. The governor of Montreal, fearing a surprise on the part of the English from the New England states, obtained from the superior council at Quebec an opinion favorable to its reconstruction. Three years passed before this opinion was ratified by the court of France, and an order to this effect arrived in Canada in 1712; but, meanwhile, the colonists, impatient of delay, had completed the work, this being terminated in 1711 (which date is still to be seen over the ruined gate-way),—the soldiers being actively aided in their operations by the residents of Montreal. The plan was drawn by M. de Lery, engineer, of New France. As it was at this period built, it still remains, consisting of a very large square, flanked by four bastions corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass.

"Captain Jacques de Chambly, after whom the fort was named, was a captain in the Carignan Salières, the first regiment of regular troops ever sent to America by the French Government. It was raised in

POLING UP THE STONES FOR THE GATE-WAY.

"THE RAVAGES OF TIME."

Savoy by the Prince of Carignan in 1644, but was soon employed in the service of France, where, in 1652, it took a conspicuous part on the side of the king, in the battle with Condé and the Fronde at Port St. Antoine. After the peace of the Pyrenees, the Prince of Carignan, unable to support the regiment, gave it to the king, and it was for the first time incorporated into the French armies. In 1664, it distinguished itself, as part of the allied force of France, in the Austrian force against the Turks. In the next year it was ordered to America, along with the fragment of a regiment formed of Germans, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel de Salières. Hence its double name—Carignan Salières. When it came to Canada it consisted of about a thousand men, besides about two hundred of the regiment incorporated with it. About 1668, the regiment was ordered home, with the exception of four companies kept in garrison, and a considerable number discharged in order to become settlers. The portion which returned to France formed a nucleus for the reconstruction of the regiment, which under the name of the regiment of Lorraine, did not cease to exist as a separate organization till 1794. Of the companies which returned to France in 1668, six were, a year or two later, sent back, discharged in their turn, and converted into colonists. Neither men nor officers were positively constrained to remain in Canada, but the officers were told that if they wished to please the king, this was the way to do so, and promises and rewards stimulated many to remain. A sum of 1,500 livres was given to Captain La Motte because he was married and intended to stay in Canada, and 6,000 livres were assigned to others who had followed or were about to follow his example, and 12,000 livres more were set apart to be distributed to the soldiers under similar conditions. Among the officers who thus settled in Canada were men whose names are now familiar as household words,—such men as Chambly, St. Ours, Centracœur, Varennes, Sorel, Vecherres, whose names now designate the villages which line the banks of the Richelieu River. But these villages did not spring up at once; the officers were generally poor. An officer's personal possessions usually consisted of little but his sword and

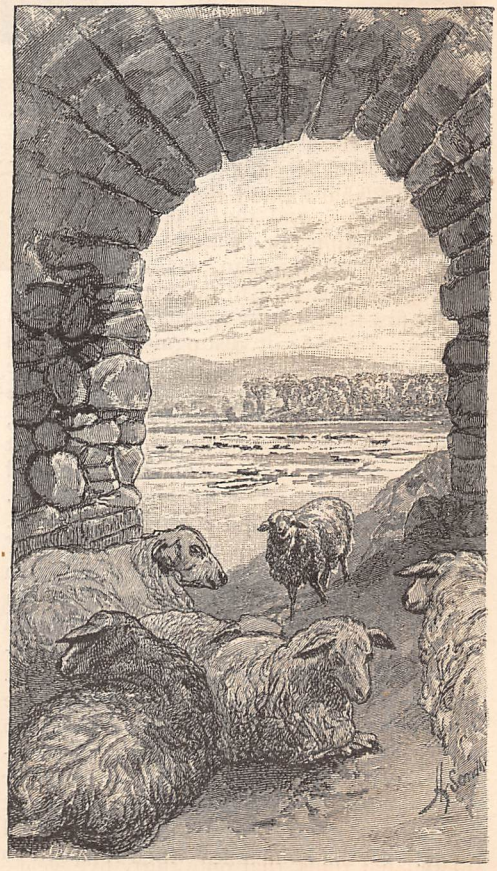
THE NORTH-EAST BASTION.

the money the king had given him for marrying a wife and settling down in the forests of Canada. It is therefore easy to understand that the improvement of the land and the erection of houses went on slowly. Chambly was somewhat more favorably situated than the others. He was the chief proprietor on the Richelieu, and was better able to meet the wants which were presented. He built himself a good house, where he lived in comfort. The King's fort close at hand saved him the expense of building one for himself and tenants. In this very important particular his brother officers, Sorel excepted, were less fortunate. The lands along the Richelieu, from its mouth to a point above Chambly, were divided in large seignorial grants among the several officers, who, in turn, granted upon certain conditions portions of the land to the soldiers. The officers thus became a kind of feudal chief, and the whole settlement a permanent military cantonment,* admirably suited to the needs of the country, furnishing, as it did, a frontier line of soldier-settlers ready for duty both as husbandmen and protectors." †

In 1666–67, Fort Chambly is mentioned in connection with an expedition against the Mohawks under Tracy and Courcelle. In 1709–1711 it bore no unimportant part in affairs. Not alone was Quebec threatened by a British fleet, but a force of 2,000 soldiers and as many Indians, under command of General Nicholson, was to march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but in consequence of a recurrence of disasters the British retreated, after burning their advanced posts. In 1712 and 1726, we read of the old fort doing its share in opposing various expeditions against Canada.

In 1734, M. de Beauharnois, believing that hostilities could not be long averted, wrote a dispatch suggesting means to be taken for defense of the colony against invasion, and in 1740, when war was imminent, the governor made "Forts Chambly, Frederic, and Niagara as secure as possible." We hear little of Chambly and its fort from this time until 1758–59, when "the Fort of Chambly, which defended the pass by the River Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, was strengthened and garrisoned by a body of regular troops and militia;" and although Chambly bore no share in the actual fighting during the contest of 1759–60, we read that the French commandant retired before the advance of the British troops under Colonel Haviland, and further, that after the fall of Quebec in the spring of 1760, M. de Vaudreuil seconded a bold attempt of the Chevalier de Levis to wipe out the last year's disasters by the re-conquest of Quebec. The necessary stores and ammunition were embarked at Sorel, which had been drawn from the depots of St. John's and Chambly. The fort, from its position, offered great advantages as a military station, and from the conquest of Canada by the English until the final withdrawal of the troops a few years back, Chambly was retained as one of the regular garrisons of the country. After a long period of inaction, the old fort sprang into notice once more during the Rebellion of 1837, but in later days it has been allowed to fall into decay.

But its present ruined condition only in-



VIEW FROM PRISON CELL.

* "A portion of Chambly village is still designated Chambly Canton."

† Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada."

creases one's desire to know more of its history. We gathered all the information possible from the numberless persons who, during our visit, kindly volunteered to tell us how we ought to make our sketches. Every one knew all about the history of the old fort, but no two agreed. At last the very man we wanted came along. He had in his possession several volumes of unpublished history of the fort. He kindly invited us to his house to see them. When we arrived there in the evening we were informed that, owing to the earlier numbers of the history having been buried under the dust of ages, he could only show volumes 4 and 5. After this sententious introduction, the volumes were shown. (See cuts.) We found them histories of by-gone events, so graphic in description that, for the time, the old heroes who had manned the fort in the days that are gone seemed to have come to life again and to stand before us. What marvelous scenes the old walls had looked upon! Why, the stones that formed the sides and top of the gate-way had been quarried in old France, blessed by some good bishop with unpronounceable name, brought over in a ship with an equally startling cognomen, poled up the Richelieu in batteaux by the voyageurs, landed, and placed in their present position amid a general thanksgiving and rejoicing. It was owing, doubtless, to the good bishop's blessings that they still looked so fresh while all else was going to decay. Then there was the well of marvelous depth in the center of the court-yard that had never been known to run dry.

CAPTURE OF THE FORT BY THE AMERICANS.

There were hundreds of other interesting items, but all of them more or less hard to substantiate, on good authority. Still, they were very pleasant to listen to, with the old walls of the fort rising up before our eyes, looking strangely white and lonely in the bright moonlight. We decided, however, that it would be better to trust to published records for information.

It is hard to realize, as we look at the dilapidated ruins, that only thirty-five years ago the fort was in the full blaze of military glory, yet the following is a description given by a gentleman who visited it at that date:

"The old fort, old even then, was filled with troops. The port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green 'common' land forming the government reserve. Every tower had its sentry, and the soldiers were coming and going in every direction. The interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorized by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chambly was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which a once universally credited, but, as I now believe, apocryphal story related, that three rebels were placed and summarily shot during

the rebellion. Nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten head-board or two marked the spot where, years and years before, some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among around which were barrack-rooms, gun-sheds, stables and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier, who took us in charge at the gate; but no one was suffered to

WINTER IN THE FRENCH COUNTRY. (FROM A PAINTING BY H. SANDHAM.)

the men he formerly commanded, but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. 'That old board? Oh, it was just the same when I was a boy, blackened and bare, as you see it now.' The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind, or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery. We knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess.

"At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior. The approach was over a drawbridge, which crossed a small, dry moat, and when drawn up fitted into and closed the door-way. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof, vaulted passage, leading into a square court-yard, all explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular, narrow openings, through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need; and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

"Passing through a dark, vaulted passage, rather than room,—intended, as the soldier told us, to put the women and children into when the place was besieged,—we ascended a narrow stair-way to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

"A year or two afterward neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings

of all kinds were closed, some with shutters and others with strong planking nailed over them. Admittance was as sternly refused as ever, for the magazines still contained a good deal of ammunition, and there was no intention of allowing the old place to go to decay. But as time went on, and the vigilance of the one non-commissioned officer left in charge became less zealous, more than one active boy scaled the walls and startled the bats, who were now the only occupants of the fast-moldering building. Finally, when the ordnance property passed into the hands of the Provincial Government, even the semblance of care-taking passed away, and gradually, but surely, ruin marked the place for its own.

"We visited the ruins during the summer of 1874, and on the door of the guard-house of the barracks close by we read the following notice:

'$10 Reward.

'Parties removing, or demolishing for the purpose of removal, the stones, or other materials of the Barracks and Buildings at Chambly, the property of H. M. the Queen, more especially Fort Portchartrain, commonly known as the

Old Fort

at Chambly, will be rigorously prosecuted, and a reward of

$10 (ten dollars)

will be paid to any witness by whose testimony the offender is brought to justice.'"

During our visit we asked a small boy who professed to know, to show where the American guns had made a breach in the fort. This he consented to do, and led us round the corner of the north-west bastion, escorted by a guard of honor composed of all the available urchins in the neighborhood. At last he called a halt, and pointed to the wall; but we could see no difference between that spot and the rest of the same side, and so decided that either we were looking at the wrong place, or else the Americans had made such an extensive breach that the whole of the west side had been rebuilt.

While we were endeavoring to solve this problem, our party was joined by a gentleman, to whom we expressed surprise that the ravages of time should have been so marked during the last thirty years. He assured us that time had not so much to do with it as the "thieving habitans" of the neighborhood, who, shortly after the Government abandoned the property, took possession, and carried away everything they could lay their hands on. For a short time a notice, similar to the one referred to, was placed on the gate, and this kept the lawless wretches at a distance; but one dark night a land pirate stole gate, notice and all. The fort was then doomed to speedy destruction. Every piece of wood was stolen, the heartless vandals even taking the trouble to saw off the beams that originally supported the floors. The result of this has been that the wall which faced the river, becoming undermined by the water and having no support inside, fell with a loud crash several years ago, and to a great extent even the stones of which it was built have been carried away; but the north-east bastion still stood its ground, and upheld the old flag-staff that had borne in turn the lily of France, the cross of England, and the stars of the United States. Rumor says that the last named was the cause of its final destruction, for three or four years ago the fort—or, rather, what was left of it—was again taken by the Americans, this time under the leadership of a dashing New York girl, at whose command a faithful follower climbed the tottering wall, and hoisted a large American flag. But during the night a storm-wind carried flag, staff, and a large angle of the already weakened wall into a watery grave. This provoked a very lively discussion next day, during which the Americans maintained that the wall was characteristic of the monarchical institutions of the British nation,—in fact, it was played out, and had not strength enough left to support for a few hours the flag of the Republic. The natives in turn asserted that anything possessed of the true English spirit would rather destroy itself than uphold a gridiron flag,—fresh proof of the difference a different stand-point makes in the very same circumstances.

It is interesting to enter the old gate-way, pass through what was the vaulted passage into the court-yard, and stand by the hollow that marks where the well once sent forth its refreshing supplies to the besieged garrison (it now only serves as a rallying-place for the cows), and then pass down into the prison cells and powder-vaults, to share with the sheep their refreshing shade and the cool breeze from over the rapids, which gently blows through the open arch where the solid walls once stood. As we sit here and idle away the time, the repose of the body seems to give increased activity to the mind, which brings before it some of the many changes that have taken place since Champlain, in the spring of 1609, discovered these rapids. It must be within a few feet of where the fort was built that he and his Huron and

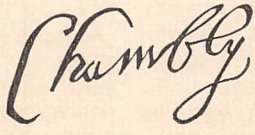
Algonquin allies landed, to make their "portage" to a point where the river is again navigable. Imagination pictures the triumphant return after their victory over the warlike Mohawks at Ticonderoga. And so we travel down the "isles of time" till we come to the building of the fort, and again wonder where all the round stones came from, that were so freely used in its construction. Almost unconsciously we try to remove one, and feel astonished at the small effort necessary to dislodge it. But just as the stone is about to be lifted down, conscience declares that by this thoughtless act we are putting ourselves on a par with the heartless vandals whom we were berating in our mind but a short time before; so we quickly withdraw our hands—and as speedily return them, to keep the stone from falling. We hastened to block it in with some of the small chips within reach, and tried to forget our wrong-doing by studying the beautiful picture formed by the Richelieu as it danced down the rapids between the long strips of low grass-covered patches, with its middle distance of beautiful wooded islands, backed by the distant shore, and its pleasant suggestions of farms and homesteads, united with the ever-changing sky by a delicate half-tint caused by the towering form of Mount St. Hilaire.

Now we climb over the ruined wall and come out into the field, where, in "the days that are no more" the Indian has camped, the settler farmed, and the soldier fought; taking a passing glance at the slight traces of the remains of the earth-works and the battery mounds which Bedell and his Green Mountain boys erected in 1775 when besieging the fort, we cross the field and lean against one of the few posts left to mark the sadly neglected last resting-place of many a gallant and true-hearted soldier, and from this vantage point watch the old fort under the effect of a stormy sunset. The massive structure stands out against a background of deep, neutral-toned storm-clouds, marching in regular battalions. The old walls are lit up with an orange-toned light, in strong contrast to the bluey purple shadows. The foreground is rich olive green, with the pearly gray shore shelving out into the river. The water itself seems to be terrified by the threatening aspect of the sky, rushes ahead of the gale and tumbles over the rocks that fruitlessly endeavor to stop its course,—reflecting in alternate strips the deep tone of the clouds, and the brownish-purple of the distant trees, with white splashes of foam here and there, where it falls over the rocky ledges. This glorious mass of color increases in intensity each moment, when suddenly a cloud driven by the storm comes between the sun and the landscape. All is now a deep somber gray, but in a moment the cloud passes, and again the picture is presented to the eye, still more effective in its contrasts, and grander in its breadth of light and shade than ever. This lasts for a few minutes, to vanish again under the influence of another shadowing cloud. But a gust of wind drives away the cloud, and the sun, which shed a quivering light, sinks into his bed of deep purple clouds. Then, down come the rain and wind.

As we tacked home against the wind, with a large canvas under our arm, the whole scene seemed strangely familiar. Where could it have been that we beheld before such harmonies of color! With the word "harmonies," the key was found to what we were trying to recall, and memory brought back the many times we had listened to the symphonies of the world's greatest composers, and noticed how they gradually gather up their richest tones, until they all center in one powerful, complete and full chord as a finale,—then a short pause, the distinct repetition of the same chord, a longer pause, then the final repetition gradually dying away on the listening ear and heart,

"like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

NOTE.—The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for historical information to articles on Fort Chambly by H. Mott, Esquire, and John Lesperance, Esquire, published in the "Canadian Antiquarian."



PARSONS AND PARSONS.

An army officer's wife relates to her friends that she once stood by a river in Georgia, in a miscellaneous crowd of whites and blacks and yellows and yellowish-browns and whitish-yellowish-browns, looking on at a negro "baptizing." Before leading the neophites into the water, the negro preacher improved the occasion to make a few very solemn and "feeling" remarks to his hearers. "Now, my breddern," he chanted, in a doleful recitative, "you all 'll want to know what's de reason dat immussion is de only mode ob babtism. Well, now, my breddern, bless de Laud, 'taint none o' yoah business!" Behold a model and conclusive theological argument! Whiter parsons than this Georgia John the Baptist have similar "short and easy methods" with heretics. When anything unanswerable or inexplicable is offered to them they take water in serene remarks about the "presumption of human reason." I like the Georgia version of it better; there is a frank and jolly impudence in the negro's way of putting it.

An able English Congregational minister, himself a most robust and manly fellow, complained to me one day, in riding through the Trosachs, that the public had a latent contempt for parsons. The public has done its best to bring the profession into disrepute, by its system of treating ministers with patronage and what Thackeray would call molly-coddling, with dead-headism, with exemptions from jury and military duty, and in some cases from taxation. It is true that ministers render many unrequited services to the public, but to put them on the list of semi-paupers is to cut the very ground from under the feet of their influence among men. And those parsons who wear uniforms of sanctity in the cut of their coats, and those who affect clerical tones, whether of the languishing, the prim, or the magisterial kind, have faithfully contributed to bring the noblest of vocations into disrepute, and to make the undevout mind look on a minister as an undignified neuter. How can one respect a minister who announces by manners, by dress, on his door-plate or on his visiting card, that he is reverend? It may be in good form for a man to advertise his clerical title in an aristocratic country like England, where the starch-mills are ever in operation, and where every gentleman must wear some sort of a label lest casual acquaintances should thrust him into the wrong social pigeon-hole. But the well-dressed little fellow just out of college, to whom clerical dignity was as fresh as a first pair of trowsers to a boy just out of short-clothes, and who announced himself at our door the other day, with great orotundity of voice and a very deliberate utterance as the reverend Blanky W. Blank, no doubt commanded the reverence of the servant if of nobody else. Your name being Peter Smith, do you be Peter Smith; stand on your manhood and not on your office, young minister, and when you call at a neighbor's door don't send in your business card.

But I set that black Georgian to open the door of my article, not only because it is the proper thing in good society to have a negro in the hall-way, but because, dark as he is he throws some light on the question. Persecution of men for opinion's sake by ecclesiastical bodies,—a virtual saying that in the intellectual activity of this rather modern century the clergy alone shall not receive new ideas,—does not tend to increase popular reverence for our calling. The clergy are a cultivated, and consequently rather open-minded class of men. But the more open-minded clergyman is less likely than others to be contentious; the furious Don Quixotes who will ride abroad in defense of the past against the outrageous present and the still more terrible future, with the stolid Sanchos who ride after them, are by no means types of the ministry at large. But they kick up a great dust, and a public, not very discriminating, is apt to think that all the clergy have gone out to hunt down modern science, and to dam Niagara with books of discipline and confessions of faith. I believe that the unobtrusive ministers of the country read more scientific journals than any other class of men, professional scientific men excepted.

But when a minister who has attracted a great deal of attention by one noise or another cries out to his congregation: "A religion of ideas must give way to a religion of blood," he puts burlesque out of countenance. I like sturdy John Jasper of Richmond, with his sun going around the earth, and I like the Georgia Baptist who tells me flatly that it is none of my business. There is a sincerity about these illiterate

men that makes them white by the side of a clerical actor who outrages taste and intelligence for the sake of getting into the newspapers.

It is not the simple, unlearned ignoramus that is precisely contemptible. That singular Western sect, the "Anti-means Baptists," otherwise known as the "Hard-shells" or "Whisky Baptists," have many sins of ignorance to answer for, but ignorance pure is only amusing. The man who took his text from the "Book of one-eyed Samuel" was at least interesting at the outset, and that is something. An ear-witness told me of a cantankerous Kentucky Hard-shell who read from Revelations, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman——" Pausing here, he added, "Yes, John, it was a wonder if there was a woman there. It was the first one and the last one as'll ever get there." This was a spicy and unconventional application of Scripture, and reminds one in its frankness of the better one of Owen Lovejoy, who, when he was a minister in Maine, was outraged by the persistency of the mill-owners in their habit of sawing logs bearing other men's marks. He read for his text one Sunday: "Thou shalt not steal logs," and added vehemently, "Now, do you know what that means?"

The illiterate pulpit haranguers are good burlesques—magnifying mirrors, to set off the absurdities of more cultivated men. I knew well the man—not a Hard-shell either—who explained the "tale of bricks" laid upon the Jews by Pharaoh's task-masters in telling his hearers that Egyptian bricks were made with handles of straw to lift them with, and that this handle was called a tail; hence the hardship of the order requiring the Jews to make tails to their bricks when they had no straw with which to make them. What minister will not be reminded by this incident of some more learned expositor who has got over a hard place with a like inventiveness?

He was not a Hard-shell, either, who rendered himself immortal by telling an audience in Southern Illinois that "they persecuted John the Baptist, and put him in a ca'ldern of bilin' ile, an' that ile was the ile of Patmos, wherein he writ his revelation." Though this anecdote has been printed in the newspapers, it is true, having appeared before the day of the inventive "funnyman;" a friend of mine, a minister of the same denomination as the oily orator, vouches for it. I am not so sure about that ingenious exegete who, having declared that Abraham built the ark, was met by a protest from a brother that "Abraham warn't thar." To which he responded, with a courage worthy of a Boston Monday lecturer, that he was "thar or tharabouts."

A Jewish rabbi of a pedantic turn of mind came to me once with a Spanish proverb which he wished to quote in a newspaper article. He knew, somehow, the English rendering of the proverb, but wished to quote it learnedly in the original, and he did not dare do it without first learning what language it was in! He little thought what an exemplification he was of his proverb, which read: "A fool is never a very great fool until he knows Latin." But the proverb is peculiarly true of our calling; the ignoramus, pure and simple, is not the fool. It is only the one who knows Latin.

I thought of that Spanish proverb some years ago, when I happened into a metropolitan church, the pulpit of which was at that time occupied by a young man who was astonishing everybody with what one of our American humorists calls "fluidity." And I will confess that I never saw a man whose ideas—if you could call them such—were so fluid, so entirely in a state of solution. The audience listened to his really brilliant tongue-iness with that sort of admiration which small boys feel for the "professor" of legerdemain, who blows blazes and spins ribbons from his mouth. Though he was an intolerable coxcomb, much that he said was bright and vivid, and it was all highly showy and sensational. But imagine the effect when he made a grand climax by dashing to the front of the platform, and crying out, "There's a great deal of *esprit de gloria* about that!" I really thought there was. The people looked at him with breathless attention and approval. Truly, the Spanish proverb is correct.

But it is not the ignorance of a few ministers, whether in the backwoods or in the city, that produces "a certain condescension," as Lowell would have it, in speaking of ministers. Archbishop Whately said that it was unfortunately true "that our girls are not well educated; but then our boys will never find it out." The public is not always penetrating in its regard of a popular minister. The editor of this magazine touched the heart of the matter when he said recently that goodness is not interesting. Do not jump to the moral that a minister, to be interesting, must be slightly bad; though I know a witty woman who declares that peo-

ple like a minister "with the chill taken off." And therein lies a deeper truth than she means. It is not goodness that the world does not like, but conventional goodness, and that not because it is good, but because it is conventional, and consequently chilly. In the long run, goodness is the very most available quality in the ministry, or in any other pursuit, except perhaps that of a horse-jockey. Mr. Evarts is reported as saying that Dr. John Hall's influence lies in the fixed character of the man. And yet Dr. Hall is the very apostle of the conventional in belief and in usage, in matter and in manner. One cannot say, however, that he is in any bondage to convention; he is enthusiastically conservative; the whole weight of a great and sincere nature is felt in his teaching. "Words have weight when there is a man behind them." But men of smaller mold than Dr. Hall are smothered under a mass of conventional beliefs and usages; it is only the man of tremendous vitality who is able to infuse life into them. For the most part, there is nothing the world cares so little about as the minister whose piety and uprightness are cast in a conventional mold, for such goodness almost always has the air of being imposed from without. It is for this reason that heresy has of late commanded a premium, even in Scotland. The public does not like heresy, in and of itself; but when a man has a suspicion of eccentric opinions about him, there is a presumption that he does not buy of any spiritual old-clo' man. When I can pick a man out at first sight, by his air, dress, tone, as a parson, I have no further use for him or curiosity about him. Such men you can buy or sell by sample.

And yet, in a certain sense, the public helps to impress this conventional character upon clergymen. Only last week, a lady said to a gentleman of my acquaintance, in speaking of a minister: "I don't like Dr. ———; he is not a bit of a minister. If you go into his parlor he will tell you stories, and talk just like any other man." By the general acceptance of a dry-as-dust standard of propriety for ministerial character, behavior and speech, many men are bullied into a dullness not natural to them. They feel themselves shut out from all but distinctly religious circles, and thus miss that osmose process by which a healthy circulation of thought and feeling is kept up. I once knew a minister of ability and some note, but of great severity and exclusiveness of habit and feeling, who had a daughter of rather feeble mind. This young lady was, like all the family, very strict in her religious notions, and she had barely intellect enough to make calls. One day, at a neighbor's, she told as a startling fact, that Miss Blank had called on the ladies at her father's house the week before.

"Whatever made her call," she added, "I don't know, for she isn't converted."

Profound sincerity is the true antagonist of stiff convention. A profound and aggressive sincerity is the very foundation for ministerial usefulness. I do not say by any means that it is the easiest road to popularity. If a man has a high sense of right and wrong, and a fearless self-reliance in following his convictions, he cannot miss of some sort of usefulness as a public teacher. Every such man is a conductor of divine influence, and what the teacher is is of more consequence than what he says. How different soever his creed may be from mine, the noble and unselfish man is an inspiration to me. He may be a Jew, a Catholic, a Calvinist, or a Free-thinker, but let him be nobly unselfish and pure, and he will be a tonic to the moral nature of men. And, above all, if he bear the name of a servant of Christ, let him be clean of all narrow self-seeking and full of all heroic self-sacrifice. For if he be vain, if he be effeminate, self-indulgent, pompous—if he be greedy of gain, if he be fond of clap-trap and stage-effects, how will men say that he is but a shabby servant of the divinest of masters.

Sincerity is the great antiseptic, if I may borrow the illustration. It will sweeten the narrow churchism of Keble and the narrow dogmatism of Spurgeon. It is healthful wherever you find it,—in the downrightness of Moody and in the sweet humanness of Robert Collyer. Often have I listened with delight to an obscure country preacher, whose beliefs and modes of thoughts were like the bonnets in the congregation, quite antiquated. The sermon has seemed to me like a cool spring in the mountains. But there was not a fresh thought in the whole discourse, and perhaps there was little or nothing even to agree with beyond the existence of God. But the sincere and unselfish spirit of the preacher was like a breeze from the garden of Eden. I like some preachers for what they tell me. I love other preachers for what they are. I met a lady in London of extreme radical views, who was an unstinted admirer of Spurgeon and his work. There is a free-masonry among sincere people.

Conventionality may be interesting when it is backed by sincerity and genuineness. But in most cases the man who moves in ruts is but a second-hand man. Every man is a man only when he finds his own orbit. Bushnell did not add a great deal that was permanent to religious thought; he was rather a poet than a philosopher. But he was a wonderful inspiration to others, for he was an honest and fearless spirit who found his orbit and moved therein, spite of persecutions for heresy from little big men who thought that God had lost the power to bring forth in every age fresh types of manhood. A gifted lady, whose charming conversation, alas! her friends shall listen to no more here, told me the last time I saw her of an Episcopal bishop who found, now and then, a sleepy parish clergyman that had suddenly waked up, and, in turn, had roused his whole parish. The venerable bishop, a keen observer, set himself to find out the genesis of this sporadic awakening in different quarters of his diocese. In every case he traced it to the reading of Frederic W. Robertson's writings. For Robertson, of Brighton, was a man who found his appointed orbit. When told by an obtrusive meddler of criticisms on his sermons, he answered her, you remember:

"Madam, I don't care."

"Do you know what end 'Don't Care' came to?" she inquired severely.

"I believe, madam, he was crucified on Calvary."

Sometimes a man's orbit, if I may stick to my figure, is an eccentric one. The backwoods grew many a sturdy preacher. The rough hurly-burly of the hunt, the shooting-match, the Indian fight, the corn-shucking, did not incline men to appreciate the refinements acquired in the schools. One Peter Cartwright was better for the wilderness than a hundred graceful Bourdalones or Farindons. Cartwright himself was of the backwoods in very bone and sinew. He despised all "college-made preachers" as something effeminate. He sneered at their very polish as unmanly, and the poor fellows from Princeton and Andover found themselves at first sadly wanting when weighed in the frontierman's scales. Cartwright said that young Eastern parsons walked "like goslings that had got the straddles."

But Peter Cartwright was an extreme type,—a preacher with a dash of dare-devil in him. Old age softened none of his amusing, but almost brutal, rudeness. To the very last his words were tomahawks. Barton Cartwright, of Northern Illinois, is living yet, I believe, and is as interesting a character as was his namesake. Eccentric he is, but never offensive,—a sweet and fresh spirit, grown wild but lovely, like a cardinal-flower. His humor is almost as irresistible as was that of the other Cartwright, and I will venture to tell here, what I have printed elsewhere, the excellent but severe repartee of Bishop Janes, spoken apropos of the venerable Barton. A young preacher of ability had been wantonly outraging Bishop Janes's prejudices by a display of gloves, canes, cigar and other things, which, to the rather austere old bishop, seemed appurtenances of a dandy. The bishop happened to praise Barton Cartwright, whom he greatly admired.

"Pshaw!" said the young man, superciliously. "Bart Cartwright's a bear."

"I prefer a bear to a lap-dog, any time," was Janes's quick rejoinder.

An eccentric preacher of the same region was Father Sinclair. I have heard that when his admirers thought to print the sketches of his sermons after his death, they were found to be merely a set of unintelligible hieroglyphics, with which the old man had arbitrarily associated certain courses of thought, incidents and so forth. He was rather illiterate, and with the growth of culture among the people found himself a little shoved aside by educated young men, albeit his natural eloquence kept him in request for camp-meetings and such gatherings. But Methodism had changed, and a university and theological school had been established at Evanston, and many good old ways were dying out. One day during the conference Father Sinclair was asked, in a group of ministers, where he was to be sent next year.

"To Evanston," he answered, dryly.

The grotesque idea of the unlettered backwoodsman in the Evanston pulpit, preaching to the eminent professors, excited laughter.

"Why, Father Sinclair," said some one, "what would they send you to Evanston for?"

"Oh! as a professor."

"Professor of what?"

"Professor of religion," answered he, with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye.

But if I were to enter on the wit of the backwoods preacher this paper would outgrow its limits. Let us turn to a Presbyterian. Dear Chaplain Joe Little, where

are you? It is years since I met you, filled as you were with philanthropic schemes for educating the poor whites of the South. There may be men more capable of carrying through a practical enterprise, but there never was a more enthusiastic, unselfish and hardy spirit. A college, a theological seminary, and a musical academy all graduated Chaplain Little, but not all together could take the freshness and the oddity of his genius out of him. When spiritual adviser to a regiment of wild West Virginians, he told them stories, sang them funny songs, adopted their dialect, and won their open hearts by manly open-heartedness. When Mosby captured Little it was in an unlucky time. Orders had been issued on the Federal side, by General Pope, I believe, that bushwhackers should have no quarter, and Mosby prepared to retaliate by shooting prisoners.

"It looked pretty solemn," said the chaplain, "when they cast lots to see who should inherit my horse."

But he took his little nondescript harmonium, and began to sing for dear life. All the droll songs that ever were invented, this doomed captive sang to the bushwhackers there in the mountains.

"I think I ought to shoot you," said Mosby, at length. "A fellow that keeps up men's spirits as you do is too valuable to the Yankees for me to let him off."

But let him off he did. Nobody could shoot such a combination of goodness and drollery as Chaplain Little.

Once, after a battle, a certain church was turned into a hospital, and wounded and dying lay all up and down the floor. It was a blue time, when men were dying not of wounds alone, but of the despair which was like an epidemic in the very atmosphere. A severe chaplain added to the terror by passing about exhorting the poor groaning fellows to prepare for death. Chaplain Little, seeing how fatal this despondency must prove, walked up into the pulpit, planted his little melodeon on his knees, and struck up a ridiculous song known as "The Ohio Girl." Sunlight came in with the rich melody of the chaplain's voice and the humor of his song. The surgeons took heart, and life seemed to come back to battered and homesick men. But the austere chaplain in the middle of the church called out:

"Chaplain Little, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sing such stuff to men who ought to be preparing for death."

Whereupon a colonel, who had just had a leg amputated, raised his head, and addressing the last speaker, said:

"Chaplain Blank, I wish I had two legs, so that I could kick you out-of-doors."

I remember well a young frontier Methodist preacher who had the gift of grotesque but very vivid rhetoric, which in some unlettered men amounts almost to genius. In a conference of ministers, alluding to the fact that he was kept on hard frontier posts, he said cheerfully that it was his business "to drive the gospel breaking-team." (A breaking-team is one hitched to the great plow used to turn for the first time the ancient sod of the prairie.)

"Levi," said one of his friends a little later, "you ought to quit saying those odd things."

"That's so," answered the young man with sincere humility, and an evident resolution to reform. "Now, that expression about the gospel breaking-team might settle my coffee for life!"

When I say that freedom from conventional stiffness is of the utmost importance to the maintenance of a minister's influence, I don't mean that eccentricity shall be put on. The putting on of anything from without is sure to impair one's simplicity. But the men who hold the hearts of the people in this country are men who dare to do and say that which the oracles within them bid. On the other hand, nothing can be of less use in the world than the life of a minister who, neither in thought, habit, or phrase, ever moves out of tether, ever asks whether he is man or machine. An ex-minister in the town of my birth, having turned lawyer, rose to address the court for the first time. By sheer force of habit he drifted into old forms of expressions. "My brethren," he said to the jury, whereupon the court clerk, a witty old Irishman, piped out through his nose, "and fellow-travelers to eternity."

Cant phrases are proper only to poll-parrots, and poll-parrotism is one of the deadliest diseases of the pulpit.

There are many debates about the propriety of reading sermons. Nothing could be more vain. Dr. Storrs, with his fine diction and infinite memory, advocates extemporaneous speaking, while Dr. Taylor, an excellent and most sincere preacher, but hesitant when speaking without notes, is sure that it is better to read one's sermons. A man who is near-sighted, old, or astigmatic, might as well urge everybody to use

his kind of spectacles, as to try to persuade us that all preachers should deliver their sermons in the same way. I have heard that the combative Dr. Breckenridge once took fire in a meeting of Synod at some intimation that city ministers dressed too well and treated country brethren with contempt. He straightened his tall form and burst into indignant speech.

"Mr. Moderator," he said, "I am ready to exchange clothes with any brother on this floor."

A short, fat minister waddled into the aisle and cried out:

"Mr. Moderator, I'm his man!"

Why should Dr. Storrs or Dr. Taylor wish us to wear clothes that fit them? At the same time I am sure that many men would be better without manuscript who now use it from sheer timidity; and I know some who can never be anything but hopeless stammerers in extemporaneous speaking, and who would better go back to their writing.

Mr. Beecher, with his inexhaustible vocabulary, his ready command of apt illustrations, his histrionic gift, his boundless spontaneity, and all those other qualities that make him the master of improvisation, would be hopelessly crippled if he were set to read a written sermon. His lectures, which have the air of being more carefully prepared in the matter of diction than his sermons, are far inferior to the latter as examples of his eloquence. But, on the other hand, Canon Farrar, one of the rarest preachers the world has seen, reads every word of his sermons. His sermons in Westminster Abbey moved me to tears sometimes, though there was nothing that could be called exactly pathetic in them. There is a wonderful moral and æsthetic wholeness in him; one rejoices in his rare courage and lofty moral inspiration. I know no man who combines, as he does, the simplicity, repose, and finish of Greek literary art, with the high religious devotion and unwavering courage of a Hebrew prophet. Yes, and add, too, the magnanimity of a Christian disciple. His sermon on "The Confessional," delivered in July, 1877, to an audience that crowded all the hearing room of the Abbey, was the most masterful piece of destructive eloquence I have ever heard. Argument, ridicule, invective, were all intensified by the highest moral indignation. But not for a moment was the perfect poise of the speaker lost; there were sentences that thrilled the hearers like an electric shock, but there was nothing vehement from first to last. And the whole was closed by a noble passage, in which the men who held the views he had attacked so successfully were treated with the greatest personal respect, and the excellence of their work was fully recognized. Oh! that it were always so in religious debate!

After all, it is "the man behind" that gives weight to a discourse. I have never seen or heard Phillips Brooks; but, in his sermons and lectures as printed, there is the rare combination of personal earnestness with the utmost fairness toward opponents. But no preacher can be fairly estimated wholly by print. It is not by the compositions that he leaves, says a French writer, but by the memory of the effects he has produced, that an orator is to be judged. Of the purely pathetic or emotional orators, Bishop Simpson is one of the most successful, but there is nothing in his printed sermons to justify his reputation. He has a bold, dramatic instinct, and great sincerity of personal conviction.

Wendell Phillips once characterized a man as one who had "pulmonary eloquence." How many an eminent doctor has owed his distinction to a large chest, a resonant voice, and imposing manners! I forbear to repeat Sydney Smith's pun on "Postures and Impostures."

Sensationism is a grievous vice of the pulpit, and does incalculable injury to its influences. But sensationism is only an insurrection, somewhat violent, against conventionality. Men are so tired of metaphysics, and dogmatics, and firstlies, and secondlies, that they rush to the man who offers them relief. Though, for that matter, sensationism is a vice not peculiar to the pulpit. Literature, art, theaters, journalism, philanthropy, politics, the dry goods business, have all suffered from its ravages.

There is a sensation proper and a sensation improper; let us keep the distinction. The boat plashes the water with her wheels in order to go ahead; she makes an incidental sensation. But, if she only plashed the water, she would be like some ministers, some writers, some editors, some mountebanks. A rocket blazes for the mere sake of blazing, a fire-cracker makes a report for the sake of noise. A cannon blazes like the rocket and makes more noise than a hundred pop-crackers, but it does more. If you must make a noise in order to achieve a good purpose, by all means make a noise. But don't make a noise for the sake of the noise. Asses do that.

I do not object to advertising pulpit subjects, or to seeking fresh and interesting subjects. If I may advertise a lecture, why not a sermon? There is a good habit which the pulpit is learning of journalism—that of following the suggestion of any great event that is uppermost in the public mind. But there is a kind of preaching which may justly be called pulpit blood-and-thunder; it finds its interest in the same love of the horrible that sells the "penny dreadfuls," and makes the story of a murder good stock for a newspaper.

It is so fashionable just now to denounce the bad taste of Dr. Talmage's pulpit performances, that I am inclined to put a little in the other scale. I prefer to remember the Tabernacle preacher in that earlier time before the great building made it needful to do an unreasonable amount of slashing in order to keep the house filled. Some evil influence has of late years dampened Mr. Talmage's humor, which was always his best gift. I used to hear him say some excellent things in droll ways in his first years in Brooklyn. He was speaking of the evil of high pew-rents one night, and he pictured a shipwreck with people floundering in the water.

"Man the life-boat, pull away! pull away! Now, save these men. Stop! Have you got any money? This seat in the bow is fifty cents, that in the middle is a dollar, the one astern there is twenty-five cents. Oh! you haven't any money! Well, go on, boys. There'll be a mission chapel along here to save these poor fellows presently!"

If I have dwelt in this discursive article on the foibles and eccentricities of parsons, it is not from any lack of respect for the class. I do not know any vocation that has produced nobler men. It is not to the great doctors that I appeal, but to the humbler men who have honored the calling. How many heroes I have known who have made me proud to be counted a parson with them! Brave, spirited James Peet rises up to my sight, missionary in the slums of New York, in the wilds of Lake Superior, and then among the negroes of the South. He was never eloquent, and had but little culture, but he was all man. I said he was never eloquent, but when at last he stood before those who had known him long, forewarned of death and haggard with consumption, asking no pity for himself, but pleading, as with his last breath, the cause of those to whom his last work was given, we wept, all about him, moved by the matchless eloquence of heroic living. And there was Shaw, the sweet-spirited religious enthusiast, an Israelite without guile, whom I knew from boyhood, and who, now that his work is over, sleeps under the willows of the old grave-yard on the Ohio. I must not mention too freely the living, whose brave lives make the earth sweet. But I remember to have heard once the eloquent Dibrell, of Norfolk, who sent away his household and died with his people in the yellow-fever scourge. Nor shall I forget that Irish priest who lived through that epidemic, and when there sailed into Hampton Roads, some years after, a French ship, the men on which were dying by scores with the fever, he boarded her and ministered to the crew. He once showed me, with pardonable pride, a watch that the Emperor of the French had sent him as an acknowledgment of his services.

But this sort of heroism is common enough among ministers. More instances come to my pen than I can mention. There sat here in my library the other day Mr. Willard Parsons, who, a year and a half ago, was the pastor of a country Presbyterian church on the Erie Railroad. He found his work there, and this summer he has, with the aid of the "'Evening Post' Fresh-air Fund," but without any organization, and without salary, taken one thousand and eighty-one invalid children from tenements in the city to sojourn for two weeks each in country farm-houses. Of his courage and sacrifices I may not speak. If liberal men were not so sunk in ruts, they would provide for the independence of such a man, that he might keep on in his work. "Endow a man, and not an institution," says MacDonald.

When once a man has been guilty of writing novels there are always plenty of people who want to provide him with heroes for the next ones. A gentleman in Massachusetts is resolved that I shall write one with Abraham Lincoln for center-piece; another friend has a Catholic priest of the old French régime in the West whom he would like to have done, and a Connecticut deacon has offered to sell me an ancient love affair of his own as literary material if I will work it up on the halves. And one of the funniest of our American humorists, in a serious fit, once handed over to me a Baptist minister for a hero. He is too good to be lost, and as I set out with a combative Baptist let me put in here a brave one. He

was well known to my informant, the pastor of a church in a town in the great wild forests of Michigan many years ago. He lived a bachelor life, and lived most penuriously. In every other regard he was beyond reproach, but people thought him most unreasonably stingy, and dubbed him a miser. When he died, it was found that his hard-saved money had been put away for all those years that he might leave twenty thousand dollars to found an academy in the town for the boys and girls of that destitute region. And in all those years of self-denial and odium, he had hugged that excellent project and held firmly on his way, without giving a sign to any one or asking any sympathy.

We live at the dawning of a better time, a time of broader views and a more hopeful spirit. The severe and stately parson passes away. No longer, clad in official and funereal black, shall he sit like Poe's raven, cawing a sepulchral "nevermore" to the despairing human spirit. The strong men of our time know how much better is love than fear, hope than despair, personal influence than official authority.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Magazine.

THE minister who preaches his Master fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, takes the Thanksgiving anniversary for the airing of himself and his pet notions on social or political topics. A wayfarer finds nothing so convenient and suggestive as a mile-stone, to sit down upon or lean against. Anniversaries have always been occasions for the survey of the path before and the path already trod, for individuals and enterprises and institutions; and as eight years of the existence of this magazine have been completed, and we enter with this number upon the ninth year, and the seventeenth volume, it seems a fitting occasion for us to say something about it to its friends and the great public.

Eight years ago, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY began to be published. It entered the field without a subscriber, and now has a patronage crowding closely upon a hundred thousand. It never was growing more vigorously than it is to-day, and never, during any year, made a better or more healthy advance than it did last year. The elements that have commanded this success seem worth talking about.

No one can suppose that a magazine published without illustrations could have achieved the success to which we allude. It is doubtful whether the same magazine, omitting the illustrations entirely, could have been made to pay expenses, thus reduced to the minimum, as they would have been. It is proper, then, that we place the pictorial department of the magazine at the head of the list, in recounting the elements of its success. It is not necessary for us to repeat the verdict of the newspaper press, both of this country and Great Britain, in regard to the excellence of this department. It has commanded, by its superiority, all that it has won. No labor and no money have been spared to secure the best results possible in this country; and such has been the advance in the arts of designing and engraving, under the stimulus of this patronage, that it may well be doubted whether the work on SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY could be produced to-day in any other country. Certainly, there is no such work done on a popular magazine in any other part of the world.

It is noticeable, too, that the same change of relation, between the best artists and the magazine—considered generally, as a literary institution—has taken place that had already been effected between the best writers and the magazine. Formerly, the best writers of fiction never appeared in the magazine. It will be remembered that Dickens's works originally appeared in parts, and that almost all the prominent novel-writers of Great Britain published from the manuscript their completed volumes. The magazine-writers were another class, and a lower one, in everything, perhaps, but the essay. Now it is the second or third rate novelist who cannot get publication in a magazine, and is obliged to publish in a volume, and it is in the magazine that the best novelist always appears first. When this magazine published its first number, the best artists, as a rule, were not willing to engage in illustration, and very few of them had ever learned to draw on the block for the engraver. Within the past twelve months, some of the best artists in this country have been more than willing to furnish their exquisite work for the MONTHLY, and it will soon be impossible for any but the best artists to get magazine work to do.

The next element of success that comes up for notice is the publication of the distinctively American novel. In the success of a popular magazine, the serial novel has become a very important factor. There is a large number of readers in the country who never subscribe for a year, but who always buy the numbers as they appear. To give regularity and steadiness to this demand and sale, the serial novel has been found to be all important. For many years the American public depended upon the British novel. It took the work of the British novelist at second-hand, and at the price of second-hand work. The consequence was that the novel-writing capacity of the American remained undeveloped. This magazine saw very early the evil

effects of this policy upon American literature. It saw, at last, that it could do no better for its own countrymen and for American literature than to discard utterly the British novel, and get the best American novel it could, to take its place. The result is already most encouraging. The names of several writers will occur to our readers who have been developed under this policy, and who, without it, would have secured but a limited hearing—possibly no hearing at all. If writers have been developed, readers have been pleased. There is but one English writer—a woman—who can command a better audience in America than the woman whose novel we begin in the present issue of the MONTHLY, —a woman first made known to the world through these pages, and developed through the policy now under notice. The next three years are likely to furnish further instances of this development of writers upon our own soil, working with material furnished by our own American life. It certainly is gratifying to witness the growing interest in home writers, and to find it for the interest of home magazines to discard the foreign writer, or to give him the subordinate place which he ought to hold among the American readers of current fiction.

The next element which claims notice is the editorial department, occupying the closing pages of the magazine. This department is not peculiar to SCRIBNER, nor was it originally instituted by this magazine; but it is peculiarly an American feature. The ordinary English magazine, prepared for popular reading, has no editorial department whatever, and is hardly more than a piece of job printing, performed in the advertising interest of a publisher. Of a carefully prepared editorial department, treating political, social, and household matters, giving literary and art criticism, and detailing the progress of invention and discovery, the characteristic popular magazine of Great Britain knows nothing. We believe that the peculiarities of this department as they have existed in SCRIBNER, have had much to do with its success. It presents many points of difference with the corresponding department in other magazines, and is received with a hearty relish by a great army of readers.

All the American magazines have been modified during the past few years, and we have shared with them the change from topics pretty purely literary to those of a more vital interest in connection with the social, political, and economical life of the nation. The old-time magazine was very largely a record of literary dilettanteism, and to-day would be laughed at and not tolerated at all. Now, every reader of a magazine expects to see all the topics of leading interest in the life of the nation and the world treated in its columns, and it is for this reason, very largely, that the periodical dealer has supplanted the country book-seller, nearly everywhere.

The future of magazine literature seems to us a very bright one. Magazines will not be multiplied as they have been, because it takes too much money to establish a magazine that will meet the competition to which it will be subjected; but the competition that exists between monthlies that are already established will insure to readers the worth of their money, and continue to make of them the best that the world can show.

Greenbacks and Green People.

WE suppose that the men who consider soft money better than hard, and a greenback superior to gold, are mainly honest. There are undoubtedly demagogues among them who know better, and who, for personal purposes, are practicing upon the popular ignorance; but the masses who belong to what is called the "greenback" party believe that somewhere in the unlimited issue of greenbacks there lies a cure for their own financial depressions and diseases. Their mouth-pieces talk about "cheap money," and they assert that if money were only cheap, the poor man could have more of it. The fallacy of this doctrine, and the foolishness of this kind of talk, would seem to be obvious enough; but multitudes are deceived by it, and misled to their own disappointment, and to the great disadvantage of the country. We do not remember a time when money was any more plentiful than it is now, or cheaper; yet the fact that it is both plentiful and cheap does not start the wheels of business. It is so because there is not sufficient use for it. If it were only scarce and dear, in consequence of the prosperity of business, or the increased use for it, the poor man would have more of it.

It is perhaps a useless task to reason, or to undertake to reason, with those who have given their allegiance to this greenback heresy, because they can hardly be intelligent readers of anything. We are, practically, already returned to specie payments. Within half a cent, a paper dollar is already as good as a gold dollar; and if we are to get any cheaper money than this, it must be poorer money. There is no such thing as getting money for less than it is worth, or getting anything for less than it is worth. If the national bank circulation, based upon pledges of United States interest-paying bonds, were to be wiped out, and the place of this circulation filled by greenbacks,—"absolute money," "fiat money," —the money might be very cheap, but it would also be very poor. Its purchasing power would be small, and every man would be obliged to pay in labor just its worth. He might, under such circumstances, get ten dollars a day for his work, but he would be obliged to pay a hundred dollars a barrel for his flour, because flour would be produced by labor costing ten dollars a day, on land worth five hundred dollars an acre. There is no legitimate way of getting money but by paying what it is worth, in labor or merchantable material.

The existing greenback, it may be claimed, is worth as much as a national bank note of corresponding denomination, but it is to be answered that the greenback, as is exists, does not pretend to be "absolute money." It is a promise of the United States to pay money, and there is no sane financial man who does not know that it is a promise to pay coin, or something that directly represents coin. A greenback is good, and only good, because the

country accepts it as a pledge of gold or silver. The precious metals have been accepted, the world over, as the basis of currency, and when men talk about money they invariably talk about that which has its basis in coined metals. A paper dollar always represents a gold or a silver dollar. Throughout the long period during which specie payments have been suspended in the United States, the value of bank-notes and of greenbacks has been sustained by the faith that ultimately—sooner or later—every dollar would be redeemed or redeemable in coin. There was a time when it took two dollars in paper to buy one in gold, and the gap between that period and this has gradually been closed, as the certainty has increased that the promise upon the face of the paper dollar would be redeemed. If the greenback were to be changed to-day, so that it would bear no such pledge, it would become very cheap money indeed. It would hardly be worth the paper it is printed on.

There is no power on earth that can legislate value into paper. If paper does not represent value, it is good for nothing, and no government can make it good for anything. The question of cheap money, for the benefit of the laborer, for instance, is "as broad as it is long." If money is good for anything, it will have to be paid for in labor. The markets of the world settle the values of merchandise. We may legislate that every bushel of wheat shall be worth five dollars, but our legislation will have not the slightest effect upon the price. Wheat is wheat the world over, and the price is regulated by the great law of demand and supply. Money is money the world over, and money is gold and silver the world over, and every article that a man possesses and has for sale will be regulated in its price by the relation which it bears to some gold unit in the markets of the world. Money cannot be so made that a man can get something for nothing. It cannot be so made that he can get it for less than the market price in labor. The idea that it can be so made is a delusion and a snare of the devil, or a demagogue, who is his most obedient servant.

We have been through our experience with "cheap money." At the time the present greenback was created, there was a large party in this country who did not believe that, as a government pledge, it would ever be redeemed. Indeed, it was doubtful at that time, in the minds of some of our best patriots, whether the country would survive. The consequence was "cheap money," and the consequence of cheap money was of course inflated prices. The laborer's wages doubled and so did his expenses, and a thousand enterprises were entered upon which circumstances did not call for. Trade and manufactures were over-stimulated; and over-trading and over-production were the results. Real estate went up to absurd financial altitudes. Speculation was rife. Nothing could have been any more unhealthy than the financial and industrial condition of the country. Then came the crash and the end. It was a fever,—a burning, disastrous fever,—and still the patient lies pale and almost pulseless, though slowly gathering strength. And now our new doctors wish to repeat this horrible business. Just as we are recovering,—just as the country is getting upon a sound financial basis,—we are told, not only that we want more greenbacks, but that we want only greenbacks; and not only this, but that we should compel the creditors of the country to take greenbacks for their bonds, thus adding the crime of the swindler to the blunder of the fool. Would it not be well to stop the teaching of what Herbert Spencer calls "the ornamental branches" in our schools for a while, that our young people may learn something more than their fathers seem to know of political economy?

Mr. Theodore Thomas.

THIS gentleman did a very natural and proper thing in going to Cincinnati, for Cincinnati is a much more musical city than New York. It was quite fitting that the best conductor of music in the country should make his residence in the most musical city in the country. The scolding that was administered to Mr. Thomas, and the scolding that was dealt out with more unsparing measure to New York, for her failure to appreciate and hold him to herself, were both very foolish. Mr. Thomas did what he could, and much more than any other twenty men ever did, to educate New York into a taste for the best music; and he found, at last, that he could not get a living at the business. So he went to Cincinnati, where he could accomplish that very desirable end. He goes into a most respectable and responsible position; he is domiciliated with a people possessed by a grand musical enthusiasm; he has now, all prepared, a chorus and an orchestra trained in his own methods, and he possesses the means, reckoning in the new music-hall and organ, for accomplishing grander and every way more remarkable musical effects than can be produced elsewhere on this continent. Why should not Mr. Thomas go to Cincinnati? We congratulate him on the change, and we give Cincinnati our hearty felicitation on an event so consonant with her history, and so important in its bearing upon her musical future. She has fairly earned any prize upon which she sees fit to lay her hand.

If New York can learn any lesson from this disappointment, which is almost felt to be a disgrace, it will be very well. The mere concentration of wealth and of political and commercial influence—the adding together of numbers and the spreading out of streets—do not necessarily make a city worth living in. No metropolis is worthy of its name which does not draw to itself, and hold, the best men in every department of art. The departure of Mr. Thomas for Cincinnati proves simply that New York lacks the culture and the institutions which would naturally retain him, and make his departure practically impossible.

It is to be remembered, however, for the encouragement of New York, that Mr. Thomas is not the only man who ever lived, and that the resources of the world were not exhausted when he left us. Such a man always stands in the way of the development

of other men in the line of leadership, and New York will not be a day without men quite capable of conducting her music and educating and directing her taste. Mr. Thomas's departure makes room for other men, who have been working at a disadvantage in his shadow; and we shall soon learn who among them is to take the ruling baton. He is certain to appear, and New York will have and hold just as good musical leaders as her musical culture and institutions deserve and naturally attract.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Suggestions to Young Housekeepers.—I.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE heard so much of the trials and perplexities of young housekeepers that, after forty years of experience, begun in ignorance, I think I may be able to give some aid and instruction, and may speak with some authority. I desire earnestly to help those who wish to make a home for themselves and those around them.

I believe much of the trouble of housekeeping is owing to the want of proper attention on the part of the housekeeper. Men choose for their professions the law, medicine, architecture, merchandise, and theology, and they give all their attention to the professions they have chosen, or they cannot hope to succeed. A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Properly viewed, it is the highest and most elevating of all professions,—let her not enter upon it lightly. She has in her hands the happiness and welfare and direction of a few or many people, as it may be; but she cannot neglect her work. It is not to be neglected, and cannot be put into the hands of any other person. It is her bounden duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and all its various economies attended to. She can no more neglect it with impunity than a doctor his patients, a lawyer his clients, a merchant his customers. She must be the mistress of her own household. She may have as many servants of high and low degree as her home and income may require, but she must be superintendent. She must require obedience to her orders, and strict performance of duty; but she must understand what those duties are, how they should be performed, and what time they require, or her orders are of no value, and she cannot judge of their performance. A mistress should go through her house every morning, praise where praise is due, and quietly find fault with any carelessness or omission, thinking nothing beneath her notice, but with a gentle authority which admits of no question, never placing herself in an antagonistic position to any member of her household. Where there is decision it prevents all uncertainty (a most painful condition), and is very much for the good of all.

Circumstances, temperament, good or ill health, make the conditions of housekeeping more or less light, and more or less pleasing; but a good and determined *will* does much for us all.

CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF A HOME.

In choosing a house, the first object should be a wholesome situation, good drainage, ventilation, and a dry cellar. The health of the family depends upon these. Let your house be chosen according to your income and means of living, as far as possible. This advice seems almost a satire in New York, where there are no small houses in decent situations, and people requiring modest accommodations are driven into "flats,"—a mode of life in countries where there is no word like home.

Do not live with a fine house over your head, and subsist in the basement. Few people, out of your own family, know or care how you live. You will, probably, neither surprise nor please them by opening fine parlors kept only for occasions, and the reception of strangers. Let your home, large or small, be kept for the benefit of those who live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture; and good beds better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have all these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you, and for the friends dear to them and you,—not for show—not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

In the arrangement of a home, let each member of the household, who is old enough, have his or her own room to be kept in order, and made as individual as possible. Carry this principle out, if you can, with servants. It saves much trouble to them and to yourself. If you have children, let the nursery be the sunniest and most cheerful room in the house, with pictures, and open fire. These surroundings are a part of education.

To begin with the attic. Let your servants' rooms have abundant means of washing (their own towels marked "attic," and given out once a week with the bed-linen), comfortable beds, and bureaus in which they can keep their clothes. There should be a housemaid's closet, and in it everything which her work requires,—pail, scrubbing-brushes, scrubbing-cloths, dusters, towels, brooms (whisk and long), dust-pan, window-brush, dusting-brush, long-handled feather-duster for cornices and the tops of doors, short feather brush, chamois leathers (kept in a box or bag), not forgetting two large unbleached cotton covers for beds and furniture when she is sweeping; on the door of the closet there should be a plain list of her work and the time required for doing it.

The details of bedroom arrangement will be modified by circumstances: the number of occupants; whether they are children or grown people; and whether the income is large or small; but comfort may be commanded by taste, ingenuity and industry, and perfect order and cleanliness. There may be pictures on the wall, if only a wood-cut, books for private use, a writing-table, and portfolio, with means of daily bathing, fresh beds, and airy rooms, and if possible, the fire laid, to be used when required. The drawing-rooms of a house are always characteristic of the family who live in them, and often who do *not* live in them. Live in your drawing-rooms; have books, work, music, fire, all to make it the pleasantest place for the members of a family,—a place of rest after daily work, for comfort after struggles, for conversation, ease, reading, the relation of the experiences of the day, with nothing too fine to use, nothing too fine to sit upon. Curtains are not for ornament, but for use; drop them, shut out the cold, and have an open fire. It is the best of luxuries, the greatest ornament, and one of the most cheerful of companions.

Let your dining-room be tasteful, comfortable, clean, shining, the meal well served, orderly, regular, whether luxurious and well cooked, or only a steak and potato.

There should be a pantry with closets for the china and glass. If you have glass or china that you do not use daily, have a shelf for each with a list pasted inside, and require that it should be reported to you if any thing is broken, and mark that broken piece from the list, that there may be no future question. Do the same thing with other china and glass. Let the waitress have every thing requisite for her work,—brooms for the sidewalk and for carpets and stairs, pail, scrubbing-brushes and cloths, whisk-broom and dust-pan, dusters and towels, chamois leathers for silver, mirrors and door handles (kept separately), a pan for her silver and glass, another for her china, long and short handled feather-dusters, and a placard upon her pantry door, with a list of her work—like that of the housemaid. (I write for a moderate household, where no men-servants are kept.)

The kitchen (I hope it is a light one) should have a light closet if possible for the pots, sauce-pans, tins, baking-dishes, gridirons, frying-pans, etc., all the pots and pans being turned down to keep the dust out of them with covers upon them; another closet for the supplies of the week, furnished with proper jars with covers for whatever is to be kept in them, buckets for flour, bread, board, paste-board, dresser for ware and glass, plates and pitchers, a drawer for knives, forks and spoons, wooden and iron; chopper, apple-corer, lemon-squeezer, etc., etc.; another drawer for table-cloths, roller and towels; enough tables for her work; a proper table for the servants' meals, the cloths suitable for it, and one small table for the cutting up and pounding of meat. (This one must be kept well scrubbed, the others are better covered with table oil-cloth.) Suitable plates, dishes, cups and saucers, tea-pot and sugar-bowl, knives, forks and spoons for the servants' meals are also necessary. There must be a safe in the coolest place to put away cold meats, with ware dishes to put them on, and small jars with covers for cold rice, hominy or potatoes. It should be cleaned daily. The cook will need a plate-drainer over the drain, two dish-pans, one for washing and one for rinsing the plates and dishes. There should be a small rug before the drain, and upon the hearth, to save the cook's feet from wet and from the heat of the hearth (a cook must be active on her feet, or she cannot attend to her duties); a refrigerator, which should be kept perfectly dry and clean; a bunch of skewers of all sizes hung upon a nail, to be wiped dry and returned to their bunch after using; and a good clock.

There should be a barrel into which all the servants should put the ashes, after they have been passed through the coal-sifter, also a proper receptacle for the refuse of the kitchen, both to be taken away daily. The cook should be furnished with brooms, scrubbing-brush and pail, clothes-iron, wash-rag and brush for the pots, whisk for the drain, soap in a wooden soap-tray, two scuttles, brush and blacking for her range, and brush to clean it out, egg-beater, wooden spoons, hand-basin always ready, etc., etc.

The laundress should have a closet, in which her dress-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board, ruffle-irons, fluting machine and irons may be kept; two covers for each board, and for her table. The covers for the boards are best in the shape of a bag, into which they can be slipped. If you can have a mangle, it is best for both bed and table linen.

It is well to require the washing to be brought upstairs as it is done, each evening. The table, bed linen, and flannels on Tuesday; the shirts, habits and sleeves on Wednesday. All this depends so much upon the size of the family, and whether the laundress is also chamber-maid, that no rules can be laid down, but so far as this system can be adopted it is best. The mistress should look at her list of soiled clothes sent to the wash, and see that the numbers are right, and see to putting them away. This prevents the supposition that anything is lost in the wash. Do this for your own sake and in justice to the laundress.

There should be a linen-closet neatly kept. It is well to nail upon the front of each shelf a wide cotton cloth, which can be turned up over the clean linen; and the linen last brought up from the wash should be put underneath that all may be used in turn. There should be: a shelf for toilette covers, tidies and rideaux; one for towels; one for the bed-linen; one for the table-linen; and one for spreads and heavy bed-covers.

If there is a house-maid it is her duty to attend to the furnace. If not, a mistress can judge whether the cook or laundress can best attend to this work. A waitress should have as little to do with coal as possible, for her hands must be nicely kept, and her dress clean and in order.

The store-room should be placed if possible on the kitchen floor, as there the stores are needed.

MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

Green Autumnal Foliage.

DID it ever occur to any one that it would be well to brighten the lawn in fall with more trees that remain green during that season? If it ever has, the evidence scarcely appears. Yet the dull and fading hues of autumn, in spite of the increasing beauty of dying leaves, need some green color to refresh the eye. Perhaps, in improving lawns, we do not sufficiently consider all the valuable qualities of different plants, failing to recognize the lessons afforded by woodland scenery. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to touch briefly the fall characteristics of certain trees and shrubs noteworthy in this respect. We might naturally turn to evergreens as specially fitted for our purpose; but, with few exceptions, their hues have been dimmed since June. The green does not seem as warm and fresh as it did then, and an evergreen has never that cheerful, enlivening aspect presented by the green of deciduous trees. The wind does not stir as readily, nor the sun touch as variedly, the somewhat heavy foliage of evergreens, and, consequently, they have not the continually changing moods of deciduous trees.

We propose to include no plants the foliage of which suffers from mere white frost, and even to include some the leaves of which will endure a severe freezing without injury to their beauty. There is, doubtless, a season in late August and early September, during which the lawn should be carefully supplied with such foliage and flowers as will yet flourish; but we have chosen a later period, which is sometimes deferred until the middle of October, and which is more neglected and needy. One would think the maples valuable for their green in fall. They are healthy, thrifty, and vigorous; but scarcely a satisfactory variety in this particular exists among them, without it be the little colchicum maple (*Acer colchicum rubrum*). The foliage of this tree is very pleasing, and of curious outline. Delicate red stems support the leaves, and their general appearance is bright and cheerful. It is a choice, uncommon maple, and should be more employed as a single specimen on the lawn. The common catalpa (*Catalpa syringæfolia*), much spoken of nowadays for its enduring wood, and most valuable to the lawn-planter for broad, shadowy foliage, retains its green color well in fall. There is also a dwarf form (*Catalpa Kæmpferii*), rounded like a hemisphere, with very delicate autumnal greens. *Chionanthus Virginica*, the white fringe, old, well-known and choice, is not usually spoken of for its autumnal beauty. The exquisite, lace-like flowers have doubtless eclipsed the glory of the foliage. It is large for a shrub, lustrous and oval; the leaves have a dark, rich green in fall, the general appearance of which is improved, though less than most shrubs, by pruning in winter. This operation should consist in thinning out, restraining, and renewing, not shearing, in the manner that falls to the lot of many unfortunate shrubs. We should like to see a few lawns, the trees and shrubs of which had all been pruned with discernment through a long period of years. The resultant improvement of the appearance of a whole neighborhood would be astonishing. Inquiring minds may ask where such places exist. We do not know. Most things have been attempted and done, so likewise such work is doubtless accomplished; but we imagine it would be hard to find where in this country. The American persimmon is a noteworthy tree for its green in fall; but the Japanese persimmon, or *kaki*, shows a richer, glossier foliage, like orange-leaves in color. If it proves hardy, which is not yet sufficiently demonstrated in the North, its green color in fall will afford another valuable quality besides that of its fruit and general beauty at other seasons. Few shrubs are prettier in the fall than the evergreen thorn (*Cratægus pyracantha alba*). The small, glossy, dark-green leaves and orange-colored berries, all protected by masses of thorns, characterize the finest Cratægus, which is thoroughly healthy in America, as it is also attractive in very late fall and even winter. *Cercis Japonica*, the Japan Judas-tree, has heart-shaped leaves, glossy, tough, and retained late in fall. It is rare and choice, and decidedly attractive, both for its flowers and leaves, during at least five months of the year. In spring, early pink flowers wreathe the stem, before the leaves put forth. The best spiræa in fall is perhaps *S. prunifolia*, which assumes still richer colors as a late autumnal garb. *Spiræa crispifolia*, very rare, and recently introduced from Japan, is thought to be a variety of *S. callosa*. A dwarf mass of rounded, curling foliage, it is well preserved in fall. *Salix laurifolia*, or (as good authorities claim) *S. pentandra*, the laurel-leaved willow, preserves a shining green late in the season. The ornamental value of this tree is not sufficiently considered. It endures all exposures and soils, even close to the sea-shore, and is always clean and thrifty. The elms are remarkably deficient in attraction during the fall, with one or two curious exceptions. The one specially notable is the weeping slippery-elm, which grows with great rapidity, and has fine, vigorous foliage. So rapid is this growth that grafts made in the spring will attain six or eight feet during the following summer. We see a specimen before us while we are writing, where a large American elm has been stripped of its branches and grafted at numerous points with cions of the weeping slippery-elm. The effect produced after three years is most extraordinary. Long, pendant branches, clothed with luxuriant foliage, swing and wreathe themselves about against the sky like gigantic snakes. The most valuable quality of this choice tree, however, lies in the fact that its foliage is not unfrequently green until October, and always thus green weeks later than other elms. There is one other elm which is rare—*Ulmus Siberica*—that holds its green late—so late that it might be classed with oaks and beeches for this peculiarity. It is of moderate growth, and has rough, slightly curled foliage, grouped closely along the branches. So far as we know, only the lindens can boast of one variety that remains really green in fall,—*Tilia dasystyla*,—a golden-barked tree with bright green foliage. All other lindens fade soon, and become almost unsightly in early autumn, so that the green foliage of this variety seems very curious to behold in autumn. The effect of the

unusual season for such coloring is increased by the strong contrast afforded by a bright yellow bark and a singularly lustrous foliage.

But the noblest trees of fall, for bright green and all other good qualities, are the beeches and oaks. Rich in color and picturesque in form, always affording grateful shade, other trees may possibly be as fine in a certain way, but none can be more generally satisfactory. Not specially early in putting forth leaves, they are most beautiful in June, and indeed throughout the summer. In autumnal landscapes, however, their late foliage, almost evergreen during mild winters, performs a valuable part, for the very reason that there is now so much less beauty among trees than earlier in the season. All kinds of beeches are fine in the fall. The cut-leaved, the purple, and the common American and European beeches are all most effective and green until nearly winter; but the noblest of all is the celebrated weeping beech. Its great, gleaming masses of foliage assume all kinds of fantastic shapes and reveal bowers and recesses until the leaves of almost every other tree have taken their departure. The only other rival the beech really has late in fall is the oak. Strong, sturdy and picturesque, enduring and grand, it is admired by every one and planted by few. It transplants with difficulty and grows slowly; but when once established it is well worth the patience it has demanded. All oaks are fine in fall, and in many cases preserve their leaves fresh and green into November and later. Indeed, although we have no really evergreen oaks in the North, there are seasons when some oaks, notably the pyramidal, retain their leaves all winter. The willow-leaved oak, as well as the pin-oak and the rare, large-leaved Daimio from Japan, among others, are very beautiful in fall, sometimes even in November.

Did space permit, we should like to dwell on the beauty in autumn of various privets, *Daphne cneorum*, of tiny, evergreen foliage, and certain of the *Elæagnus* species, as well as the beautiful fall climbers, evergreen honeysuckles, Akebias, Virginia silk, etc. All these should be planted with taste here and there throughout the lawn, supported by occasional masses of rhododendrons, laurels, mahonias, and other evergreen shrubs. Thus adorned, the lawn, in the fine air and lights of autumn and during bright days, may well tempt us to linger amid its yet beautiful foliage, where crimson and gold is mingled plentifully with green. SAMUEL PARSONS.

A "College of Domestic Economy."

IT is proper to note in this department of the Magazine, that Sir Henry Cole, with his customary energy, has been urging, for some considerable time, on the British Government and its Education Department, more careful and more systematic practical instruction, in the public elementary schools, of the needs and duties of "Household Life." In his paper, on the "Establishment of a National College of Domestic Economy," which he read at the Domestic Economy Congress, at Manchester, he advocated that trained teachers, having earned certificates at a Central State Institution for knowledge of "food and its preparation," "health," "the dwelling," "household management and thrift," should be employed in large centers of population, going from school to school, once or twice in the week, as teachers of drawing did at first. Further on he proposed that Her Majesty's Commissioners might, out of the surplus money of the Exhibition of 1851, in their charge, endow the College or central institution, as the first of the institutions for aiding technical knowledge which they have proposed to aid, and Sir Henry specially named their fellow-commissioner, Dr. Lyon Playfair, as pre-eminently qualified to direct such a scheme. The Commissioners possess the funds and the ground; a moderate sum only would be requisite for a building which should include laboratories as well as a hostel for housing female students from the country for short periods, and to pay the cost of a staff of competent examiners for granting certificates of competency, whose services would be only occasional. The students might contribute to the expenses, and there might be free scholarships. The College would supply instruction and practice that would be of a much more advanced kind than could be given in the several existing training-schools for teachers of elementary instruction, and the state might properly assist in paying on results, as in the training-schools for elementary education.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., on Railroads.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., whose annual reports as chairman of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission have given him the foremost position in this country as a student of the philosophy of railway transportation, has produced a valuable and at the same time entertaining work entitled "Railroads: their Origin and Problems" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). Eighty pages are given to historical and descriptive matter of exceeding interest, concerning the first railways operated by locomotive engines in England and the United States. The Manchester and Liverpool Railroad was opened September 15, 1830, under the direction of George Stephenson, the inventor and builder of the locomotive, under whose hand the excursion train, with the Duke of Wellington and the chief dignitaries of the government, sped from Liverpool to Manchester and back again. The particular and indispensable part of Stephenson's invention was the

multitubular boiler, whereby the necessary heating surface is obtained. Contemporary accounts of this memorable excursion are introduced by Mr. Adams, which have all the glamour of the "Arabian Nights." Exactly four months after the formal opening of the Manchester and Liverpool road, the locomotive was put in operation on the South Carolina Railroad, the engine having been constructed, without the multitubular boiler, at the West Point Foundry. Somewhat earlier than this, however, an experiment had been made on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by a race between a horse and a locomotive contrived by Mr. Peter Cooper. Says Mr. Adams:

"It affords a striking illustration of how recent those events which now seem so remote really were, that here is a man still living, and among the most familiar to the eyes and mouths of the present generation, who was a contemporary of Stephenson, and himself invented a locomotive during the Rainhill year, being then nearly forty years of age. The Cooper engine, however, was scarcely more than a working model. Its active-minded inventor hardly seems to have aimed at anything more than a demonstration of possibilities. The whole thing weighed only a ton, and was of one-horse power; in fact, it was no larger than those hand-cars now in common use with railroad section-men. The boiler, about the size of a modern kitchen-boiler, stood upright and was filled above the furnace, which occupied the lower section, with vertical tubes. The cylinder was but three and a half inches in diameter, and the wheels were moved by gearing. In order to secure the requisite pressure of steam in so small a boiler, a sort of bellows was provided which was kept in action by means of a drum attached to one of the car-wheels, over which passed a cord which worked a pulley, which in turn worked the bellows. Thus, of Stephenson's two great devices, without either of which his success at Rainhill would have been impossible,—the waste-steam blast and the multitubular boiler,—Peter Cooper had only got hold of the last."

The race was won by the horse, through an accident—the slipping of a band which moved the blower of the engine. Mr. Cooper, who was his own engine-driver, struggled manfully to replace the band without stopping the machine, but before he could do so the horse had won the race. It was proven here, however, that the locomotive could outrun the horse, because the former was ahead when the accident occurred. On the 9th of August, 1831, the Albany and Schenectady Railroad was opened by an excursion train made somewhat familiar to the present generation by a wood-cut representing a prim little engine, with a prim engineer in a dress-coat, drawing six small passenger coaches resembling old-fashioned stage-coaches, in the foremost of which sat Mr. Thurlow Weed, then thirty years of age. On the 24th of March, 1834, the first locomotive was put in operation in Massachusetts, between Boston and Newton, the first link of the present Boston and Albany Railroad, which was completed to Albany in 1841, after difficulties and struggles which made it a greater achievement at that time than the building of the Pacific Railroad a quarter of a century later. There are now 79,208 miles of railway in the United States.

The railroad problem, the consideration of which occupies two-thirds of the volume, is defined by Mr. Adams in this wise: Upon the old highway, transportation was regulated satisfactorily and justly by the laws of trade. The railway has usurped the functions of the highway, but the laws of trade do not regulate transportation thereon, either satisfactorily or justly. How to supplement these deficiencies by the action of government, without producing more evils than are cured, is the railroad problem. The analogy of the king's highway and the common carrier, Mr. Adams contends is wholly inapplicable. The railway is *sui generis*, and must eventually be dealt with as such. After forty years of ineffectual wrestling with this problem, England has abandoned all attempts to apply the law of common carriers to railways, recognizing the fact that the two things are wholly dissimilar. In the United States, the struggle is still going on. The public insists that the railway is a public highway, and the company a common carrier, and strives perseveringly, yet vainly, to subject them to the antiquated code governing those institutions. Meanwhile a railway evolution of vast import and vast proportions has been going on in Europe and America, entirely heedless of the law of common carriers, and the course of this evolution is traced by Mr. Adams diligently and methodically in England, France, Belgium, Germany and the United States, and the relation which this evolution bears to the education, habits and natural genius of the respective peoples, is carefully held in view. In England, all the vexations and grievances complained of in this country have had free scope, and all the remedies which legislation could provide have been tried one after another and abandoned. An era of competition and of discrimination has been followed by an era of consolidation, whereby large districts of country have been allotted by railway managers to this or that company as its territory, its satrapy. The public has looked with amazement, not unmixed with terror, at this parceling out of the country among soulless corporations; yet the result has proven beneficial both to the companies and the people. The public has been better served and at lower rates since the amalgamations took place than before, and there are fewer complaints of unjust discrimination. At present the English government confines itself to a strict watch upon the railways. It leaves the railway evolution to work itself out in its own way; but it provides a standing commission to hear all complaints against railroad companies, and in certain specified cases to decide controversies between companies and between companies and individuals. Beyond this the government does nothing except hold itself in readiness to act if events shall hereafter require more decisive steps. Government ownership of the railroads may become necessary at some future time, but at present there are no facts to justify such a revolution in the methods of British trade and intercommunication.

The limits of this notice do not permit even a brief outline of the railway evolution of the continent of Europe. In the United States, the mad race of railway competition with its discriminations against localities and individuals, and the high-handed acts and demeanor of railway officials, produced the Granger laws of 1873. Although clumsy and unphilosophical, Mr. Adams regards these Granger laws as a necessary snubbing-post, at the time they were enacted, to the domineering spirit

and the coarse jobbery and corruption that pervaded the railway corporations. As this is an important matter, and is little understood in the eastern states, where the Granger legislation was commonly regarded as akin to highway robbery, we quote one paragraph from pp. 127–128:

"Of the Granger episode, little now needs to be said. That it did not originate without cause has already been pointed out. It is quite safe to go further and say that the movement was a necessary one, and, through its results, has made a solution of the railroad problem possible in this country. At the time that movement took shape, the railroad corporations were, in fact, rapidly assuming a position which could not be tolerated. Corporations, owning and operating the highways of commerce, they claimed for themselves a species of immunity from the control of the law-making power. When laws were passed with a view to their regulation, they received them in a way which was at once arrogant and singularly injudicious. The officers intrusted with the execution of those laws they contemptuously ignored. Sheltering themselves behind the Dartmouth College decision, they practically undertook to set even public opinion at defiance. Indeed there can be no doubt that those representing these corporations had at this juncture not only become fully educated up to the idea that the gross inequalities and ruinous discriminations to which in their business they were accustomed were necessary incidents to it, which afforded no just ground of complaint to any one; but they also thought that any attempt to rectify them through legislation was a gross outrage on the elementary principles both of common sense and of constitutional law. In other words, they had thoroughly got into their heads that they, as common carriers, were in no way bound to afford equal facilities to all, and, indeed, that it was in the last degree absurd and unreasonable to expect them to do so. The Granger method was probably as good a method of approaching men in this frame of mind as could have been devised. They were not open to reason, from the simple fact that their ideas of what in their position was right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable, were wholly perverted. They were part of a system founded on error; and that error they had been accustomed to look upon as truth. The Granger violence was, therefore, needful to clear the ground. This it did; and it did it in a way far from creditable to those who called themselves Grangers."

That the Granger legislation, bad as it was, was sustained by the court of last resort, Mr. Adams regards a fortunate circumstance for the railroads themselves, since "nothing short of it would apparently have sufficed to force them out of their position of stupid, fighting defiance." Once driven from an untenable position, the railroad companies hastened to make peace with their customers—the public. The more flagrant abuses were corrected, arbitrary airs were dropped, and while much remains to be done, the ground has been cleared for a better understanding and better results.

In Massachusetts, the problem was taken hold of in a different spirit. The same abuses existed there, but the parties to the dispute conducted the controversy in more sober methods. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission was formed upon the plan of attacking the evils of railway management by publicity,—of creating a tribunal with the power of investigation and report. Its decisions possessed no more validity than the reasons upon which they were founded. The enforcing power was only that of public opinion, coupled with the latent power which resides in public opinion under representative governments to eventually execute its decrees in the form of law. That the experiment has worked well is sufficiently attested by the fact that the railroads have always endeavored to stand well with the Commission, and the legislature has continued it in force and enlarged its powers from time to time. The Massachusetts method and the Granger method are types of the only steps taken in this country to deal with the railroad problem by public authority. There are no other methods possible in this country except through the action of Congress, which alone has the power to regulate commerce among the several states.

The contest of the railroads against the public is, however, for the most part a resultant of the contest of the railroads against each other. Uncontrolled competition results in unbearable discriminations. Competing points get their freight carried for next to nothing, while non-competing points are taxed to make up the difference. Excessively low rates are followed by excessively high rates. Violent fluctuations in prices are precipitated into the business of the community by railroad wars, followed by treaties of peace, followed by other wars. The concluding pages of Mr. Adams's book embrace a succinct narrative (and the only one to be found in print) of the wars and treaties of the east and west trunk lines since 1873, and of the devices sought to be invoked to restrain the destructive competition between them. A sketch is given also of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, devised by Mr. Albert Fink of Louisville, the success of which led to his being called to a more important field of similar work in the city of New York. It is found that everywhere—not in this country alone, but still more in other countries—combination is taking the place of competition among railroads, and that, instead of becoming more tyrannical and exacting by reason of their greater power, they become less so. The sense of responsibility grows with the growth of the combination. Mr. Vanderbilt, controlling two great lines with their ramifications between New York and Chicago, is much more amenable to public opinion than Mr. Vanderbilt controlling only the Harlem Railway. Being more an object of suspicion, he is less able to indulge his own whims and caprices. A dozen small log-rolling companies will control a legislature, where the same companies consolidated into one would utterly fail to do so. Therefore, the march of railway combination is not the terrible thing we have been accustomed to regard it. The plan of state ownership is not gaining ground in any part of the world. The conditions of such a system are as yet wholly wanting in the United States, even if it were considered a desirable solution of the railroad problem. For the present, there is perhaps nothing better to be done than to apply the Massachusetts system on a more extended scale, so that governmental supervision may keep pace with railway combination.

After this *résumé*, it is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Adams's book is worthy of very high praise. The importance of the subject is only matched by the difficulties surrounding it. The author has brought to his task an impartial judgment and very notable powers of generalization superadded to a laborious training. The book reads like the finished product of one who, having fully mastered his theme, needs only a few quires of

paper and a little leisure to put the public in easy possession of the results of many years of special study and reflection. The style is as attractive as the matter with which it deals.

Blackie's "Natural History of Atheism." *

A BOOK so fresh, natural and vigorous, one which, so entirely avoids technicalities and is so utterly free from obscurity is rare in the annals of religious controversy. The first three chapters treat of the presumptions in favor of theism,—the appeal to a general belief in the existence of God, and the exceptions to this belief which arise from three efficient causes: first, dense ignorance,—as in the case of the most degraded savages; second, moral turpitude which wills to recognize no rule of eternal right, which closes its eyes to the divine and awful beauty of holiness; and third, spiritual pride, which darkens the mind and finally destroys the spiritual faculty.

The chapters on polytheism and Buddhism illustrate the point that one phase of atheism arises rather from "an exaggeration and misdirection, than from a deficiency of the noble emotion of wonder." The polytheism of the Greeks, which is a practical atheism after all, Professor Blackie explains—as has been done by the comparative philologists of Germany—to be a disease of language. This view has been popularized by Max Müller, and even introduced into some school manuals of mythology; still, a word here may not be quite superfluous. When the discovery of Sanscrit threw its illumination over the vexed question of the genealogy of language, an utter overturning of philological rules and systems followed. But out of all this chaos, a new and beautiful order grew, and the science of language—which is fossil history and fossil poetry in one—arose. Beside it, growing up as it grew, following it like a shadow cast athwart the human hopes, and fears, and beliefs of past ages,—from the dimness around,—the science of religion detached itself.

All language in its infancy runs to personification,—that of children and savages illustrates this fact; while the primitive poetry of the eddas and the vedas shows that the wild and warlike Norsemen, and the gentle philosophers of the Himalayas, were at one on this point. Every phenomenon of nature is thrown into an objective form; each participant is personified. As the nation outgrew its childish years, these songs grew to have a new significance; these personified forces came to mean gods and goddesses; the mist and halo of distance and tradition making them assume god-like proportions. When old Kronos is said to have devoured his children, does it mean that the Greeks had deliberately gone to work to create a *god* capable of such bestiality, or only that time swallowed up the years to which he had given birth? Shorn of the fanciful adornments of the later poets, the older myths can almost all be interpreted in this way. And so, mythology may be justly called a disease of language.

The chapter on Buddhism which follows gives a history of its royal founder; of his princely birth, and enormous possessions; of his renunciation of caste, and wealth, and ease; of his wanderings and sufferings,—forgetful of all but that he lived in a world full of sorrow, and suffering, and death, remembering only that there were woes to be relieved and wrongs to be redressed. The character of Buddha is one of ideal loveliness, the example one of sublime and self-forgetful heroism; but he was a moralist only—an atheist; there was no God in all his thoughts, no divine ideal to which he aspired, no communion with the Father of Spirits to which he looked forward,—and so his mighty work, his sacrifices, his purity have all come to naught. The Buddhist followers of this marvelous atheist, thirsting after a god, have lifted him up to the throne of deity, and four hundred millions of human beings this day accept him as an object of adoring worship. As his morality and religious negations were the natural but extreme reaction from the priestcraft of Brahminism, so is the idolatry of his followers a reaction again from the empty void of his atheism. Here we touch the last point made in this volume,—the fifth phase and cause of atheism. It is, in Professor Blackie's words, the atheism of reaction, a disbelief in Christianity, which comes as the natural revolt against extreme, dogmatic sectarianism,—the swing back which naturally results when the mind frees itself from the overstrained systems of Calvinism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism, asceticism, and extremism of every kind. And this, in the present time, seems the most powerful cause—when combined with the intolerance of control, and want of reverence so characteristic of the age—for the growth and diffusion of atheism. In Professor Blackie's own words, this atheism "may in many cases be only the rebound of an ill-balanced mind from the asperities and rigidities of some local orthodoxy. If there is a rebellion anywhere in a state," he goes on to say, "the government is seldom free from blame," page 71.

There are only two points in the whole volume which show weakness of conception and of handling. Professor Blackie's views and definitions of both volition and liberty seem very confused and unsatisfactory. These are, however, purely metaphysical points and form a very small portion of the book, and are, moreover, incidental. The portion of this volume to which exception will most generally be taken is that which refers to the power of prayer. The idea that the realm of physical nature, and the laws which control it, can be invaded and altered by prayer he utterly repudiates. The belief in the fatherhood of God, in his loving tenderness which listens to the cry of his children, and in response to their appeal issues the divine command to winds and the seas that they be still, has rooted itself too deeply in the heart of the Christian world to receive any denial without stern condemnation; and here Professor Blackie goes counter to the feeling and belief of the whole Christian world.

* The Natural History of Atheism. By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Miss Trafton's "His Inheritance."

"HIS INHERITANCE," Miss Trafton's novel, recently completed in its serial form in this magazine, and now published in a handsome volume by Lee & Shepard, is the third book of a writer who has steadily won her way to public favor, and made every step secure by the improvement that comes of conscientious work. "Katherine Earle," though not without some serious faults, was a better book than "The American Girl Abroad," and "His Inheritance" is a much better book than "Katherine Earle." It exhibits higher powers of invention, greater skill in the development of character, and more perfect loyalty to the ideas of harmony and proportion.

Of course, we do not need to sketch a story which our readers already possess in detail and completeness. The strong character of the book is, undoubtedly, Mrs. Stubbs, the sutler's wife. It is well conceived, though not intrinsically interesting, and from the beginning to the end there is not a false touch in its presentation. The woman's ambitious aspirations for her gentle daughter, guarded by an almost insane jealousy of those above her in social position, until they worked out their perfectly natural results in ruin and death, are delineated very skillfully and powerfully. There could have been no other end, save in obedience to the reader's natural wish that, somehow, Captain Elyot should have found his lost wife before her death, and released her from slavery to her ignorant, short-sighted, and overfond mother.

The book has many notable points of excellence in the painting of frontier scenery and society. The camp of the wagoners, when Blossom goes home from her school, with her midnight escape from the Indians, forms a very impressive and memorable sketch. Captain Elyot's long wandering on his way to Fort Atchison as bearer of dispatches, is depicted with a high degree of graphic power. Everywhere the "local color" is marvelously well laid in, especially when we are told that the writer has no practical familiarity with the opening scene of her novel. In thus recording our favorable verdict, we may be permitted to express the regret that the genuine, hearty, racy humor, so evidently a part of the writer's nature, and so naturally revealed in her first book, is not more apparent in her novels. A love of fun—a sense of humor—is one of the choice gifts of God, and it is sometimes pitiful to see how a New England woman, in her terrible dignity and earnestness, neglects this gift when she holds it in possession.

Hunt's "History of Music."*

THIS little work is meant for a text-book and well deserves its name: A Concise History of Music. It is divided into three sections for study, which are followed by questions on the subject matter and complete indexes. The first sixty pages are devoted to a "general review of musical epochs and events," and to biographical sketches of the chief representatives of the various schools of music. For the sake of simplicity, Mr. Hunt recognizes only five distinct schools, the Belgian, Italian, German, French and English. Nearly two hundred and fifty names of composers, with their more important works are included in this first section. Some receive bare mention, while the lives of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and one or two others are treated at greater length. Not a word is wasted. Chronometrical tables of musicians and musical events form the second section. These tables are admirably arranged and a glance makes their use apparent. The seventy-four pages of the third section comprise a short history of music as an art, and treat of the formation and growth of the modern scales, the development of counterpoint and harmony, with examples, the rise of the oratorio, opera, symphony and other forms of musical expression, concluding with a brief description of several important musical instruments. The leading works under each class of vocal or instrumental music are also enumerated, together with their composers, arranged in chronological order. The design of the book is to aid systematic study, and its comprehensiveness and clearness render it valuable to the student of musical history, while its indexes make it a capital manual for reference.

It is noticeable that only one Russian composer, Rubinstein, is mentioned, and no notice is taken of the works of Mr. J. K. Paine, whose masses, oratorio and symphony have gained him considerable reputation in Germany. But in so concise a history, one cannot expect to find every composer; and one looks in vain for the names of Ravina, Saran and Jensen, and other modern composers of some note. The work may also be criticised in its estimate of some of the English composers, but as a whole it is most admirably adapted to its purpose as a hand-book for students.

* A History of Music: Bonavia Hunt. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

NOTE.—The space devoted to this department being limited, it is important to report only those new appliances and processes that seem of the most value; it may interest readers to know that of 117 new appliances or machines, described in two volumes of the Magazine, 57 are known to have gone into general practical use in business.

Progress in Electric Lighting.

THAT the peculiar manifestation of force called electricity would give light has long been known, and many students of its phenomena have predicted that the light from electricity would ultimately displace gas and oil. Slender sticks of gas carbon

being placed end to end and touching each other in an electric current, will conduct the electricity in silence and darkness; drawn apart a few millemeters, while still in circuit, there springs up between the ends a brilliant flame. The electricity, seeking to pass the gap, raises the ends of the sticks to a white heat, and the flame that seems to bridge the space between the carbons becomes the conductor of the current and it flows over the gap in a fiery arc. In a few seconds the ends of the carbons become destroyed by the heat, the distance between them is increased, the current cannot pass and the flame goes out. To restore the light, the carbons must be pushed together till they nearly touch, when the flame springs up again. This defect, and the fact that a battery must be used, for a long time made the electric light practically valueless. The invention of suitable machinery for holding the carbon pencils, and for keeping them always in the right position, eventually led to a practical electric lamp; but, with all this, the light was expensive, troublesome and unreliable, and thus of no value to the business world. Within the last two years, and notably within a few months, the electric light has attracted renewed attention both in this country and in Europe, and it has now reached a practical commercial position that makes it of use to the navigator, miner and manufacturer. It is no longer a laboratory experiment, but is ready to take its place in the street, the theater and the shop, on board ship, and wherever a cheap and powerful light is needed. It is already the rival of gas, and it is undoubtedly destined to supplant it, to a considerable extent, and in many places to find use where gas is not available.

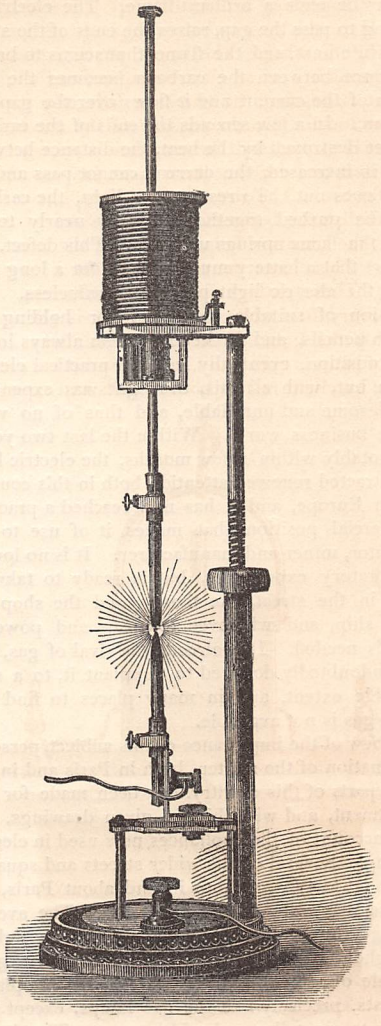
In view of the importance of this subject, personal examination of the matter, both in Paris and in different parts of this country, has been made for this department, and with this are given drawings, and some account of the appliances now used in electric lighting. Several of the wider streets and squares, and about forty workshops in and about Paris, are now regularly lighted by electricity. The avenue leading from the Grand Opera House is lighted throughout its entire length, and presents a good example of street lighting. The lamps are placed on posts, precisely like the gas lamps, except that the posts are taller and wider apart. The lamps are inclosed in large opal glass globes, and beyond this do not differ externally from the gas lamps. As the daylight fades away, there comes, without warning, a sudden flash, and every light in the street is burning with an intense white glare. The effect is like daylight, except in intensity. Every part of the street, the immense traffic in the roadway and the people on the walks, every architectural detail of the buildings to the top of the roofs, every object however minute in the windows, the flowers on the balconies, are plainly visible and in their natural colors. The actinic effect is the same as by day, and all colors, both real and artificial, take their true shades. Every sign on wall or omnibus, the minutest patterns in fabrics and the finest print can plainly be seen. People seated before the cafés read their papers by the aid of lights on the opposite side of the way, and yet the most delicate complexions and softest tints in fabrics do not suffer in the white glare of the lamps. Every stone in the road is plainly visible, and the horses move swiftly along as if confident of their footing. Such illumination is the perfection of street lighting. Neighboring streets, though more brilliantly lighted with gas than any American streets, appear dark and gloomy by contrast. Besides the Avenue de l'Opéra there are a number of theaters, halls and public buildings and shops, lighted without or within, and in each case the electric light has superseded gas or it is used where gas would be too expensive. The appearance of the lamps used in Paris is peculiar. The entire globe seems to be filled with light,—no flame or point of light being visible. The color is intense white, occasionally changing to blue or deep yellow for an instant. In some few cases the light is naked, or is placed in clear glass lamps. In whatever manner used it is impossible to look at the light for more than a few seconds. This intensity, and the occasional flickering of the light, are raised as objections to the electric light. On the other hand, why should any one look at the lamps any more than at the sun, and when not looking directly at the light the flickering is hardly noticeable. In halls and shops the lamps may be placed next the ceiling, or behind screens, so that only the reflected light can be seen, and out-of-doors the lamps may be placed overhead out of the range of the eyes. The flickering comes from a variety of causes, and it is doubtful if it can ever be wholly overcome. The points to secure are a steady motive power (a turbine being best), and good carbons in the lamps. Another objection has been found in the deep shadows cast by opaque objects when lighted by electricity. Careful observations both here and in Paris, in halls, shops and streets, failed to show that this is a serious objection where two or more lamps are used.

From these observations it may be safely stated that the electric light is perfectly reliable, is practical in any position, without or within, wherever a large space is to be lighted, or where an intense light for any reason is desired. It is available for streets, factories, rolling-mills, railway stations, docks, for lighting beaches, gardens, parks and other open spaces. Two improvements made in the electric light have made it possible to remove it from the laboratory to the street,—the substitution of dynamo-electric machines for batteries, and the invention of improved lamps for displaying the light. The dynamo-electro machines are now made in a variety of forms both in this country and in Europe. They are essentially alike, and differ chiefly in the manner in which the parts are put together and in the quantity of light they will give for a horse-power and the kind of current they will produce, some giving an alternating current and others a continuous current. Great difference of opinion has been expressed between the merits of French, English and American machines, and no fair comparison has ever been made between them. Only the foreign machines are shown at the Paris

Exhibition, and in the streets of the city only the Gramme machine is used. The writer examined, as far as could be done without photometric apparatus, the different machines, and it appears that the American machines are as good, if not better, than any French or English machines. Very great attention is being paid to the subject in this country, and five large manufacturers have produced machines of varying merit, and from all that can be learned they are cheaper and quite as efficient as those made in Europe.

On burning carbon pencils in an electric lamp, it is found that one pencil wastes or burns away much faster than the other. The instant they burn away beyond a certain distance, the electric circuit is broken and the light is extinguished; this defect has been overcome by a lamp having clock-work, whereby the two carbons are kept moving at unequal speeds. Thus, the right distance is preserved and the lamp burns steadily. The objections to this lamp have been its cost and the liability of the clock-work to get out of order. Such an affair would be of little use in a rolling-mill or on board ship, where unskilled labor must take care of it. For a long time no better lamp could be found, and this fact alone prevented the general use of electric lights. More recently, this style of lamp has been improved to suit American wants, and to bring it within a reasonable price, and it has been used continuously night after night in exposed situations, and with only the care of a boy for many weeks without failure.

Two years since, the so-called electric candle (already described in this department) was introduced in France, and, since that time, still other improvements have been made in this country, and cheap and simple electric lamps are now made in different places, and the whole subject of electric lighting is now put on a practical business basis. The electric candle is the only apparatus used in lighting the streets of Paris. This candle consists of two slender sticks or pencils of gas carbon placed side by side, with a slip of kaolin between them. A small piece of wire is laid over the top to join the two carbons together, and is kept in place by a strip of paper pasted over the top of the candle. The base of this double-wicked candle is set in a metallic ferrule, so that it may be quickly and firmly connected with the wires of the circuit in the lamp. The lamp consists of four of these candles placed in a ring in a globe of opal glass. The wires enter the bottom of the lantern, and are connected with the candles. The wires may be laid in earthenware pipes under the sidewalks, as in Paris, or stretched from post to post through the air. By means of a switch placed in the lamp-post, the current may be changed at any time from candle to candle. When the dynamo-electric machine is started, the current passes up one carbon of the candle, follows the wire to the other, instantly making the fiery arc over the top. The wire is destroyed, but the current once started, is maintained till the candle is burned away. The insulating kaolin between the carbons is destroyed by the heat, and gives way as fast as the carbons are consumed. When the candle has burned down the current is switched to the next candle, and thus, in turn, the four candles are burned in about six hours. The electric candle is a cheap and

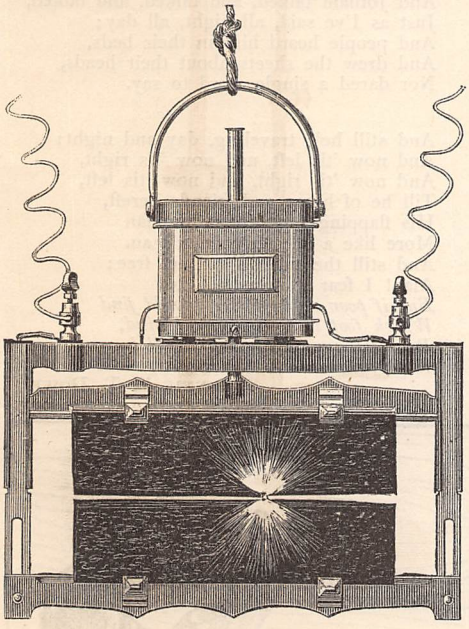


1. ELECTRIC LAMP FOR TABLE.

practical electric lamp, but as now used in Paris it has one serious defect. When one candle is burned out, or for any reason is extinguished, another must be lighted; and this demands constant attention and labor, as a man must go from lamp to lamp every ninety minutes lighting the fresh candles. This defect may, in time, be overcome by some automatic device for switching the current, but it has not yet been done. The unequal wasting of the two carbons is prevented in the candle by employing an alternating current, the polarity of the current being changed many thousand times in a minute, and in this manner the burning away is distributed between the carbons equally.

The electric lamp employing clock-work is so

well known that it needs no description. The improved form of lamp used in this country gives good results at a reasonable cost, and it is said to work steadily with very little attention. A cheaper form of lamp dispensing with clock-work is shown in the cut. Here the two carbons are placed in line, one touching the other. The upper pencil is fastened to the armature of an electro-magnet, and while no current is passing, the armature falls and the two carbons touch. On the passage of the current the magnet is excited and the armature is raised, lifting the carbon and drawing them apart just enough to form the arc. The instant the carbon burns away and the distance becomes too great to maintain the circuit, the armature falls, permitting the pencils to touch. This closes the circuit and the light starts again. These extinguishings and relightings take place every little while, but so quick is the operation that the light is practically continuous. This form of lamp is cheap and simple, and it is reported to give excellent results both in halls and streets.



2.—HANGING ELECTRIC LAMP.

Figure 2 gives a new lamp recently invented in this country. It consists of an iron frame holding two thin plates of carbon. An electro-magnet is placed on top (covered in cut), and the upper plate is connected with the armature. When at rest the two plates touch at the edges, one resting on the other. On passing a current the magnet lifts the upper plate, and the light springs up somewhere between the two plates. In a moment the carbon is burned away just there. The current is not, however, broken, for the arc instantly shifts to another part of the plate, always finding the spot where the right distance is maintained. In this manner the arc burns its way backward and forward till both the plates are consumed. The plates are designed to burn one hundred hours, and unless the current is stopped, the light will be maintained without attention till the carbons are destroyed. This lamp is simple and requires no attention while burning, and when the plates are consumed, new ones may be inserted in a moment. A single light of this pattern will give a light equal to from 2,000 to 3,000 candles, and the cost for carbons will be about one cent an hour.

Another form of lamp recently brought out employs the weights of the carbons and their holders to move a simple train of clock-work that constantly adjusts the position of the pencils. This lamp has also an ingenious appliance for correcting sudden changes in the speed of the works under variations of the current, besides several new devices for adding to the convenience in setting up the lamp. This new style of lamp is made in a variety of forms suited to use as a street light, mast-head light or locomotive head-light.

Concerning the cost of electric lighting as compared with gas, there is much dispute. If a single electric lamp is compared with a common gas lamp, the cost is in favor of the gas, but this is not a fair comparison, for a gas-jet in New York may (perhaps) give a light equal to 22 candles, whereas a single electric lamp can give 15,000 candles. If it is attempted to get as much light out of gas, the cost will be so disproportionate that it would not be considered, to say nothing of the immense number of jets that would be required, and the consequent heat, smoke, and trouble. The parish of Chelsea, London, recently sent an agent to Paris to examine the cost of lighting streets by the electric candle (not the best lamp), and the "Engineer" in commenting on his report, says (we quote with some condensation):

His conclusions seem based upon a comparison of the electric light as used in the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Place de l'Opéra, at Paris, and the gas-lights as used in some of the streets of Chelsea. The comparison is hardly fair, because the latter are not well-lighted. The streets named are Sloane Street, King's Road, Lowndes Square, Cadogan Place, and the Chelsea Embankment. Taking the whole of these, the average distance from lamp to lamp is about forty-five yards, while in the Avenue and Place de l'Opéra the average distance of the gas-lamps if placed in a line would be about five yards only. These are well-lighted streets in Paris, it must be admitted, but then Paris is altogether better lighted than London, and if we are to make a real comparison between gas and electricity, it should be made with the number of gas-lamps per street, giving a reasonable amount of light. Mr. Stayton's report is, of course, relative to things as they exist, and not as they may be. The Avenue de l'Opéra is lighted with the Jablochkoff lamp. Each electric candle costs 7½d., and burns one hour and a half, giving a light equal to 700 wax candles. The cost per light is 1s. 2½d. per hour. The estimate of the first cost for similarly lighting Sloane Street is £3,200, with a working cost of 16s. per hour from the thirty-two electric candles, whilst the existing forty lamps cost 8¼d. an hour. These figures at first sight seem most conclusive. Now let us look a little closer into them. The forty gas-lamps are, on Mr. Stayton's own showing, equivalent at the maximum to 500 wax candles per hour; probably in reality to no more than half that number. The thirty-two electric candles would be equivalent to 22,400 wax candles. In the case of the maximum, the electric light is forty-five times as good as the gas-light; in the more probable case it is ninety times as powerful. Now, 45 times 8¼d. gives us 31s. nearly as the cost of the gas to give an equivalent light, supposing each lamp to equal fifteen candles—with a proportionately greater sum if the gas is not of this maximum quality. The first cost again, we believe, will be found to be equally in favor of electricity.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Woful Tale of Jotham Brown.

SHOWING THE DANGER OF POSSESSING ONLY ONE IDEA.

ALACK! alas! alack! ah me!
A woful tale I'll tell to thee,
Of Jotham Brown, known as J. B.,
A stalwart youth, of ruddy blee,
Who in his boots stood six foot three,
At twenty-one, with one "idee!"
His small eyes had that far-off look
Which—I have read within a book—
Great genius has; his visage glum
Was ever one emphatic mum;
And how a thought could ever gain
A lodgment in his narrow brain,
Must rank as undiscovered knowledge,
Beyond the ken of world or college.
No matter—there's the fact—keep still;
Leave it for future thought and skill;
Men's minds are far too prone to borrow
What rightfully ranks with to-morrow.
Wait! wait! a warning you shall see
In this same youth, this brave J. B.

Poor J. B., on an evil day,
Had chanced to hear some person say,
"That one foot ever strove to gain
Upon the other, and 'twas plain
That, let them strive however fast,
One foot must be ahead at last.
And still 'twas left for some keen mind
Which foot is always last to find."
Then J. B. puzzled long and late,
And scratched his head o'er book and slate,
Resolved that his that mind should be
To set this wondrous riddle free.
Poor Jotham Brown!
Poor Jotham Brown,
All night, all day, sought rest in vain,
This puzzle rankling in his brain.
And if by chance he fell asleep,
Such dreams beneath his lids would creep
Of feet, feet, feet, ten thousand feet,
Dragging on, and flying fleet,
Feet alone, and feet together,
Of ev'ry hue and shape 'soever,
That he would wake, with shivering moan,
To toss, and turn, and sweat, and groan,
To rise at last, and figure out,
If possible, some new-found doubt.
Poor Jotham Brown!
Poor Jotham Brown!
At last he found no book nor slate
Which foot is last could truly state.
Then greatness sprang up in J. B.
He said he'd be "consarned," if he
Didn't find out which foot was last.
He swore that certain things he'd blast
If he, J. B., could not find out
"This blessed fact," without a doubt.
Poor Jotham Brown!
Poor Jotham Brown
Now went a-pacing up and down,
Now went a-running here and there,
And walking, walking everywhere,
In a circle, round a square,
Night and day, both foul and fair,
Never stopping anywhere,
Until he grew quite lean and spare.
And these few words were all he said,
As on and on he endless sped:

"The left ahead,
The right ahead,
The left ahead,
The right!
The right ahead,
The left ahead,
The right ahead,
The left!"

And Jotham walked, and walked, and walked,
And Jotham talked, and talked, and talked,
Just as I've said, all night, all day;
And people heard him in their beds,
And drew the sheets about their heads,
Nor dared a single word to say.

And still he's traveling, day and night;
And now 'tis left, and now 'tis right,
And now 'tis right, and now 'tis left,
Till he of home and friends bereft,
His flapping rags about him fan
More like a specter than a man.
And still the riddle's not set free;
Alas! I fear it ne'er will be.
But if poor Jotham e'er should find
Which foot it is lags last behind,
Poor Jotham then a saint will be,
With his name in the encyclopædiæ.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

"Goodness me! What are we coming to? If they aint making artificial butter and hatching out ducks' and hens' eggs by machinery."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII. DECEMBER, 1878. NO. 2.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.—IV.

THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

FIG. 1.—RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD (TROCHILUS COLUBRIS). [SEE PAGE 171].

THAT we may be able to do full justice to the wonderful and exquisitely beautiful architectural constructions of the humming-birds, it will be necessary for us to refer also to several of their most remarkable peculiarities as a family. The *Trochilidæ*, or humming-birds,—and no name more appropriate than the latter can be found,—are, without doubt, the largest family of the class, numbering nearly or quite four hundred species.

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It stands out, distinguished from all other families, by a combination of characteristics found nowhere else. Not one of all this large family naturally alights upon the ground. The shortness of their legs and other peculiarities require them to rest on branches or leaves, or similar means of support. As a group, it is remarkable for the smallness in size of the species composing it, and numbers the most diminutive bird-forms among its members. It also contains some of the most beautiful and diversified in brilliant colors. The family is exclusively American, and is found throughout the islands and main-land of the continent from Alaska to

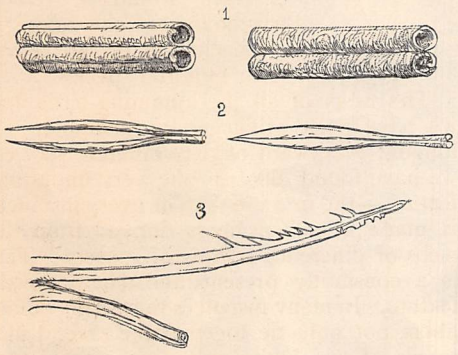

FIG. 2.—DIAGRAMS OF TONGUES OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

Patagonia, but is most abundant in the tropical portions. Some species are only found in such high and temperate regions as the table-lands of Mexico and the Andes.

The bill of the humming-bird is generally longer than the head, and in one remarkable instance, that of the sword-bearer *(Docimanes ensiferus)* [Fig. 3, 3], is nearly as long as the rest of the bird; it is usually straight [Fig. 3, 4], in some curved in a remarkable manner, some having a downward curvature [Fig. 3, 2], and with a few, like the avocet-billed, curved upward [Fig 3, 1].

Their wings are scythe-like in form and differ from those of all other birds, and are well illustrated in the wing of the saber-winged humming-bird *(Campylopterus hemileucurus)* [Fig. 4] The shafts of the quill-feathers, —in all remarkably strong and elastic,—in the saber-winged species have an extraordinary development. The upper bone of the wing is shorter than in any other family, and this renders possible the wonderful rapidity with which, while hovering in the air, they vibrate their wings. These vibrations are so rapid as to render the wings invisible, and produce a musical note which varies in pitch with the variety and sex. Their flight is always rapid. They never perch, either while feeding or when building their nests, but invariably take their nutriment hovering in the air before a flower, or near a column of minute insects, and their position is the same when they build the frame-work of their nests. The tail-feathers of the family present no uniformity in their character. The usual fan-like form is well presented in our figure of the mango humming-bird [Fig. 6]. Another striking example of these powerful aids to a rapid flight may be seen in our figures of the long-tailed humming-bird of Jamaica *(Polytmus)* [Fig. 9].

The tongue, in this family, is too wonderful a structure to be passed by in silence. It presents the appearance of two tubes laid side by side, united for the greater part of their length [Fig. 2, 1], but separate for the remainder [Fig. 2, 2]. Near the tip, the outer edge of each laminated tube becomes spread out and presents irregular fimbriæ which point backward, with soft, flexible points that are said to serve the purpose of spoons, enabling the birds to retain their insect or nectar food. [Fig. 2, 3].

The flight of the humming-bird is of two quite different kinds,—their rapid horizontal movement and the vertical position maintained by the vibrations of their wings, aided by the movements of the tail. Their food is largely and principally insect. They are also very fond of the nectar of flowers, which seems to afford them some nourishment, and upon which, in captivity, they can subsist for a long while without any apparent inconvenience.

All humming-birds have a notoriously aggressive disposition, attacking with singular fury whatever excites their animosity, and pursuing birds much larger than themselves, while they are very rarely molested by the birds which they thus assail.

In enumerating some of the more prominent peculiarities of this wonderful family, we must not fail to notice the lavish profusion of metallic colors of every conceivable tint and shade with which their plumage is adorned, excelling in their brilliant splendor the costliest gems. These often vary, in the most wonderful manner, in the same individual, with the position in which the bird is presented to the eye, and our wonder is not lessened when we realize that the sides of the fibers of each feather differ in their shade from the surface, producing these sudden changes as the position is altered. The common rufous hummer of California *(Selas-*

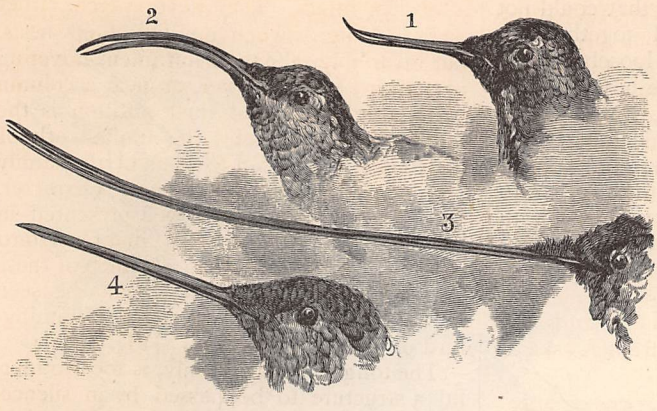

FIG. 3.—BILLS OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

phorus rufus) will, in a moment, change the vivid, fire-like color of its throat to a light green, and the celebrated Mexican star *(Calothorax lucifer)* at one moment exhibits a plumage of the brightest crimson, and at the next, one of an equally brilliant blue.

As it would be but natural to suppose, this large family, differing as they do in so remarkable a manner in so many of their other peculiarities, differ also, to an almost inconceivable degree in the characteristics of their nests. Indeed it is probable that there is no other family whose architectural achievements are more varied than are those of the humming-birds. These variations include not only the material of which the nests are made and the positions in which they are placed; but also the general style of their construction, exhibiting constant differences, in the several species, in the ingenuity and beauty displayed in each design. The extent and variety of these deviations strike us as all the more remarkable when we bear in mind that the entire family must perform all their labors in building their nests, *while on the wing*, self-poised in the air, and that while thus engaged they are never at rest, save only when adjusting the material of their unfinished cradles. It is not possible in a single article to do more than refer to a small portion of the most remarkable examples, and we would on no account have our readers imagine that because, with a single paper we dismiss the history of this wonderful family, we have done more than make a beginning. Instead of a few pages, whole volumes might be written, and in the descriptions and illustrations of the nests of each species, were all the story known, well-marked peculiarities would be traced distinctively characteristic of each one of the nearly four hundred species.

The nests of all the humming-birds that we have been privileged to examine, belonging to upward of sixty different species, we have found alike in one very important feature,—the free use that, in every instance, is made of silken fibers derived from the webs of different varieties of spiders. This is a constantly present and characteristic feature. In many instances these long silken fibers not only tie together the several materials of which the nests are constructed, but hold the entire aggregated mass securely attached in a position that would otherwise be impossible. This is strikingly illustrated in the nest of the *Phæthornis eurynome*, and hardly less so in that of the *Eucephala cærulea*, both mentioned below.

In both instances nests made of very different materials are securely bound to the very tip ends of long and pendent leaves that

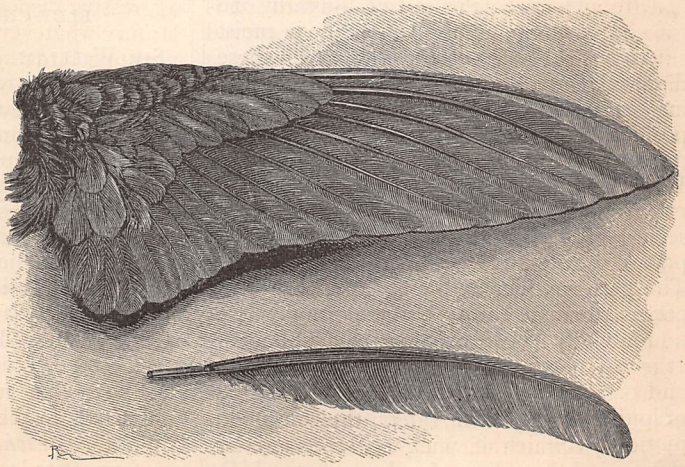

FIG. 4.—WING AND OUTER QUILL FEATHER OF THE SABER-WINGED HUMMING-BIRD (CAMPYLOPTERUS HEMILEUCURUS).

are constantly fluttering in the wind. And in several instances materials that could not otherwise be made to blend together are securely, though sometimes loosely united to form the frame-work of the nest, keeping securely in its place its soft, downy lining. In others small dry mosses, dry and curled leaves, bits of bark and even intractable lichens are securely tied, one to the other, to form an extraordinary frame-work. Of such as these there are very many, and all of them very wonderful exemplifications.

SCALY-BACKED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE nest of the scaly-backed humming-bird *(Phæthornis eurynome)* is of a very abnormal and unusual type, and is, in all respects, quite remarkable, both on account of its singular position, and of the materials used in its construction. It is made almost exclusively of the most delicate tendrils and rootlets of trees or wooded shrubs. These it fastens in position, by binding around them cobwebs and silken fibers of cocoons, and attaching them to the extremity of a drooping leaf of a palm-tree,—usually one growing near the edge of water, or in moist situations. The ingenuity with which these diminutive architects can succeed in fastening such stiff and unyielding materials in a position so full of difficulties as at the termination of a hanging leaf is truly surprising. Each separate rootlet is bound round and round with cobwebs, or silken threads, and securely fastened in place, making each its part of the rounded periphery of the whole. The nest, circular at the top, gradually becomes attenuated at the lowest portion, where undoubtedly its construction was first begun. It is a shallow and seemingly frail structure, and one that does not appear to be capable of long enduring, with safety, the continued motion to which it must be subjected by every wind that blows, for the leaf on which it is tied must be almost constantly in motion. It is difficult to reconcile the construction of such a nest with the unsocial character attributed to these birds, for one can hardly conceive how it is practicable for an unaided pair to construct a nest with so many inherent difficulties, both of position and intractable materials.

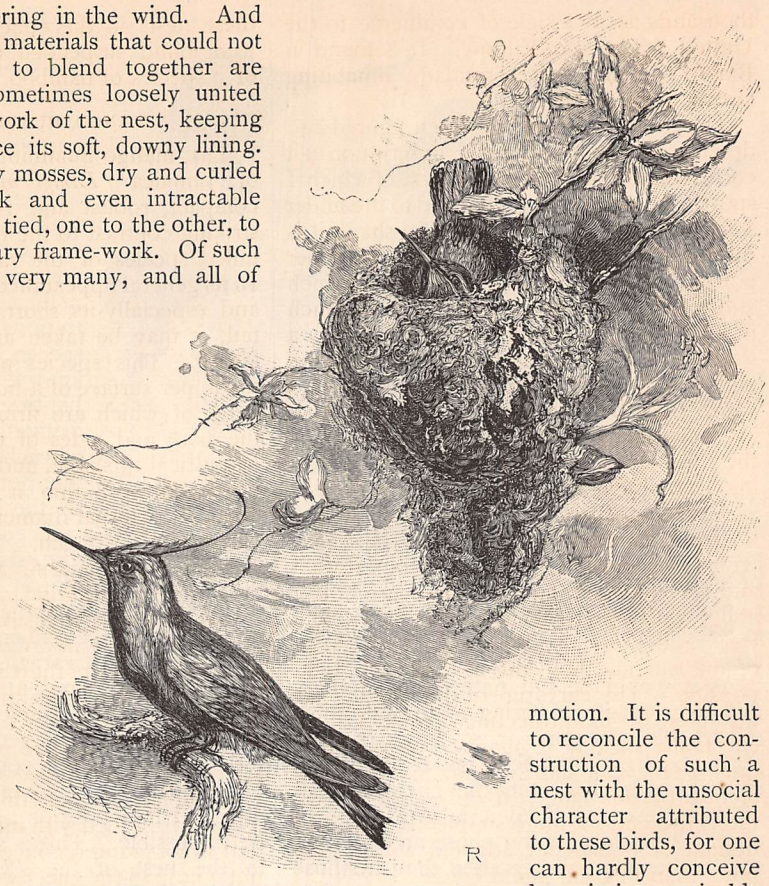

FIG. 5.—PLOVER-CRESTED HUMMING-BIRD (CEPHALEPIS DELALANDI).

BLUE-CHINNED SAPPHIRE.

SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, in his history of humming-birds, refers to a very remarkable but unidentified nest made by one of this family in the primeval forests of Guiana. It is described as pensile, and composed entirely of down like that of the thistle. The seeds attached to the pappus are so arranged as to form a jagged and prickly outside of the nest, while the down within is its warm and luxurious lining. I am fortunately able to supply the identification of a beautiful and wonderful nest answering exactly to this description, and quite possibly belonging to the same species. It is "the castle in the air" of the blue-chinned sapphire *(Eucephala cœrulea)*, a lovely species from Para, and one of the most common of its family, being sent annually by

thousands as an article of commerce to the United States and Europe. It is found in Brazil, Guiana and Trinidad, inhabiting chiefly large woods.

The nest of this bird has been figured and described by Bourcier, and his description of it corresponds exactly with the nest of which I speak. This example is attached to the under side of a leaf of a bamboo. In shape it is the lower half of an oblong oval, its upper portion being a graceful little cup an inch and a half in diameter and about one inch in depth, when it suddenly tapers off into a slender base, two inches long. This fills the hollow space in the end of the leaf, around which the whole is bound. The material is a commingling of the downy contents of the capsules of several trees with floss-bearing seeds, such as the cotton-tree *(Bombax globosum)*, the down on the fruit of the boabab *(Adansonia digitata)*, and the seeded pappus of smaller plants. Its outer walls and its extended, tapering base are bound about with long, silken threads of spiders' webs, and these also inclose the upper sides of the leaf and hold the nest securely in its position. The curvature of the leaf incloses the nest in its protecting embrace, and effectually shelters it against both sun and rain. One can hardly find, in the architecture of this family, if indeed in that of the entire class, a more simple and beautiful design, or one better adapted for its purpose, than this soft aërial cradle.

PLOVER-CRESTED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE plover-crested humming-bird *(Cephalepis delalandi)*, is a native of Southern Brazil, and one of the most graceful and beautiful of its family. [Fig. 5]. Its lengthened crest of one elongated plume is quite a striking feature. Its nest is an elongated structure, circular at its rim and tapering down almost to a point, and made of fine fibrous rootlets, mosses, lichens and the involucres of composite plants. The whole of these materials are matted together with spiders' webs of so fine and delicate a thread as to be almost imperceptible. Two of these nests in the collection of Mr. Gould were found suspended from the fine twigs of a species of bamboo.

MANGO HUMMING-BIRD.

THE mango humming-bird, of the island of Jamaica *(Lampornis mango)*, with its compact, robust and rounded form, is in striking contrast to the more common long-tailed species of the same island [Fig. 6]. In its general appearance, its powerful wings, and especially its short, expansive, fan-like tail, it may be taken as fairly typical of its family. This species places its nest upon the upper surface of a horizontal branch, the twigs of which are firmly interwoven with the base and sides of the structure. It is cylindrical in shape, and the bottom of it is nearly flat. Within it is nearly an inch deep, its external diameter and height being each twice as much. The hollow is overhung by the margin, and is cup-shaped. It is a very beautiful structure, composed almost entirely of the silky down of the giant cotton-tree *(Eriodendron anfractuosum)*, the base being made of the true cotton. The felted materials of which the inner nest is composed are closely impacted together and tightly bound around with fine and strong threads of spider's-web, employed with wonderful skill and neatness. Over all this the external surface is closely studded with minute whitish lichens that almost entirely conceal the down, and add not a little to the effect with which the exquisite symmetry of the whole is thus enhanced.

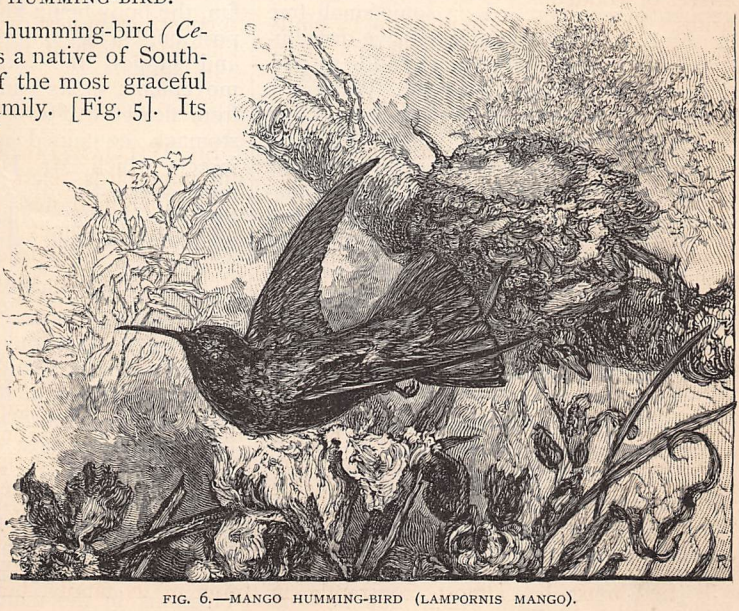

FIG. 6.—MANGO HUMMING-BIRD (LAMPORNIS MANGO).

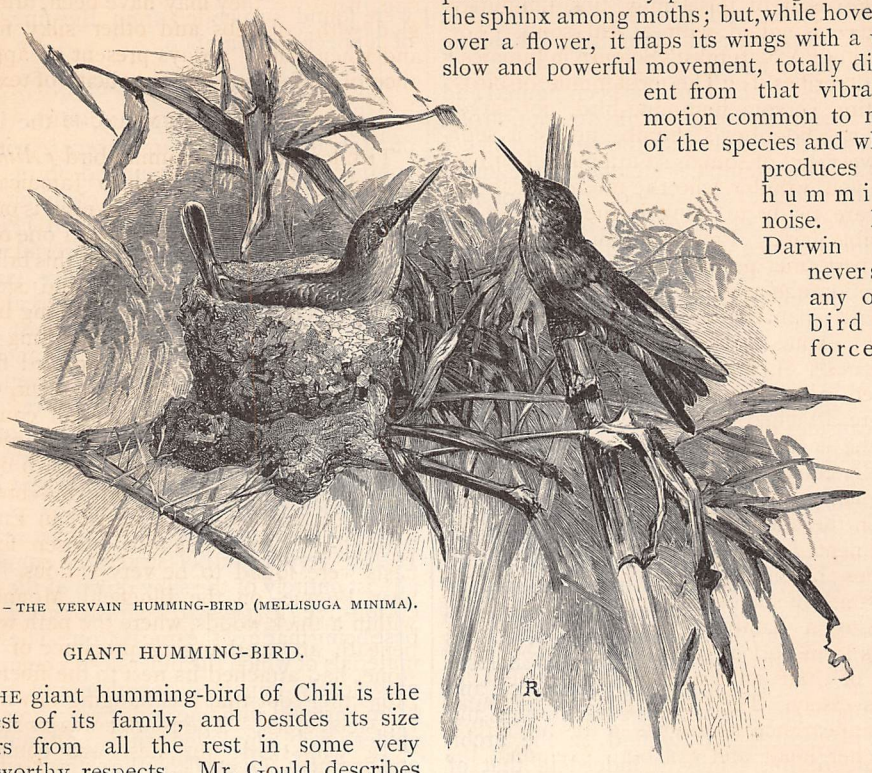

FIG. 7. – THE VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD (MELLISUGA MINIMA).

GIANT HUMMING-BIRD.

THE giant humming-bird of Chili is the largest of its family, and besides its size differs from all the rest in some very noteworthy respects. Mr. Gould describes it as a bold and vigorous flyer, quick in all its actions, passing from flower to flower with the greatest rapidity. Unlike other species of its family, it may be frequently seen perched on some small tree or shrub. It has a very extensive distribution over nearly all the more southern portions of South America. M. Warszewic collected specimens in Bolivia at a height of nearly fourteen thousand feet. The nest is a somewhat large, cup-shaped structure, composed of mosses, lichens and similar materials put together with cobwebs and placed in the fork of a low branch of a tree, generally one that overhangs a turbulent stream. Charles Darwin, in his narrative journal of the voyage of the "Beagle," refers to this species as a resident of central Chili during the breeding season, and his account of it differs, in some respects, from those of other writers, especially that relating to the absence of the rapid vibrations of the wings, generally supposed to be a peculiarity of all humming-birds, without exception. He states that this species, when on the wing, presents a very singular appearance. Like others of the family it moves from place to place with a rapidity which may be compared to that of syrphus among flies, and the sphinx among moths; but, while hovering over a flower, it flaps its wings with a very slow and powerful movement, totally different from that vibratory motion common to most of the species and which produces the humming noise. Mr. Darwin had never seen any other bird the force of whose wings appeared (as in a butterfly) so powerful in proportion to the weight of its body. When hovering by a flower, its tail was constantly being expanded and shut like a fan, the body being kept in a nearly vertical position. This action appeared to steady and support the bird between the slow movements of its wings. Although it flew from flower to flower in search of food, its stomach contained abundant remains of insects which Mr. Darwin believed to be much more the objects of its search than honey. Its note, like that of nearly the whole family, was extremely shrill.

VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD.

IN striking contrast, in size and the rapidity of its movements, to the giant hummer of Chili, the islands of St. Domingo and Jamaica present in the vervain humming-bird *(Mellisuga minima)*, the smallest of its family, and the most diminutive bird in the world [Fig. 7]. It is an abundant species in both islands, and derives its name from its frequenting the blue flower of the common vervain, an abundant weed in neglected pastures. It visits and probes those azure blossoms in the manner of, and with the

business-like application of, the honey-bee. Unlike most of this family, this diminutive creature is gifted with a real song. The author of "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica" thus describes it: "The most minute of birds, the tiny vervain humming-bird, not larger than a school-boy's thumb, utters a song so sweet, but of sounds so attenuated withal, that you wonder who the musician can be, and are ready to think it the voice of an invisible fairy. Presently you see the atom of a performer perched on the topmost twig of an orange tree, his slender beak open, and his spangled throat quivering as if he would expire his little soul in the effort." The nests of this tiny species are usually placed in the forks of a small lantana bush, or are attached to the twigs of a bamboo. In the latter case two parallel twigs are usually connected together by spiders'-webs, irregularly and profusely stretched across. Upon these are placed layers of silk cotton, ornamented on the outside with bits of gray lichens bound to their places with silken gossamer of spider-webbing. Placed on the joint of a bamboo branch, the diverging twigs form part of its base. It is about the size of half an English walnut shell cut transversely. The female presents an amusing appearance as she sits in this tiny structure, her head and tail both excluded, the latter erect, like that of a wren, and her bright eyes glancing in every direction.

FIERY TOPAZ.

VERY little is known in regard to the individual peculiarities of the fiery topaz *(Topaza pyra)*, probably the most brilliantly beautiful species of a family so abounding in beauty. The few specimens of it that have been procured were all taken in the region of the Rio Negro, a tributary of the Upper Amazon. One of its very remarkable nests was obtained near Barra by Mr. William H. Edwards, author of "A Voyage to the Amazon." The nest is said to have been built about the small branches of a twig growing over water, and the material of which it is composed is precisely similar to the substance used by the crimson topaz and other species in the formation of their nests. It is a spongy cellular substance, supposed to be that of fungi, and, in appearance, is compared by Mr. Waterton to tanned cow-hide. With this material the bird builds a homogeneous and partially pensile nest, which is cup-shaped, and can only have been made when its material was soft and pliable, and before it had assumed its leathery consistency. The original materials, whatever they may have been, are mingled with cobwebs and other silky fibers, and when found, always present an appearance of uniformity and simplicity of texture.

LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE long-tailed humming-bird *(Aithurus polytmus)*, a species local to Jamaica and not known to occur anywhere else, is one of the most remarkable in form and one of the most elegant in plumage even of this brilliant family [Fig. 9]. Its graceful and slender shape, its crest of velvet, its gleaming breast of glittering emerald, and its long tail-plumes, which, closed in its upward flight, expand to their utmost in its descent, quivering like a streamer in a gale, all combine to impart to it the appearance of a radiant little meteor. For all that is known of the nesting of this species, we are indebted to the investigations of Mr. Gosse, an English naturalist. The situations chosen for its nests were found to be very various. One near Bognie, on the Bluefield Mountains, within a thick woods, where the path wound beneath an overhanging precipice of limestone, had attached its nest to the fibers of a projecting root that was hanging down over the steep sides. The rootlet was as slender as a whip-cord; the nest was composed wholly of moss, and its thick walls were interwoven with the rootlets at its side. This nest having been afterward disturbed, the same pair built a second exactly similar, affixed to another twig not a yard from the first. It was unfinished when first noticed, and Mr. Gosse enjoyed a rare opportunity of witnessing its construction. The female was seen to hover opposite the nest with a mass of silky cotton in her beak. She was at first disturbed by his presence, but soon returned, alighted on a twig, and, after clearing her mouth from the silky fibers, flew to the face of the cliff, which was thickly covered with soft, dry mosses, and, hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss until she had a large bunch of it in her beak. His near presence seemed to be no hindrance to her proceedings.

A third nest, fastened to a twig of a sea-side grape-tree *(Coccoloba)* was almost over the sea, fifteen feet from the ground, and contained young. Unsuccessful attempts having been made to capture the female, she deserted her nest, but not until after her nestlings were removed to some place of safety to which they could not be traced.

FIG. 8.—PUFF-LEG HUMMING-BIRD (ERIOCNEMIS LUCIANI).

A curiously constructed nest of this species was built around a hanging twig of a black mangrove tree, the twig passing perpendicularly through the side and out at the bottom. It was a very compact cup, one inch deep within and one and three-quarter inches without. The sides were a quarter of an inch thick, the inner margin overarching so as to narrow the opening. It was mainly composed of silky cotton, closely impacted and mixed with the still more glossy cotton of an asclepias around the edge, the seeds remaining attached to some of the filaments. The outside of this structure was entirely covered with spiders' webs, crossed and recrossed in every direction, and apparently made to adhere by some viscous substance applied after the web had been placed. Small fragments of a pale-green lichen and pieces of thin, laminated bark were stuck here and there on the outside, the web keeping them in place. Another nest, and one of exceeding beauty, is described as having been composed wholly of pure silk-cotton, bound profusely with webs so fine as to be undistinguishable, except on close examination; not a fragment of lichen marred the beautiful uniformity of its appearance. Other nests were studded all over with lichens, and these also possessed their own peculiar symmetrical attractions.

Mr. Gosse made ineffectual attempts to accustom individuals of this elegant species to confinement, in the hope of taking them alive to England. They soon became accustomed to his presence and seemed to be perfectly tame, fed regularly on sweetened fluids and caught insects on the wing; but all soon died from various causes more or less connected with their peculiarly emotional and excitable natures.

BUQUET'S PUFF-LEG.

THE nest of Buquet's puff-leg *(Eriocnemis luciani)*, represented in Fig. 8, was given me by the late Captain Joseph Couthouy, and had been taken by him, with its owner, near the snow-line on Mount Pichincha, at a height of 10,500 feet. It is a species but little known, and was first discovered by M. De Lattre, near the village of Guaca, in the republic of Ecuador. It has since been found by Professor Jameson near Quito, as well as on the western slope of the mountain from which our specimen of the nest was procured. Rude memoranda written on a fragment of an Ecuador newspaper show that the nest was found October 5th, 1855, near the ground, in the crevice of a rock, on a recumbent gualteria vine, on the eastern slope. When taken, the nest was circular at the top, with a diameter of about two inches, and, for the size of the nest, its cup was very shallow. The base tapered to a length of nearly five inches, becoming at the bottom less than one inch wide. The lower portion of the nest is composed wholly of impacted hypnum mosses, strengthened with, here and there, a long black rootlet of the gualteria. The receptacle for the eggs is made of finer mosses, with a slight lining of white vegetable down. It was suspended in a loop made by the interlacing branches of the vine.

AVOCET-BILLED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Boston Society of Natural History possesses a specimen of the very rare and curious nest of the fiery-tailed avocet *(Avocettula recurvirostris)*, whose remarkable recurved bill we have given above. Unfortunately, very little is known as to the history of this species, and conjecture must supply the place of facts. It is a native of the interior of Cayenne and Demerara.

FIG. 9.—LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD (AITHURUS POLYTMUS).

An interesting nest of this bird, taken near Surinam, was given to the society by the late Captain Cragin, a naturalist resident in that place. The nest itself is a mere loose aggregation of leaves of various kinds, now dried and withered, but green and fresh when first made use of to hide the cup within, where the eggs were concealed. The leaves were of various kinds and mingled with bits of bark and the flossy pappus of seeds, tied together with the finest gossamer threads of spider's-web. Within this spherical ball is a bed of the softest vegetable down, the entrance being through a small opening at the top, the upper rim of the nest projecting over and sheltering the cavity below. This was placed in a recess of a wild vine, and so well concealed that it would not have been discovered but for the unwise animosity of its owner, whose aggressive attack upon a passer-by betrayed the treasures he sought to guard. The bill of this beautiful little creature is without any known parallel in any land-bird, and presents, in miniature, a striking resemblance to that of the avocet. One can only conjecture the use of this singular formation, but it is quite probable that the principal

sustenance of this bird is drawn from pendent blossoms of the bignoniæ and other similar plants whose corollæ are long and bent in their tubes; the nectar and the insects attracted thereto being at the bottom, cannot be reached either by a straight or an incurved bill, though very easily by one thus corresponding to the shape of the flower. It is also equally probable that the peculiar shape of its bill aids it in collecting insects on the under sides of small limbs in tangled thickets which it probes while on the wing.

RED-BREASTED HERMIT.

In the rich collection of the nests of the trochilidæ belonging to the late Dr. Bryant, and now in the museum of the Boston Society, are two of a very unusual character. They are the nests of the red-breasted hermit *(Pygmornis pygmæus)*, a species so rare that Mr. Gould was not able to include it in his great work [Fig. 11]. We only know of it that it is found in Guiana and northern Brazil, that it belongs to a small group called hermits, from the retiring and secretive habits of its members, besides what we can gather from the structures before us as to its manner of nesting. Both were constructed in thick tussocks of coarse grass or rushes, such as grow in tropical swamps, and could not have been more than a foot or two above the ground. Some thirty or more of these stout blades are fastened together within a few inches of their tops by a strong interweaving of spiders' webs, and within this hollow is placed the impacted nest, made of fine stems of hypnum mosses, fragments of the grass itself, the soft inflorescence of the same, cobwebs, and other vegetable substances whose origin is not clear. The nest, in shape, is an oblong ovoid, nearly three inches in length and one in diameter. The entrance is at the top between the stems, which are so bound together with spiders' webs as to unite above the rim, thus giving it protection and concealment. It is possible that there are in this large family other similar constructions, but there is no record of any that correspond with this very interesting and peculiar hermitage.

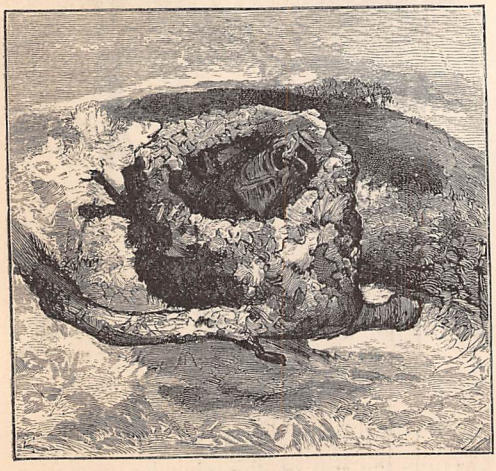

FIG. 11.—NEST OF FAWN-BREASTED HUMMING-BIRD (AMAZILIA CERVINIVENTRIS).

The nest of the Columbian violet-ear *(Petasophora anais)* is a peculiar and interesting structure, differing in materials, shape and position from any we represent. Placed in the fork of vertical twigs, it enfolds one within its thick walls and is firmly bound to the other with strong filaments of spiders' webs and other silken threads. Its shape is that of an oblong spheroid abruptly cut at the top. Its base is a hemispherical mass of fine, impacted mosses, and is nearly half of the entire structure. Upon this rests the comparatively shallow cup. This is made almost wholly of hepaticæ, mingled with a few mosses, all firmly bound together with cobwebs. The dark-brown mosses of the center, overwrought with pale stems of jungermanniæ and other hepaticæ, give to it a variegated and peculiar appearance. The nest is three and a half inches long and one and a half wide, but the shallow cup is less than one inch in depth. Its lovely and richly variegated architect is a species strictly confined to the mountainous districts of Columbia, and is especially abundant in the neighborhood of Santa Fé de Bogota, whence its range extends northward to Caraccas and southward to Peru; it neither descends to the hot plains below, nor upward to the bleak mountain sierras, but dwells perpetually in the luxuriant and temperate regions lying between these extremes, and where it is more numerous than any other species.

UNITED STATES HUMMING-BIRDS.

The number of humming-birds assigned to the United States fauna, excluding one of doubtful claim, is fourteen. One of these has not been taken in our territory, we have not the nest of one to illustrate, and three others have only, in rare instances, been traced just within our southern borders, and their story is wholly unknown; that of the

remaining nine we must give as briefly as we can consistently with their claims upon our attention.

FAWN-BREASTED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE fawn-breasted humming-bird *(Amazilia cerviniventris)* is a recent addition to the fauna of the United States [Fig. 10]. It had been known before only as one of the rare humming-birds of Mexico, and was of comparatively recent discovery there, also. We owe our first knowledge of its existence, in considerable abundance, in south-western Texas, to the investigations of Dr. James C. Merrill, United States surgeon, stationed with the army of the frontier. Nothing had been recorded as to its history. It was observed by Dr. Merrill to hover over wild flowers near the ground, among small cacti and low shrubs, and to him we are especially indebted for the opportunity of illustrating its very beautiful nest, which he found, in September, within the reservation of Fort Brown, on the lower Rio Grande River.

The nest is described as having been placed on the fork of a small dead, drooping branch of a tree, on the edge of a path through a thicket. It was about seven feet from the ground, and contained the shriveled body, or skeleton, of a young bird. The nest is a strongly and prettily constructed fabric, composed chiefly of the soft down of a bush very common in that region. It is firmly bound around on the outside with cobwebs and sparingly covered with lichens, measuring internally something less than one inch in depth and half an inch in its internal diameter. The upper rim projects over the cup-like hollow, adding not a little to the protection and safety of the contents. The branch upon which it depends is inclined at an angle of 45°. This species was found to be quite abundant in the Fort Brown reservation, where it frequents dense thickets and narrow footpaths. It is a noisy, restless bird, is very difficult to procure, and is

FIG. 10.—RED-BREASTED HERMIT HUMMING-BIRD (PYGMORNIS PYGMÆUS).

migratory, arriving in March and leaving in October.

RUBY-THROAT.

THE ruby-throat *(Trochilus colubris)*, the only humming-bird of the regions lying east of the Great Plains, has generally been taken by writers as the type of the whole humming-bird family. [See Fig. 1.] No other member of this family is known to breed throughout so wide an area in its season of reproduction, and none to wander in its migrations through so many parallels. It breeds from Florida nearly to the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the high central plains, and its migrations extend from 57° north to several

degrees south of the equator. It chooses for its winter retreat the moderate climate afforded by the regions in Central and South America that lie in elevations of from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea.

The nest of this species is always, without exception, saddled upon the upper surface of some limb that is almost always moss-covered several feet from the ground, and is covered so closely and uniformly with similar lichens as to be made to appear a portion of the branch on which it is built. Nests in the southern states are chiefly made of a downy substance of vegetable origin resembling wool, soft and warm, and of a deep buff color. This is bound around on the outside with cobwebs and strengthened with fibers of wood. Over these is a compact thatching of small lichens, a species of parmelia peculiar to the southern states. Similar nests are found at the north, but here this vegetable wool, when of a buff color is gathered from ferns; but more frequently the nest is principally composed of a fine white silk-like down gathered from the expanding buds of the red oak *(Quercus ruber)*, and a different species of the parmelia lichen covers the outside of these exquisitely artistic structures.

Occasionally when these tiny parents are in haste to occupy their home with their expected family, the nest is built exclusively of down and the ever present cobweb, and is occupied by the female and her treasures before a single lichen has been attached. Afterward her mate occupies his leisure moments with finishing and embellishing their common cradle, often continuing this employment until he is called to do his part in providing sustenance for his tender young.

Audubon and other writers state that these lichens are made to remain in place by adhesive secretions of the builders, but this belief is ridiculed by Waterton, who insists that lichens thus attached would be washed off in the first summer's shower. Possibly the latter is correct in the opinion that spider's webs alone hold these ornamental protections in their places, but this is hardly conceivable, in the striking example we present, where the covering of moss on both limb and nest correspond so wonderfully, that, to all appearance, the lichens grow as naturally on the sides and rim of the nest, as on the dead bark of the limb on which the nest had been but just constructed.

THE REFULGENT HUMMING-BIRD.

THE refulgent humming-bird, also called the Rivoli in honor of Massena, Duke of Rivoli *(Eugenes refulgens)*, is the largest and most brilliant of the family yet detected within the United States. It is a well-known Mexican species, having a wide range of habitat from Guatemala north to Arizona, frequenting only high table-lands. Within our borders it is only known to occur in Arizona, where it was discovered by my friend, Mr. H. W. Henshaw. He first met with it in 1873, at Camp Grant, and afterward found it to be an abundant summer inhabitant of mountainous districts of southern Arizona, around Mount Graham. There, early in August, Mr. Henshaw was so fortunate as to meet with its nest. Except in its much larger size, and the difference of the materials made use of, this symmetrical and graceful nest resembles the constructions of the ruby-throat. Its framework is largely composed of fine hypnum mosses, elaborately interwoven with spiders' webs, forming a perfectly circular cup. Within, it is softly and warmly lined with downy feathers, a material rarely seen in nests of this family. The exterior is elaborately covered with lichens of a singularly beautiful appearance. These are strongly bound on by slender and almost invisible silken threads from spiders' webs. Whether these lichens were placed there from a blind, instinctive habit, or from æsthetic taste, in this instance they certainly were not of value as means of disguise, for the nest was saddled on an alder limb on which there was not one lichen, and the conspicuous adornment with lichens of light and varied hues exposed to view rather than concealed so prominent an object. Its location was, however, favorable for concealment, being in a high position and directly above the bed of a brawling mountain-stream, in a deep glen overhung with large mountain-spruces.

BLACK-CHINNED HUMMING-BIRD.

A UNIQUE and beautiful little nest of the black-chinned humming-bird *(Trochilus alexandri)* was taken near St. George, in southern Utah, by Dr. Palmer, and was found attached to a low shrub, only a few feet from the ground. It is a nest of very peculiar and unusual construction, being composed almost exclusively of the finest and whitest of vegetable down, while around its outer surface, and on the lower portions only, is

attached a thin covering composed chiefly of fine hempen fibers, withered blossoms, and bits of broken leaves. This apology for a frame-work is so very slight and so loosely adherent that it needed to be kept in place by means of strings, lest the whole fabric should fall apart. Its nest bears no resemblance to that of its near ally, the ruby-throat. In all other respects besides its nest, this bird is the western counterpart of our common species. It is found from the highlands of the Mexican republic, where it was first taken, throughout our Pacific regions as far north nearly as the sixtieth parallel. In Utah it is the most numerous of its tribe. It is abundant about Sacramento and in other portions of California, and has been found common on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, even as far north as the boundary line. It is exclusively western, and is not known to occur even as far to the east as Colorado or New Mexico. In its habits and general appearance it is hardly distinguishable from its eastern relative. Dr. J. G. Cooper states that the white, silky down which forms the principal material of its nest is gathered from the catkins of the willow, and he also suggests that these are agglutinated together by means of the bird's saliva. But I think that in this last suggestion he is mistaken, and that the finest of silken threads from spiders' webs constitute its only fastening to the drooping branch of the sycamore,—on the slender end of which it generally rests,—and bind together the frail materials of which it is made. The bird breeds very early in the season, and its nest is found to contain eggs the first of May.

FIG. 12.—COSTA'S RUFFED HUMMING-BIRD (CALYPTE COSTÆ).

COSTA'S RUFFED HUMMING-BIRD.

Costa's ruffed humming-bird *(Calypte Costæ)* is a Mexican species, most abundant among the Sierra Madre valleys, in the western portion of that republic, and is also found around the southern borders of the United States, in southern California, the Colorado Valley, Arizona, and New Mexico. It is not known to penetrate far within the United States, but wherever found it is a very abundant species [Fig. 12]. It was first made known as one of our birds by the late Dr. Kennerly, who met with it in midwinter (February, 1854) in New Mexico. Even then there were a few flowers expanding beneath the genial rays of the sun, and around them these lovely little aërial gems were gathering in quest of insects. In the museum of the Boston Society of Natural History are two very peculiar nests of this species, each differing from the other, and both unlike all other nests of this family. One of these nests, built on the flat leaf and among the sharp thorns of a cactus, has a base made of fine strips of the long inner bark of wooded shrubs and vines. Upon this rests the frame-work, made

of lichens, bits of bark and leaves, these materials held together by the ever-present silken threads of the spider's weaving; and surmounting the whole is a soft, cup-like structure made entirely of a very peculiar yellowish-white vegetable wool or hair-like substance, derived from some tropical growth, but of what nature we are not able to determine. This nest is oblong in shape, one and a quarter inches in width, nearly two in depth, but the cup is comparatively shallow. The other nest, larger in size, was built in the fork of a low vegetable shrub, the slender twigs of which are enfolded within the homogeneous felting of which the entire nest is constructed. This very peculiar felted material appears to be made by a commingling of spiders' webs with the same unknown, hair-like or wooly substance of vegetable origin. Except that a few bits of fungi, here and there a small lichen, or a piece of moss is tied on the outside, the whole nest is composed of this yellowish wool-like felting, and presents a very singular and wholly exceptional appearance. The nests were found among the collections of my lamented townsman, Dr. Henry Bryant, were taken by the explorer Bourcier, in Lower California, and are marked in the autograph of the latter.

BROAD-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE broad-tailed humming-bird *(Selasphorus platycercus)* was at first only known as a bird of Mexico. It is found exclusively in the high table-lands, and is believed to be there present only, or chiefly, in the winter. In the summer it is abundant throughout the Rocky Mountains and in all the middle provinces of the United States, as far north as the Black Hills; occurring east as far as El Paso, and west to the East Humboldt Mountains. It is especially common in Colorado. A little larger than the ruby-throat, it bears so great a resemblance to it as to be frequently confounded with it. It can always be distinguished from any other living species by the shrill whistling sound of its wings. This noise, made in its rapid flights, is described as a loud metallic rattling, produced at will by attenuating the outer primaries, and is regarded by Mr. Henshaw as analogous to the love notes of other birds; it is only heard during the breeding season. Far above the timber lines of Mount Lincoln it was quite as common and quite as much at home among the bright flowers growing in the highest parts of the mountain as in the valley. It is also abundant in the valley of Salt Lake City, at an altitude far below its usual habitat, owing to the attractions of the gardens and cultivated grounds. In wilder regions its favorite resorts are the flowery slopes of the highest well-watered ranges of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of nine thousand feet. It is said to be of an exceedingly quarrelsome disposition and intrepid beyond any other bird, assaulting with great force and pertinacity any bird, small or great, that comes near its nest, even large hawks. The vigor of these attacks, accompanied as they are, by the shrill, piercing noise of its wings, invariably puts all intruders to flight. Their nests are variously situated, generally on scrub-oaks covering the slopes of the hill-sides; others in willow bushes bordering a stream, and not a few on the drooping twigs of cotton-wood trees on the banks of water-courses. The one we illustrate was taken by Mr. Ridgway, in Parley's Park, Utah [Fig. 13]. On the head-waters of the Rio la Plata, in Colorado, this humming-bird has been found nesting in large numbers among the dwarf willows. The nests were made of thistle-down and soft, cotton-like fibers, and were covered over with lichens and bark fiber, conforming in appearance to the twigs to which they were attached. They varied in size, shape and color; were from three to five feet above the ground and were all suspended from swaying slender twigs, often directly over running water. One was placed on a small piece of curled bark that afforded it a horizontal resting-place.

DUCHESS OF RIVOLI.

THE humming-bird, so strikingly beautiful as to be deemed worthy of being dedicated to the Duchess of Rivoli *(Calypte annæ)*, is a North American rather than a Mexican species. First discovered in the high table-land of that republic, it is there only as a winter migrant. Arizona and California are its home during the breeding season, and there quite a number remain throughout the year. In California it is especially abundant, and in the southern portions of that state during the winter months many are found among the sheltered valleys and sunny hill-sides, where at all seasons a few bush-plants are in flower and furnish their necessary subsistence. In gardens and vineyards, their favorite resort, they build their graceful downy nests on a pendent bough of a small flowering shrub in some concealed corner, and in the wilder portions of the country they attach their nests almost exclu-

sively to the low horizontal branches of the evergreen oak *(Quercus agrifolia)*. In a garden in Santa Cruz, this compact and beautiful little nest was found attached to a twig of a snow-berry bush, hanging only a foot or two from the ground. It is small for the bird, one of our largest species, and is formed in the most delicate manner of white pappus and down from various plants matted into the softest felt, mingled with spiders' webs. The base is formed of a few dry blossoms of the oak, and is bound around and tied to the twig by which the nest is supported with innumerable silken threads. Its periphery is covered with a mingling of cobwebs, a few lichens, and, at the upper portion around and over the rim, with the finest and brightest of green hypnum mosses. Nothing can exceed the ingenious and exquisite manner in which all these external adornments are kept in place by the beautiful overweaving of fine threads of spiders' webs. By these, the rim of the nest is firmly bound around and made to

RUFOUS-BACKED HUMMING-BIRD.

EXCEPTING our eastern species the rufous-backed humming-bird of the Pacific coast has probably the most extended distribution of this family. It was first described from specimens taken by Cook, the navigator, near Nootka Sound, and is an abundant species, from Alaska to the table-lands of southern Mexico. It is one of the earliest migratory birds to arrive in spring, nesting early in May; it is also very hardy, and its wanderings do not seem to be affected by cold so much as by the scarcity of flowers and consequent lack of insects. When at rest it utters a shrill call-note, resembling the highest note of a violin; it is one of the most noisy of its family, as it is also one of the most combative and aggressive. Nuttall compares the appearance of one of these birds, to whose nest he had approached too near, to an angry coal of brilliant fire, as it dashed to within a few inches of his face.

FIG. 13.—BROAD-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD (SELASPHORUS PLATYCERCUS.)

project over its inner cup to the extent of a third of its diameter. A solitary feather is a prominent ornament to the front of this beautiful little specimen of aërial architecture.

Its nest is usually placed in the fork of a low bush. I have seen one which was built in the branch of a small shrub, and only a foot or two above the ground. Its

base is overwrought upon the twig, projecting beyond it on either side, and, with the outer frame-work, is of the finest and most delicate of green hypnum mosses, adorned with a few very pretty little rock lichens. The body of the nest is made of soft, silky down of plants, the pappus of some compositæ. It is comparatively large for its tiny architects, and in its artistic attractions has few superiors even among the varied and beautiful creatures of this wonderful family.

FIG. 14.—ALLEN'S HUMMING-BIRD (SELASPHORUS ALLENI).

ALLEN'S HUMMING-BIRD.

WITHIN a year there has been discovered on the sea-coast of California, a few miles north of San Francisco, in the county of Marin, a new species of humming-bird, closely resembling the preceding. It chiefly differs in having a green instead of a cinnamon colored back, and is also smaller. As to its history, where it lives summer and winter, how far its migrations extend, etc., little is known. It has only been met with by Mr. Charles A. Allen of Nicasio, and nowhere but in that little mountain county. It has been named in honor of its discoverer, *Selasphorus Alleni*, and we are indebted to Mr. Allen for the opportunity of presenting a picture of its exquisitely graceful little nest [Fig. 14]. This differs greatly from that of *S. rufus*, is hardly half its size, and is composed of very different materials. It was fastened to a leaf of a maiden-hair fern, not two feet above the ground, and to this frail support it was secured by slender threads of spiders' webs, so slender as to be hardly visible. It is very small for the bird, is of a delicate cup-shape and is made of the most slender branches of hypnum mosses, each stem bound to the other, and all firmly tied into one compact and perfect whole by interweavings of silky webs of spiders. Within, it is finely and softly lined with silky vegetable down. Even in the drawer of a cabinet, without its lovely natural frame-work, it is a perfect little gem in beauty: what then must it have been in its original position, with the graceful waving leaf of the mountain fern for its appropriate and natural setting!

THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY.

PART I.

It was growing quite dark in the telegraph office at Cottonwood, Tushmine County, California. The office, a box-like inclosure, was separated from the public room of the Miners' Hotel by a thin partition, and the operator, who was also News and Express Agent at Cottonwood, had closed his window, and was lounging by his news-stand, preparatory to going home. Without, the first monotonous rain of the season was dripping from the porches of the hotel in the waning light of a December day. The operator, accustomed as he was to long intervals of idleness, was fast becoming bored.

The tread of mud-muffled boots on the veranda, and the entrance of two men, offered a momentary excitement. The operator recognized in the strangers two prominent citizens of Cottonwood, and their manner bespoke business. One of them proceeded to the desk, wrote a dispatch, and handed it to the other interrogatively.

"That's about the way the thing p'ints," responded his companion assentingly.

"I reckoned it only squar' to use his dientikal words?"

"That's so."

The first speaker turned to the operator with the dispatch.

"How soon can you shove her through?"

The operator glanced professionally over the address and the length of the dispatch.

"Now," he answered promptly.

"And she gets there——?"

"To-night; but there's no delivery until to-morrow."

"Shove her through to-night, and say there's an extra twenty left here for delivery."

The operator, accustomed to all kinds of extravagant outlay for expedition, replied that he would lay this proposition, with the dispatch, before the San Francisco office. He then took it and read it—and re-read it. He preserved the usual professional apathy,—had doubtless sent many more enigmatical and mysterious messages,—but, nevertheless, when he finished, he raised his eyes inquiringly to his customer. That gentleman, who enjoyed a reputation for equal spontaneity of temper and revolver, met his gaze a little impatiently. The operator had recourse to a trick. Under the pretense of misunderstanding the message, he obliged the sender to repeat it aloud for the sake of accuracy, and even suggested a few verbal alterations, ostensibly to insure correctness, but really to extract further information. Nevertheless, the man doggedly persisted in a literal transcript of his message. The operator went to his instrument hesitatingly.

"I suppose," he added, half questioningly, "there aint no chance of a mistake. This address is Rightbody, that rich old Bostonian that everybody knows. They aint but one?"

"That's the address," responded the first speaker, coolly.

"Didn't know the old chap had investments out here," suggested the operator, lingering at the instrument.

"No more did I," was the insufficient reply.

For some few moments nothing was heard but the click of the instrument, as the operator worked the key with the usual appearance of imparting confidence to a somewhat reluctant hearer who preferred to talk himself. The two men stood by, watching his motions with the usual awe of the unprofessional. When he had finished, they laid before him two gold pieces. As the operator took them up, he could not help saying:

"The old man went off kinder sudden, didn't he? Had no time to write?"

"Not sudden for that kind o' man," was the exasperating reply.

But the speaker was not to be disconcerted. "If there is an answer——" he began.

"They aint any," replied the first speaker, quietly.

"Why?"

"Because the man ez sent the message is dead."

"But it's signed by you two."

"On'y ez witnesses—eh?" appealed the first speaker to his comrade.

"On'y ez witnesses," responded the other.

The operator shrugged his shoulders. The business concluded, the first speaker slightly relaxed. He nodded to the operator, and turned to the bar-room with a pleasing social impulse. When their glasses were set down empty, the first speaker, with a cheerful condemnation of the hard times and the weather, apparently dismissed all

previous proceedings from his mind, and lounged out with his companion. At the corner of the street they stopped.

"Well, that job's done," said the first speaker, by way of relieving the slight social embarrassment of parting.

"Thet's so," responded his companion, and shook his hand.

They parted. A gust of wind swept through the pines, and struck a faint Æolian cry from the wires above their heads, and the rain and the darkness again slowly settled upon Cottonwood.

The message lagged a little at San Francisco, laid over half an hour at Chicago, and fought longitude the whole way, so that it was past midnight when the "all night" operator took it from the wires at Boston. But it was freighted with a mandate from the San Francisco office, and a messenger was procured, who sped with it through dark, snow-bound streets, between the high walls of close-shuttered, rayless houses to a certain formal square, ghostly with snow-covered statues. Here he ascended the broad steps of a reserved and solid-looking mansion, and pulled a bronze bell-knob that, somewhere within those chaste recesses, after an apparent reflective pause, coldly communicated the fact that a stranger was waiting without—as he ought. Despite the lateness of the hour, there was a slight glow from the windows, clearly not enough to warm the messenger with indications of a festivity within, but yet bespeaking, as it were, some prolonged, though subdued, excitement. The sober servant, who took the dispatch and receipted for it as gravely as if witnessing a last will and testament, respectfully paused before the entrance of the drawing-room. The sound of measured and rhetorical speech, through which the occasional cough of the New England coast struggled, as the only effort of nature not wholly repressed, came from its heavily-curtained recesses; for the occasion of the evening had been the reception and entertainment of various distinguished persons, and, as had been epigrammatically expressed by one of the guests, "the history of the country" was taking its leave in phrases more or less memorable and characteristic. Some of these valedictory axioms were clever, some witty, a few profound, but always left as a genteel contribution to the entertainer. Some had been already prepared, and, like a card, had served and identified the guest at other mansions.

The last guest departed, the last carriage rolled away, when the servant ventured to indicate the existence of the dispatch to his master, who was standing on the hearth-rug in an attitude of wearied self-righteousness. He took it, opened it, read it, re-read it, and said:

"There must be some mistake! It is not for me; call the boy, Waters."

Waters, who was perfectly aware that the boy had left, nevertheless obediently walked toward the hall-door, but was recalled by his master.

"No matter—at present!"

"It's nothing serious?" asked Mrs. Rightbody, with languid wifely concern.

"No, nothing. Is there a light in my study?"

"Yes. But before you go—can you give me a moment or two?"

Mr. Rightbody turned a little impatiently toward his wife. She had thrown herself, languidly, on the sofa, her hair was slightly disarranged, and part of a slippered foot was visible. She might have been a finely formed woman, but even her careless deshabille left the general impression that she was severely flanneled throughout, and that any ostentation of womanly charm was under vigorous sanitary surveillance.

"Mrs. Marvin told me to-night that her son made no secret of his serious attachment for our Alice, and that if I was satisfied, Mr. Marvin would be glad to confer with you at once."

The information did not seem to absorb Mr. Rightbody's wandering attention, but rather increased his impatience. He said, hastily, that he would speak of that to-morrow; and, partly by way of reprisal, and partly to dismiss the subject, added:

"Positively, James must pay some attention to the register and the thermometer. It was over 70° to-night, and the ventilating draught was closed in the drawing-room."

"That was because Professor Ammon sat near it, and the old gentleman's tonsils are so sensitive."

"He ought to know from Dr. Dyer-Doit that systematic and regular exposure to draughts stimulates the mucous membrane, while fixed air, over 60° invariably ——"

"I am afraid," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, with feminine adroitness, adopting her husband's topic with a view of thereby directing him from it,—"I'm afraid that people do not yet appreciate the substitution of *bouillon* for punch and ices. I observed that Mr. Spondee declined it, and

I fancied looked disappointed. The fibrine and wheat in liqueur-glasses passed quite unnoticed too."

"And yet each half-drachm contained the half-digested substance of a pound of beef. I'm surprised at Spondee," continued Mr. Rightbody, aggrievedly. "Exhausting his brain and nerve-force by the highest creative efforts of the Muse, he prefers perfumed and diluted alcohol flavored with carbonic acid gas. Even Mrs. Faringway admitted to me that the sudden lowering of the temperature of the stomach by the introduction of ice ——"

"Yes, but she took a lemon ice at the last Dorothea Reception, and asked me if I had observed that the lower animals refused their food at a temperature over 60°."

Mr. Rightbody again moved impatiently toward the door. Mrs. Rightbody eyed him curiously.

"You will not write, I hope? Dr. Keppler told me to-night that your cerebral symptoms interdicted any prolonged mental strain."

"I must consult a few papers," responded Mr. Rightbody, curtly, as he entered his library.

It was a richly furnished apartment, morbidly severe in its decorations, which were symptomatic of a gloomy dyspepsia of art, then quite prevalent. A few curios, very ugly but providentially equally rare, were scattered about; there were various bronzes, marbles and casts, all requiring explanation and so fulfilling their purpose of promoting conversation and exhibiting the erudition of their owner. There were *souvenirs* of travel with a history, old *bric-à-brac* with a pedigree, but little or nothing that challenged attention for itself alone. In all cases the superiority of the owner to his possessions was admitted. As a natural result nobody ever lingered there, the servants avoided the room and no child was ever known to play in it.

Mr. Rightbody turned up the gas, and, from a cabinet of drawers, precisely labeled, drew a package of letters. These he carefully examined. All were discolored and made dignified by age; but some, in their original freshness, must have appeared trifling and inconsistent with any correspondent of Mr. Rightbody. Nevertheless that gentleman spent some moments in carefully perusing them, occasionally referring to the telegram in his hand. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Mr. Rightbody started, made a half-unconscious movement to return the letters to the drawer, turned the telegram face downward, and then, somewhat harshly, stammered:

"Eh? Who's there? Come in!"

"I beg your pardon, papa," said a very pretty girl, entering without, however, the slightest trace of apology or care in her manner, and taking a chair with the self-possession and familiarity of an *habitué* of the room; "but I knew it was not your habit to write late, so I supposed you were not busy. I am on my way to bed."

She was so very pretty, and withal so utterly unconscious of it, or perhaps so consciously superior to it, that one was provoked into a more critical examination of her face. But this only resulted in a reiteration of her beauty, and, perhaps, the added facts that her dark eyes were very womanly, her rich complexion eloquent, and her chiseled lips full enough to be passionate or capricious, notwithstanding that their general effect suggested neither caprice, womanly weakness, nor passion.

With the instinct of an embarrassed man Mr. Rightbody touched the topic he would have preferred to avoid.

"I suppose we must talk over to-morrow," he hesitated, "this matter of yours and Mr. Marvin's? Mrs. Marvin has formally spoken to your mother."

Miss Alice lifted her bright eyes intelligently, but not joyfully, and the color—of action rather than embarrassment—rose to her round cheeks.

"Yes, *he* said she would," she answered simply.

"At present," continued Mr. Rightbody, still awkwardly, "I see no objection to the proposed arrangement."

Miss Alice opened her round eyes at this.

"Why, papa, I thought it had been all settled long ago. Mamma knew it, you knew it. Last July, mamma and you talked it over."

"Yes, yes," returned her father, fumbling his papers; "that is—well, we will talk of it to-morrow." In fact, Mr. Rightbody *had* intended to give the affair a proper attitude of seriousness and solemnity by due precision of speech and some apposite reflections, when he should impart the news to his daughter; but felt himself unable to do it now. "I am glad, Alice," he said at last, "that you have quite forgotten your previous whims and fancies. You see *we* are right."

"Oh, I dare say, papa, if I'm to be mar-

ried at all, that Mr. Marvin is in every way suitable."

Mr. Rightbody looked at his daughter narrowly. There was not the slightest impatience nor bitterness in her manner; it was as well regulated as the sentiment she expressed.

"Mr. Marvin is ——" he began.

"I know what Mr. Marvin *is*," interrupted Miss Alice; "and he has promised me that I shall be allowed to go on with my studies the same as before. I shall be graduated with my class, and if I prefer to practice my profession, I can do so in two years after our marriage."

"In two years?" queried Mr. Rightbody curiously.

"Yes. You see, in case we should have a child, that would give me time enough to wean it."

Mr. Rightbody looked at this flesh of his flesh, pretty and palpable flesh as it was; but being confronted as equally with the brain of his brain, all he could do was to say, meekly:

"Yes, certainly. We will see about all that to-morrow."

Miss Alice rose. Something in the free, unfettered swing of her arms, as she rested them lightly, after a half yawn, on her curving hips, suggested his next speech, although still *distrait* and impatient.

"You continue your exercise with the health-lift yet, I see."

"Yes, papa, but I had to give up the flannels. I don't see how mamma could wear them. But my dresses are high-necked, and by bathing I toughen my skin. See," she added, as, with a child-like unconsciousness, she unfastened two or three buttons of her gown and exposed the white surface of her throat and neck to her father, "I can defy a chill."

Mr. Rightbody, with something akin to a genuine happy, paternal laugh, leaned forward and kissed her forehead.

"It's getting late, Ally," he said, parentally, but not dictatorially. "Go to bed."

"I took a nap of three hours this afternoon," said Miss Alice, with a dazzling smile, "to anticipate this fatigue. Good-night, papa. To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow," repeated Mr. Rightbody, with his eyes still fixed upon the girl, vaguely. "Good-night."

Miss Alice tripped from the room, possibly a trifle the more light-heartedly that she had parted from her father in one of his rare moments of illogical human weakness. And perhaps it was well for the poor girl that she kept this single remembrance of him, when, I fear, in after years, his methods, his reasoning, and indeed all he had tried to impress upon her childhood, had faded from her memory.

For, when she had left, Mr. Rightbody fell again to the examination of his old letters. This was quite absorbing; so much so that he did not notice the footsteps of Mrs. Rightbody on the staircase as she passed to her chamber, nor that she had paused on the landing to look through the glass half-door on her husband, as he sat there with the letters beside him and the telegram opened before him. Had she waited a moment later, she would have seen him rise and walk to the sofa with a disturbed air and a slight confusion, so that on reaching it he seemed to hesitate to lie down, although pale and evidently faint. Had she still waited, she would have seen him rise again with an agonized effort, stagger to the table, fumblingly refold and replace the papers in the cabinet, and lock it; and, although now but half conscious, hold the telegram over the gas-flame till it was consumed. For had she waited until this moment, she would have flown unhesitatingly to his aid, as, this act completed, he staggered again, reached his hand toward the bell, but vainly, and then fell prone upon the sofa.

But alas, no providential nor accidental hand was raised to save him, and interrupt the progress of this story. And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and more indignant at his violation of the doctor's rules, appeared upon the threshold, Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa, dead!

With bustle, with thronging feet, with the irruption of strangers, and a hurrying to and fro, but, more than all, with an impulse and emotion unknown to the mansion when its owner was in life, Mrs. Rightbody strove to call back the vanished life; but in vain. The highest medical intelligence, called from its bed at this strange hour, saw only the demonstration of its theories, made a year before. Mr. Rightbody was dead,—without doubt—without mystery,—even as a correct man should die: logically, and indorsed by the highest medical authority.

But even in the confusion, Mrs. Rightbody managed to speed a messenger to the telegraph office for a copy of the dispatch received by Mr. Rightbody, but now missing.

In the solitude of her own room, and without a confidant, she read these words:

"Copy.

"To Mr. Adams Rightbody, Boston, Mass.

"Joshua Silsbee died suddenly this morning. His last request was that you should remember your sacred compact with him of thirty years ago.

"(Signed) SEVENTY-FOUR.
"SEVENTY-FIVE."

In the darkened home, and amid the formal condolements of their friends, who had called to gaze upon the scarcely cold features of their late associate, Mrs. Rightbody yet contrived to send another dispatch. It was addressed to "Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five," Cottonwood. In a few hours she received the following enigmatical response:

"A horse-thief, named Josh Silsbee, was lynched yesterday morning by the Vigilantes at Deadwood."

PART II.

THE spring of 1874 was retarded in the Californian Sierras. So much so, that certain Eastern tourists who had early ventured into the Yosemite Valley, found themselves, one May morning, snow-bound against the tempestuous shoulders of El Capitan. So furious was the onset of the wind at the Upper Merced Cañon that even so respectable a lady as Mrs. Rightbody was fain to cling to the neck of her guide to keep her seat in the saddle; while Miss Alice, scorning all masculine assistance, was hurled against the snowy wall of the chasm. Mrs. Rightbody screamed; Miss Alice raged under her breath, but scrambled to her feet again in silence.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Rightbody, when her daughter had regained the saddle.

Miss Alice shrugged her pretty shoulders scornfully.

"You were particularly warned against going into the Valley at this season," she only replied, grimly.

Mrs. Rightbody raised her eyes impatiently.

"You know how anxious I was to discover your poor father's strange correspondent, Alice; you have no consideration."

"But when you *have* discovered him—what then?" queried Miss Alice.

"What then?"

"Yes. My belief is that you will find the telegram only a mere business cypher. And all this quest mere nonsense."

"Alice! why *you* yourself thought your father's conduct that night very strange. Have you forgotten?"

The young lady had *not*, but for some far-reaching feminine reason chose to ignore it at that moment, when her late tumble in the snow was still fresh in her mind.

"And this woman—whoever she may be ——" continued Mrs. Rightbody.

"How do you know there's a woman in the case?" interrupted Miss Alice, wickedly, I fear.

"How do—I—know—there's a woman?" slowly ejaculated Mrs. Rightbody, floundering in the snow and the unexpected possibility of such a ridiculous question. But here her guide flew to her assistance, and estopped further speech. And, indeed, a grave problem was before them.

The road that led to their single place of refuge—a cabin, half hotel, half trading-post, scarce a mile away—skirted the base of the rocky dome, and passed perilously near the precipitous wall of the valley. There was a rapid descent of a hundred yards or more to this terrace-like passage, and the guides paused for a moment of consultation, coolly oblivious alike to the terrified questioning of Mrs. Rightbody or the half-insolent independence of the daughter. The elder guide was russet-bearded, stout, and humorous; the younger was dark-bearded, slight, and serious.

"Ef you kin git young Bunker Hill to let you tote her on your shoulders, I'll git the Madam to hang on to me," came to Mrs. Rightbody's horrified ears as the expression of her particular companion.

"Freeze to the old gal, and don't reckon on me if the daughter starts in to play it alone," was the enigmatical response of the younger guide.

Miss Alice overheard both propositions, and before the two men returned to their side, that high-spirited young lady had urged her horse down the declivity.

Alas, at this moment a gust of whirling snow swept down upon her. There was a flounder, a misstep, a fatal strain on the wrong rein, a fall, a few plucky but unavailing struggles, and both horse and rider slid ignominiously down toward the rocky shelf. Mrs. Rightbody screamed. Miss Alice, from a confused *débris* of snow and ice, uplifted a vexed and coloring face to the younger guide,—a little the more angrily, perhaps, that she saw a shade of impatience on his face.

"Don't move, but tie one end of the

'lass' under your arms, and throw me the other," he said quietly.

"What do you mean by 'lass'—the lasso?" asked Miss Alice, disgustedly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"Oh, Alice!" reproachfully interpolated Mrs. Rightbody, encircled by the elder guide's stalwart arm.

Miss Alice deigned no reply, but drew the loop of the lasso over her shoulders, and let it drop to her round waist. Then she essayed to throw the other end to her guide. Dismal failure! The first fling nearly knocked her off the ledge, the second went all wild against the rocky wall, the third caught in a thorn-bush, twenty feet below her companion's feet. Miss Alice's arm sunk helplessly to her side, at which signal of unqualified surrender the younger guide threw himself half-way down the slope, worked his way to the thorn-bush, hung for a moment perilously over the parapet, secured the lasso, and then began to pull away at his lovely burden. Miss Alice was no dead weight, however, but steadily half-scrambled on her hands and knees to within a foot or two of her rescuer. At this too familiar proximity, she stood up, and leaned a little stiffly against the line, causing the guide to give an extra pull, which had the lamentable effect of landing her almost in his arms. As it was, her intelligent forehead struck his nose sharply, and, I regret to add, treating of a romantic situation, caused that somewhat prominent sign and token of a hero to bleed freely.

Miss Alice instantly clapped a handful of snow over his nostrils.

"Now elevate your right arm," she said, commandingly.

He did as he was bidden—but sulkily.

"That compresses the artery."

No man, with a pretty woman's hand and a handful of snow over his mouth and nose, could effectively utter a heroic sentence, nor with his arm elevated stiffly over his head assume a heroic attitude. But when his mouth was free again, he said, half-sulkily, half-apologetically:

"I might have known a girl couldn't throw worth a cent."

"Why?" demanded Miss Alice, sharply.

"Because—why—because—you see—they haven't got the experience," he stammered, feebly.

"Nonsense; they haven't the *clavicle*—that's all! It's because I'm a woman, and smaller in the collar-bone, that I haven't the play of the fore-arm which you have. See!"

She squared her shoulders slightly, and turned the blaze of her dark eyes full on his.

"Experience, indeed! A girl can learn anything a boy can."

Apprehension took the place of ill-humor in her hearer. He turned his eyes hastily away and glanced above him. The elder guide had gone forward to catch Miss Alice's horse, which, relieved of his rider, was floundering toward the trail. Mrs. Rightbody was nowhere to be seen. And these two were still twenty feet below the trail!

There was an awkward pause.

"Shall I pull you up the same way?" he queried.

Miss Alice looked at his nose, and hesitated.

"Or will you take my hand?" he added, in surly impatience.

To his surprise, Miss Alice took his hand, and they began the ascent together.

But the way was difficult and dangerous. Once or twice her feet slipped on the smoothly worn rock beneath, and she confessed to an inward thankfulness when her uncertain feminine hand-grip was exchanged for his strong arm around her waist. Not that he was ungentle, but Miss Alice angrily felt that he had once or twice exercised his superior masculine functions in a rough way; and yet the next moment she would have probably rejected the idea that she had even noticed it. There was no doubt, however, that he *was* a little surly.

A fierce scramble finally brought them back in safety to the trail; but in the action, Miss Alice's shoulder, striking a projecting bowlder, wrung from her a feminine cry of pain, her first sign of womanly weakness. The guide stopped instantly.

"I am afraid I hurt you?"

She raised her brown lashes, a trifle moist from suffering, looked in his eyes, and dropped her own. Why, she could not tell. And yet he had certainly a kind face, despite its seriousness; and a fine face, albeit unshorn and weather-beaten. Her own eyes had never been so near to any man's before, save her lover's; and yet she had never seen so much in even his. She slipped her hand away, not with any reference to him, but rather to ponder over this singular experience, and somehow felt uncomfortable thereat.

Nor was he less so. It was but a few

days ago that he had accepted the charge of this young woman from the elder guide, who was the recognized escort of the Rightbody party, having been a former correspondent of her father's. He had been hired like any other guide, but had undertaken the task with that chivalrous enthusiasm which the average Californian always extends to the sex so rare to him. But the illusion had passed, and he had dropped into a sulky practical sense of his situation, perhaps fraught with less danger to himself. Only when appealed to by his manhood or her weakness, he had forgotten his wounded vanity.

He strode moodily ahead, dutifully breaking the path for her in the direction of the distant cañon, where Mrs. Rightbody and her friend awaited them. Miss Alice was first to speak. In this trackless, uncharted *terra incognita* of the passions, it is always the woman who steps out to lead the way.

"You know this place very well. I suppose you have lived here long?"

"Yes."

"You were not born here—no?"

A long pause.

"I observe they call you 'Stanislaus Joe.' Of course that is not your real name?" (Mem. Miss Alice had never called him *anything*, usually prefacing any request with a languid "O-er-er, please, mister-er-a!" explicit enough for his station.)

"No."

Miss Alice (trotting after him, and bawling in his ear): "*What* name did you say?"

The man (doggedly): "I don't know."

Nevertheless, when they reached the cabin, after a half-hour's buffeting with the storm, Miss Alice applied herself to her mother's escort, Mr. Ryder.

"What's the name of the man who takes care of my horse?"

"Stanislaus Joe," responded Ryder.

"No; sometimes he's called Joe Stanislaus."

"Is that all?"

Miss Alice (satirically): "I suppose it's the custom here to send young ladies out with gentlemen who hide their names under an *alias?*"

Mr. Ryder (greatly perplexed): "Why, dear me, Miss Alice, you allers 'peared to me as a gal as was able to take keer——"

Miss Alice (interrupting with a wounded, dove-like timidity): "Oh, never mind, please!"

The cabin offered but scanty accommodation to the tourists, which fact, when indignantly presented by Mrs. Rightbody, was explained by the good-humored Ryder from the circumstance that the Casual Hotel was only a slight affair of boards, cloth, and paper, put up during the season and partly dismantled in the fall. "It couldn't be kept warm enough then," he added. Nevertheless, Miss Alice noticed that both Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe retired there with their pipes, after having prepared the ladies' supper with the assistance of an Indian woman, who apparently emerged from the earth at the coming of the party, and disappeared as mysteriously.

The stars came out brightly before they slept, and the next morning a clear unwinking sun beamed with almost summer power through the shutterless window of their cabin, and ironically disclosed the details of its rude interior. Two or three mangy, half-eaten buffalo-robes, a bear-skin, some suspicious-looking blankets, rifles and saddles, deal tables and barrels, made up its scant inventory. A strip of faded calico hung before a recess near the chimney, but so blackened by smoke and age, that even feminine curiosity respected its secret. Mrs. Rightbody was in high spirits, and informed her daughter that she was at last on the track of her husband's unknown correspondent.

"'Seventy-Four,' and 'Seventy-Five,' represent two members of the Vigilance Committee, my dear, and Mr. Ryder will assist me to find them."

"Mr. Ryder!" ejaculated Miss Alice, in scornful astonishment.

"Alice," said Mrs. Rightbody, with a suspicious assumption of sudden defense, "you injure yourself—you injure me by this exclusive attitude. Mr. Ryder is a friend of your father's, an exceedingly well-informed gentleman. I have not, of course, imparted to him the extent of my suspicions. But he can help me to what I must and will know. You might treat him a little more civilly,—or, at least, a little better than you do his servant, your guide. Mr. Ryder is a gentleman, and not a paid courier."

Miss Alice was suddenly attentive. When she spoke again, she asked:

"Why do you not find something about this Silsbee—who died—or was hanged—or something of that kind?"

"Child," said Mrs. Rightbody, "don't you see, there was no Silsbee, or if there was, he was simply the confidant of that—woman!"

A knock at the door, announcing the presence of Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe with the horses, checked Mrs. Rightbody's speech. As the animals were being packed, Mrs. Rightbody for a moment withdrew in confidential conversation with Mr. Ryder, and, to the young lady's still greater annoyance, left her alone with Stanislaus Joe. Miss Alice was not in good temper, but she felt it necessary to say something.

"I hope the hotel offers better quarters for travelers than this in summer," she began.

"It does."

"Then this does not belong to it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who lives here, then?"

"I do."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Miss Alice; "I thought you lived where we hired —where we met you—in—in—you must excuse me."

"I'm not a regular guide, but as times were hard, and I was out of grub, I took the job."

"Out of grub"! "job"! And *she* was the "job"! What would Henry Marvin say?—it would nearly kill him. She began herself to feel a little frightened, and walked toward the door.

"One moment, miss!"

The young girl hesitated. The man's tone was surly, and yet indicated a certain kind of half-pathetic grievance. Her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she turned back.

"This morning," he began hastily, "when we were coming down the valley, you picked me up twice."

"I picked *you* up?" repeated the astonished Alice.

"Yes—*contradicted* me, that's what I mean. Once when you said those rocks were volcanic; once when you said the flower you picked was a poppy. I didn't let on at the time, for it wasn't my say; but all the while you were talking I might have laid for you——"

"I don't understand you," said Alice haughtily.

"I might have entrapped you before folks. But I only want you to know that *I'm* right, and here are the books to show it."

He drew aside the dingy calico curtain, revealed a small shelf of bulky books, took down two large volumes,—one of botany, one of geology,—nervously sought his text, and put them in Alice's outstretched hands.

"I had no intention——" she began, half proudly, half embarrassedly.

"Am I right, miss?" he interrupted.

"I presume you are, if you say so."

"That's all, ma'am! Thank you."

Before the girl had time to reply he was gone. When he again returned, it was with her horse, and Mrs. Rightbody and Ryder were awaiting her. But Miss Alice noticed that his own horse was missing.

"Are you not going with us?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!"

Miss Alice felt her speech was a feeble conventionalism, but it was all she could say. She, however, *did* something. Hitherto it had been her habit systematically to reject his assistance in mounting to her seat. Now she awaited him. As he approached, she smiled and put out her little foot. He instantly stooped; she placed it in his hand, rose with a spring, and for one supreme moment Stanislaus Joe held her unresistingly in his arms. The next moment she was in the saddle, but in that brief interval of sixty seconds she had uttered a volume in a single sentence:

"I hope you will forgive me!"

He muttered a reply, and turned his face aside quickly as if to hide it.

Miss Alice cantered forward with a smile, but pulled her hat down over her eyes as she joined her mother. She was blushing.

PART III.

MR. RYDER was as good as his word. A day or two later, he entered Mrs. Rightbody's parlor at the Chrysopolis Hotel in Stockton with the information that he had seen the mysterious senders of the dispatch, and that they were now in the office of the hotel waiting her pleasure. Mr. Ryder further informed her that these gentlemen had only stipulated that they should not reveal their real names, and that they should be introduced to her simply as the respective "Seventy-Four" and "Seventy-Five" who had signed the dispatch sent to the late Mr. Rightbody.

Mrs. Rightbody at first demurred to this; but on the assurance from Mr. Ryder that this was the only condition on which an interview would be granted, finally consented.

"You will find them square men, even if they are a little rough, ma'am; but if you'd like me to be present, I'll stop; though I reckon if ye'd calkilated on that, you'd have

had me take care o' your business by proxy, and not come yourself three thousand mile to do it."

Mrs. Rightbody believed it better to see them alone.

"All right, ma'am. "I'll hang round out here, and ef ye should happen to hev a ticklin' in your throat and a bad spell o' coughin', I'll drop in, careless like, to see if you don't want them drops. *Sabe?*"

And with an exceedingly arch wink, and a slight familiar tap on Mrs. Rightbody's shoulder which might have caused the late Mr. Rightbody to burst his sepulcher, he withdrew.

A very timid, hesitating tap on the door was followed by the entrance of two men, both of whom, in general size, strength, and uncouthness, were ludicrously inconsistent with their diffident announcement. They proceeded in Indian file to the center of the room, faced Mrs. Rightbody, acknowledged her deep courtesy by a strong shake of the hand, and drawing two chairs opposite to her, sat down side by side.

"I presume I have the pleasure of addressing——" began Mrs. Rightbody.

The man directly opposite Mrs. Rightbody turned to the other inquiringly.

The other man nodded his head, and replied:

"Seventy-Four."

"Seventy-Five," promptly followed the other.

Mrs. Rightbody paused, a little confused.

"I have sent for you," she began again, "to learn something more of the circumstances under which you gentlemen sent a dispatch to my late husband."

"The circumstances," replied Seventy-Four, quietly, with a side glance at his companion, "panned out about in this yer style. We hung a man named Josh Silsbee down at Deadwood for hoss-stealin'. When I say *we*, I speak for Seventy-Five, yer, as is present, as well as representin', so to speak, seventy-two other gents as is scattered. We hung Josh Silsbee on squar', pretty squar', evidence. Afore he was strung up, Seventy-Five, yer, axed him, accordin' to custom, ef ther' was enny thing he had to say, or enny request that he allowed to make of us. He turns to Seventy-Five, yer, and——"

Here he paused suddenly, looking at his companion.

"He sez, sez he," began Seventy-Five, taking up the narrative, "he sez, 'Kin I write a letter?' sez he. Sez I, 'Not much, ole man; ye've got no time.' Says he, 'Kin I send a dispatch by telegraph?' I sez, 'Heave ahead.' He sez—these is his dientikal words—'Send to Adams Rightbody, Boston. Tell him to remember his sacred compack with me thirty years ago.'"

"'His sacred compack with me thirty years ago,'" echoed Seventy-Four. "His dientikal words."

"What was the compact?" asked Mrs. Rightbody, anxiously.

Seventy-Four looked at Seventy-Five, and then both arose and retired to the corner of the parlor, where they engaged in a slow but whispered deliberation. Presently they returned and sat down again.

"We allow," said Seventy-Four, quietly but decidedly, "that *you* know what that sacred compack was."

Mrs. Rightbody lost her temper and her truthfulness altogether. "Of course," she said, hurriedly, "I know; but do you mean to say that you gave this poor man no further chance to explain before you murdered him?"

Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five both rose again slowly and retired. When they returned again and sat down, Seventy-Five, who by this time, through some subtle magnetism, Mrs. Rightbody began to recognize as the superior power, said gravely:

"We wish to say, regarding this yer murder, that Seventy-Four and me is ekally responsible. That we reckon also to represent, so to speak, seventy-two other gentlemen as is scattered. That we are ready, Seventy-Four and me, to take and holt that responsibility now and at any time, afore every man or men as kin be fetched ag'in us. We wish to say that this yer say of ours holds good yer in Californy or in any part of these United States."

"Or in Canady," suggested Seventy-Four.

"Or in Canady. We wouldn't agree to cross the water or go to furrin parts, unless absolutely necessary. We leaves the chise of weppings to your principal, ma'am, or being a lady, ma'am, and interested, to any one you may fetch to act for him. An advertisement in any of the Sacramento papers, or a playcard or hand-bill stuck onto a tree near Deadwood, saying that Seventy-Four or Seventy-Five will communicate with this yer principal or agent of yours, will fetch us,—allers."

Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and desperate, saw her blunder. "I meant nothing of the kind," she said hastily. "I only expected that you might have some further details of this interview with Silsbee—that

perhaps you could tell me"—a bold, bright thought crossed Mrs. Rightbody's mind—"something more about *her*."

The two men looked at each other.

"I suppose your society have no objection to giving me information about *her*," said Mrs. Rightbody eagerly.

Another quiet conversation in the corner, and the return of both men.

"We want to say that we've no objection."

Mrs. Rightbody's heart beat high. Her boldness had made her penetration good. Yet she felt she must not alarm the men heedlessly.

"Will you inform me to what extent Mr. Rightbody, my late husband, was interested in her?"

This time it seemed an age to Mrs. Rightbody before the men returned from their solemn consultation in the corner. She could both hear and feel that their discussion was more animated than their previous conferences. She was a little mortified, however, when they sat down, to hear Seventy-Four say slowly:

"We wish to say that we don't allow to say *how* much."

"Do you not think that the 'sacred compact' between Mr. Rightbody and Mr. Silsbee referred to her?"

"We reckon it do."

Mrs. Rightbody, flushed and animated, would have given worlds had her daughter been present to hear this undoubted confirmation of her theory. Yet she felt a little nervous and uncomfortable, even on this threshold of discovery.

"Is she here now?"

"She's in Tuolumne," said Seventy-Four.

"A little better looked arter than formerly," added Seventy-Five.

"I see. Then Mr. Silsbee *enticed* her away?"

"Well, ma'am, it *was* allowed as she runned away. But it wasn't proved, and it generally wasn't her style."

Mrs. Rightbody trifled with her next question.

"She was pretty, of course?"

The eyes of both men brightened.

"She was *that!*" said Seventy-Four emphatically.

"It would have done you good to see her," added Seventy-Five.

Mrs. Rightbody inwardly doubted it; but before she could ask another question, the two men again retired to the corner for consultation. When they came back there was a shade more of kindliness and confidence in their manner, and Seventy-Four opened his mind more freely.

"We wish to say, ma'am, looking at the thing, by and large, in a fair-minded way—that ez *you* seem interested, and ez Mr. Rightbody was interested, and was, according to all accounts, de-ceived and led away by Silsbee, that we don't mind listening to any proposition *you* might make, as a lady,—allowin' you was ekally interested."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rightbody quickly. "And you will furnish me with any papers."

The two men again consulted.

"We wish to say, ma'am, that we think she's got papers, but——"

"I *must* have them, you understand," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, "at any price."

"We was about to say, ma'am," said Seventy-Five slowly, "that, considerin' all things—and you being a lady—you kin have *her*, papers, pedigree and guarantee for twelve hundred dollars."

It has been alleged that Mrs. Rightbody asked only one question more, and then fainted. It is known, however, that by the next day it was understood in Deadwood that Mrs. Rightbody had confessed to the vigilance committee that her husband, a celebrated Boston millionaire, anxious to gain possession of Abner Springer's well-known sorrel mare, had incited the unfortunate Josh Silsbee to steal it; and that finally, failing in this, the widow of the deceased Boston millionaire was now in personal negotiation with the owners.

Howbeit, Miss Alice, returning home that afternoon, found her mother with a violent headache.

"We will leave here by the next steamer," said Mrs. Rightbody, languidly. "Mr. Ryder has promised to accompany us."

"But, mother——"

"The climate, Alice, is overrated. My nerves are already suffering from it. The associations are unfit for you, and Mr. Marvin is naturally impatient."

Miss Alice colored slightly.

"But your quest, mother?"

"I've abandoned it."

"But *I* have not," said Alice, quietly. "Do you remember my guide at the Yosemite, Stanislaus Joe? Well, Stanislaus Joe is—who do you think?"

Mrs. Rightbody was languidly indifferent.

"Well, Stanislaus Joe is the son of Joshua Silsbee."

Mrs. Rightbody sat upright in astonishment.

"Yes; but, mother, he knows nothing of what we know. His father treated him shamefully, and set him cruelly adrift years ago; and when he was hanged, the poor fellow, in sheer disgrace, changed his name."

"But if he knows nothing of his father's compact, of what interest is this?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought it might lead to something."

Mrs. Rightbody suspected that "something" and asked sharply:

"And pray how did *you* find it out? You did not speak of it in the Valley."

"Oh, I didn't find it out until to-day," said Miss Alice, walking to the window. "He happened to be here, and—told me."

PART IV.

If Mrs. Rightbody's friends had been astounded by her singular and unexpected pilgrimage to California so soon after her husband's decease, they were still more astounded by the information, a year later, that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Ryder, of whom only the scant history was known that he was a Californian, and former correspondent of her husband. It was undeniable that the man was wealthy, and evidently no mere adventurer; it was rumored that he was courageous and manly; but even those who delighted in his odd humor were shocked at his grammar and slang. It was said that Mr. Marvin had but one interview with his father-in-law elect, and returned so supremely disgusted that the match was broken off. The horse-stealing story, more or less garbled, found its way through lips that pretended to decry it, yet eagerly repeated it. Only one member of the Rightbody family—and a new one—saved them from utter ostracism. It was young Mr. Ryder, the adopted son of the prospective head of the household, whose culture, manners, and general elegance fascinated and thrilled Boston with a new sensation. It seemed to many that Miss Alice should, in the vicinity of this rare exotic, forget her former enthusiasm for a professional life; but the young man was pitied by society, and various plans for diverting him from any *mésalliance* with the Rightbody family were concocted.

It was a wintry night, and the second anniversary of Mr. Rightbody's death, that a light was burning in his library. But the dead man's chair was occupied by young Mr. Ryder, adopted son of the new proprietor of the mansion, and before him stood Alice, with her dark eyes fixed on the table.

"There must have been something in it, Joe, believe me. Did you never hear your father speak of mine?"

"Never."

"But you say he was college bred, and born a gentleman, and in his youth he must have had many friends."

"Alice," said the young man gravely, "when I have done something to redeem my name, and wear it again before these people, before *you*, it would be well to revive the past. But till then——"

But Alice was not to be put down.

"I remember," she went on, scarcely heeding him, "that when I came in that night, papa was reading a letter, and seemed to be disconcerted."

"A letter?"

"Yes; but," added Alice, with a sigh, "when we found him here insensible, there was no letter on his person. He must have destroyed it."

"Did you ever look among his papers? If found, it might be a clue."

The young man glanced toward the cabinet. Alice read his eyes, and answered:

"Oh dear, no. The cabinet contained only his papers, all perfectly arranged,—you know how methodical were his habits,—and some old business and private letters, all carefully put away."

"Let us see them," said the young man, rising.

They opened drawer after drawer; files upon files of letters and business papers, accurately folded and filed. Suddenly Alice uttered a little cry, and picked up a quaint ivory paper-knife lying at the bottom of a drawer.

"It was missing the next day, and never could be found. He must have mislaid it here. This is the drawer," said Alice, eagerly.

Here was a clue. But the lower part of the drawer was filled with old letters, not labeled, yet neatly arranged in files. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"Put them back, Alice, at once."

"Why?"

"Some of these letters are in my father's handwriting."

"The more reason why *I* should see them," said the girl imperatively. "Here, you take part and I'll take part, and we'll get through quicker."

There was a certain decision and independence in her manner which he had

learned to respect. He took the letters, and in silence read them with her. They were old college letters, so filled with boyish dreams, ambitions, aspirations, and Utopian theories, that I fear neither of these young people even recognized their parents in the dead ashes of the past. They were both grave, until Alice uttered a little hysterical cry, and dropped her face in her hands. Joe was instantly beside her.

"It's nothing, Joe, nothing. Don't read it, please—please don't. It's so funny—it's so very queer."

But Joe after a slight, half-playful struggle, had taken the letter from the girl. Then he read aloud the words written by his father thirty years ago.

"I thank you, dear friend, for all you say about my wife and boy. I thank you for reminding me of our boyish compact. He will be ready to fulfill it, I know, if he loves those his father loves, even if you should marry years later. I am glad for your sake, for both our sakes, that it is a boy. Heaven send you a good wife dear Adams, and a daughter to make my son equally happy."

Joe Silsbee looked down, took the half-laughing, half-tearful face in his hands, kissed her forehead, and, with tears in his grave eyes, said:

"Amen!"

* * * *

I am inclined to think that this sentiment was echoed heartily by Mrs. Rightbody's former acquaintances, when, a year later, Miss Alice was united to a professional gentleman of honor and renown, yet who was known to be the son of a convicted horse-thief. A few remembered the previous Californian story, and found corroboration therefor; but a majority believed it a just reward to Miss Alice for her conduct to Mr. Marvin, and as Miss Alice cheerfully accepted it in that light, I do not see why I may not end my story with happiness to all concerned.

SONG.

I.

THERE'S a garden by a river,
Where the grasses bend and quiver
On the river's reedy edges.
Roses crimson all the hedges,
And a leafy lane runs down
Through the meadows to a town,
In a winding way.
But where lies that garden blowing,
Where that river, stilly flowing,
And the lawn through meadows going,
I shall never say.

II.

Something fairer than a rose
In that unknown garden grows.
Something sweeter than the rhyme
Sung by birds in lilac-time;
Fairer than a dream of youth,
Thought all lost to care and ruth.
Something with a heart like May;
Rose and lily all in one;
Golden hair caught from the sun;
Eyes with laughter overrun.
What? I'll never say.

III.

Dreamy face and rosebud mouth,
Breath like spring winds from the south,
Eyes disclosing more than lies

Hedged beneath the bended skies
Of a day in May.
So, when days grow longer, sweeter,
Grow the rare June hours completer;
And the winter's time for snowing
Leaves the June winds chance for blowing.
I will seek this garden; growing
Where I'll never say.

SLEEP.

In a tangled, scented hollow,
On a bed of crimson roses,
Stilly now the wind reposes;
Hardly can the breezes borrow
Breath to stir the night-swept river.
Motionless the water-sedges,
And within the dusky hedges
Sounds no leaf's impatient shiver.
Sleep has come, that rare rest-giver.

Light and song have flown away
With the sun and twilight swallow;
Scarcely will the unknown morrow
Bring again so sweet a day.
Song was born of Joy and Thought;
Light, of Love and her Caress.
Nothing's left me but a tress;
Death and Sleep the rest have wrought—
Death and Sleep, who came unsought.

HE PLAYING SHE.

Dear Buster:—Rehearsal at five sharp, after Logic. Bring round the two new songs. Do you suppose your corsets would fit Sam, or are they too small? Bring them with you, anyhow, and let him try them on. Wilkinson says he wont play the *Nurse's* part anyhow, but will go into the chorus, if we want him. He's just started out a new mustache, and swears he wont shave it for any play ever written. Who'll fill the part? Think it over in recitation.

Jack.

P. S. For the love of John P. Hale of New Hampshire, tell Warren to have the music all arranged by Thursday evening, for the dress rehearsal.

I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I had had for many a day when I read that postscript. Many years ago since that was written, and Jack many miles away from here! A note of college days! A dry leaf of a withered and faded rose, but its sight brought up a garden full of remembered roses. There, in the postscript, was Jack's favorite "swear word,"—a euphemism for something or other unsuited to ears polite. I don't think any of us ever learned why the late Senator from New Hampshire was chosen as a god to swear by,—and, besides, Jack was a Democrat; but this I do know, he frequently—too frequently, perhaps—asseverated by the Hon. J. P. H., and I seldom or never knew of his using the ordinary forms of profanity. But the John P. Hale part of the note above quoted has nothing to do with what is to be offered here. The words "rehearsal," "corsets," "nurse," form the *leit-motives* of the little opera to be produced at this time.

Probably from the fact of being one of the smallest "men" in college at the time of this opera, the writer was called "Buster"—a good, square "*lucus-a-non*"—and for all present purposes I prefer to remain, "a-non." It is also because I was small and fat that I can describe the dramatic life of a term or so of one of the oldest societies devoting time and attention to theatrical

exhibitions, in one of the oldest colleges in America. Not to be too particular and pointed in description, if you should enter the rooms of that society and make an examination of its walls, you would find, in all probability, that the portraits which interested and entertained you most were those of female characters. Placed chronologically, the gallery of "Female Celebrities of Our Society" would show the great progress made in the art of photography, and also in the art of covering up male scragginess and angularity by the shams which now make a performer of "girl parts" in college a pleasant and very deceptive sight. The exponents of the drama in college societies follow the old-time plan *per force*, and give the female assumptions into the care of those of their sex who have the smoothest faces, the neatest forms, and the voices nearest to soprano. Until women are admitted to all the privileges and pleasure of college life, this must continue. Herein then is a fine argument for woman's admission to Harvard, Yale, Amherst, etc.: the society dramatic requirements will be more easily met. The legislators, who were formerly members of the X. Y. Z.; those of the University Corporations, who still enjoy a half-stolen visit to the W. X. Y., have this matter in their own hands, and should not fail to consider it carefully and with judgment. Now, the *Mrs. Malaprop* of the cast is perhaps a fellow who pulls 1,000 on the rowing weights, and thinks nothing of it; the *Juliets* and *Betseys* are round-faced young men who happen to be fat enough to allow of their wearing a dress slightly *décolleté*,—and who smoke unlimited cigarettes, you may venture to wager.

But to return to our gallery of portraits. The first picture—ah! it was taken such a while ago, and the classmates of the subjects are the lawyers, doctors, clergymen and instructors of the lads who are in their turn performing upon the little society stages—is of a group of three young men, in ballet costume. One of those danseuses is now a clergyman. Whatever the subjects are now, then they were very, very bony and very muscular at the same time. Their poses are as graceful as the attitudes of a lamp-lighter. I cannot say how ill or well they danced,—that exhibition of terpsichorean attainments was before my time. The next picture, in a group of a dozen or so, shows us a "woman" or two, who has some semblance to the sex simulated. The next is a still more natural representation; and when the fourth or fifth picture is examined, a natural and well-fitting wig makes the wearer quite girl-like. Passing by ten years, the observer begins to happen upon portraits which would do justice and credit to such impersonations as those of the late Robert Craig,—by far the best of "female impersonators" of his day,—or to those of Mr. Frederick Maccabe. The portraits really seem those of buxom, hearty, moderately graceful and quite pretty girls. In dress, they are "gorgeous," and in my mind's eye I can see several attires which could not be purchased short of several hundred dollars—prepared for a single night's performance in a college theater. Thus far I have gone back among the archives. Now let me be personal, and tell about Jack and his time, or what is the same thing, about my own time.

I cannot well avoid being a little rambling,—the times themselves were a little mixed and had not the regularity and order, the system and careful arrangements which belong to the regular stage. It is to be remembered also that we were all young men, not yet legally at liberty, and at the same time living in a freedom whose like exists no where out of college days. We had fairly reached, in college dramatic life, what may be termed the burlesque or travestie period. On more than one occasion I have seen present at the performance of a burlesque, seated in the front row of the little theater, learned professors, poets whose names and whose works the world knows and loves, scientific men who, with a few moments' calculation, could have told the density of the tobacco smoke which filled the auditorium, or could have named in exact order all the bones, muscles and other adjuncts, which the spectators made use of in their hilarious laughter. I remember how well one of the most learned men in America said to our small committee who invited him to attend a performance of an "entirely new and original travestie" on Shakspere's "Othello,"—"Oh, I'll be glad to come. Um! Well! It is only great poets who can be travestied." These sedate and dignified shooting-masters would unbend to such a degree that we students felt tempted "many a time and oft" to slap them on the back and say "Old Chap"; but the morrow's dignity and austerity were as sure as was to-night's relaxing. Either as a past or as an honorary member of "our society," every professor in college

could be numbered, and on "theatrical nights" they seemed only too glad to attend. The burlesque or travestie period was quite fruitful in original productions. In one year three or four really good burlesques, wholly from the pens of students, localized and pointed for the college liking, were produced. Besides, this year saw a pretty good amateur performance of "The Rivals," and "The Critic," and a long list of farces and musical pieces. It is easy enough to find good *actors* in a large college; but good *actresses* are the desiderata. Let a fellow be fair-looking, moderately rounded in face and limb, a singer and an actor, and he jumps at a leap into the best societies and becomes an admired member of the company, as well as a popular man in his class. He is as much petted, in so far as it is possible, by his fellows, as a pretty soubrette is on the regular stage. He has his own way too—will play this or nothing. Indeed, the stroke oar of the 'Varsity crew is not so strong a man as the "leading lady" or the "singing chambermaid" of a college theatrical corps. You can find another big man, but where, oh! where, are the "pretty little fellows" to be found? It is strange to say also, that generally no manlier set could be found in a class than just the "boys" who play leading ladies' parts.

How we used to get up a play in college is what I wish to tell. Suppose it were a burlesque that was required, and was to be offered upon the boards. Two men would engage to write the burlesque, and would set about their work with a will. The college travestie would not take at all, in most or many of its points, before a mixed audience. Here will come a pun in Latin; here another in Greek; here one on a mathematical subject; here a hit at a professor; here a "take-off" on a college rule—all designed for experienced ears. And how these specialties would go down! A good Latin pun was sure of two rounds, at least; a Greek rhyme of three rounds; and a mathematical allusion would bring down the house. The burlesque's breadth must be attended to more than its length,—not too broad, but a bit spicy. We who had been reading Terrence and Plautus needed not to be very restrained in pointed application, and it is to be remembered that the auditors were all men. Yet I have heard nothing so bad upon the college stage as I have heard upon the boards of the best theaters. Unless the "breadth" was stamped with real wit, it was hooted at. Well, the burlesque prepared and cast, the first thing to be done was to learn the music. Offenbach and the old college airs, song and dance tunes and pennyroyals, formed the staples for the introduction of hits on manners and times. The writer has in mind one burlesque, full of jolly music, in which seven soloists and a goodly sized chorus participated. No theater in America could, from its regular company, have filled the bill of this play, and yet it was excellently, creditably performed by a college cast, and there was spare material. The rehearsals of the music are always full of fun as well as work. As soon as a number is learned it becomes an especial property, and should it strike the popular fancy of the class, it becomes college property, and they who first introduce it are called upon at all festal occasions for its delivery. So the rehearsals proceed. The principals need not sing their solos or the duets; but all the choruses and concerted pieces must be dinned and dinned into the corps until they are perfectly learned. Sometimes an instrumental bit, such as a burlesque flute solo, a banjo serenade, or a quartette of horns, must be practiced. The first-named I recollect *Tybalt's* doing before he dies (he played "Just Before the Battle, Mother"), the second, *Romeo* performed beneath *Juliet's* window, and the third was an unsurpassed performance, an invention worth describing. *Mercutio*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*, and the *Nurse* engaged in it, and the performance was upon penny trumpets, of wood. Would you suppose any music could be obtained from such instruments? A "four-part song" was performed, and with a perfect reproduction of all the harmony; and, moreover, a "theme and variations" and trio accompaniment were given on these instruments, which cost exactly fifteen cents per dozen. The secret of the method of playing was imparted only to the performers; but it is absolutely true that with practice any tune of ordinary difficulty can be given upon this instrument. The performance—the first of the kind in the world, I believe—has since been repeated with "grand" effect, in public. Parts fairly learned, properties were gotten together and bills *painted*—yes, painted, and some of them are to this day as fine specimens of water-color drawing as could be found, except from great masters. Then, or rather meanwhile, the leading performers were preparing their costumes. The male impersonators found little difficulty. The costumer—to use our expressive and manifoldly useful

word—*fixed* all that. But the young ladies—their attires were to be procured with more trouble and considerably more anxiety. He who had sisters or sweet cousins, and was to play a lady's part, was accounted lucky. Nearly all the "girls" had their own corsets and boots and shoes, "made for me, you know," as they would say. To lace to eighteen inches about the waist, and to wear "fours" shoes and six-and-a-quarter gloves were nothing uncommon, although to be really comfortable, a size or two larger were generally chosen. The story of the man who blacked himself all over to play *Othello* comes in pat here. Not to enter into too minute particulars, the elegance of the undergarments, the laces, the ruffles, the tuckings, the bows, and the furbelows which were worn, would mate the trousseau of many a happy bride. Indeed, why should they not? The garments were borrowed from sister and cousin, who were generally told to send out "everything that was necessary and a few ornaments." Necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, fans, etc., etc., were demanded and obtained, the ear-rings being fastened to the ears by bits of court-plaster. The wig was ordered. Of late years—a dozen or so—the wig-man has been the great helper of the college actor. He has been the fashioner of fair skins, blooming cheeks, pouting mouths, and round, liquid eyes. The outer dress was probably the last procured. If it could not be obtained at home, the costumer must furnish it, at whatever cost; and it must be made to *fit*, and to fit well. With no exaggeration, one could see as elegant, well-fitting and becoming dresses on these little stages—and that, too, sitting as a spectator very near the performer—as will be seen, except in special cases, at our best theater. Gradually, from practice and habit, the actor learned to carry himself as if "he" were a "she." Gradually, too, he began to expect and claim, in the dressing and green rooms, the attention, courtesies and aid which would have been extended to a young woman. His handkerchief falling, a fellow who to-morrow will rap him on the head with a sofa-pillow, or punch him pleasantly with a base-ball bat, leaps to return it; wishing a glass of water, he bids some one near by hand it, and the mission is answered graciously and gracefully. Nay, even more: the little compliments men—young men—pay young women, are paid him, with no intention of sarcasm. The writer has seen this exemplified in a score of cases. It is only when our man-woman becomes irate that his sex shows through the dress completely. Then he will perhaps round out a sentence with a few exclamations that almost shock the hearer, seeming to come from the lips of a miss.

The night of the performance is always one of excitement to the "young women." The nimble fingers of a dressing-maid are needed. "Tom, lace my corsets; don't pull 'em too tight!" "Bill, hook the back of my dress!" and the like orders would sound strangely to uninitiated ears. "Confound that pin!" "Hang that string!" "I've forgotten whether this is the front or the back of this blank thing," and "Which is the top and the bottom of these corsets?" are no infrequent sentences. But habit and care conquer, and with skirts gathered about his limbs he rushes across the college-yard to the society rooms, the passing proctor barely turning, fully understanding that "she" is a "he." It is not until the dressing-room is reached that the handsome wig is put on, the rouge and lily-white and the line for the under eyelid, and all the little arts which unite in making the face fair and interesting. A good make-up is sure of a good reception, and the words "You look stunning" will give a fellow more encouragement before his entrance than can be described. The eager plaudits of a college audience, no one who has received it can forget. Besides the smell of the foot-lights, there is the aroma of Alma-Mater good-fellowship in the reception. Then, the actor's audience is above the average intelligence, and catches every point, seconds every witticism, and applauds every good bit of acting. And after the play, when "Company! company! company!" brings the actors and actresses with a scurry to the front, it is no wonder that they who have successfully simulated gentler characters than their own, should feel a particular pride. It is worth while to hurry to one's room, doff the skirts, corsets and et-ceteras, and don the male attire, and with pipe, cigar, or cigarette in mouth, to return to the assemblage and meet the audience. The graduates and older classmen pay the highest compliment possible in not recognizing the actress in the nonchalant young man; the professors smile and nod benignantly, and your own classmates say, "Jolly! old fellow—tip-top!"—"You've done yourself credit!"—"Pretty as a picture!"—"You never did better in your life, Buster!"

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

"HE KNELT DOWN AND TURNING THE KEY IN THE LOCK FLUNG THE TRUNK-LID BACKWARD"

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. FFRENCH.

It was a week before affairs assumed their accustomed aspect. Not that the Works had been neglected, however. Each morning Haworth had driven down early and spent an hour in his office and about the place, reading letters, issuing orders and keeping a keen look-out generally.

"I'll have no spreeing here among *you* chaps," he announced. "Spree as much as you like when th' work's done, but you don't spree in *my* time. Look sharp after 'em, Kendal."

The day after his guests left him he appeared at his usual time, and sent at once for Murdoch.

On his arriving he greeted him, leaning back in his chair, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Well, lad," he said, "it's over."

Almost unconsciously, Murdoch thrust his hands into *his* pockets also, but the action had rather a reflective than a defiant expression.

"It's lasted a pretty long time, hasn't it?" he remarked.

Haworth answered him with a laugh.

"Egad! You take it cool enough," he said.

Suddenly he got up and began to walk about, his air a mixture of excitement and braggadocio. After a turn or two he wheeled about.

"Why don't you say summat?" he demanded, sardonically. "Summat moral. You don't mean to tell me you've not got pluck enow?"

"I don't see," said Murdoch, deliberately, —"I don't see that there's anything to say. Do you?"

The man stared at him, reddening. Then he turned about and flung himself into his chair again.

"No," he answered. "By George! I don't."

They discussed the matter no further. It seemed to dispose of itself. Their acquaintance went on in the old way, but there were moments afterward when Murdoch felt that the man regarded him with something that might have been restrained or secret

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fear—a something which held him back and made him silent or unready of speech. Once, in the midst of a conversation taking a more confidential tone than usual, to his companion's astonishment he stopped and spoke bluntly:

"If I say aught as goes against the grain with you," he said, "speak up, lad. Blast it!" striking his fist hard against his palm, "I'd like to show my clean side to you."

It was at this time that he spoke first of his mother.

"When I run away from the poor-house," he said, "I left her there. She's a soft-hearted body—a good one too. As soon as I earned my first fifteen shillin' a week, I gave her a house of her own—and I lived hard to do it. She lives like a lady now, though she's as simple as ever. She knows naught of the world, and she knows naught of me beyond what she sees of me when I go down to the little country-place in Kent with a new silk gown and a lace cap for her. She scarce ever wears 'em, but she's as fond on 'em as if she got 'em from Buckingham Palace. She thinks I'm a lad yet, and say my prayers every night and the catechism on Sundays. She'll never know aught else, if I can help it. That's why I keep her where she is."

When he had said that he intended to make "Haworth's" second to no place in England, he had not spoken idly. His pride in the place was a passion. He spent money lavishly but shrewdly; he paid his men well, but ruled them with an iron hand. Those of his fellow-manufacturers who were less bold and also less keen-sighted, regarded him with no small disfavor.

"He'll have trouble yet, that Haworth fellow," they said.

But "Haworth's" flourished and grew. The original works were added to, and new hands, being called for, flocked into Broxton with their families. It was Jem Haworth who built the rows of cottages to hold them, and he built them well and substantially, but as a sharp business investment and a matter of pride rather than from any weakness of regarding them from a moral stand-point.

"I'll have no poor jobs done on my place," he announced. "I'll leave that to the gentlemen manufacturers."

It was while in the midst of this work that he received a letter from Gerard Ffrench, who was still abroad.

Going into his room one day Murdoch found him reading it and looking excited.

"Here's a chap as would be the chap for me," he said, "if brass were iron—that chap Ffrench."

"What does he want?" Murdoch asked.

"Naught much," grimly. "He's got a notion of coming back here, and he'd like to go into partnership with me. That's what he's drivin' at. He'd like to be a partner with Jem Haworth."

"What has he to offer?"

"Cheek, and plenty on it. He says his name's well known, and he's got influence as well as practical knowledge. I'd like to have a bit of a talk with him."

Suddenly he struck his fist on the table before him.

"I've got a name that's enow for me," he said. "The day's to come yet when I ask any chap for name or money or aught else. Partner be damned! This here's 'Haworth's!'"

CHAPTER IX.

"NOT FOR ONE HOUR."

THE meetings of the malcontents continued to be held at the "Who'd ha' thowt it," and were loud voiced and frequent, but notwithstanding their frequency and noisiness resulted principally in a disproportionate consumption of beer and tobacco and in some differences of opinion, decided in a gentlemanly manner with the assistance of "backers" and a ring.

Having been rescued from these surroundings by Murdoch on several convivial occasions, Briarley began to anticipate his appearance with resignation if not cheerfulness, and to make preparations accordingly.

"I mun lay a sup in reet at th' start," he would say. "Theer's no knowin' how soon he'll turn up if he drops in to see th' women. Gi' me a glass afore these chaps, Mary. They con wait a bit."

"Why does tha stand it, tha foo'?" some independent spirit would comment. "Con th' chap *carry* thee whoam if tha does na want to go?"

But Briarley never rebelled. Resistance was not his forte. If it were possible to become comfortably drunk before he was sought out and led away he felt it a matter for mild self-gratulation, but he bore defeat amiably.

"Th' missis wants me," he would say unsteadily but with beaming countenance, on catching sight of Murdoch or Janey. "Th' missis has sent to ax me to go an'—an' set

wi' her a bit. I mun go, chaps. A man munna negleck his fam'ly."

In response to Mrs. Briarley's ratings and Janey's querulous appeals, it was his habit to shed tears copiously and with a touch of ostentation.

"I'm a poor chap, missus," he would say. "I'm a poor chap. Yo' munnot be hard on me. I nivver wur good enow fur a woman loike yoursen. I should na wonder if I had to join th' teetotals after aw. Tha knows it allus rains o' Whit-Saturday, when they ha' their walk, an' that theer looks as if th' Almoighty wur on th' teetotal soide. It's noan loike he'd go to so mich trouble if he were na."

At such crises as these "th' women foak," as he called his wife and Janey, derived their greatest consolation from much going to chapel.

"If it wur na fur th' bit o' comfort I get theer," said the poor woman, "I should na know whether I wur standin' on my head or my heels—betwixt him, an' th' work, an' th' childer."

"Happen ye'd loike to go wi' us," said Janey to Murdoch, one day. "Yo'll be sure to hear a good sermont."

Murdoch went with them, and sat in a corner of their free seat—a hard seat, with a straight and unrelenting back. But he was not prevented by the seat from being interested and even absorbed by the doctrine. He had an absent-minded way of absorbing impressions, and the unemotional tenor of his life had left him singularly impartial. He did not finally decide that the sermon was good, bad, or indifferent, but he pondered it and its probable effects deeply, and with no little curiosity. It was a long sermon, and one which "hit straight from the shoulder." It displayed a florid heaven and a burning hell. It was literal, and well garnished with telling and scriptural quotations. Once or twice during its delivery Murdoch glanced at Janey and Mrs. Briarley. The woman, during intervals of eager pacifying of the big baby, lifted her pale face and listened devoutly. Janey sat respectable and rigorous, her eyes fixed upon the pulpit, her huge shawl folded about her, her bonnet slipping backward at intervals and requiring to be repeatedly re-arranged by a smart hustling somewhere in the region of the crown.

The night was very quiet when they came out into the open air. The smoke-clouds of the day had been driven away by a light breeze, and the sky was bright with stars. Mrs. Briarley and the ubiquitous baby joined a neighbor and hastened home, but Murdoch and Janey lingered a little.

"My father is buried here," Murdoch had said, and Janey had answered with sharp curiousness,—

"Wheer's th' place? I'd loike to see it. Has tha getten a big head-stone up?"

She was somewhat disappointed to find there was none, and that nothing but the sod covered the long mound, but she appeared to comprehend the state of affairs at once.

"I s'pose tha'lt ha' one after a bit," she said, "when tha'rt not so short as tha art now. Ivverybody's short i' these toimes."

She seated herself upon the stone coping of the next grave, her elbow on her knee, a small, weird figure in the uncertain light.

"I allus did loike a big head-stone," she remarked, reflectively. "Theer's summat noice about a big white un wi' black letters on it. I loike a white un th' best, an' ha' th' letters cut deep, an' th' name big, an' a bit o' poitry at th' eend:

'Stranger, a moment linger near,
An' hark to th' one as moulders here;
Thy bones, loike mine, shall rot i' th' ground,
Until th' last awful trumpet's sound;
Thy flesh, loike mine, fa' to decay,
For mon is made to pass away.'

Summat loike that. But yo' see it ud be loike to cost so much. What wi' th' stone an' paint an' cuttin', I should na wonder if it would na coom to th' matter o' two pound, —an' then theer's th' funeral."

She ended with a sigh, and sank for a moment into a depressed reverie, but in the course of a few moments she roused herself again.

"Tell me summat about thy feyther," she demanded.

Murdoch bent down and plucked a blade of grass with a rather uncertain grasp.

"There isn't much to tell," he answered. "He was unfortunate, and had a hard life —and died."

Janey looked at his lowered face with a sharp, unchildish twinkle in her eye.

"Would tha moind me axin thee summat?" she said.

"No."

But she hesitated a little before she put the question.

"Is it—wur it true—as he wur na aw theer —as he wur a bit—a bit soft i' th' yed?"

"No, that is not true."

"I'm glad it is na," she responded. "Art tha loike him?"

"I don't know."

"I hope tha art na, if he did na ha' luck. Theer's a great deal i' luck." Then, with a quick change of subject,—"How did tha loike th' sermont?"

"I am not sure," he answered, "that I know that either. How did you like it yourself?"

"Ay," with an air of elderly approval, "it wur a good un. Mester Hixon allus gi'es us a good un. He owts wi' what he's getten to say. I loike a preacher as owts wi' it."

A few moments later, when they rose to go home, her mind seemed suddenly to revert to a former train of thought.

"Wur theer money i' that thing thy feyther wur tryin' at?" she asked.

"Not for him, it seemed."

More than once, as they worked together, Floxham had spoken to him amazed.

"What's up wi' thee, lad?" he had said. "Art dazed, or has tha takken a turn an' been on a spree?"

One night, when they were together, Haworth had picked up from the floor a rough but intricate-looking drawing, and, on handing it to him, had been bewildered by his sudden change of expression.

"Is it aught of yours?" he had asked.

"Yes," the young fellow had answered; "it's mine."

But, instead of replacing it in his pocket, he had torn it slowly into strips, and thrown it, piece by piece, into the fire, watching it as it burned.

It was not Janey's eminently practical

"A FIRE BURNED ON THE GRATE, AND BEFORE IT SAT A GIRL WITH HER HANDS CLASPED UPON HER KNEE."

"Ay; but theer mought be fur thee. Tha mayst ha' more in thee than he had, an' mought mak' summat on it. I'd nivver let owt go as had money i' it. Tha'dst mak' a better rich mon than Haworth."

After leaving her Murdoch did not go home. He turned his back upon the village again, and walked rapidly away from it, out on the country road and across field paths, and did not turn until he was miles from Broxton.

Of late he had been more than usually abstracted. He had been restless, and at times nervously unstrung. He had slept ill, and spent his days in a half-conscious mood. observations which had stirred him to-night. He had been drifting toward this feverish crisis of feeling for months, and had contested its approach inch by inch. There were hours when he was overpowered by the force of what he battled against, and this was one of them.

It was nearly midnight when he returned, and his mother met him at the door with an anxious look. It was a look he had seen upon her face all his life; but its effect upon himself had never lessened from the day he had first recognized it, as a child.

"I did not think you would wait for me," he said. "It is later than I thought."

"I SAT AND STARED AT THIS ONE LIKE A BLOCKHEAD."

"I am not tired," she answered.

She had aged a little since her husband's death, but otherwise she had not changed. She looked up at her son just as she had looked at his father,—watchfully, but saying little.

"Are you going to bed?" she asked.

"I am going upstairs," he replied. But he did not say that he was going to bed.

He bade her good-night shortly afterward, and went to his room. It was the one his father had used before his death, and the trunk containing his belongings stood in one corner of it.

For a short time after entering the room he paced the floor restlessly and irregularly. Sometimes he walked quickly, sometimes slowly; once or twice he stopped short, checking himself as he veered toward the corner in which stood the unused trunk.

"I'm in a queer humor," he said aloud. "I am thinking of it as if—as if it were a temptation to sin. Why should I?"

He made a sudden resolute movement forward. He knelt down, and, turning the key in the lock, flung the trunk-lid backward.

There was only one thing he wanted, and he knew where to find it. It lay buried at the bottom, under the unused garments, which gave forth a faint, damp odor as he moved them. When he rose from his knees he held the wooden case in his hand. After he had carried it to the table and opened it, and the model stood again before him, he sat down and stared at it with a numb sense of fascination.

"I thought I had seen the last of it," he said; "and here it is."

Even as he spoke he felt his blood warm within him, and flush his cheek. His hand trembled as he put it forth to touch and move the frame-work before him. He

felt as if it were a living creature. His eye kindled, and he bent forward.

"There's something to be done with it yet," he said. "It's *not* a blunder, I'll swear!"

He was hot with eagerness and excitement. The thing had haunted him day and night for weeks. He had struggled to shake off its influence, but in vain. He had told himself that the temptation to go back to it and ponder over it was the working of a morbid taint in his blood. He had remembered the curse it had been, and had tried to think of that only; but it had come back to him again and again, and—here it was.

He spent an hour over it, and in the end his passionate eagerness had rather grown than diminished. He put his hand up to his forehead and brushed away drops of moisture; his throat was dry, and his eyes were strained.

"There's something to be brought out of it yet," he said, as he had said before. "It *can* be done, I swear!"

The words had scarcely left his lips before he heard behind him a low, but sharp cry—a miserable ejaculation, half uttered.

He had not heard the door open, nor the entering footsteps; but he knew what the cry meant the moment he heard it. He turned about and saw his mother standing on the threshold. If he had been detected in the commission of a crime, he could not have felt a sharper pang than he did. He almost staggered against the wall and did not utter a word. For a moment they looked at each other in a dead silence. Each wore in the eyes of the other a new aspect. She pointed to the model.

"It has come back," she said. "I knew it would."

The young fellow turned and looked at it a little stupidly.

"I—didn't mean to hurt you with the sight of it," he said. "I took it out because—because——"

She stopped him with a movement of her head.

"Yes, I know," she said. "You took it out because it has haunted you and tempted you. You could not withstand it. It is in your blood."

He had known her through all his life as a patient creature, whose very pains had bent themselves and held themselves in check, lest they should seem for an hour to stand in the way of the end to be accomplished. That she had, even in the deepest secrecy, rebelled against fate, he had never dreamed.

She came to the table and struck the model aside with one angry blow.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" she cried, panting. "*I have never believed in it for an hour—not for one hour!*"

He could only stammer out a few halting words.

"This is all new to me," he said. "I did not know——"

"No, you did not know," she answered. "How should you, when I lived my whole life to hide it? I have been stronger than you thought. I bore with him, as I should have borne with him if he had been maimed or blind—or worse than that. *I* did not hurt him—he had hurt enough. I knew what the end would be. He would have been a happy man and I a happy woman, if it had not been for *that*, and there it is again. I tell you," passionately, "there is a curse on it!"

"And you think," he said, "that it has fallen upon me."

She burst into wild tears.

"I have told myself it would," she said. "I have tried to prepare myself for its coming some day; but I did not think it would show itself so soon as this."

"I don't know why," he said slowly. "I don't know—what there is in *me* that I should think I might do what he left undone. There seems a kind of vanity in it."

"It is not vanity," she said; "it is worse. It is what has grown out of my misery and his. I tell you it is in your blood."

A flush rose to his face, and a stubborn look settled upon him.

"Perhaps it is," he answered. "I have told myself that, too."

She held her closed hand upon her heart, as if to crush down its passionate heavings.

"Begin as he began," she cried, "and the end will come to you as it came to him. Give it up now—now!"

"Give it up!" he repeated after her.

"Give it up," she answered, "or give up your whole life, your youth, your hope,—all that belongs to it."

She held out her hands to him in a wild, unconsciously theatrical gesture. The whole scene had been theatrical through its very incongruousness, and Murdoch had seen this vaguely, and been more shaken by it than anything else.

Before she knew what he meant to do, he approached the table, and replaced the model in its box, the touch of stubborn desperateness on him yet. He carried the

case back to the trunk, and shut it in once more.

"I'll let it rest a while," he said; "I'll promise you that. If it is ever to be finished by me, the time will come when it will see the light again, in spite of us both."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTIAN MURDOCH.

As he was turning into the gate of the Works the next morning, a little lad touched him upon the elbow.

"Mester," he said, "sithee, Mester,—stop a bit."

He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and he held in his hand a slip of paper.

"I thowt I should na ketch thee," he said, "tha'rt so long-legged. A woman sent thee that," and he gave him the slip of paper.

Murdoch opened and read the words written upon it.

"If you are Stephen Murdoch's son, I must see you. Come with the child."

There was no signature—only these words, written irregularly and weakly. He had never met with an adventure in his life, and this was like an episode in a romance.

"If you are Stephen Murdoch's son, I must see you."

He could scarcely realize that he was standing in the narrow, up-hill street, jostled by the hands shouting and laughing as they streamed past him through the gates to their work.

And yet, somehow he found himself taking it more coolly than seemed exactly natural. This morning, emotion and event appeared less startling than they would have done even the day before. The strange scene of the past night had, in a manner, prepared him for anything which might happen.

"Who sent it?" he asked of the boy.

"Th' woman as lodges i' our house. She's been theer three days, an' she's getten to th' last, mother says. Con tha coom? She's promist me a shillin' if I browt thee."

"Wait here a minute," said Murdoch.

He passed into the works and went to Floxham.

"I've had a message that calls me away," he said. "If you can spare me for an hour——"

"I'll mak' out," said the engineer.

The lad at the gate looked up with an encouraging grin when he saw his charge returning.

"I'd loike to mak' th' shillin'," he said.

Murdoch followed him in silence He was thinking of what was going to happen to himself scarcely as much as of the dead man in whose name he was called upon. He was brought near to him again as if it were by a fate. "If you are Stephen Murdoch's son," had moved him strongly.

Their destination was soon reached. It was a house in a narrow but respectable street occupied chiefly by a decent class of workmen and their families. A week before he had seen in the window of this same house a card bearing the legend "Lodgings to Let," and now it was gone. A clean, motherly woman opened the door for them.

"Tha'st earnt tha' shillin', has tha, tha young nowt?" she said to the lad, with friendly severity. "Coom in, Mester. I wur feart he'd get off on some of his marlocks an' forget aw about th' paper. She's i' a bad way, poor lady, an' th' lass is na o' much use. Coom upstairs."

She led the way to the second floor, and her knock being answered by a voice inside, she opened the door. The room was comfortable and of good size, a fire burned on the grate, and before it sat a girl with her hands clasped upon her knee.

She was a girl of nineteen, dark of face and slight of figure to thinness. When she turned her head slowly to look at him, Murdoch was struck at once with the peculiar steadiness of her large black eyes.

"She is asleep," she said in a low, cold voice.

There was a sound as of movement in the bed.

"I am awake," some one said. "If it is Stephen Murdoch's son, let him come here."

Murdoch went to the bedside and stood looking down at the woman who returned his gaze. She was a woman whose last hours upon earth were passing rapidly. Her beauty was now only something terrible to see; her breath came fast and short; her eyes met his with a look of anguish.

"Send the girl away," she said to him.

Low as her voice was, the girl heard it. She rose without turning to right or left and went out of the room.

Until the door closed the woman still lay looking up into her visitor's face, but as soon as it was shut she spoke laboriously.

"What is your name?" she asked.

He told her.

"You are like your father," she said, and

"HE WAS SO NEAR THAT HER DRESS ALMOST TOUCHED HIM."

then closed her eyes and lay so for a moment. "It is a mad thing I am doing," she said, knitting her brows with weak fretfulness, and still lying with closed eyes. "I—I do not know—why I should have done it—only that it is the last thing. It is not that I am fond of the girl—or that she is fond of me," she opened her eyes with a start. "Is the door shut?" she said. "Keep her out of the room."

"She is not here," he answered, "and the door is closed."

The sight of his face seemed to help her to recover herself.

"What am I saying?" she said. "I have not told you who I am."

"No," he replied, "not yet."

"My name was Janet Murdoch," she said. "I was your father's cousin. Once he was very fond of me."

She drew from under her pillow a few old letters.

"Look at them," she said; "he wrote them."

But he only glanced at the superscription and laid them down again.

"I did not know," she panted, "that he was dead. I hoped he would be here. I knew that he must have lived a quiet life. I always thought of him as living here in the old way."

"He was away from here for thirty years," said Murdoch. "He only came back to die."

"He!" she said, "I never thought of that. It—seems very strange. I could not

imagine his going from place to place—or living a busy life—or suffering much. He was so simple and so quiet.

"I thought of him," she went on, "because he was a good man—a good man—and there was no one else in the world. As the end came I grew restless—I wanted to—to try——"

But there her eyes closed and she forgot herself again.

"What was it you wanted to try to do?" he asked gently.

She roused herself, as before, with a start.

"To try," she said,—"to try to do something for the girl."

He did not understand what she meant until she had dragged herself up upon the pillow and leaned forward touching him with her hand; she had gathered all her strength for the effort.

"I am an outcast," she said,—"an outcast!"

The simple and bare words were so terrible that he could scarcely bear them, but he controlled himself by a strong effort.

A faint color crept up on her cheek.

"You don't understand," she said.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I think I do."

She fell back upon her pillows.

"I wont tell you the whole story," she said. "It is an ugly one, and she will be ready enough with it when her turn comes. She has understood all her life. She has never been a child. She seemed to fasten her eyes upon me from the hour of her birth, and I have felt them ever since. Keep her away," with a shudder. "Don't let her come in."

A sudden passion of excitement seized upon her.

"I don't know why I should care," she cried. "There is no reason why she should not live as I have lived—but she will not—she will not. I have reached the end and she knows it. She sits and looks on and says nothing, but her eyes force me to speak. They forced me to come here—to try—to make a last effort. If Steven Murdoch had lived——"

She stopped a moment.

"You are a poor man," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I am a mechanic."

"Then—you cannot—do it."

She spoke helplessly, wildly.

"There is nothing to be done. There is no one else. She will be all alone."

Then he comprehended her meaning fully.

"No," he said, "I am not so poor as that. I am not a poorer man than my father was, and I can do what he would have done, if he had lived. My mother will care for the girl, if that is what you wish."

"What I wish!" she echoed. "I wish for nothing—but I must do something for her—before—before—before——"

She broke off, but began again.

"You are like your father. You make things seem simple. You speak as if you were undertaking nothing."

"It is not much to do," he answered, "and we could not do less. I will go to my mother and tell her that she is needed here. She will come to you."

She turned her eyes on him in terror.

"You think," she whispered, "that I shall die soon—*soon!*"

He did not answer her. He could not. She wrung her hands and dashed them open upon the bed, panting.

"Oh," she cried, "my God! It is over! I have come to the end of it—the end! To have only one life—and to have done with it—and lie here! To have lived—and loved—and triumphed, and to know it is over! One may defy all the rest, the whole world, but not this. It is *done!*"

Then she turned to him again, desperately.

"Go to your mother," she said. "Tell her to come. I want some one in the room with me. I wont be left alone with *her*. I cannot bear it."

On going out he found the girl sitting at the head of the stairs. She rose and stood aside to let him pass, looking at him unflinchingly.

"Are you coming back again?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "I am coming back again."

In half an hour he re-ascended the staircase, bringing his mother with him. When they entered the room in which the dying woman lay, Mrs. Murdoch went to the bed and bent over her.

"My son has brought me to do what I can for you," she said, "and to tell you that he will keep his promise."

The woman looked up. For a moment it seemed that she had half forgotten. A change had come upon her even in the intervening half-hour.

"His promise," she said. "Yes, he will keep it."

At midnight she died. Mother and son

were in the room, the girl sat in a chair at the bedside. Her hands were clasped upon her knee; she sat without motion. At a few minutes before the stroke of twelve, the woman awoke from the heavy sleep in which she had lain. She awoke with a start and a cry, and lay staring at the girl, whose steady eyes were fixed upon her. Her lips moved, and at last she spoke.

"Forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me!"

Murdoch and his mother rose, but the girl did not stir.

"For what?" she asked.

"For—" panted the woman, "for——"

But the sentence remained unfinished. The girl did not utter a word. She sat looking at the dying woman in silence—only looking at her, not once moving her eyes from the face which, a moment later, was merely a mask of stone which lay upon the pillow, gazing back at her with a fixed stare.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS FFRENCH RETURNS.

THEY took the girl home with them, and three days later the Ffrenchs returned. They came entirely unheralded, and it was Janey who brought the news of their arrival to the Works.

"They've coom," she said, in passing Murdoch on her way to her father. "Mester Ffrench an' *her*. They rode through th' town this mornin' i' a kerridge. Nobody knowed about it till they seed 'em."

The news was the principal topic of conversation through the day, and the comments made were numerous and varied. The most general opinions were that Ffrench was in a "tight place," or had "getten some crank i' hond."

"He's noan fond enow o' th' place to ha' coom back fur nowt," said Floxham. "He's a bit harder up than common, that's it."

In the course of the morning Haworth came in. Murdoch was struck with his unsettled and restless air; he came in awkwardly, and looking as if he had something to say, but though he loitered about some time, he did not say it.

"Come up to the house to-night," he broke out at last. "I want company."

It occurred to Murdoch that he wished to say more, but, after lingering for a few minutes, he went away. As he crossed the threshold, however, he paused uneasily.

"I say," he said, "Ffrench has come back."

"So I heard," Murdoch answered.

When he presented himself at the house in the evening, Haworth was alone as usual. Wines were on the table, and he seemed to have drunk deeply. He was flushed, and showed still the touch of uneasiness and excitement he had betrayed in the morning.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I'm out of soarts—or something."

He ended with a short laugh, and turned about to pour out a glass of wine. In doing so his hand trembled so that a few drops fell upon it. He shook them off angrily.

"What's up with me?" he said.

He drained the glass at a draught, and filled it again.

"I saw Ffrench to-day," he said. "I saw them both."

"Both!" repeated Murdoch, wondering at him.

"Yes. She is with him."

"She!" and then remembering the episode of the handkerchief, he added, rather slowly, "You mean Miss Ffrench?"

Haworth nodded.

He was pushing his glass to and fro with shaking hands, his voice was hoarse and uncertain.

"I passed the carriage on the road," he said, "and Ffrench stopped it to speak to me. He's not much altered. I never saw her before. She's a woman now—and a handsome woman, by George!"

The last words broke from him as if he could not control them. He looked up at Murdoch, and as their eyes met he seemed to let himself loose.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said. "I'm—I'm hard hit. I'm hard hit."

Murdoch flinched. He would rather not have heard the rest. He had had emotion enough during the last few days, and this was of a kind so novel that he was overwhelmed by it. But Haworth went on.

"It's a queer thing," he said. "I can't quite make it out. I—I feel as if I must talk—about it—and yet there's naught to say. I've seen a woman that's—that's taken hold on me."

He passed his hands across his lips, which were parched and stiff.

"You know the kind of a fellow I've been," he said. "I've known women enough, and too many; but there's never been one like this. There's always been plenty like the rest. I sat and stared at this one like a blockhead. She set me trembling.

It came over me all at once. I don't know what Ffrench thought. I said to myself, 'Here's the first woman that ever held me back.' She's one of your high kind, that's hard to get nigh. She's got a way to set a man mad. She'll be hard to get at, by George!"

Murdoch felt his pulse start. The man's emotion had communicated itself to him, so far at least.

"I don't know much of women," he said. "I've not been thrown among them; I——"

"No," said Haworth roughly, "they're not in your line, lad. If they were, happen I shouldn't be so ready to speak out."

Then he began and told his story more minutely, relating how, as he drove to the Works, he had met the carriage, and Ffrench had caught sight of him and ordered the servant to stop; how he had presented his daughter, and spoken as if she had heard of him often before; how she had smiled a little, but had said nothing.

"She's got a way which makes a man feel as if she was keeping something back, and sets him to wondering what it is. She's not likely to be forgot soon; she gives a chap something to think over."

He talked fast and heatedly, and sometimes seemed to lose himself. Now and then he stopped, and sat brooding a moment in silence, and then roused himself with a start, and drank more wine and grew more flushed and excited. After one of these fitful reveries, he broke out afresh.

"I—wonder what folk'll say to her of me. They wont give me an over good name, I'll warrant. What a fool I've been! What a d—— fool I've been all my life! Let them say what they like. They'll make me black enough; but there is plenty would like to stand in Jem Haworth's shoes. I've never been beat yet. I've stood up and held my own,—and women *like* that. And as to th' name," with rough banter, "it's not chaps like you they fancy, after all."

"As to that," said Murdoch coldly, "I've told you I know nothing of women."

He felt restive without knowing why. He was glad when he could free himself and get out into the fresh night air; it seemed all the fresher after the atmosphere he had breathed in-doors.

The night was bright and mild. After cold, un-spring-like weather had come an ephemeral balminess. The moon was at full, and he stepped across the threshold into a light as clear as day.

He walked rapidly, scarcely noting the road he passed over until he had reached the house which stood alone among its trees,—the house Haworth had pointed out a few months before. It was lighted now, and its lights attracted his attention.

"It's a brighter-looking place than it was then," he said.

He never afterward could exactly recall how it was that at this moment he started, turned, and for a breath's space came to a full stop.

He had passed out of the shadow of the high boundary wall into the broad moonlight which flooded the gate-way. The iron gates were open, and a white figure stood in the light—the figure of a tall young woman who did not move.

He was so near that her dress almost touched him. In another moment he was hurrying along the road again, not having spoken, and scarcely understanding the momentary shock he had received.

"That," he said to himself,—"that was she!"

When he reached home and opened the door of the little parlor, the girl Christian Murdoch was sitting alone by the dying fire in the grate. She turned and looked at him curiously.

"Something," she said, "has happened to you. What is it?"

"I don't know," he answered, "that anything has happened to me—anything of importance."

She turned to the fire again and sat gazing at it, rubbing the back of one hand slowly with the palm of the other, as it lay on her knee.

"Something has happened to *me*," she said. "To-day I have seen some one I know."

"Some one you know?" he echoed. "Here?"

She nodded her head.

"Some one I know," she repeated, "though I do not know her name. I should like to know it."

"*Her* name," he said. "Then it is a woman?"

"Yes, a woman—a young woman. I saw her abroad—four—five times."

She began to check off the number of times on her fingers.

"In Florence once," she said. "In Munich twice; in Paris—yes, in Paris twice again."

"When and how?" he asked.

As he spoke, he thought of the unruffled serenity of the face he had just seen.

"Years ago, the first time," she answered,

without the least change of tone, "in a church in Florence. I went in because I was wet and cold and hungry, and it was light and warm there. I was a little thing, and left to ramble in the streets. I liked the streets better than my mother's room. I was standing in the church, looking at the people and trying to feel warm, when a girl came in with a servant. She was handsome and well dressed, and looked almost like a woman. When she saw me, she laughed. I was such a little thing, and so draggled and forlorn. That was why she laughed. The next year I saw her again, at Munich. Her room was across the street and opposite mine, and she sat at the window, amusing herself by playing with her dog and staring at me. She had forgotten me, but I had not forgotten her; and she laughed at me again. In Paris it was the same thing. Our windows were opposite each other again. It was five years after, but that time she knew me, though she pretended she did not. She drove past the house to-day, and I saw her. I should like to know her name."

"I think I can tell you what it is," he said. "She is a Miss Ffrench. Her father is a Broxton man. They have a place here."

"Have they?" she asked. "Will they live here?"

"I believe so," he answered.

She sat for a moment, rubbing her hand slowly as before, and then she spoke.

"So much the worse," she said,—"so much the worse for me."

She went up to her room when she left him. It was a little room in the second story, and she had become fond of it. She often sat alone there. She had been sitting at its window when Rachel Ffrench had driven by in the afternoon. The window was still open she saw as she entered, and a gust of wind passing through it had scattered several light articles about the floor. She went to pick them up. They were principally loose papers, and as she bent to raise the first one she discovered that it was yellow with age and covered with a rough drawing of some mechanical appliance. Another and another presented the same plan—drawn again and again, elaborately and with great pains at times, and then hastily as if some new thought had suggested itself. On several were written dates and on others a few words.

She was endeavoring to decipher some of these faintly written words when a fresh gust of rising wind rushed past her as she stood and immediately there fell upon her ear a slight ghostly rustle. Near her was a small unused closet whose door had been thrown open and as she turned toward it there fluttered from one of the shelves a sheet of paper yellower than the rest. She picked it up and read the words written upon the back of the drawing. They had been written twenty-six years before.

"To-day the child was born. It is a boy. By the time he is a year old my work will be done."

The girl's heart began to beat quickly. The papers rustled again and a kind of fear took possession of her.

"*He* wrote it," she said aloud. "The man who is dead—who is *dead*; and it was not finished at all."

She closed the window, eager to shut out the wind; then she closed the door and went back to the papers. Her fancies concerning Steven Murdoch had taken very definite shape from the first. She knew two things of him; that he had been gentle and unworldly, and that he had cherished throughout his life a hope which had eluded him until death had come between him and his patient and unflagging labor.

The sight of the yellow faded papers moved her to powerful feeling. She had never had a friend; she had stood alone from her earliest childhood, and here was a creature who had been desolate too—who must have been desolate, since he had been impelled to write the simple outcome of his thoughts again and again upon the paper he wrought on, as if no human being had been near to hear. It was this which touched her most of all. There was scarcely a sheet upon which some few words were not written. Each new plan bore its date, and some hopeful or weary thought. He had been tired often, but never faithless to his belief. The end was never very far off. A few days, one more touch, would bring it,—and then he had forgotten all the past.

"I can afford to forget it," he said once. "It only seems strange now that it should have lasted so long when so few steps remain to be taken."

These words had been written on his leaving America. He was ready for his departure. They were the last record. When she had read them, Christian pushed the papers away and sat gazing into space with dilated eyes.

"He died," she said. "He is *dead*. Nothing can bring him back; and it is forgotten."

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

THE history of banking in the United States is marked by two remarkable facts. One is that the notion that banks are especially institutions for issuing notes has acquired traditional force which it seems impossible to break. The other is that there has been a regular alternation of periods in which banks have been petted and endowed with dangerous privileges, and of periods in which terror of the "money power" has aroused senseless hostility against them. The explanation of these facts is not difficult. The great need of the country has always been capital. The need for capital has been confused with a need for money, and bank-notes have been supposed to be money. It has therefore been believed that to multiply banks and to give them free powers of issue would supply the need of capital. The consequence has always been that after a few years, the banks, which have abused their powers of issue in every way and to the utmost extent, have been found to be the owners of much of the property of the community. Their chartered privileges have shielded them against just responsibility. They have escaped their share of the ills which they helped to bring on the community by "suspending," and the business community has been forced by its own dependent position to acquiesce in the action of the banks.

The consequence is that there is a strong distrust of banks of the old kind in certain portions of the country, especially where the abuses were formerly greatest. By comparison with the currency used in the Ohio valley during the twenty years before the war, the currency since the war may justly be called "the best we ever had," and probably any one acquainted with public opinion in that region would confirm the statement that it is largely influenced by memory and fear of the old "Wild-cat" banking.* It is a good instance of the way in which one error begets another.

When the banking system collapses and its terrible injustice is perceived, the outcry against the "money power" begins. It was heard in Massachusetts during the colonial times, and in Pennsylvania under the Confederation, when a fierce opposition to the Bank of North America arose. It was heard again in 1819, and in the distress which followed the crisis of 1837. Capital is unquestionably a great power. If it were not, men would not work as hard as they do to get it, and those who want to borrow it would not offer such strong inducements to those who have it to lend. These promises, in the eagerness of demand, and under sanguine hopes of the future, go beyond what is possible to be performed. A frontier district which wants a railroad can be checked by no warning, when it makes impossible promises to the capitalists who can build it. The community which wants a bank has no patience with a legislature which would put salutary restraints in the charter. The "money power" becomes odious when it claims a fulfillment of the promises, or uses the powers granted. Capital, moreover, is a social and civil force which, if recognized, may be made to serve the state. The men who want to lead an idle life are very few, and they are never found amongst men who have acquired fortunes by an active life. Men of the latter class find a natural field of activity in public life, which offers scope to their ambition, and at the same time stimulates honor and patriotism. If, however, the possession of wealth, when wealth is fairly and openly regarded as security and independence from the harshest needs of life, constitutes a bar to public activity, the "money power" is driven into secret, corrupt, and demoralizing modes of activity. The energetic man has no method of employing his energies save in further accumulation, and the force, repressed in public, is exerted in corrupting elections and in lobbying. The more we attempt to deny or ignore the power of capital, and to exclude it from its just public influence, the more dangerous it becomes.

We have reached another period of outcry against banks and clamor against the "money power." The national banks have

* A very well informed member of Congress from Central Illinois once said to me: "If you should come here to preach hard money, and convince your entire audience, I could take them all away from you by just rising and shouting 'Masillon!'" It appears that a "bank" was organized at Masillon, Ohio, during the fifties, which printed a mass of notes. With these, certain agents went through Illinois buying grain. The grain was shipped eastward. The bank then failed and the farmers held its notes. Forty years earlier the same operation was repeated in very numerous instances through the Middle States.

certainly no sins to answer for, such as those which have been above referred to on the part of banks in former times. Neither have they made offensive exhibitions of the power of wealth. It may be doubted whether they care very much for the threat to deprive them of the power to issue notes. With the resumption of specie payments, that power would lose much of the value which it has had. The proposition to retire the national bank notes, and replace them by greenbacks is a question of public policy, in which banks are especially interested only as they are financial institutions. If the proposition is discussed at all, it must be discussed as a question of public policy.

The issue of notes to circulate as substitutes for money is a monopoly. Taking the supply and demand of the precious metals as they stand at any moment, the United States needs a certain number of grains of gold to do its business with. We put so and so many grains into a single piece and call it a dollar; then we need so many dollars. The total amount of dollars for which we can issue notes is thus fixed by the requirement for money. The notes displace gold to the extent to which they are issued, and if this is less than the requirement, the remainder will be specie. If the notes exceed the requirement, specie will be at a premium. It is immaterial whether there be one issuer or two thousand.

The gain of the issuer comes from the fact that he, in effect, gains possession of the coin which his note displaces; with the coin he buys capital and earns interest. He has, therefore, printed a promise to pay, for which he gets interest. If he keeps a dollar in gold in his vaults for every dollar he issues, he loses an equivalent interest, and the note only saves wear of coin and serves convenience. Therefore, the proportion of gold which he keeps goes just so far to offset the interest obtained for his notes, and, if he has no gold at all, and is issuing a purely irredeemable note, he is winning interest on the product of the printing-press, as if it were capital. An irredeemable bank-note is therefore a pure swindle. On the other hand, the public is often told about the economy and profit of a paper currency, convertible, but only partially protected by reserve. It should not be forgotten, however, that this gain is not won by the public, but by the note-issuer. In any case, the public pays for a value currency to the full amount of its requirement, and, if it gives up any part of it, and makes use of a substitute, it makes a gift of just that amount to the issuer of the substitute. Cheap money is never cheap to anybody but the issuer.

It is now urged, in view of these facts, that the nation ought to provide its own paper, and win the profits on it, since it is the people who, by using the paper, provide the profit. Some propose that the national paper issues shall be convertible, but the demand comes chiefly from those who favor irredeemable paper money, and who urge the replacement of bank-notes by greenbacks, because resumption would turn the bank-notes into convertible notes, if not by law, by the force of circumstances. The two propositions may be considered separately, but it must be observed at the outset that the profit of paper issues, beyond a remuneration for the cost, and care of them, ought to accrue to the public treasury. One beneficial result of steps to secure this would be that only a few of the largest and strongest banks at the different financial centers would find it profitable to retain their circulation.

The notion that the public treasury could carry a circulation of convertible notes on a reserve of one-third specie is erroneous. Those who believe in it forget that a bank does this only by virtue of its discount and deposit business. A bank is really an intermediary between the parties to an exchange, which is not completed on the spot. The bank pays for the goods which are delivered to-day, and waits a few months for its payment on the delivery of the goods given in exchange. The outflow and inflow of money in this transaction must be equal and, as the transactions are opened and closed every day, the outflow and inflow are continuous. The public treasury has no analogous ebb and flow. The receipt of revenue and payment of expenditure bears no true analogy. It has not the same regularity; it is not controlled by natural laws; it bears no comparison in volume. A mere fraction of the total annual revenue would suffice for the transactions of the treasury, by frequent transfers. The demands for redemption would at one time be very heavy; at another time they would die out entirely. The old rule (if it can be called a rule), based on banking experience, would not apply to such a system at all.

It is difficult to see any way in which this proposition could be made practicable unless the issue department of the treasury should act automatically, like the issue department of the Bank of England, holding

coin for every note, and exchanging notes for gold or gold for notes as might be demanded. It is not impossible that such a plan might be perfected, and that the national banks might use the treasury notes as reserve, but it would be open to the second objection to the plan as already discussed. There would be very great danger in giving such a function to a governmental bureau. The coin deposit would be seized by the government in the first moment of financial trouble,—of course under a solemn promise to restore it. History contains abundant warnings that this is no vain fear, and the need of giving banks of issue an independent organization and existence over against the state is recognized by all the best financial authorities, and by all the wisest statesmen.

We have next to consider the proposition to replace the bank-notes by treasury notes, and to leave the whole amount irredeemable. If the present gold premium is an indication that the present volume of paper is just at or above the specie requirement of the country at the present time (a supposition which is open to doubt), then we should fix our paper issues at that amount in a currency totally without elasticity. The revival of business may be expected to release and set in motion much currency which is now idle, and it is very possible that, although the premium on gold is now slight, the present amount of paper may prove in excess of the normal and healthy requirement of the country. In any case, it is to be expected that, if the paper issues were fixed at the present amount, there would remain a slight premium on gold, just sufficient to retain and render permanent all the doubt, vexation and mischief which now exist. That state of things would also act as a continual stimulus to ruinous propositions, such as are now being made for increasing the issues. If the treasury notes existed as the sole paper money, and were in circulation for an amount far less than the requirement, they would be bad enough; but they would not have this effect. In short, the great reason for rejecting the proposition under consideration is the one on which the opponents of it have rightly laid the chief stress. So long as the nation issues any of the currency, so long the amount to be issued will be a political question. That question will form the issue between parties, arousing the bitterest passions, undermining civil order, and arraying citizen against citizen in malice. It will offer to demagogues the material on which they fatten and prosper. It will give to the most reckless and disreputable men the greatest control in politics. It will corrupt elections beyond anything yet experienced. It will push out of sight all the reforms in legislation and administration by which we might abolish the advantages now enjoyed by the crafty and unscrupulous, and will re-open for that class the means by which they have won the success which is now used as an argument against all wealth. It will make every session of Congress a new occasion for doubt and dismay to the whole industrial community. Is not this a description of what we now see going on? If we perpetuate the causes, what can we expect but a continuation of the effects? There are but two points of rest; one is no government issues, the other is government issues expanded until they are worthless. So long as there are any greenbacks, we shall oscillate between these two points under continual apprehension and distress. At present we are at the very point where suffering on the road to no greenbacks ceases, and we can go forward to retire them, without distress. To establish them in perpetuity is to make trouble perpetual.

If we turn to consider the national bank circulation as a means of supplying such paper currency as we need, we shall gain something by observing the history of the bank-notes.

At the outbreak of the war, the currency of the country consisted of state bank notes up to the full requirement of the country, or, if anything, a little beyond it. During the year 1861, the banks of the Eastern cities strained their resources to assist the treasury, but their ability was small under the circumstances. The result was suspension, December 30, 1861. The treasury was overwhelmed by the necessity of meeting great war expenditures, and was forced to have recourse to all the quickest and most desperate financial means. It issued legal-tender notes, but, as the channels of circulation were already full of bank-notes, the treasury notes at once depreciated. It issued bonds and, like every debtor in distress, it offered high inducements to those who had capital to lend. It promised to divest itself of the power to tax the bonds, and to use its power to forbid any one else to tax them. It thus discounted any future taxes which it might itself have laid, and it discounted and appropriated the taxes which other authorities might have laid. It then

sold out to the subscribers to its loan the right to issue notes to be used as currency, to the extent of three hundred million dollars, for twenty years.

The plan of selling to the subscribers to a loan the right to issue convertible notes is not new. It was employed at the foundation of the Bank of England and of the first United States Bank. Primarily it is a financial resource for the government, and not a plan for giving security to the noteholders. It is a relic of the old financial systems in which privileges, franchises and monopolies were sold to obtain money to meet pressing necessities.

The value of the privilege of issuing convertible notes has been already described. The state pays to its creditors one interest and endows them with the privilege of taking another interest from the public for all the uncovered notes. Such a privilege ought, in any case, to be limited in its duration.

By the circumstances of the case our national banks acquired the privilege of issuing inconvertible notes, or, to describe the facts more accurately, the existing banks were forced by a tax on state bank notes, to change their issues already irredeemable, and not limited in amount, into issues limited in amount and secured by the bonds which they were forced to buy. The state bank notes were thus abolished, and national bank notes were put in their place, absorbing the loan to the same extent. The national bank notes were to circulate on a par with the government notes. It is to be observed that greenbacks to the same amount could not then have been issued without carrying the gold premium to 500 instead of 250.

By the law of July 12, 1870, additional issues were authorized to the extent of $54,000,000. This act did not have its motive in the desire to place a public loan, but in a demand for "more money" from people who wanted more capital. As they had not capital they could not organize banks. New banks were organized only in the old states where capital was abundant, and, even there, never up to the limit allowed. By the Act of June 20, 1874, free banking was established for any who would buy bonds and organize under the law. Then the limit no longer existed, and the only monopoly was the one which is fixed in the nature of things. This act also was a concession to inflationist views. Up to this time all the natural forces of recuperation have tended so forcibly toward a reduction of the amount of paper afloat that this law, which gave liberty for either increase or reduction, has operated only in the way of reduction, by the voluntary action of the banks, so that the amount of bank-notes now out is just above $300,000,000. The advocates of this law, disappointed in its effects, are now those who want to abolish the bank circulation altogether. We cannot expect prosperity while interests so delicate as those which are here involved are at the sport of such varying and irresponsible clamors.

It has been shown above that the privilege of issuing irredeemable notes is one which is indefensible. So long as the national bank notes are of this character they are open to serious attack, but it has been in our power, at any time, by resuming, to correct this evil. The theory and intention of the National Bank Act never was to grant the privilege of irredeemable issues in perpetuity, or for any length of time. The act was evidently constructed with a view to immediate resumption after the war. Then the country was to have what it had always longed for—a uniform currency. It was to have a system of local small banks, such as it was accustomed to, and free from the objections raised against a great national bank. The notes were to be convertible and to be secured by the bonds deposited. Whenever the greenbacks were redeemed, the greenback reserves would become gold reserves, and the banks, prevented from expansion under suspension by the fixed limit on their issues, would resume when the government paid its floating debt.

It is not necessary now to inquire whether this theory is a good one, or whether the results expected will all be realized. Experience will soon show, after resumption, and it will be possible to go on and improve the banking system for the security of the public, as may appear necessary. The question now before the public is, whether, after resumption, it will be better to have convertible bank-notes, or either convertible or inconvertible greenbacks. The best result of the discussion will be to show that this is only another phase of the question whether to resume or not.

It is evident that resumption would at once do away with the chief objections to the bank-notes. It would bring the banks under the control of natural laws. It would by no means constitute a return to the old state bank system, as some seem to dread. The

free banking act might, very probably, become mischievous, for bank issues might be simply expanded to supply the place of greenbacks withdrawn. It certainly is not worth while for the public to buy back a value currency for the sake of giving it away to banks again. As fast as the greenbacks are redeemed with specie, specie ought to take their place in circulation. Some persons pretend to say that no one wants specie. It is difficult to see what right they have to speak for any one but themselves. A generation which has grown up to know only irredeemable paper, will not, probably, know the advantages of specie currency in elasticity, in uniformity, in retail business, in expenditures for consumption, in all the transactions of the man of small income. If they do not know this advantage, they may foolishly give it away. Business men and bankers educated in the same system, may not appreciate at once the great necessity which arises from time to time for a mass of specie in the circulation, which can be easily drawn to the banks to support bank-notes, or the evils which may arise if no specie is present in the circulation. Nevertheless, it is true, and experience of convertible currency will soon show it, that a good currency must consist of both notes and specie. As to the proportion in which they should exist, that depends on convenience entirely. Sometimes one prefers notes and sometimes specie. The bank-note becomes mischievous the moment it displaces a coin which the holder might have and would prefer to have. It is useful and beneficial only so long as, under complete liberty of choice, it supplies a substitute which the holder's convenience prompts him to prefer. In the course of time, therefore, after resumption shall have been accomplished, it will be necessary to modify and improve the bank-note system until it answers the purpose of facilitating exchanges with absolute neutrality between the parties. For the present, the national bank notes offer the only paper issue upon which we can pass over to specie payments, if we are to resume at all.

THE CRICKET.

BLITHE minstrel of the fading year!
I love thy song of cozy cheer,
And though my cell be rude and bare
With thee my lonely hearth I share,
Nor would I thy thin pipe forego
For sweetest reeds that man may blow.

Without, November's tempests roar;
The maniac wind assaults the door,
And shrill through mountain gorges bleak
The writhen hemlocks sigh and shriek;
But what care I how wild it be
So Fate sends comrade such as thee?

Estranged, unvisited, forlorn,
I give the false world scorn for scorn!
Remote from man, to hear at night
Thy faultless treble's crisp delight,
And warm my old bones by the fire,
Are the sole comforts I desire.

When on my ruined past I brood,
And maddening memories intrude,
Then, welcome guest! thy cheerful strain
Diverts and solaces my pain,
And makes me for an hour forget
All, save thy tiny clarionet!

When sleep's soft fingers close my eyes,
And childhood's fairy pictures rise,
Thou art my sleepless sentinel,
Whose watchword tells me all is well—
Whose sudden silence warns my ear
If aught of evil wanders near.

Thou art the hermit's closest friend;
And when my mortal day shall end,
And my cold hand at last shall tire
To light at eve the fagot-fire—
Though none are left to weep for me,
Thy song my requiem shall be!

MY LOOK AT THE QUEEN.

ONE of the pleasantest incidents which I recall of a late tour in England was a look I had at the Queen. It happened under circumstances which gave it a singular interest to me, and I may possibly be able to communicate somewhat of this to the reader. I doubt whether, so far as I am concerned, I would have gone much out of my way, or paused long to look, had the present occupant of the throne been only the lovely but untried young girl who was projected upon the world's notice forty years ago; however highly trained she might have been for her great office, however accomplished, and however engaging for her romantic association with the handsome German prince. But Victoria has since then earned and achieved an individual reputation. She has set the seal of personal character upon the great system of government which she represents, and justified its wisdom and beauty before the world. She is known to us, not only as a monarch whose reign has been so unusually long, successful and brilliant, as to be already called the Victorian Age, on account of its splendor in literature, science, art, and the extension and consolidation of the Empire, but also as the prudent, good woman, the head of a model English home; with will enough to govern, and yet the sagacity to govern as little as possible; faithful, even in the midst of the desolateness of her widowhood, to every public duty; as intelligent and experienced in her cabinet as any of her counselors; with an individual character all her own; full of womanly kindness, sympathy and simplicity, and with so little regard for the mere pageantry of her position, as to retreat from the glare of the court and the stare of the people, and to claim, after every sovereign function had been performed, the privilege of retirement into the privacy of her woman's heart again.

Just as I was about leaving London, at the close of the season, for a summer circuit of the British Isles, intending to take the Isle of Wight in my way, a friend informed me that Her Majesty was spending her usual few weeks at Osborne, and that she was accustomed to attend church at Whippingham, near by. When I reached Portsmouth it was yet three or four days before Sunday, and I filled them up with a charming coast-wise ride around the beautiful island, with here and there a divergence into the interior. As I bear it in memory now, it comes up as a sort of background to the closing event of the journey.

Starting in a ferry-boat from Portsmouth I was soon on the waters of the Solent Sea. In the distance, on the left, I could see the tower of Osborne, above the trees of its park, with the royal ensign floating from its summit, and on the right the little marine village of Cowes close to the water's edge. A few yachts, like seabirds, were resting on the tide, a full-rigged man-of-war was at anchor, and the Queen's yacht, upon which a few remaining flags of a recent decoration were still flying, lay close under the woody head-land of Osborne.

I spent the night at Cowes, in an inn so close to the edge of the low stone embankment that I could hear the waves plashing against it until I fell asleep. The next morning, finding an open carriage, with a rosy-faced old driver, I chartered it for the round trip, carefully stipulating that I was to be punctually dropped into Cowes again by Saturday night.

I need not detail my three days' impressions at length; but it may interest the reader if I gather them together in one vivid recollection, grouped as if under a sort of balloon-view. I have lovely memories of drives, continuing day after day, along roads full of picturesque objects; sometimes down into lanes almost overhung by the luxuriant growth of the wild hedge-rows on either side; the "great and wide sea also" almost always in view; the "Needles" shooting up their purply points within sight of the inn on the cliff where I spent the first night; Freshwater, on the next day, with its towering precipices of chalk, and the gay bathers disporting themselves in the surf which broke on the beach at their base; the treeless, hedgeless, endless, undulating "downs," through the short grass of which the chalky soil could be seen; the great "chines," terrible overhanging cliffs and gorges jagged out of the black soil and rock, contrasting strangely with the milk-white steeps elsewhere; the ride through Undercliffe, with its great terraces and land-slips tending to the sea; here and there stretches of wood full of noble trees; on the south side of the Island, Ventnor, with its

yellow-brown stone dwellings clinging one above another, to the hill-side; Brading and Bon-church, with their memory of Legh Richmond and Little Jane; John Stirling and William Adams sleeping nearly side by side in the same grave-yard: two young clergymen, in life and thought so far apart; one resting under the distant benediction of Carlyle and Julius Hare, the other literally under "the Shadow of the Cross," which lies supported by its nails above his tomb; both dismissed, at nearly the same age, to learn the great secret.

And, going back again to the beginning of the journey, my mind brings up Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles the First was confined and where his daughter died, now as far gone in ruin as the poor king himself; as roofless as he is headless; its walls and towers crumbling, like great bones, into decay, and its circling moat as dry as the royal arteries. And again, when nearly half-way round the island, as I drew near the residence of the Queen's Laureate, my coachman told me how he had driven him for hours, sitting by his side, and "not a word did he say to him all the way." And—most curious of all—that odd little church of St. Lawrence, which, when near the end of my circuit, I was told to get out and look for up a side-road on the hill, and found, after I had almost stepped upon it, nearly hidden behind its hedge and quite buried by the trees which stretched their branches over it. "The smallest church in Great Britain!" eleven feet high, eleven feet wide, thirty-five feet long (ten feet of this added a few years ago), and more than six hundred years old. There it crouched, like an aged dwarf, black with antiquity, its ridge-pole bent in like a decrepit back, and its low gable stubbly bearded with hoary moss. And what a Lilliputian interior! a nave, and a raised chancel, and an altar, and a lecturn, and a pulpit, and a service held every Sunday, the children of the hamlet put inside, and the grown people of the congregation sitting on forms under an awning in the grave-yard. What mutations had the tiny creature seen! What tides of life had swept over it, or near it, since the reign of Henry the Third! It had seen masses celebrated in it, and heard good Protestant sermons preached in it. Here, tucked away in its nook, the venerable little object had borne its vicissitudes like a Christian, and stooped under the trees and almost hid itself in the grass, as history sometimes trundled near it, and great kings were heard of as living, fighting, and dying; and priests fled away and appeared again; and generation after generation sent each its lord and lady of the manor, and a thimbleful congregation of rustics to worship in it or upon it; and all the big world beyond went on with its mighty perturbations, leaving the pigmy sanctuary finally at peace under its bower of leaves, to amuse a tourist like me, who could only lean over its gate and laugh outright at the sight of it.

And now Saturday afternoon comes. We have passed through Ryde, and begin to touch, on the right, the farthest limit of the Queen's private domain of twenty-three hundred acres, once owned jointly by herself and Prince Albert. Here they had lived as English householders, and enjoyed each other in the seclusion of domestic life. The driver's homely gossip about the Queen's annoyance when intruders were seen by her on the grounds, and her failures in keeping them off, gave quite an air of its being only a fine gentlewoman's place that we were riding by.

It seemed as if we had proceeded a mile or two along the neat and well-kept "farm," as some would have called it, looking hard and curiously that way all the time, when we came suddenly, on the opposite side of the road, upon a pretty Gothic church of gray stone, somewhat peculiar in construction, and, if I remember rightly, with a square lantern tower at the intersection of the transept. It stood, like all English churches, in a grave-yard, the gate-way of which was the common lich-gate,—a pyramidal canopy resting on four pillars. Close by, in a grove of fine trees, was the rectory. This was the church at Whippingham, designed and built by Prince Albert, and which the Queen was accustomed to attend. The unusually deep chancel-recess, fronting eastward and on the road, was accounted for as having something to do with the accommodation of the royal household. A door on the south side, opening directly into it, surmounted by armorial carving and the sculptured monogram, V and A, indicated the private entrance of the Queen and her family.

I called on the Reverend Canon Prothero, who holds this interesting post, and received from him at once the kind promise that next morning he would place me in the church where I could see Her Majesty. He mentioned the fact that there was only one seat in the whole edifice from which she could be seen.

The next morning, with my rosy friend, the

coachman, I drove over from West Cowes, and, on entering the yard, found it already quite full of people, evidently bent as much upon offering the homage of a look to the august worshiper, as upon attending divine service. The church, also, appeared to be well filled. As I was passing through the crowd in order to reach the entrance in the rear, a lady came up to me, and, after asking whether I was the gentleman expected by Mr. Prothero, said that he had requested her to wait for me, in order that I might be sure of securing the one coveted seat. This great kindness was only one instance out of many which, as a stranger, I had shown me everywhere in England. I was ready to go in at once. But she added to her kindness by suggesting that, as the point of view inside might not prove to be all I desired, and as the Queen usually came about the commencement of the litany service, perhaps I might prefer to remain where I was, and see her alight and enter. After taking me in and making me known to the sexton, the courteous lady retired, and I withdrew to seek a good position outside.

Soon the service began, and from where I stood, close to the open window, it could be distinctly heard. I followed it with a consciousness curiously commingled; thinking, at one moment, of the worship due to the King of kings, and, at another, of the semi-deification which the sovereigns of the earth had received and claimed, of the deep obeisances and kneeling attitudes, the humble petitioning for favor, and the lauding ascriptions of power and glory which had surrounded the ancient ancestors of the very monarch who might now appear at any moment. I recalled to mind, also, the grand ideal of the British sovereign which Blackstone had painted on my imagination years ago, when I was a boy. I remembered that Constitutional picture now, as a magnificent amplification, in legal detail, of Shakspere's

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

As the whole beauty of that wondrous fabric broke upon me which now perpetuates the old Divine Right of Kings in the new form of the Divine Right of Government, and which makes the old title, "Majesty," once given to the royal person in itself, even more befitting the person who sits within the political, almost poetic, periphery of this great sovereignhood, the fact still forced itself through all, how intrinsic—how essential was the woman herself, whom I was waiting to see, in her own bodily presence to the very strength, vitality, possibility—divinity if you please—of the whole structure. For it was the Queen who sustained the Throne, as much as the Throne the Queen. It had been built about her royal line. The virtue which lay in her dynastic blood was its interior support. At its back stood the right and the prestige of an ancestral house which had reigned by universal consent for one thousand years. And she had come by this long appointment of time,—*time*, that unpurchasable thing, unprocurable by any means but itself, the instrument and vehicle of Providence in the evolution of human progress. She was here in the necessity of a historic destiny, in the character of a historic being, the present evidence and assurance of the national unity, the ensign, still foremost though not unfurled, of the national identity during all this march of ages.

While thinking of this, in the fifteen or twenty minutes I had to wait, I looked round at the people standing about, and observed them curiously in their peculiar relation to it all. Here they were, English, every man and woman of them. Yellow-haired, fresh-featured, bluff, stout, sturdy, fattened on this soil, born to this allegiance, familiar with this idea. Their faces were full of expectancy. What was *their* interest in their monarch?

Just then the rustle of the congregation within the church was heard as they were going down upon their knees in prayer, and the voice of the minister came out to us:

"O Lord, save the Queen!"

Answered by the people:

"And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

In a few moments the anthem burst forth; which is a custom in the English church before the litany. Now, three or four uniformed policemen, with the usual felt-covered helmets, looking as if they had come down from London, began to move busily about, warning the crowd, this time, to get *on* the grass and to stay off the paths. The anticipated moment had evidently come. The church bell gave three startling taps. The Defender of the Faith was just issuing forth from her stately gates a little way down the road. In a few moments, with a sudden dash, a man, dressed like a groom, trotted by the lich-gate, on a white horse, and reined up somewhere out of

sight. Two barouches then drove up with coachmen and footmen in mourning livery. A man, who had been seated on the coach-box of the foremost vehicle, jumped quickly to the ground, and, taking off his hat, came with rapid steps up the path, and I had before me the immortal, the redoubtable, the irrepressible John Brown, once gillie to Prince Albert, now the Queen's constant attendant. The whole appearance and manner of the man entertained me exceedingly. His large and quite imposing figure was clothed in Highland costume, as black as midnight; kilt and hose, with tartan plaid flowing picturesquely down in front from his left shoulder to the knees, and the national bonnet in his hand. He had what the Scotch call a "dour" look; grim, doggedly defiant and self-conscious, as if his mind was full of petty determinations. His close-cut iron-gray hair lay thick and shocky on his stubborn head, which was slightly bent forward, as he came swiftly toward us, apparently ready to butt any one who should question either his own high prerogative or that of his mistress. With a grave, fussy, self-important air, yet somewhat shy, as if aware of the concentrated gaze of those who were overcome by his appearance and tremendous functions, he turned, and, looking at the private door which the sexton had already opened from within, satisfied himself that the way was clear. This duty done, he whisked back again with that quick, jerky, twinkling movement of the legs, and shooting out of splay feet, which makes the walk of the Highland Scots so peculiar.

I saw the Queen lean forward in the carriage and look at the crowd, and, as the great John came back to her and stood motionless and bonnetless behind the step, she apparently placed her hand upon his arm, as a part of the machine, and royalty touched the earth. Following Her Majesty came the Princess Beatrice, her youngest daughter, in bright pink summer attire,—a slender, lovely girl, blooming like an English rose. Beside her was her brother, Prince Leopold, a graceful and somewhat tall young fellow, not handsome or otherwise, but as distinguished-looking as might have been expected of one in his station. Behind them came the other carriageful, Lord Alfred Paget and several ladies of the royal household.

The Queen looked much as her portraits had made her familiar to me, but neither photograph nor painting had succeeded in conveying the agreeable and satisfactory impression which I received. At the moment I could only take in her general appearance. She was dressed in a sort of half-mourning, in some fabric of quiet gray or lavender color, and a gauzy, transparent white veil softened, but did not conceal her features. She came up the pathway with simple, modest dignity, not noticeable for any manner, and no differently from any lady who might have set out for the parish church that morning. The policeman had already ordered our hats off, and there we had to stand in huddled absurdity, with not even the satisfaction of raising them in sign of respect as she passed. I, and others, I suppose, could do nothing but stand bolt upright and stare. Whether there was any stupid bobbing at her by those behind me I do not know, but I suspect it was a converging battery of eyes which she had to meet, without the break of an uplifted arm to relieve her from the *mitrailleuse* fire of eyeballs which began at the gates, and continued until she reached the corner where I was standing, when she turned, and slightly dipping her sunshade over her calm, unembarrassed face, entered the church. I could fancy how, a hundred or more years ago, we should have all been down upon our marrow-bones on the grass, but the recent leveling up of the people to a sense of sovereignty, and the lowering of royalty to the point of its intrinsic worth, had brought us to this rather rude and improper attitude,—quite a significant trifle, by the way.

As the crowd broke up and made for the rear door, I caught a glimpse of John Brown's figure, stepping with jerky and mighty strides over the graves, and disappearing around a buttress of the chancel,—probably for a smoke.

It was now the turn of a sovereign of another order to receive the attentions of the sexton, whom I found already at the door awaiting my royal pleasure. I followed him up the aisle, leaving these "subjects" to find what place they could, and was conducted to a pew behind the pulpit and quite underneath it, so unpromising at first sight that I hesitated whether I should enter. But the people in it began to move down, as if they had been expecting me, and I passed them until I reached the further end against the wall. When seated, I found myself about as much in seclusion as the Queen herself, but Her Majesty was in full view before me, almost my *vis-à-vis*. The royal family occupied a cross-pew, a rather spacious compartment, sunk in the

side of the chancel recess opposite, and the pew I occupied was also a cross-pew in the body of the church. But the pulpit, which I suppose was intended to intercept the vision from this part of the edifice, had been placed about a foot from the pilasters of the chancel-arch, so that the seat, which had been, with such kindness, reserved for me, possessed the exclusive advantage of commanding that of the anointed presence itself. Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold sat in the front row. Their manner during service was like that which we have so much reason to admire in all English people at church; their attention was given to their prayer-books, and, in devout conformity with its requisitions, they sat, stood, or knelt, as they were called upon to listen, to praise, or to pray. While the service proceeded this was pretty much all that I noticed, but when the time for the sermon came I felt released from the obligation to attend, for the seat which was so excellent for observation, and perhaps meditation, was an utter failure for the appreciation of the discourse which was going on above, and with its back to me. All I could do, therefore, was to observe and meditate, and this I accordingly did. I had an opportunity, now, of looking at the Queen more attentively, and I was so placed that I could do so without impertinence. There was no mistaking the high-bred contour of her face, and the indications of one born to command, and accustomed to be obeyed. Pride, will, dignity, determination and even imperious force were written all over it, and yet the fair full brow and the beautiful, delicately chiseled nose, while they seemed, with the drooping eyelids, to add to this haughty look, contradicted the full and strong lower face, betokening as fine and womanly a nature as any one could desire. This expression of strength was by no means confined to the will, but suggested a capacity for intense, almost fierce affections and earnest sympathies. There was, besides, an evident honesty and directness of character, in which feminine subtility had not even its usual proportion. No one, upon seeing her, unknown, in a group of women, would have failed to notice her before any other, and to wonder what circumstances could have produced such a face. Over all this was spread a settled melancholy. She had the look of one whose life had been blighted by a fearful grief,—a grief so overwhelming that it had become unendurable and irrepressible. We do not need to revive the early romance of her life to understand why. All the world has heard of "the beauty of that star which shone so close beside her."

"How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
* * * * * * *
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
* * * * * * * *
A Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good."

Any one, looking now upon that pensive face, after a widowhood of nearly seventeen years, is ready to say, as earnestly as the Laureate:

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure."

But it was not only the woman that was before me. This was the Queen of England, the sole monarch of the vast British empire, the mistress of more than two hundred and forty millions of people. And now whatever interest I may have already felt was magnified by the dynastic romance which lay about her. Here is the lineal descendant of William the Conqueror. Here is, beside, the result of how much great and commingled blood? My memory flew back past the Conqueror to *his* forefather, Rolf the Dane, the old Norse sea-robber at the mouth of the Seine, the fierce founder of the dukedom in Normandy. Then I bethought me of William's great-grandson, Henry the Second, and the two diverging lines behind *him:* on the one hand, through the Saxon Matilda, through Alfred the Great, to Egbert, of the house of Cerdic; and, on the other hand, through Geoffrey the Handsome, of the house of Anjou, through Fulc of Jerusalem, Fulc the Black, Fulc the Good, Fulc the Red, to Tortulf the Forester, half-brigand, half-hunter in the woods of Rennes, on the Breton border. Then James the First came before me, and the Queen's lineage opened anew through Mary, Queen of Scots, through Robert Bruce, through Malcolm Canmore, till it touched the tragedy of "Macbeth" in "the gracious Duncan." And, on the other side, I could see, spreading out, the many successive lines which had admitted the royal blood of France into almost every reign of her ancient forefathers. And last of all—as if a replenishing from the fountain-head of English origin—I saw descending to her, through the house of Brunswick, the Teuton-Saxon stream of the German princes.

There was no possibility of questioning the

accuracy of the genealogies which found their convergence in the woman sitting so quietly near me. There may be noble lineages as long and as varied as hers, and the tables may be extant which give them; but this has come down in

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne,"

and it lies on the surface of the world's history. In the atoms of her body do any of these ancestors linger? Is Rolf, is Tortulf, is Egbert, in the corpuscles of her blood? Is William the Norman still living in her brain? Does Alfred the Saxon survive in her heart? Do the lineaments of the Plantagenets, or the Tudors, or the Stuarts, play now and then unrecognized in the countenance of the Guelph?

I had another curious thought suggest itself. As a lineal descendant of the Conqueror, a vista seemed to open behind her directly up to him. There are thirty-one reigns, I believe, between her own and his. The historic line runs zigzag; but her *direct* personal ascent to him passes through only fifteen kings. She is the first queen regnant of her own private lineage. These are her grandfathers; the other royal personages, preceding her two uncles, are only her forty-second cousins. In the perspective of this vista some of the most remarkable characters which the world has known, or which ever filled the British throne, come into view.

First we see the Conqueror, gigantic in person, majestic in bearing, fierce in countenance, the inheritor of the terrible Norse nature; of such enormous strength that no one could bend his bow or wield his battle-ax; frightful in the field, bearing down with his lance every knight who met him; a natural sovereign, also, in affairs of state, with a genius equal to every emergency created by the establishment of a new empire; a consummate administrator, laying its foundations so deep and broad that it stands firm to this day; cruel and vindictive, yet often noble and generous; this was the tremendous personality who sent his propelling blood down the line of eight hundred years to Victoria.

Next to him is Henry the First (William Rufus is not in sight). Beauclerc, because well-learned for the age in which he lived, inheriting his father's genius for statesmanship, brave in battle, fascinating in manner, but vicious and violent.

Next, Henry the Second (Stephen is on one side), standing at the fork of two ancestries; by his father, the Angevine, by his mother, the Saxon; Plantagenet, from the broom in his father's helmet; in person stout, bull-necked, gibbous-eyed; in character licentious, yet in disposition sensitive and noble; charming in address, in action practical and business-like; a progressive statesman, introducing measures which produced a permanent improvement in arts, laws, government, and civil liberty; (Richard, Cœur de Leon, does not appear), but Victoria must accept, in her retrospect, the able, fascinating, yet infamous John. Then Henry the Third, who commenced the present Westminster Abbey, the patron of arts, a man of letters, ostentatious and magnificent in expenditure, frivolous, changeable, false and superstitious. Then Edward the First, whose tall, deep-chested, long-limbed frame was found entire, five hundred years after his death, in his brown stone sarcophagus in the Abbey; in nature as in name a thorough Englishman; so insular in policy as to neglect his dominions on the continent. The admiration of his subjects, inheriting the force of his ancestors in war and in the state; wise, stubborn, cruel, revengeful; the founder of the Parliament and of the constitutional government which obtains to-day. Then Edward the Second,—weak, indolent, inoffensive. Then Edward the Third, of noble and gracious figure, in whom the powerful genius of his house re-appeared both in the cabinet and in the field; the builder of Windsor Castle. (Richard the Second is not in view.) Then Henry the Fourth, of Lancaster, full of political sagacity and military vigor, out of the legal line, but a grandson of Edward the Third. Then Henry the Fifth, "gallant prince Hal," an heroic monarch, able in statecraft, a splendid soldier, affable, magnanimous and generous. (Henry the Sixth is invisible.) Then Edward the Fourth, of York, beautiful in person, gay, voluptuous, indolent, treacherous, cruel and bloodthirsty, but with profound political ability. (Edward the Fifth, unseen, and the bad blood of Richard the Third, also out of this descent.) Then Henry the Seventh, Tudor, uniting Lancaster and York by a union with the daughter of Edward the Fourth, tying the loop of a double lineage from Edward the Third; valiant in the field, despotic in disposition but pacific by policy, sagacious in affairs, the promoter of industry, commerce and the arts. (The burly figure of Henry the Eighth does not cross the vista; neither does Edward the Sixth, nor Mary, nor Elizabeth appear.) Then James the First, Stuart, great-great-

grandson of Henry the Seventh, learned and ingenious, but pedantic, the king of Shakspere and Bacon, the projector of the present English Bible. (Charles the First, and the Great Rebellion, Charles the Second, and the Restoration do not pass across the avenue of Victoria, nor does James the Second, nor William and Mary, nor Queen Anne.) But George the First, great-grandson of James the First, comes into the near distance with his Hanover figure and dullness. Then George the Second, active, warlike, intelligent. Then George the Third, the fine old English gentleman, who could not appreciate Shakspere, the despotic old king who, in his craze, knocked out a large piece of his crown. (George the Fourth, and William the Fourth, go behind the scenes.) And here, in the foreground, not before the foot-lights like too many of them, but quietly at church,—Victoria.

Again did my mind contemplate her in another relation to the Conqueror. He earned his title, not by the battle of Senlac, but by the slow and successive conquest of his realm, and even this did not extend over the whole of the little island. In eight centuries from his day the empire he founded extends into four continents, and wholly envelops what must be considered a fifth.

As I thought of its all-encompassing extent, it seemed as if I could see the red cross of St. George floating in every breeze that was blowing round the earth. While the Conqueror could scarcely hold his dukedom across the channel, the Queen controls the destinies of countries and nations which have the great oceans of the globe rolling between them. While his Norse forefather coasted down to Normandy and was content to govern there, his royal daughter sends her navies into every sea, and her subjects have planted empires for her in every clime.

"In the dawn of this ampler day"

I could imagine her seated in the great golden throne of the House of Lords, clad in the magnificent investiture of her sovereignty; or, like an embodied Britannia, as I would figure her, surrounded by the radiance of civilization, in the fore-front of human progress, holding in a hand,—whose five mighty fingers are the printing-press, the steam-engine, the magnetic-telegraph, the mechanical arts, the mercantile marine,—whose palm is peace, and whose grasp is the whole armament of war,—England in the palm, and her possessions under the inclosing touch of these fingers—holding in her hand—the world! What do I see? The hard-earned *title* "Conqueror" become the auspicious *name* "Victoria."

Had there not been enough to interest me? Sovereignty wrought into its highest ideal; ancestry regnant for a thousand years; dominions extending all over the earth, and an able, noble, pure, faithful, high-principled woman as the representative and frontispiece of it all! Here is one who has carried such a magnificent consciousness about with her for more than forty years. What a phenomenon in human nature and experience! What a strange inner life! What isolation!—as a woman, sharing with the humblest of her subjects a woman's heart and a woman's sphere; but, as a Queen, lifted up an immeasurable distance above sons and daughters, nobles and people. Wherever she moves the profoundest expression of respect must attend her, and silence must reign unless she speaks, or permits to speak. Is it strange that she feels her widowhood as no other can? for the stronger her nature is, the deeper must her loneliness be in such an allotment as hers!

The sermon closed, the concluding prayers were said, the benediction was pronounced, and, when I raised my head, she was gone.

After the crowd had departed, I went into her spacious blue-upholstered pew, with its double row of empty chairs. Her own was at the upper end, toward the body of the church, and was placed with its back against the intervening wall. Close at her right hand stood a beautiful mural monument. Making the royal seat my desk, while the sexton at the gate watched me uneasily, I copied the touching inscription on the back of a memorandum of the service which she had left under her prayer-book:

To the Beloved Memory
of
Francis, Albert, Charles, Augustus, Emmanuel,
PRINCE CONSORT,
Who departed this life December 14, 1861,
In his 43d year.
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."
Rev. 2, *verse* 10.

This Monument is placed
In the Church erected under his direction,
By
His broken-hearted and devoted widow,
QUEEN VICTORIA.
1864.

AN IRISH HEART.

I.

It was one of those magical days when the bay at Oldport seems lifted away from all the storms of ocean and made a part of some enchanted region where it is "always afternoon." One can almost convince himself that the sinking sun has paused and become forever motionless, like the drooping sails that reflect it; as if the waning hours had been touched with immortality and would change no more. On the day of which I write, we found it too warm for exertion, but nothing ever made it too warm for the multitudinous children in the neighboring cottage to stray forth by land or sea; and we were not surprised to see half a dozen little Lanes push off in their leaky boat from the crumbling wharf that lay behind their small, black, unpainted abode. They paddled away with much shrill-voiced shouting, while the hazy afternoon glow fell on their bare, curly heads, as they rowed across to the light-house. It was a common sight, though always a pretty one, and we lazily watched them at intervals, that day, till they had passed the breakwater and steered for a point where the masts of a sunken vessel emerged from the waves, furnishing an attractive place where children might linger. All summer the wreck had lain there,—ever since it had first been sunk by a midnight collision with the New York steamboat,—and various attempts had been made either to raise it or to fish up its unmanageable cargo of scrap-iron. There it still lay, nevertheless, with the upper masts and rigging above the water, furnishing a sort of aquatic gymnasium, on which adventurous children liked to climb from their boats, while the more timid could at least look down into the water and watch the fish that glided above the submerged decks.

Each summer, as we returned to the bay-side, we found new playthings among the Lane children themselves. They belonged to one of those large households which are attributed by alarmists to the better days of the republic, but which are still to be found, if nowhere else, among the purely American population of our sea-side hamlets. Each summer a new baby was held up at the window for inspection, in Mrs. Lane's arms,—the mother's sunburnt face contrasting with the child's blond beauty; each summer a new year-old child sat spilling bread-and-milk on the door-step, while the predecessors of these younglings were to be found about the house in successive stages of growth, and at first differing no more than so many shoots of the Madeira-vine which climbed upon the walls of the gambrel-roofed cottage. Each child was like a pictured cherub in prettiness and almost in bareness; the sun kept them all tanned and rosy, and half a dozen daily immersions in salt-water might well keep them clean. Their life was cherubic as to freedom, also, for a year or two; then the vigorous hand of the mother cropped the baby curls, and the children entered a sort of chrysalis of sedate duty during the morning hours of each day. I have gone in there and found Ellen, aged six, assisting at the perpetual wash-tub, while Eben, aged five, was sent down cellar with me to select the oars I wanted. Meantime, the mother ordered about the elder girls, superintended the dinner and the wash-tub already mentioned, and, at intervals, papered her walls, made a little dress for the last year's baby, and never forgot to train her sweet-brier or tend the gay flowers that in riotous confusion crowded her atom of a garden. During the long summer afternoons, the children were commonly turned adrift in their father's worn-out boat. Often had we sailed past them as they lay anchored off the light-house, one or two of the older boys fishing, while some curly little thing lay asleep on the thwarts or in the bottom of the boat, with not much more of care or of clothing than any little lazzarone at Naples.

Such was the pretty horde that we saw paddling away over the glassy water toward the sunken vessel on that quiet afternoon.

It had been a summer of almost daily afternoon fogs; no matter how beguiling the water, we were glad to come early home. The bay had a lurid look, with all its stillness, and the sky reflected a burnished luster on the waves. Little shreds of mist had been lying all day, with a shy and guilty look, on the hills of Conanicut. At last, we saw the usual line of south-west wind, drawing in from the mouth of the harbor; a dozen coasting vessels came up before it and dropped anchor opposite our door. Last of all, we saw two snow-white schooner-yachts sailing in, wing-and-wing, with the fog-bank

following close behind them, their white expanse relieved against its background of solemn gray. The fogs had been so weird and wayward as to seem half human, that summer, and on this particular day they seemed more than usually endowed with life.

Some one had just been inquiring as to the whereabouts of the Lane children, when we saw their boat crossing toward home. It was thought that there was a sound as of sobbing from the boat, but it made no strong impression and was forgotten. There seemed to be some bustle at their landing, however, and, after the children had been disembarked, we saw the boat pushed off again hastily, with a young girl rowing, who went out boldly toward the advancing fog.

"How is this?" said our young yachtsman; "it is a risky thing to do."

"Why?" we said.

"Look there," said he, pointing to the north-east; "the wind is going to change, and we shall have a blow."

We noticed that none of the fishermen were at their usual lounging-places; they had left the fences on which they leaned so constantly; some were hauling up their skiffs; others were out in the sail-boats, making all snug; meanwhile, more and more coasting vessels came in and anchored, and still the young girl rowed out into the fog, until we lost sight of her. We strained our eyes, but the fog-bank closed in upon us, until the light-house itself, less than half a mile away, was almost hidden.

Somebody was proposing to go to the Lanes' cottage for information, when suddenly the wind changed, as had been predicted, and a north-east gale was upon us. The doors and windows banged, the boughs were lashed about until they were torn and broken, the waves of the bay were higher than I had ever seen them, and a white scud blew across their tops. The line of anchored sail-boats rocked and plunged at their moorings, though their masts had been lowered; even the heavy lumber-schooners pitched and tugged, and one dragged its anchor and drifted into the inner harbor. We could see a sloop laden with granite gradually settling to the water's edge, beside a wharf. Presently we saw a boat shoot forth, manned by two oarsmen; they seemed to be making ready for a hard pull, and one of them took off his cap and put it under him, lest it should blow away. Our yachtsman studied them narrowly with his glass, amid the gathering gloom.

"It is an old man and a young one," he said. "It is old Davis and George. They must be going out to some distressed vessel."

"Or to bring back that girl," said a certain observant lady, who had steadily watched the bay.

"Where can she be? Who can she be?" we all asked each other, for the twentieth time, in vain.

We watched the two men. As each wave passed and foamed beneath them, it threw up their boat with a dancing motion, so that we could see half under the keel. By this time the fog-banks had merged into the general gale, or had been replaced with flying scud that mingled the surface of the water with the air; but still the boat pulled on, keeping the track the girl had taken, just outside the light-house.

"What there is about that sunken barque," said our yachtsman, impatiently, "to make children and girls and men all row for it in weather like this, I can't imagine. Let us go down to the sea-wall."

As he spoke, we saw a ludicrous spectacle. A very stout black woman, cook at the house of a near neighbor, having the propensity of her race for doing everything at the most unwonted hours, was deliberately going down to bathe amidst the storm, clinging to the stones of the wharf as she ventured out; and her robust figure, clad in a crimson bathing-dress, formed a grotesque relief to the excitement of the scene, and seemed to imply a confidence in the protecting powers of the universe. The confidence was justified; the crisis of the storm passed; light clouds came scudding across the zenith, and soon along the horizon also, sometimes giving glimpses of the sinking sun; the wind lowered, and in the wild dim light we saw Davis and his son pulling wearily toward the shore, against wind and sea. In the boat lay two human figures, apparently those of a woman and a child.

We ran to the Lanes' landing, and waded into the water to keep the boat from swamping as it struck the beach. When it was once steadied, we saw that the young woman had fainted, while the child—one of the curly-headed Lane boys—clung to her and sobbed. George Davis, drenched and tired, rose to his feet, picked up the girl without a word, and carried her in his arms up the steep bank; the little boy scrambled over the bow and ran, crying, after; the whole Lane household came surging out to meet them, and I stayed to hear old Davis's story and know what had happened.

You could no more hurry old Davis than

you could persuade a light-house to waltz with you. He deliberately hauled the boat farther up the shore, secured the killick, put the oars into Lane's cellar, threw off his oil-skin jacket and overalls, sat down on one heel in the lee of the boat, took a fresh piece of tobacco, and began to talk.

"I don't know as I know," said he, in the guarded New England phrase, "as I ever see a young gal with any better grit than that one. You see, it was like this: Them Lane children went out to play in the rigging of the old "Trajan," that's sunk out yonder. They hadn't ought to ha' done it, but they did; and little Eben, that's always so venturesome, he up and climbs to the main cross-trees, and when the other children had got ready to come home to supper, he was kind o' cross, and wouldn't come; so they come without him.

"Then this gal, that is stayin' over to Lane's now,—she aint no relation, but just a friend,—she thought it was comin' up foggy and might blow, too, like as not, and she laid out to go and fetch him in. Wal, she got there easy enough, for she was used to an oar; but come to find out, all she could do, she couldn't get him down, for he had got frightened, and by this time the sea was some high. It had begun to blow, you see, and she couldn't make the boat fast to the mast of the sunk vessel, for she might have got swamped, and the boy he was afraid to jump. Finally, by what I can make out, she got a holt on the rigging and held the boat there. I shouldn't ha' thought she could ha' done it; but her hands they was all cut to ribbins; and finally she got him in. Then she wanted to row home; but the sea twitched the oars right out of her hands and dashed the boat up against the rigging once more, and she got the painter hitched somewhere so that it held; and there was rope enough for the boat to ride a little easier, and then, I guess, she just fainted dead away; but we heard the child crying loud as we come up. Her boat was half full of water, and we'd just lifted her and the child into ours, when the painter parted and the old thing went adrift. And the gal she just come to and went off again very quiet, before we got to shore. And it's my belief that there isn't another gal on the Point who could have done what she did,—not if this one *is* a Paddy!"

And old Davis raised himself up, as if impatient of his own long story, and strode away to compare notes with some of his mates who had just come in from bailing out their boats, and were glad to get off so easily. "If it had blown that way an hour longer," we heard one say, "there isn't a boat but what would have sunk at her moorings." We meanwhile had stopped at Lane's to ask after the young girl and the child, and finding that they were without serious injury, went home to tell the tale. The wind soon blew itself away, and when the radiant morning came, the scenes of the preceding night seemed the vaguest of dreams.

II.

It happened soon after, that Nora Sullivan became one of our household. She wore very modestly the honors of this little aquatic feat; and, indeed, was not so very much of a heroine in the fishing community around us. Nothing done on the water excites fishermen, as nothing done in the woods excites hunters. We are most readily amazed by things out of our own line. Nora was an American-born girl, whose parents were Irish. Her widowed mother was quite superior to many of her class, and Nora and her sisters had nothing of the Irish accent but a certain soft mellowness, and nothing visible of the Celtic race but its occasional beauty. There is a delicate refinement often seen in the second generation of Irish blood. It sometimes produces a type more graceful and attractive than we see in the purely American of the same social grade, and it promises an admixture not without value in our future national temperament. Nora had also been in dangerous contact with "our best society," for she had been in turn a lady's maid and a genteel dress-maker, and had brought with her from these pursuits some dainty ways and no visible harm. She had, if not beauty, at least a certain grace which produced the same effect; and some positive points of good looks she also possessed. She had a light alert figure, a rich olive complexion, white though irregular teeth, and the softest of black eyes, with long lashes and delicate brows. She had a quantity of soft black hair, always neatly kept. She showed a French readiness and tastefulness in dress, and she was more essentially a lady in her whole bearing than half of our summer acquaintances.

It took us some time to discover that under this dainty demureness she had, in full force, the impetuosity and vehemence of her race. Her velvet eyes could flash fire, and her well-bred tongue could grow

tolerably stinging at any rude approach. She would have nothing to say, under ordinary circumstances, to young men, avoided the occasional sailing-parties and clam-bakes of the fishermen, and equally the Irish merry-makings. Once, and only once, we discovered she had attended a St. Patrick's ball, and had quietly thrown a glass of water over her shoulder in the face of an intrusive admirer, who had touched her neck with his finger, while standing behind. There remains to this day a tradition at our police office, that when once a burglary had taken place at the house where Nora was living, and she was called upon to testify in court, she had boxed the ears of a recently appointed policeman who had attempted to put his arm round her waist. Yet it was hardly possible to recognize in these achievements the shy maiden, with downcast eyelashes, who consented to preside for a time over our china-closet.

Nora was rather reticent as to her own affairs, but her experiences of high life at a watering-place and even in New York had evidently left some painful impressions behind.

"No, ma'am," she would say to her chief patroness and friend, "I don't like those large houses very well. To be sure the work is easy, but they keep very late hours, ma'am, and you have to associate with all kinds in the kitchen. And sometimes the young gentlemen—" here she paused. "And then besides, ma'am, servants see a great deal that nobody thinks, and they are always talking one with another, and repeating things; and perhaps I ought not to say it, ma'am, but I've seen young ladies do such bold things that if a poor girl was to do it, ma'am, she'd lose her character."

One of the few mispronunciations that Nora retained was the accent on the second syllable of this word. I always like to hear Irish girls pronounce it thus. The word seems to become more solid and emphatic, and their intonation seems to show the great value they attach to the thing described.

"Yes, ma'am," resumed Nora, in answer to another question, "My mother was always very particular about me. She doesn't like any of the boys to come and see me, and they hardly ever come. And I don't know any of the young fishermen at all, except it is George Davis, ma'am. It's not I that ought to forget him, you know, seeing he saved my life. He is a good, steady young man, too, and he's a good son to his mother; I know, for I lived next door to them once."

Nora's eyes were drooping lower and lower, and the lady with whom she talked, and to whom George Davis had already become a hero, thought it very proper that Nora should be grateful to her preserver.

Meanwhile George went on his honest course, without regarding himself as anybody's hero. To him, Nora was the heroine, for she had done something out of her line, while he had been in the way of his accustomed work. He and his father had rowed out after the girl, in the first place, with only a shade more of emotion than if she had been a lost lobster-trap. They would equally have gone, in either case, and so their part seemed to themselves trifling. But Nora's act was not at all trifling to George. That a girl who had been a lady's maid and a dress-maker should have had the courage to do what his own sisters, brought up by the water, would not have dared to attempt—this was something he could thoroughly appreciate. And besides, what would a young fellow be worth who could first save a pretty girl from probable drowning, and then carry her up a slippery bank in his arms, without experiencing some emotion more penetrating than a wet jacket?

Now we had known George Davis for several summers, and with an increasing good opinion. We had heard of him first from Mrs. Lane herself, to whom a guest of ours had applied for a boatman to take him out sailing one Sunday.

"Well, there's George Davis," said she, reflectively; "but he's a kind of a meetin' man; I don't know as he would go out sailin' Sabbath, not for money."

"Wouldn't he go for a man who has to work hard all the week, and has no refreshment but his Sunday sail?" said my friend, persuasively.

"Well, I don't know as I'm so awful particular myself," said cheery Mrs. Lane; "but them Davises is right up and down; why, there, you can't move 'em; and they are real consistent, I tell 'em."

On our referring the matter to George, he answered very quietly:

"I don't mean to say what's right or what's wrong for you, sir; but you know boating's my business, and, if I was to go sailing Sabbaths, and was to take money for it, I should lose all the feeling of Sabbath, I can see that. I've thought it all over, and I guess I'd better not go. But I'll speak to some of the men as I go along to meeting, and some of 'em will go, fast enough."

So he sent up somebody who proved not

to be a "meetin' man" by any means; he took my friend out to sail, and charged him double for such conscience as he had in the matter; and I must say that whatever the rights of this particular case might be, I liked to see George stand by his colors.

He might be said to stand by his colors, physiologically speaking, very well, being of dark complexion, and burnt almost literally black as to arms and neck, by sun and wind. At the helm of a boat, in his blue shirt, rough clothes, and old straw hat, he was a good-looking young sailor enough, and the serious strength of his face commanded the confidence of all comers. This confidence he well repaid, and he had, withal, his own modest opinions to offer on many subjects. Besides being a thorough sailor and fisherman, he was a bit of a naturalist; he liked to be with people who could, as he said, "learn him something," and the great event of his life was a summer he had spent in scientific dredging with Professor Agassiz. His favorite reading next to the Bible was the "Popular Science Monthly," with which one of his dredging acquaintances kept him supplied, and Huxley's "Lay Sermons," which he had bought with his own earnings. These he read and re-read, and stoutly defended their orthodoxy, even against his own minister. But he was readily forgiven for such heresies, inasmuch as he went regularly to "meeting," sang in the choir, and did not take people out sailing on Sunday.

He had spent one summer as mate of an expensive yacht, but "did not like the life," he said; and the strongest feeling of his nature was an antipathy to certain elegant youths whom he had there seen.

"There was one of 'em," he said in an unusual burst of confidence, "whom I should have liked to have hove overboard, for the way he talked about some of our girls here, as if he'd only got to hold up his finger and any of 'em would come to him, just like a cade-lamb,"—Rhode Island for pet-lamb. "At last I said to him, 'Major Archer,' says I, 'you can say what you please upon the quarter-deck, and I can't help myself; but this is my part of the ship,'—we was forward, you see, looking at a new jib top-sail,—'and if you don't just hush up, one or the other of us has got to leave this yacht.' He aint no coward, the major aint, but he knowed he was wrong, and one of the other gentlemen just whispered to him, and they kind of pretended they didn't hear; but the sailing-master said I was right, afterward, and he was glad I did it. I was a good deal more frightened than the major was, afterward, because it made me afraid of myself; before that, I always felt as if I'd got religion, but I saw that I had the devil in me after all; why, there was one minute when I felt as though I'd like to cut that young fellow into little bits, like a chum of menhaden,* if I had had a knife for it, like these here I-talians and Portegees."

George had no other vehement prejudice, except that which he naturally derived both from his "meeting" and his science, against the Roman Catholic Church. Our attention was the more fixed on this last feeling, as it evidently did not interfere with a growing taste for the society of Nora. We had engaged him to take our whole kitchen force, such as it was, in his sail-boat every Saturday afternoon, but it was apt to be Nora who lingered at the wharf afterward to help him make fast the skiff—a most superfluous aid, which he accepted with absurd readiness. It was Nora whom the other girls teased about George: and it was she whom he actually took in his boat on Sunday—gratuitously, as was explained—to the Roman Catholic church at the end of the bay. When some one called him to account for thus aiding to supply that hated church with votaries, he said:

"She has a right to her opinion, sir, just as much as I have. Nora is a good girl, if she is a Romanist. I wish I was as good!"

"George," said the frank lady of the house, "would you marry a Catholic?"

"No, ma'am," said George, firmly, "I wouldn't; there'd always be trouble."

"But you might want to marry one," she said.

"Perhaps she'd change," said George, shyly.

But when Nora was asked the same question, she said:

"Indeed, and I would marry a Protestant, ma'am; and why not, if we loved each other, and he didn't meddle with my religion? I know whom you're thinking of, ma'am, and he's not keeping company with me at all; and he's better than I am, if he is a Protestant."

"Feminine reasoning," said the lady aforesaid. "She'll follow him, but he will not follow her."

There came, however, a week or two during which neither of the two seemed to be following the other, but the contrary;

* Menhaden or other cheap fish minced in small pieces and thrown overboard to attract larger fish.

they began to keep a little apart, we fancied, until one evening, near the end of summer, I met Nora crossing from the main street toward our maritime suburb, and then, at some distance behind, I met George. This happened again some days later, and I frankly asked him if it was accidental.

"I can't exactly say that I'm following her," said George gravely, "but there's others that do it if I don't, and those that will be no good to her."

There was a serious, almost angry look upon his brown manly face; but I could get from him no farther explanation, nor had I seen anything to explain his anxiety.

A few nights later, about ten o'clock, I strolled down on our neighbor's pier to see if the waves were phosphorescent. The pier was already occupied by two persons; one being a young man and the other a young girl who was speaking rapidly and, it seemed, imploringly. They did not at first see me; but presently the man turned and went impulsively away; he could not help facing me; and I recognized a man whom I had often met in society, but without intimate acquaintance. He was a good-looking man of rather elegant manners, whose appearance at that time and place, in company with one of our fishermen's daughters—for such I suspected the girl to be—boded no good to either. Presently his companion also passed, walking quickly and drawing the shawl over her head. I recognized Nora.

It pained me a good deal, for I had put entire confidence in that girl. Not wishing to act too hastily, I resolved simply to watch her. The next day her face bore marks of care, but its dignified maidenly look was unchanged, and I utterly refused to believe anything to her discredit. That evening she seemed uneasy and impatient, and as I happened to be on the piazza, between nine and ten, I saw her gliding hastily out at the side gate, with the same red shawl over her head. There was a heavy fog, and as she glanced hastily back, on closing the gate, her fine face had a wild, hunted look, such as I had never seen on it before. My resolve was taken instantly; I still followed.

She walked through the dense fog, which soon made pearls of moisture on her dress and hair; as she passed the street lamps, these drops were visible, glistening brightly, and weird shadows seemed to chase her about the narrow circle of light. She went swiftly along the bay-side street, and turned down one of the old unfrequented wharves. I still followed, in real solicitude.

As she neared the end of the wharf I saw the figure of a man rise up dilated and distorted by the mist. He had apparently been sitting on a pile of logs. By this time I was so near Nora that I could almost touch her, and I was very sure that she had come to meet the same dangerous companion. What was I to do? I saw the girl exposed to more danger than if she had thrown herself into the bay; had she done that I could have pulled her out, but could I now do the slightest good? While I stood irresolute, they talked a little; then the man moved away impatiently, she following him, and they came swiftly up the wharf, never noticing me in the shadow. My worst fears seemed justified by their words:

"It's very true that I'm always talking to you about marriage, marriage," said Nora. "What else should I talk to you about, when you know it is the only remedy for the wrong you have done?" Here her voice broke and she began again. "For the sake of an honest family, sir, for the sake of your own little child that any man might be proud to own." Here she seized him by the arm, as if pleading for life. Her voice had risen in a sudden indignation, then it softened into something like despair again.

"What's a poor girl's life," she said piteously, "without her character?"

He said not a word; it seemed as if her appeal had either touched him or hardened him; I could not tell. As they passed beyond hearing in the mist, I heard the sound of a skiff drawn up quickly, close by, as if by a single angry jerk on the seaweed-covered rocks,—for it was low tide. The next moment a man had seized from it the short oar used for sculling, had grasped it in his hand like a weapon, and ran up the rocks just by me. He started back at seeing me, and I too started, and grasped his arm strongly with both of mine.

"George," said I, "none of that!"

"Let me go," he said, wrenching his arm away. "What the devil does all this mean?"

"You know well enough; you have no need to ask; but you shall not follow them."

"We'll see," he answered, tearing himself from me.

"George, my poor fellow," said I gravely. "It is too late."

My voice quieted him for a moment, and he stopped and listened. I told him what

I had heard; and indeed he himself had caught part of it, following them in his skiff along the rocks. I explained that he could do nothing but harm by interfering; that his rival was a man of courage, whom threats would only drive the wrong way; that if Nora's pleadings did not soften him, no words of ours would; and that she had a right to exert her tender and touching influence, undisturbed by our ruder methods. I seemed to convince him, and began to hope that I might convince myself, that we ought not to interfere.

"It may all be very true," said George bitterly; "but if it is as you think, and he doesn't marry her, I'll serve him as I once said I would, and worse."

"But wait till we know, George," said I, hardly understanding what he meant. "I know the man; he is not altogether a scoundrel, and no man, who is not, could resist such pleading as that."

So it seemed to me at the time, but when I had got George home and thought it coolly over I was amazed at my own credulity. Going back, I saw a light in Nora's little window, then saw it go out; it seemed to me as if she were as much extinguished as the lamp. It was intolerable to think of the generous interest with which this spirited girl had inspired us; and all for this end, this degrading end. And poor George, with his shy first love, so utterly blasted, his grave manly nature, his high principles, his just anger, what would be the result of it all for him? Had they died together beneath the waves that night of the storm, I said to myself, it would have been a better end for both.

III.

I KEPT my secret, and pondered what to do—turning it over and over in my mind with that dull delay which we men call deliberation. The next morning but one, as I was looking for a book in a closet, Nora came running into the parlor in one of her impetuous moods, like a wild creature, flung herself down on a low stool before her mistress, and began crying as if her heart would break.

"Nora," said the lady of the house, "what has happened?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't say," she answered confusedly, and then looking up with a radiant face she spoke through her tears, "but it's for joy I'm crying, ma'am; and it's all arranged, ma'am, and she'll be married next week, Monday. He's told his mother and it's all settled, and he's sworn it too, ma'am."

"Nora," said the lady, sternly; "if it is possible to do such a thing, will you speak one word that can be understood?"

"Young Major Archer, ma'am, and didn't you know? I always supposed you knew, and I thought it was so kind in you never to speak of it once. My sister Mary, ma'am, that he deceived three years ago, and he promised to marry her then, and now he's going to; and it's for the sake of his little boy it is, and he's handsome enough for an angel; and I think it's for that Major Archer is going to marry her, he has such a love for that boy, but I think he loves Mary, too; and, oh! I'm so happy."

Here Nora was forced to retire behind her apron, from which nothing came forth but sobs, the accumulated reaction of long years of shame.

"But Nora," said I, striking into the conversation. She started to her feet at my voice,—not having suspected my presence,—and the apron came down. "How does it happen that he marries her after all?"

"Sure, I don't know, sir," said Nora, in a more anxious voice, as if counting less securely on my sympathy. "But I've been talking to him very plain for two evenings that I saw him, sir; and I said to him what was a poor girl's life worth without her character; and I told him how pale and sick Mary had grown, that used to be so handsome and strong. It was the little boy, though, that he liked best to hear about; but no matter, he'll marry Mary; for he's told his mother yesterday, that he's so afraid of, and that's so proud and high; and I told him if he talked about mothers, it was breaking my mother's heart it was, and why wouldn't it? But his mother behaved beautiful, sir, like a real lady, and she's sent for Mary and the boy to come and see her to-day, and I'm not afraid after that."

Thus Nora went passionately on, amid smiles and tears, and I am not sure that the tears were all hers; it was all so new and surprising; and then we knew, or thought we knew, what Mrs. Archer was. Her narrow pride was visible to all, but we had not been aware that it took, in difficult emergencies, the form of conscience.

"But," said I, "Major Archer is a Protestant," and I was about to add that he was in a circle of life quite different from that of his proposed wife; but the words died on my lips, they seemed so contemptible in

presence of motives and emotions so much deeper.

"He'll do it, sir," said Nora, proudly, "and they'll be married by the Episcopal clergyman, because she doesn't care about her own church these three years; and she'll go with him to the place in New York State where he lives. You mark my words!"

"Are you willing," said I, smiling at her vehemence, at which, indeed, she herself smiled,—"are you willing that the neighbors should know it?"

"It's wishing them to know it I am," she said, defiantly. "There's Mary, she's never gone beyond the house-door, sir, since she came back among them; and every one knows there wasn't a prettier or a more decent girl than she was; and she always used to think that she was just the same as married to Major Archer, she did, for she didn't know Protestant ways, and an old Scotchwoman that lived with us told her that if he called her his wife before people, it was the same as if she was that; and he often used to call her so, in the early days, and to say that he'd have the wedding when his mother would consent. And I think he really meant it, sir, for I don't believe he is such a bad man as George Davis makes him out."

"George Davis?" said I. "What has he to do with it?"

"Didn't you know he was on a yacht with Major Archer once, sir; and they say George threatened to throw him into the water? I don't know what it was all about; but once, when I was coming home at dusk, Major Archer spoke to me, and asked me was the little boy well; and George happened to see it, and he didn't know what was said, but he was very angry."

"Nora," said I, "would you like to have George know about the marriage?"

"He knows it already, sir," said she, and a deep blush rose to her cheeks, under which signal of distress she hastily left the room.

Some telegraph more rapid than any words had carried the good news to George. The next day there was a high wind in the morning, and it was cloudy, but the weather cleared by noon. In the afternoon a superb mound of purple cloud reared itself suddenly in the west; it had nodding crests above, amber caves in the side, and lurid fringes below. It spread northward; then came a sudden shower and slight thunder, then a rainbow. Every breath of wind disappeared, and the bay was like glass, while the sky showed one weird bird's-eye of white, on the right of the sun, with snowy fringes spreading into the fading purple. The very spirit of the storm seemed there, looking through the sky upon the calm which had followed. Beneath this wild light we saw George's boat come gliding in, bearing Nora and the pretty child, her nephew, whom George helped out of the boat as tenderly as if he had never been tempted to throw that child's father overboard. It was a noble boy, indeed; and when Major Archer came down the rocks and took the little fellow in his arms, before all Israel and the sun; when he bowed to me as he passed, with grave courtesy, and without shrinking, I felt that I was witnessing a victory such as his Peninsular campaign had not seen. He was one of the many young Americans for whom life had been heroic during the war, and vacant and *désœuvré* ever after; but unless I mistook the look in the man's face, this new duty would bring out the heroic side again, and make life worth living.

Nora lingered till George had left his boat at the moorings, and had come ashore in the skiff; she helped him make the skiff fast, with her usual devoted and superfluous assistance; they sat on the rocks awhile, together, the sunset faded, the young moon shone, and I felt that for them there were no more clouds.

What are religious differences where love rules, and youth makes all things seem easy to accomplish? I strolled down on the wharf, this spring, and found old Davis basking in the sunshine under the lee of an upturned boat. He was whittling kelp-weed for amusement; I took out my pen-knife and whittled also; we were soon chatting over our aimless work like two old ladies at their knitting. My companion soon turned the conversation upon his daughter-in-law.

"I don't know as I know," he said, "as I ever set more store by any gal than I do by Nory. I always did think considerable of her, ever since that time George and I picked her up, the night of the blow. I liked her because I mistrusted she had grit, but I seem to know her still better now; and I tell 'em she's got a master good heart, if she *is* an Irisher."

DAWN.

With a ring of silver,
And a ring of gold,
And a red, red rose,
Which illumines her face,
The sun, like a lover
Who glows and is bold,
Wooes the lonely earth
To his strong embrace.

EVE.

In millions of pieces,
The beautiful rings
And the scattered petals
Of the rose so red,
The sun, like a lover
Who is weary, flings
On the lonely earth
When the day is dead.

DORA D'ISTRIA.

A sketch of the distinguished woman, Helen Ghika, the Princess Massalsky, who, under the *nom de plume* of Dora D'Istria, has made for herself a reputation and position in the world of letters among the great women of our century, will at least have something of the charm of novelty for most American readers. In Europe this lady is everywhere known, beloved by many personal friends, and admired by all who have read her works. Her thought is profound and liberal, her views are broad and humane. As an authoress, philanthropist, traveler, artist, and one of the strongest advocates of freedom and liberty for the oppressed of both sexes, and of her suffering sisters especially, she is an honor to the time and to womanhood. The women of the old world have found in her a powerful, sympathizing, yet rational, champion; just in her arguments in their behalf, able in her statement of their needs, and thoroughly interested in their elevation and improvement.

Her works embrace a vast range of thought, and show profound study and industry. The subjects are many. They number about twenty on nationality, on social questions more than eight, on politics eighteen or twenty. Her travels fill fifteen books, and, beside all this, she has written three romances and numerous letters and articles for the daily papers, and addresses to be read before various learned societies, of which she is an honored member. M. Deschanel, the critic of the "Journal des Débats," has said of her that "each one of her works would suffice for the reputation of a man." As an artist, her paintings have been much admired. One of her books of travel, "A Summer on the Banks of the Danube," has a drawing by its author, a view of Borcia in Roumania. From the Exhibition of 1854 at St. Petersburg she received a silver medal for two pictures called "The Pine and the Palm," suggested to her by Heine's beautiful little poem:

"A pine-tree sleeps alone
On northern mountain-side;
Eternal stainless snows
Stretch round it far and wide.

The pine dreams of a palm,
As lonely, sad, and still,
In glowing eastern clime,
On burning, rocky hill."

In writing of those scenes which inspired her pencil in this instance, she said: "To those who come from the brightness of the extreme south, which is identified with their dearest reminiscences,—for Nature has everywhere her own poetry,—the north impresses the imagination more than any other region. Miss Bremer, the celebrated Swedish authoress, spoke at Athens with enthusiasm of the immense forests of pine in the Scandinavian peninsula, through which the cold rays of the northern sun scarcely penetrate. It was natural that my impressions should be different. The wild majesty of the northern winter, the endless tracts covered with spotless snow, apparently as infinite as the azure of the cold and transparent atmosphere, the silence of the vast solitudes only traversed by the fleet and noiseless sledges, possess a poetry which I have tried to express on canvas."

The princess is the idol of her native people, who have called her, with the warm enthusiasm of their race, "The Star of Albania." The learned and cultivated have also done her homage. Named by Frederika Bremer and the Athenians, "The New Corinne," she has been invested by

the Greeks with the citizenship of Greece for her efforts to assist the people of Candia to throw off the oppressor's yoke, this being the first time this honor has ever been granted to a woman.

The catalogue of her writings fills several pages, the list of titles given her by learned societies nearly as many more; and, while born a princess of an ancient race and by marriage one also, she counts these titles of rank as nothing compared to her working name, and is more widely known as Dora D'Istria than as the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky.

There is a romantic fascination about this woman's life as brilliant as fiction, but more strange and remarkable in that it is all sober truth,—nay, to her much of it is even sad reality. Her career has been a glorious one, but lonely as the position of her pictured palm-tree, and oftentimes only upheld by her own consciousness of the right; she has felt the trials of minds isolated by greatness. Singularly gifted by nature with both mental and physical, as well as social, superiority, the princess unites in an unusual degree masculine strength of character, grasp of thought, philosophical calmness, love of study and research, joined to an ardent and impassioned love of the grand, the true, and the beautiful. She has the grace and tenderness of the most sensitive of women, added to mental endowments rare in a man. Her beauty, which has been remarkable, is the result of perfect health, careful training, and an active nature. Her physical training has made her a fearless swimmer, a bold rider and an excellent walker, —all of which have greatly added to her active habits and powers of observation in traveling, for she has traveled much. Only a person of uncommon bodily vigor can so enjoy Nature in her wildest moods and grandest aspects.

Helen Ghika was born at Bucharest, Wallachia, the 22nd of January, 1829. The Ghika family is of an ancient and noble race. It originated in Albania, and two centuries ago the head of it went to Wallachia, where it has been a powerful and ruling family, having given ten *Hospodars*, or *Cäimacans* to the people of this province. This elective office of ruler has long connected them with Wallachia, which is one of the Danubian provinces, and has for many years been an object of strife between Russia, Austria, and Turkey. After the first Russian occupation, Gregory Ghika was the restorer of the throne of Bucharest, and the resuscitator of their beloved Roumanian language and literature. This prince instituted numerous reforms, relieved his country of a debt which had burdened it for a century, and formed a plan of national education. Russia and Austria had no intention of allowing too much happiness to this unfortunate province, and managed soon to plunge them anew into difficulties. From 1828 to 1834 the throne of Bucharest was vacant, and only once since that time the country has had a native ruler—Alexander Ghika, a noble but unfortunate prince. The "Rivista Europea" says of Wallachia: "A nation that in our times has produced such a living masterpiece as Princess Dora D'Istria, cannot be dead, nor can it be condemned to die."

Helen Ghika is the niece of these two princes, and daughter of a third brother, Prince Michael Ghika, who for a time was Minister of the Interior to his younger brother, Alexander. The Ghika family are of Roman origin, and on her mother's side the Princess Helen has Grecian descent. "She unites in her person," says one of her biographers, Demetrio Camarda, "three of the divine Pelasgian races—the Albanian, Hellenic, and Roumanian." Her mother, the Princess Catherine, was a woman of literary taste and culture, the first who ever wrote in Roumanian, into which language she translated and completed a work on education, by Madame Campan.

Heliades Radulesco, a native poet, has addressed the Princess Helen at an early age in Roumanian, in a little poem which follows. This poem is only one of many in her honor; but its simple and natural beauty may interest the reader more than the intense pathos and enthusiasm of some of the later songs. It is called "Elennitza," and is the first of many poems in a collection dedicated to her name and fame:

"I saw a little sister, sweet and graceful, beautiful as an angel:
Whoever saw her, forgets her not.
Auburn is her hair, her eyes are blue as the sky, her whiteness is that of the lily:
Whoever, etc.
She is so good and lovely, as pure and meek as a young dove; Elennitza is her name:
Whoever, etc.
When she smiles, white pearls shine through garnets; peace dwells in her face:
Whoever, etc.
Active and nimble, she is followed by all the graces, surrounded with happiness:
Whoever, etc.
How pretty and how dear she is, the fair one knows not; she is as comely as her mother:
Whoever, etc."

Prince Michael early determined that his daughter should do justice to her fine talents and his race; for this purpose she had an English *bonne* who watched over her first years, and at the age of seven her future education was confided to the care of "the admirable Professor Pappadapoulus, a gentleman animated by an intense love of country, who fondly loved to trace, in the Canaris and Botzaris of his beloved Greece, a reflex of the ancient glories of Themistocles and Epaminondas." Greek, Latin and French formed the foundations of a liberal and extensive education which was pursued by the princess, and from the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and other lights of the Greek Church, and the wisdom of the Grecian and Latin philosophers, she imbibed truly rare and extended views of liberty and humanity. These extended and liberal studies women have not often enjoyed, and as a rule they would find them too arduous; but the mind of the young princess was receptive, and she learned gladly.

During all her life in the East, the princess saw her unhappy country struggling against the overwhelming odds under which it finally succumbed, conquered, but not crushed. In 1841, foreseeing the revolution which took place there in 1842, Prince Michael had taken his family to Dresden to complete the education of his children. Here his daughter completed her studies of the modern languages, and made herself acquainted with the masterpieces of the English and German literatures, reading these works in the originals. During the succeeding years previous to her marriage, the princess saw much of the best society in Germany, and from a sketch of her by the Marquis de Villemer, —"Carlo Yriate," the brilliant author of "Portraits Cosmopolites" and "Princes D'Orleans,"—we have a picture of her appearance at Sans Souci in her first youth, where she equally charmed by her mental and physical beauty. After a brilliant passage recalling the circle which gathered at Sans Souci when the Great Frederick was its master, the writer says:

"It was the time when the king (Frederic William IV.), in the most brilliant period of his reign, gathered around himself the learned poets and artists. It was a renewal of the days of the *renaissance*, —a kind of small court of Ferrara without the sun and flowers,—a recollection of the King's Academy. Frederic William wrote no poems, like the Great Frederic; but instead sent invitations in verses to Humboldt, and sealed those invitations to dinner with the state seal. This union of the highest symbols of power and fancy has a gallant and very artistic side.

"The prince had received a number of cases containing ancient sculptures and vases found in the excavations; it was a holiday for an artist sovereign. The great Berlin statuary, Rauch, and Humboldt, were invited, the latter being as fond of archæology as he was of natural sciences. Rauch is a true *type* (representative man), the oldest of German artists; he has a noble appearance, and belongs to a race which is not yet dead. Old Cornelius, who married when eighty years old, declared that he began then to understand love. Rauch had been in the service of Princess Louisa. Having accompanied her to Rome, he was so affected by the sight of those antiquities, that the princess said he seemed transformed whilst looking at them. The glory of having understood this genius is due to her. She assigned him a competency, and left him free. Prussia acquired a great artist. Rauch made a masterpiece—the monumental statue of Frederic the Great.

"Whilst these two illustrious men were engaged in looking at a bass-relief with a Greek inscription, the king entered, followed by a handsome old man, who was giving his arm to a couple of girls in the freshness of youth and beauty. The new-comers stopped to admire that work, somewhat damaged, but upon which a few Greek words were perfectly preserved. The king desired the author of 'Pictures of Nature' to translate them. Humboldt, with the gallantry of an old chamberlain, turned to one of those girls, saying he would not do it in the presence of so great a Greek scholar. 'It is for you, young lady,' said he, 'to make the oracle speak.'

"And the handsome maiden, blushing with emotion, directly translated the inscription. Frederic William complimented the comely stranger, and old Rauch, struck by her grace and youth, asked who was the girl that looked like Venus and spoke like Minerva. * * * The girl was Helen Ghika, by marriage now Princess Koltzoff-Massalsky, more known by her literary name of Dora D'Istria. The old man was Prince Michael, her father."

After some years passed in Germany, in the cities of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, a winter was passed by the princess in Venice, and there, while studying art in the studio of Felix Schiavone, she saw the approach of the revolution of 1848. The society of Venice was less congenial to her, for the *Concordat* had turned the tide of progress elsewhere, and made an unfavorable change in the social and literary circles of the city.

In 1849, at the age of twenty, the princess was married to a Russian, Prince Koltzoff Massalsky, a descendant of the old Vikings of Moldavia, who entered Russia in the reign of Vladimir in 988, and have never been very popular with the comparatively modern dynasty of the Romanoffs. They are now the principal branch of the Rurikovitches, the family of the founder of the Russian empire. In order properly to understand the position of the princess after this period, it is necessary to say that her marriage has not been a congenial one. She

lived six years at the court of Russia, and must have graced its assemblages of people of noble birth and breeding; but her sympathies, her very mental superiority, unfitted her for the autocratic and oppressive government of that period. The reign of Nicholas was not one of love, and one can hardly imagine anything less congenial to the liberal thought and cultivated mind of the princess.

The cheerless climate, an unsatisfied heart, health suffering under physical and mental influences at once crushing and agonizing,—all united to render her very unhappy. She saw her beloved country suffering, and could not openly express her sympathy, and silence must be her only refuge. She herself says, in alluding to the Empress of Russia, who was sister of Frederick William IV.: "She had retained all the affability of the Hohenzollerns; I know that when the old Russian party showed itself the most irritated by my ideas, the empress was very far from encouraging the fanatic absolutism of the people who would be *plus royaliste que le roi.* She reminded them on the contrary that *jeune personne de mon esprit et de mon caractère avait quelque droit d'exprimer ses opinions.*" Unfortunately, this moderate council did not prevail, and when she, more fearlessly than wisely, in the midst of a people who knew but one will, ventured to remonstrate against the invasion of Wallachia by Russia in 1853, she came very near being sent by the old Russian party to Siberia with two other noble ladies whose crimes were the same; but more fortunate than they, who were exiled for life to that fearful country, she was not so treated by the emperor. She was advised, however, to travel, and went forth to find among other people a dwelling-place denied her there. She had never liked Russia, she was not happy there, and, being without children to link her in feeling to Russia, the punishment was hardly to be considered a difficult one to bear. As an instance of the princess's fearlessness, it is related that, in 1854, near Moscow, she saved the life of her sister's governess who fell into a pond at night-fall, and as the ladies were without attendants, she owed her life to the excellent skill of the princess. She once crossed an arm of the sea, swimming a great distance, thus repeating the feat of Leander,—with better results, however.

The first winter of her new life, for it can hardly be called exile, was passed at Ostend in deep retirement. While there, in the year 1855, she published her first book, "Monastic Life," which appeared at Brussels. The next year she passed in Switzerland in the Canton of Tessin, to enjoy the soft air of Lago Maggiore. Her books, entitled severally, German, French and Italian Switzerland, owe their origin to her life spent there for some years. They are exceedingly interesting and valuable, filling a void in literature. Miss Anna C. Johnson, an American lady who dedicated to Madame Dora D'Istria, her book, "The Cottages of the Alps," has given her readers a short but appreciative sketch of the life of Madame Dora. She who had seen almost all the European courts, been the guest of the kings and emperors of Europe, met and known intimately some of the greatest men of the century, was glad to escape from the life of courts, and *salons*, and live a simple life. Retired in her habits she could not long remain, however, as volume after volume has appeared to attest her genius, her industry, and her enthusiastic love of free thought, liberty, and culture.

In her large work on "Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation," she has given the world an admirable account of the natural wonders and glorious scenery of that country, with vivid sketches of the great and patriotic men who have lived for it and died for it. In this book she describes her ascent of the Monk in 1855. This peak was then untrodden, and to Madame Dora D'Istria belongs the honor of its first ascent. She had determined to visit the Jungfrau, and after many difficulties which the guides made, as they feared that her endurance might fail, even if her courage did not, she started from the Grindelwald side then untraversed by any,—as Agassiz, who had ascended it, made his way up from the Valais. She had with her John Jaun, of Meyringen, the guide who accompanied Agassiz in his ascent. Almost at the final steep of the Jungfrau they were suddenly enveloped in mist, and after all the dangers and fatigues, the lady could not resign herself to so great a disappointment; she proposed to the guides that, as the Jungfrau peak was rapidly disappearing in the mist, they should ascend the Mïrich; they were amazed and replied:

"But, do you know that that mountain has never been ascended?"

"So much the better," was her fearless rejoinder, "we shall christen it," and, seizing the flag of Wallachia, one of the guides led the way.

After the final difficulties of the way were

surmounted, Madame Dora placed her beloved country's flag, "a white, yellow, and blue one, with the name of Wallachia embroidered upon it" fairly on the height, and the ascent was a success. She thus describes her sensations, when the panorama was stretched before her, which 12,666 feet of elevation affords, and the Oberland chain lay before her view: "There the image of the Infinite came home to my spirit in all its terrible grandeur; my oppressed heart felt it as palpably as my eyes perceived the Swiss plains almost lost in the snows of the neighboring mountains, floating in golden vapor. Then my soul was full of thoughts of the wonderful power of God."

In the same year in which her large work on Switzerland saw the light, she printed a vast number of articles and essays on the East and Eastern questions. "Fragments of Italian Switzerland," also appeared. In 1858, Madame Dora published the "Ionian Isles," which was first printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." This work was translated into Greek. In the "Revue," for 1859, she printed her "Roumanian Nationality," drawn from the popular poetry of the country, and articles on "Italian Switzerland;" and her account of her "Ascension of San Salvador," also appeared that year.

The year 1860 was one of mark for our subject; then appeared her "Femmes en Orient," a book of marked ability and full of study, observation and information. In this work the authoress describes all the various races of women in the East,—Russians, Hellenes, Servians, Albanese, and Turks. "Women in the East," made a real sensation in literature on the Continent, and even England did the authoress homage. It has been translated into both Russian and Greek. Besides this exhaustive treatise on her great subject, Madame Dora published many sketches this year. The European press united to sound her praises, and she was spoken of as "the accomplished philanthropist princess, who, under the fictitious designation Dora D'Istria, has attained high European celebrity," by the London "Athenæum," in a long review of this work.

In June of 1860, Madame Dora was at Athens, and while there met the Swedish authoress, Frederika Bremer, whose account of her meeting and acquaintance with the princess is so charming that it cannot be omitted. Miss Bremer heads the chapter wherein she describes her sister authoress, "The New Corinne," and says: "There arrived this spring in Athens two foreign ladies, who created a sensation throughout its society. The one is the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky, known and already celebrated as an author under the cognomen of Dora D'Istria. After a brief acquaintance with her by letter, already in Sweden, it was not until toward the close of my residence in Switzerland that I read her great work, written in French, 'La Suisse Allemande.'" After a description of this book which has already been mentioned, Miss Bremer says much of Madame Dora D'Istria's genius, her position, and her books. She quotes the opinion of one who fancied himself well qualified to criticise the princess,—"'Madame Dora D'Istria,' said a great book-seller of Geneva to me in an oracular tone, 'will never write a book that will be read.' But he was mistaken," she adds; "a year afterward and the Countess Dora D'Istria's work 'Les Femmes en Orient,' was one of the best-read and most celebrated books in the circles of the cultivated French reading world. I had met with it even in Athens."

Miss Bremer, with much gossip, has mixed up a very interesting personal description of the princess. She tells us how she was received in Athens by the Court and her friends; how the anecdotes of her early life threw over her character an added charm; alludes to her toast for "the allied armies," which she says was the final cause of her leaving Russia. "These stories gave her for me an increased power of attraction, and soon it was said that she was coming to Athens to see the instructor of her youth,—a Greek who has a large school for boys in the city. Shortly after her arrival I went to discover her. I found her in the laurel grove in the *Aula* of the learned preceptor of her youth. That which I saw first in her was the woman of the world, still beautiful, in age between thirty and forty, with a well-developed, strong, physical frame, and a countenance whose refined features, delicately penciled eyebrows, handsome dark eyes, with a refined rather than ardent glance, reminded me of the type of beauty which I had observed in the aristocracy of Roumelia. The voice struck me as masculine, and the tone as a little dogmatical; her manner extremely polite, but not quite natural, and for that reason not engaging. I saw in her a woman of the great world, accustomed to be on her guard against the world, and not exhibit her inner self.

"Afterward I came to see a different

person in her,—a deeply sensitive, loving, noble and even humble woman; a soul which was well acquainted with suffering, which would endure a great deal without complaint, and who, although accustomed to keep guard over her expressions, yet never to conceal her convictions; a peculiar character of rare inner wealth and originality; a woman to admire and love at the same time. As an author she is unquestionably one of the most important of the present day. From the glimpses she has now and then allowed me to have into her soul, and her past life, I can well understand how a soul like hers, thirsting for light, warmth, and the intelligence of life, must, of necessity, suffer in a severe climate, and in a social sphere of artificial cultivation. 'Sometimes,' she said to me on one occasion, 'I dream that I am still there in that cold, damp atmosphere, under that sky without a sun, and I awake weeping! And it will then be some time before I can believe that it is the sun of Greece I see!'

"For the rest she says little about herself. There is a something mysterious and sorrowful in her history which she evidently will not reveal. Study and work seem to be her only passion,—her chief consolation and enjoyment. She is an extraordinary woman. In Athens she is for the present celebrated as a new Corinne, and spite of all the talk about her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, she has been within the last few days presented by the Russian Minister, Baron Ozeroff, to Queen Amelia."

Miss Bremer alludes openly to the unhappy marriage made by the princess, and speaks of her only with the most perfect admiration. Space prevents more than brief extracts from these personal reminiscences, but another must find place here. After a glowing description of the princess's appearance she says: "In the evening I stood with the princess on her balcony; the full moon poured through the twilight her silvery splendor on her head, a spray of double white jasmine in her dark brown hair diffused around its strong perfume, whilst with a melancholy expression she glanced forth into the free dark space. She was romantically beautiful at this moment; I shall never forget her glance this last evening on which I saw her in Greece,—that sorrowful glance directed into distance, which told me that she sought for herself and for her buried life a judge—but not of the earth. * * * " Miss Bremer, in concluding her long and affectionate sketch of the princess, says, "She is still young, and with her turn of mind and her gifts I know no height on the path of human development to which she may not attain. Long life and health to her, both of soul and body!"

"On the Shores of the Helvetian Lakes," and "Excursions in Roumelia and the Morea," were among the fruits of her visit to Greece. One of her biographers relates that when the mountaineers of Laconia (who, like all Greeks, recognize in her the generous champion of their national rights) see her pass on horseback, they cry enthusiastically, "There goes a Lacedemonian!"

The very extended travels of the princess have been productive of countless sketches and many books. She herself says: "It appears to me that women can furnish more exact chronicles of travels than most learned men. Woman has a special aptitude for this kind of literature; she has more perception than a man of all that regards the domestic life of nations, their customs, etc." In the year 1864 appeared "A Walk on the Banks of Lago Maggiore," and in the following season the princess's most philosophic and thorough study was given to the world in her book, "Des Femmes par une Femme." The position of women is treated in this work, the estimation in which they have been held by different nations during the preceding centuries, and their social and legal position, especially among the Latin and Germanic races. The press of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Greece united to admire and review this work, and Professor Gabba, the learned writer of the University of Pisa, in the article "La Principessa Dora D'Istria e la questione femminile," described it as "one of the most interesting that had ever been written on such a subject." This is a profound and valuable contribution to the study of woman's position and should be known to English readers. It has not yet been translated.

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" her recent articles on "The Servian Nation," drawn from their poetry, appeared; and she also wrote for another periodical "The Story of the Dante Festival at Ravenna." The "Revue des Deux Mondes" also printed "The Albanian Nation" in 1866. In the following year the princess wrote another article for the "Revue" on "The Hellenic Nation," and several other articles on Albanian and Roumanian subjects were written and appeared in the Italian and

Greek periodicals. Her letters to the Legislative Chamber of Athens and "The Reply to the Epiro-Thessalo-Macedonian Committee of Women," with her article in the "Illustratione" on "The Cretan Insurrection," showed that she was full of sympathy for her Eastern friends.

In 1867 her "Recollections of the Canton of Ticino," and sketches of Venice and Venetian life appeared; two romances were printed,—one in a paper at Milan, the other, "The Outlaw of Biberstein," was published in the "Courier de Paris." In 1868 many more Oriental studies were published by our authoress, some of these appearing in Grecian, others in German and Italian papers. For several years the princess has lived in Florence, and her Villa D'Istria in the Via Leonardo da Vinci is known to many American friends and admirers who have been welcome guests there. Her appearance in Italy was heralded by a glowing and animated letter of Garibaldi to the Italian patriots, announcing the arrival of one whom he had long reverenced and admired. This celebrated letter of the great Italian patriot was but a just tribute to one who has done so much for liberty, and been so long an avowed champion of freedom of thought and government.

Since her appearance in Italy she has made that land her home, and the homage and reverence paid her there show the love and sympathy of her adopted countrymen. Made by the learned a member of the most scholarly and erudite societies, she has also the honor of citizenship from Italy, and from two cities she has received the rare distinction of *cittadinanza d'onore*, seldom accorded to women. In the year 1868 she revisited the studio of her old master in art, the celebrated Felice Schiavoni, and recorded her impressions of that visit in a sketch published in the "Messager Franco-American" of New York. Her portrait which accompanies this sketch is from his hand, and is said to be a graphic likeness.

In 1869 appeared her account of a "Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Dante" and "Women in Asia." She also prepared and read to the "Minerva" of Trieste, a society of which she is a member, her article on Marco Polo,—a brilliant sketch of that great traveler, which was published later. In the year 1870 appeared a number of vigorous and humane articles on war. She has a truly enlightened and Christian horror of war and its terrible consequences, and has lifted her voice against its existence whenever she felt it might be of influence. In this year she also wrote articles on "The Planting of Forests" and "Giovanni Dupré" for the "Indépendence Hellénique." In 1860 she was made honorary member of the Archæological Society of Athens. In 1866 she became member of the Geographical Society of France, and lately she has received from *l'Institut Confucius* of France a gold medal for her Oriental studies. Honorary member of most of the great societies of Italy and the East, she numbers among her most important titles that of *présidente d'honneur* and member of honor of many of the societies of Italy and Greece, including the Roman Academy of Quirites, the Syllogos Homère of Smyrna, the Syllogos of Athens and of Constantinople, the Minerva of Trieste, the Parnassus of Athens; and these are only a few of the societies numbering her among their eminent workers.

Among the numerous poems addressed to the princess in the Albanian, Skipic, Roumanian and Latin languages is one written in Latin by the Commander C. Ferrucci, librarian of the Medicea-Laurenziana Library. The following free translation hardly conveys an adequate impression of the elegance of the poetry. The Commander is regarded, says one authority, as "the first Latin poet of our times." In these lines he celebrates the palm-tree that grows in the magnificent garden of the princess:

"DORA D'ISTRIA'S PALM-TREE.

"Among the great variety of plants cultivated by thee,
O Dora, thy palm-tree is the queen.
Each one of them, beautiful and fragrant, whatever
be the family to which it belongs, has its name
in thy memory.
Thou knowest the names of all, their properties and
country, and how or when they prospered
among us, whether they come from the East
or the West.
Thou who gatherest palms of knowledge, look
graciously on this palm-tree that grows by thy
side.
From it a crown will be added to thy name whose
fame resounds all over the world."

Some of these addresses to the princess are exceedingly quaint and full of the wildest Oriental imagery. There is one entitled "To Dora D'Istria, A Young Man of Albania," which is full of fiery and enthusiastic admiration for the princess, whom he calls "a brilliant star," while he laments over the fate of Albania, "once the land of heroes

and now lonely like a forest," and he predicts for her great things from this "noble Dora." Another of these poems, which are all worthy of more notice did space allow, compares the princess to "a mountain flower in the citadel." Still another commences thus:

"There have been two Helens. Thou art the third.
The first passed away like wild fire and vanished amidst the curses of men.
The second also went to her grave, but left behind a great renown, for it was she who found the hidden Cross."

These various poems in the Skipic dialects were prepared with a biographical sketch of the princess and a treatise on the Albanian dialects and poetry, and the portrait by Felice Schiavoni. Afterward the whole was translated into the Italian, whence these extracts are translated into English.

The year 1871 was one of great industry for the princess, and in it she published many sketches. Among the more important articles may be named that on "The Removal of the Ashes of Ugo Foscolo," and one read before the Congress of Archæological and Prehistoric Anthropology, at Ravenna; her article on "The Popular Poetry of the Magyars," published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and "Indian Studies in Northern Italy: the Mahâbârata," which was read to the Archæological Society of Athens. These, with that on "The Indian Epopea—the Râmâyana," which was first read to the Syllogos Ellinikos of Constantinople, and "The Persian Epopea—the Schah-Nameh," form valuable contributions to the study of Eastern literature. The princess's two romances—"Eleonore of Halligen" and "Ghislana"—also appeared in this year; but it is not as a writer of fiction that she will be famed in the future. The last, but by no means the least, book of the princess, which appeared in the same year—1871—is her great work on "The Albanians in Roumania." This extensive and very valuable contribution to Eastern history is drawn from unedited and rare documents in the archives of Vienna, Constantinople, and other Eastern and European cities. It is a history of the Ghika family in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Though not wanting in interest for an American reader, it is of real importance for the intelligent European who desires to understand and comprehend fully the history, the past, and probable future of these Danubian provinces, which have already been the cause of more than one war which involved the kingdoms who desire to preserve always the balance of power on the Continent.

In 1872, the princess wrote for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" two more of her very able and brilliant articles, the first one treating of the "Mongols." The second was an article on "Jean de Plan de Carpin." Many other articles and essays also were published in less important periodicals and journals during this and the following year. In the "International Review" for July and August of 1874, she gave to American and English readers a very exhaustive and powerful article, "The Orthodox Church." She has also contributed some valuable Eastern studies to the "Penn Monthly" of this year, 1878.

One admirer says: "I look in vain for something which Dora D'Istria has not read and commented upon. She speaks fluently seven languages, besides ancient Greek and Latin, and writes them with great elegance. You would think she was a Parisian, like Garamie; Italian, like Belgiofoso; Spaniard, like Lara; German, like Goethe; Russian, like Touschkin; Wallachian, like a Ghika; Greek, like Botzaris or Lord Byron, who, like her, received from Greece the title of 'Great Citizen.' Genius gives her many a letter of citizenship. Germany, knowing her to have been a pupil of great Humboldt, bestows on her some of the affection she had for that glorious old man. Russian society remembers how she is united with it by intimate ties. New Italy is pleased with her liberal views, and feels proud at having been chosen as her second country."

Madame Dora has always expressed a warm interest in America and its progress, and recently contributed an important paper to the proceedings of the Social Science Association.

The latest printed sketch of our illustrious author was that, I believe, written by Professor De Gubernatis, which appeared in 1873, in the "Rivista Europea." He had already welcomed her in an article called "Illustrious Strangers in Italy," published in 1869. The sketch of 1873, which the princess herself sent me among other material for this brief and too superficial portrait of one so profound, has the following energetic and forcible words of praise:

"I have never seen the Princess Elena of Roumania; but, in accordance with the encomiums on her Grecian beauty that resound on every side of

HELEN GHIKA, THE PRINCESS KOLTZOFF MASSALSKY ("DORA D'ISTRIA"). THE ORIGINAL BY FELICE SCHIAVONI.

me,—praises of fishermen as well as princes, of poets and critics, of severe Sarmatians and indulgent Latins,—I conclude that they do not speak of a marble Diana, of a hot-bed flower, but of a lovely, powerful woman, glowing with health and spirit. Roumanians, Albanians, Greeks, Sclaves and Latins regard her equally as their own champion and citizen, because everywhere she has brought enlightenment. To the West she has made known the ancient tribes and civilizations of the East, and to the East the great nations of the West; because her wider and unbiased mind comprehends that progress and improvement are not the exclusive privilege of any single people or country."

To the reader who asks for more knowledge of the Princess Dora D'Istria, I can only say: Study her works, and there learn what a woman devoted to literature, to humanity, and to freedom, can accomplish. She has had great obstacles to overcome,—the bonds of society, at once enervating and fascinating; high rank, another barrier to clearness of vision, sympathy with the masses, and free speech; these hindrances have only strengthened her in her purpose, and to-day she is hailed, as we have seen, by the educated and refined, the ignorant and uncultured, as one of the great masterminds of our century. Endowed with great natural gifts, she has neglected none of them; born to high rank, she has fulfilled the duty which is expressed so briefly in the remark, "*Noblesse oblige*," in a manner as remarkable as it is grand.

To those who have had the rare pleasure of meeting this accomplished lady, we must look for a personal description of her, and from those favored visitors I hear only the most charming accounts of her elegance, personal beauty, and the intellectual brilliancy which pervades and perfects her whole being. She has probably received as much homage as any author was ever favored with; but it has only stimulated her to new efforts and greater industry. This New Year makes the twenty-third which has passed since she first appeared before the world as a writer, and each successive season has been the herald of renewed activity, of greater work, for her. To the women of America she must ever be a shining example,—"a brilliant star" of hope for what their own future may become by industry, study, and elevated thought.

CARIBOU-HUNTING.

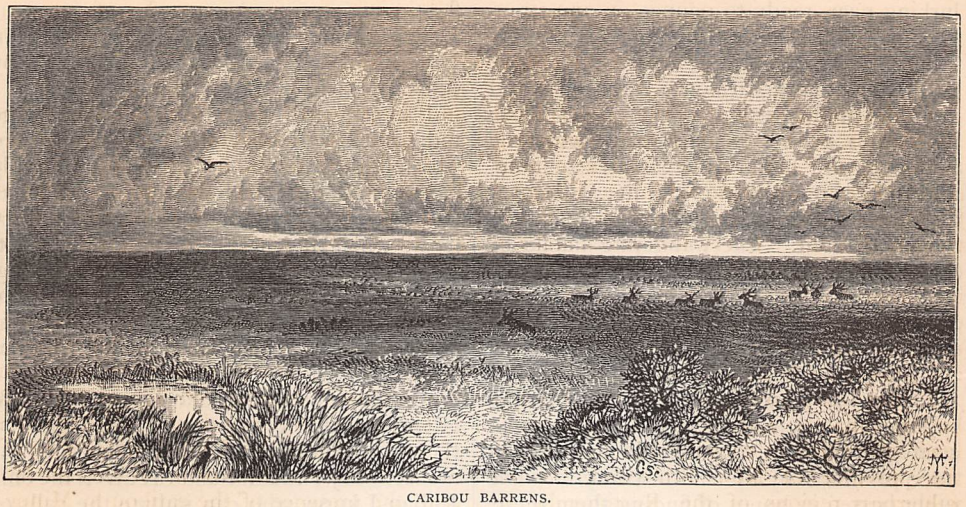
To determine accurately the geographical distribution of an animal of such wandering habits as the caribou, or American reindeer (*Cervus tarandus*—Linn.; Rangifer Caribou—Audubon and Bachman), is extremely difficult. Every few years make a change. One year finds the species receding from haunts previously occupied and encroaching upon grounds hitherto unfrequented; and in some districts, from various causes, we find them exterminated.

I may say, however, that the caribou largely inhabits Labrador and Newfoundland, still exists in considerable numbers in the province of New Brunswick, in the wilderness regions of the Restigouché, in the country watered by the upper southwest branch of the Miramichi, also on Cairns River—another branch of the Miramichi. He is also abundant at the headwaters of Green River, in the county of Madawaska. In Queens County, he is found at head of Grand Lake, Salmon River. In Kent County he is again met with on the Kishanaguak and Kishanaguaksis, also frequently on the Bathurst road, between Bathurst and Chatham. A few years ago the animals were quite numerous in Charlotte County, and are still occasionally met with. In the adjoining province of Nova Scotia their numbers are gradually decreasing, their strongholds at present being confined to the Cobequid Mountains and the uplands of Cape Breton. Going westward and south of the St. Lawrence, the caribou is again met with in Rimouski, his haunts extending southward along the borders of the state of Maine and the country south of the city of Quebec to New Hampshire. The moose is found with him all through this district, and also the Virginia deer in its southern part. North of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the caribou ranges all through the vast forest regions as far as the southern limits of Hudson's Bay, and is abundant in the north-west territories, as far as the McKenzie River, and is also found inhabiting the high lands of British Columbia.

In the state of Maine they are met with in tolerable abundance, and if the existing game-laws are strictly enforced, we may hope that their numbers will not be diminished. In the wilderness tracts of that state there are vast stretches of barrens, amply provided with the reindeer lichen and interspersed with innumerable lakes and uplands, constituting a country admirably adapted to the habits of the caribou. It has been said that the caribou extends along the border west of Lake Superior to the Pacific, but as late as 1874 none were found along the border of Dakota and Montana. If the species reaches the wooded region at and west of the Rocky Mountains, its presence does not seem to be well attested. It is, however, said to occur in Washington Territory, but I may add that a competent authority doubts the existence of the caribou in the United States west of the Red River of the North. Within the last year, the presence of the caribou in Minnesota and Wisconsin has been authenticated.

The prevailing color of the caribou is a dark fawn inclining to gray, darkest at the tips of the hairs, on the sides, ears, face, and outside of the legs, and fading to almost pure white on the neck and throat. The under part of the body and tail is white, and a ring of white encircles the legs just above the hoof. Some specimens have a light spot on the shoulders, and a black patch on the mouth. It is not uncommon to find aged and full-grown animals adorned with a flowing mane, which adds greatly to the grace and beauty of their appearance. In midwinter, I have noticed departures from the above description, the coats of some animals inclining more to light gray, and in others one-half of the body was very light gray, and the other half much darker. In particular, I remember having killed a doe of extraordinary size and beauty of form, whose general color was an exceedingly rich dark brown, and entirely different from that of any other caribou in the herd.

The heads and antlers of the caribou present much diversity of form, and seldom are any two found alike. In the same herd I have seen heads very like that of a two-year-old colt, then again, others had pronounced Roman noses, the whole head appearing much longer. In some instances, the palmation extends throughout the horns, while in others, such as the Labrador caribou, it is often confined to the tines at the top of the horn, the main stem being nearly round. Again, we find in the caribou inhabiting Newfoundland, horns of very great size, perfect in palmation, and in many cases having both brow antlers developed.



CARIBOU BARRENS.

The construction of the caribou's hoof differs from that of any other animal of the deer tribe, and is wonderfully adapted to the services it is required to perform, and enables the animal to travel in deep snows, over frozen lakes and icy crusts, when the moose and deer are confined to their yards, and at the mercy of their foes. Toward the end of the season the frog begins to be absorbed, and in the month of December is entirely so,—at the same time the hoof expands and becomes concave, with sharp and very hard shell-like edges. A full-grown caribou stands nearly five feet at the shoulder, and weighs from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds.

The animal is very compact in form, possessed of great speed and endurance, and is a very Ishmaelite in its wandering habits; changing, as the pest of flies draws near, from the low-lying swamps and woods where its principal article of diet, the *Cladonia rangeferina*, or reindeer lichen, abounds, to the highest mountain fastnesses; then again as the cold nights give warning of the changing season, descending to the plains.

The rutting season begins early in the month of September, the antlers then have attained their full growth and the animals engage in fierce conflicts, similar to those indulged in by the moose, and frequently with as tragic an ending. The does bring forth one, and sometimes two, fawns in the month of May; and bucks, does, and the young, herd together in numbers varying from nine or ten individuals to several hundreds.

Horns are common to both sexes, but the horns of the bucks are seldom carried later than the month of December, while the does carry theirs all winter, and use them to defend the fawns against the attacks of the bucks. Both sexes use their hoofs to clear away the snow in searching for mosses on the barrens. In their biennial migrations, they form well-defined tracks or paths, along which the herds travel in Indian file. I have often studied their habits on the extensive caribou barrens between New River and the head of Lake Utopia, in Charlotte County, New Brunswick. These barrens are about sixteen miles in extent, and marked with well-defined trails, over which the animals were constantly passing and re-passing, here and there spending a day where the lichens afforded good living, then away again on their never-ending wanderings.

A friend of mine, who visited Newfoundland on an exploring expedition, informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an unbroken wilderness of nearly thirty thousand square miles, in a country wonderfully adapted to his habits, and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen.

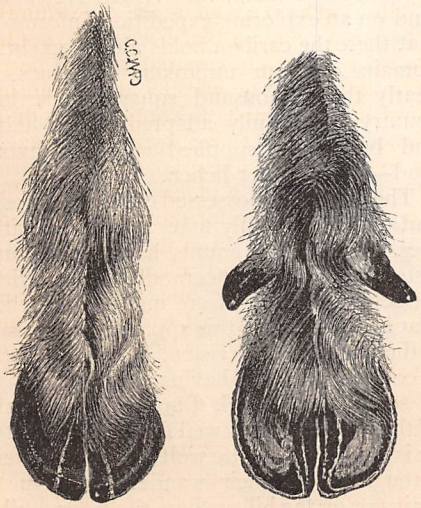
The caribou is possessed of much curiosity, and does not readily take alarm at what he sees. Where his haunts have been unmolested, he will unconcernedly trot up within range of the rifle. I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this apparent fearlessness is due to defective vision. If this is so, he is compensated by having a marvelous gift of scent, quite equal, if not superior, to that of the moose. And well for the caribou that he is thus gifted. The wolf follows the herds throughout all their wanderings. On the plains or on the hills, where the poor caribou retire to rear their young, he is constantly

lurking near, ready to pounce on any straggler, or—if in sufficient numbers—to boldly attack the herd.

The woodland caribou is very swift, and cunning in devices to escape his pursuers; his gait is a long swinging trot, which he performs with his head erect and scut up, and there is no animal of the deer tribe that affords better sport or more delicious food when captured. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will fall in with him, even in his accustomed and well-known haunts. When once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful,—in fact so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but resorts to strategy and tries to head them off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there.

It seems to be a mooted question, whether the barren-ground caribou *(R. Groenlandicus)* found inhabiting the Arctic regions and shores of Hudson's Bay, is another species, or only a variety of the woodland caribou. The barren-ground caribou is a much smaller animal, and seldom exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds weight, while large specimens of the woodland caribou weigh nearly five hundred pounds.

The caribou is very fond of the water, is a capital swimmer, and in jumping he is more than the equal of any other deer. His adventurous disposition, no doubt, in some degree influences the geographical distribution of the species. In the month of December, 1877, a caribou was discovered floating out to sea on a cake of ice near Dalhousie, on the Restigouché River in New Brunswick, and was captured alive by some men who put off to him in a boat.



WOODLAND CARIBOU HOOFS.

It is said that in very severe seasons, large numbers of caribou cross from Labrador to Newfoundland on the ice. His admirably constructed hoof, with its sharp, shell-like, cutting edges, enables him to cross the icy floes; when traveling in deep snow, its lateral expansion prevents him from sinking. The hoof figured in this paper is drawn from nature, and measures fourteen inches in circumference, five inches in diameter, and has a lateral spread of ten inches.

At one time the Indians were as great adepts at calling the woodland caribou, as they are in the present day in deluding the moose. My Indian friend Sebatis is the only Indian I know who can imitate the calls of the caribou, and he has for a long time given up this manner of hunting. He informs me that, from being so much hunted and molested in their haunts, the caribou have become much more timid and wary even during the rutting season, and also seem to be much more critical of the sounds produced by the birch-bark call, and consequently very seldom respond thereto.

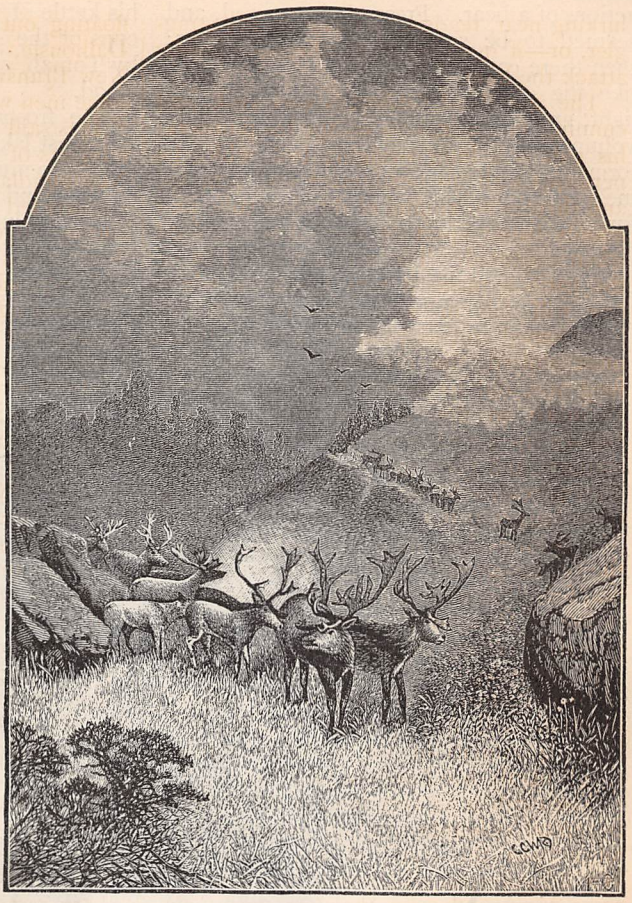
The quiet gray color of the caribou is well adapted to conceal his presence from the hunter, and it requires an educated eye to pick out his form on the heathy barren, where everything assimilates to him in color, and were it not for occasional effects of light disclosing his position, the hunter might frequently pass within easy shot without seeing him. The Indians are so well aware of this, that they always approach a barren with extreme caution, always traveling down wind, and never disconcerted if game is not sighted at once. Nor is the case improved when one comes to hunt for them in the forest; there, the gray tree-trunks and tangled undergrowth make it extremely difficult to see them.

The caribou, whatever may be his need for haste, seldom bounds or gallops except for a few jumps when first he spies his enemy, and then only for an instant, for presently he drops into his accustomed trot, which carries him over the ground with great rapidity, and then no matter how old a hand the hunter may be, nothing but the admirable skill in venery of his Indian guide will afford him the slightest chance of coming up with the game again.

The indifference or curiosity with regard

to the noise of fire-arms exhibited by the caribou often stands the hunter in good stead, and affords him a chance for a second shot, should his first prove ineffectual; for it is not uncommon for a herd to stand stock-still on hearing the report of a gun, even when one of their number has fallen a victim thereto. The pause is but for an instant, and the hunter must be quick to take advantage of it, or his chance will be gone before he is aware of it, for, recovering quickly from the shock, or alarm, or whatever it may be, the herd dash off at a rattling pace through the thick timber.

A caribou, if not mortally wounded, will endeavor to keep up with the herd, and will travel a long way without giving out. If near the sea-coast, the wounded animal seeks it to die, and is often thus recovered by the hunter. In such cases, the skill of the Indian again comes in play, and he will follow the track of the wounded animal, readily picking it out from all the others, and seldom failing to run it down. The Indians say that the caribou likes to feed on sea-weed, and goes to the coast in the spring and fall of the year for that purpose.



CARIBOU MIGRATING.

Once upon a time, not so long ago as when "little birds built their nests in old men's beards," but quite long enough to make one regret the days when caribou were plenty on all the barrens in Charlotte County, New Brunswick, the writer, in company with his Indian friend Sebatis, and an old Indian named Tomah, traveled all day in pursuit of a herd of caribou, and, after losing much time lying in ambush behind a big bowlder, were suddenly overtaken by night-fall, which, in the short November days, shuts down without warning.

"How far to camp, Sebatis?" I inquired.

"Well, s'pose daylight, about five miles; but so dark now, you see makes it good deal further."

"Can you find the camp?"

"Find 'im camp? Sartin, but take good while, so dark, can't see nothin' 'tall, tumble down good deal, you see, so many win'falls, then may be get in swamp besides."

Had daylight given us the opportunity of selecting a camping-place, we could not have found a spot better suited to our purpose than the grove of grand old firs and hemlocks that hemmed us in on every side and sheltered us with broad, spreading branches. In front we had a forest lake, on the outskirts of our stronghold a plentiful supply of hard wood stood ready for the ax which Tomah was just releasing from its cover of leather.

The darkness and silence of these old woods were appalling, and as I stood leaning on the old tree against which we had piled our rifles, I gladly welcomed the quick strokes of Tomah's ax, that was already dealing death-blows to the birches and maples.

Sebatis had gone off in search of dry wood to start the fire. I had not heard him return, and was watching a curious object moving about in the gloom with something like the

actions of a bear. Presently it stopped, and seemed to be squatting on its haunches; then there came a curious, crackling sound, like the crunching of bones; then a faint light, gradually increasing in brightness and volume until the surroundings began to take form, and long shadows crept stealthily past me, and the object which I had mistaken for a bear arose upon his legs, and quietly observed:

"Pretty good fire by-em-by, when Tomah fetch dry hard wood;" then tramped off to assist Tomah in carrying in the fire-wood.

his kettle of birch-bark, and served in little cups of the same material deftly fashioned by Tomah, and held together by splints of wood.

The frosts of winter had not yet sealed the forest lakes, and the night was unusually mild,—so much so, indeed, that Sebatis predicted a sudden change ere long.

During lulls in the talk, I fancied that I heard the notes of a bird; but did not allude to it, as the sound might have been caused by steam escaping from one of the huge logs piled on the fire.

CARIBOU ATTACKED BY WOLF.

"Now, then, best cook supper first," said Sebatis; "then make 'im bough bed; too hungry now."

"All right, Sebatis; but how are you going to boil the water for the tea?"

"Well, sartin we don't have no kettle: have boil 'im water in birch-bark; make kin' of box, you see."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"You don't 'lieve it? Well, by t'unders, I show you pretty quick when Tomah fetch bark."

And show me he did; and better tea I never tasted than that brewed by Sebatis in

"Just so I told you," remarked Sebatis, as he arose to get a light for his pipe, "big snow-storm comin'."

"Why do you think so, Sebatis?"

"I hear 'im wa-be-pe singin' just now; that always sign storm comin'."

"Is wa-be-pe a bird?"

"Yes, wa-be-pe little bird; got kin' of small little spots all over."

"Does it sing at night?"

"Always, sings best when moonlight, then he sing once every hour all night; s'pose he sing dark night; sign storm comin'."

BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

"Is he like any of the birds that were about the camp yesterday?"

"No, he don't 'long here 't all, only summer time; this time year most always gone away warm country somewheres; s'pose he don't go pretty quick, sartin get froze."

"S'pose all han's stop talkin', may be chance hear wa-be-pe again," said Tomah.

Taking up a position far enough away to get rid of the noise made by the fire, I waited patiently for wa-be-pe. After listening intently for a few moments, I heard four inexpressibly mournful bell-like notes, uttered with marked distinctness, and surprisingly like the first four notes of "Auld lang syne." On reflection I became impressed with the idea that the notes of this bird were exactly like the first notes of the song of the white-throated finch, and after consultation with Sebatis, I was convinced that I had placed the nocturnal songster correctly. At the first dawn of day, after tightening our belts a hole or two, by way of breakfast, as the Indians facetiously remarked, we started to pick up the trail of the caribou. During the night several inches of light snow had fallen, and the storm still continued.

"Which way, Sebatis?"

"Try back on big barren, then s'pose we don't find 'im fresh track, go right camp 'fore snow gets too deep; you see we don't have no snow-shoes, make it pretty hard walkin' by-em-by."

The storm was increasing every moment, and the light snow drifting rapidly before the rising wind, as tramping in Indian file we approached the confines of the big barren. The drift was so heavy on the barren that it was hard work to make headway against it, and I had just turned to regain my wind, when I heard Tomah ejaculate in Indian,—

"Megahlip! Chin-e-ga-bo!" (Caribou—be careful.)

The words were hardly spoken, when down the wind came a herd of caribou, trotting at a terrific pace, with head and scut up, and sending the snow in clouds on every side. I tried to get a shot, but was not quick enough. "Bang!" to right of me—"Bang!" to left of me, from the smooth-bores of Sebatis and Tomah, and all is smoke and drifting snow, out of which I get a glimpse of a head or horns, then the full figure of a fast-trotting caribou, and last a noble buck wildly plunging in the flying *poudre*—a victim to the fire of the Indians.

"Come, Tomah, be quick help butcher caribou; no time lose gettin' camp, by-em-by, pretty hard chance get there storm so heavy you see," said Sebatis as he stripped off the caribou's hide.

In a few moments, the venison intended for the camp was cut, apportioned into loads, and the rest of the animal securely *cachéd*, to be brought in when wanted. Then we hastened to get off the barren and

CARIBOU FLOATING OUT TO SEA ON A CAKE OF ICE.

into the shelter of the woods, where we could draw a free breath unoppressed by the terrible drift.

As the storm promised to be very heavy, we lost no time in gaining the protection of our camp.

"Now then," said Sebatis, as he dropped his load on arriving at camp, "all han's get fire-wood ready, stan' big snow-storms, by t'unders, pretty lucky, we get 'im that caribou."

"Who kill 'im that caribou?" inquired Tomah, "two shots fired."

I had been dreading this for some time, but Sebatis cleverly evaded the question, and prevented the endless discussion sure to follow, by facetiously replying:

"Well, I guess bullet kill 'im, sartin."

Fortunately, in the hurry of skinning the caribou and cutting up the venison, they either forgot, or had not time to examine whether there was more than one bullet-hole in the skin, and as the latter, probably, would not be recovered until we were on the home trail, I flattered myself that the discussion would not be revived. However, in this I was mistaken, as will be seen in the sequel.

In appearance, no two men could differ more widely than my two henchmen. Sebatis stood six feet and two inches in his moccasins, had clear-cut features, and was possessed of infinite patience and good humor. Under severe provocation his temper was apt to be short, but it was over quickly, and he never sulked. Tomah was very short in stature, bow-legged, and had a countenance terrible to look upon, the fierce expression of his restless eyes indicating unmistakably his savage ancestry; and yet, withal, he was not an ill-tempered man, and the deep tragic tones in which he spoke, even when saying the most commonplace things, made some of his utterances irresistibly comical. His friendship for Sebatis was of long standing, and they got on very well together, except when a dispute arose about the shooting of a moose or caribou; my ingenuity was taxed, at such times, to prevent a fight. Soon their united efforts as ax-men, with my aid in carrying in, accumulated such a goodly pile of hard wood, as enabled us to laugh at the howling storm.

"Sartin I think, no chance hunt 'im, caribou to-morrow, always bad snow-shoein' when snow so light," said Sebatis, as he shook off the snow from his clothes and prepared to cook our dinner of fat caribou steaks.

"Sebatis, where are our little friends the birds? I haven't seen one since our return to camp."

"Well, you see, hide somewhere when storm so heavy. S'pose sunshine, then you see 'im comin' again: ah-mon-a-tuk (cross-bill), kich-e-ge-gelas (chickadee), ump-kanusis (moose-bird), an' ki-ha-neas (red-poll linnet)."

Sebatis had unbounded curiosity about

the manners and customs of other nations, and was diligent in seeking information. On one of my hunting excursions, I was accompanied by a friend who had recently returned from the East Indies, and in one of the talks over the camp-fire he related, whether in jest or earnest I know not, that it was a custom of one of the religious sects of India to place their aged and infirm people in casks supplied with a small quantity of food, and then to set them adrift. Sebatis listened eagerly until my friend finished his story, and then emphatically remarked:

"By t'unders! S'pose by-em-by when I get old man, somebody try put me in barrel, I make 'im pretty good fight first."

Long afterward, when it had all passed from my memory, Sebatis astonished me by remarking, with a quiet chuckle, on observing that my friend Colonel W. was pretty stiff after his first day's tramp in the woods:

"You see 'im? Gettin' pretty old. By-em-by somebody have put 'im in barrel."

Early next morning Tomah was absent, and I asked Sebatis where he was.

"Gone away somewhere 'bout daylight," he replied; "try find 'im sign caribou, may be."

At noon Tomah marched into camp, bringing with him, to my horror, the head and skin of the caribou slain the previous day.

"Who kill 'im this caribou? Only one ball-hole in skin!" he said, defiantly and in his deepest bass, as he deposited his spoils on the snow.

"I fire right on his head," said Sebatis, springing to his feet.

"Well, you miss him, sartin. Bullet strike 'im on ribs jus' where I fire," rejoined Tomah.

"Sartin you tell 'im big lie. I don't miss

'im 'tall," returned Sebatis, fiercely, as he unrolled the skin to examine for himself. His search disclosed but one bullet-hole, and that was on the side, just as Tomah stated.

After carefully examining the skin, I turned my attention to the head, and was about to give up in despair, when I observed that one of the tines had been completely carried away close to the main stem.

"Here's where your ball struck," I said to Sebatis, pointing out the recent fracture on the horn.

"Sartin, that's true," said Sebatis. "I know I didn't miss 'im 'tall."

"Always Sebatis come out pretty well. S'pose nobody else fire, sartin no caribou-steak breakfast this mornin'," growled Tomah.

In the afternoon the sun shone out bright and warm, and our pert little friends the birds shyly renewed our acquaintance. The tameness of these forest birds is ever a source of delight to me. It is quite common to see cross-bills, pine-finches, chickadees and red-polls all picking up crumbs together at one's feet, and often after a few days' acquaintance they become so familiar that they will accept food from the hand,—bread-crumbs, bits of raw meat, and even salt pork is readily accepted. In fact, nothing seems to come amiss to the little beauties, and they evidently enjoy the change from the dry cones and buds which form the staple of their winter diet.

It seems ungrateful to single out any one bird where all are so tame, but I think that I must give the palm in this respect to my favorite—little black-cap. The naturalists give this little bird a dreadful character, and say of him that he smashes in the skulls of other little birds and eats their brains. I shall always consider it a vile slander, Audubon and all the rest of them to the contrary, notwithstanding. These charming little birds are seldom seen except in the depths of the forests; at rare intervals they come out to the clearings, but their homes are in the forest. In order to give an idea of the tameness of these birds I may mention that at this moment as I write a cedar-bird is begging to be taken on my finger and held up to my face so that he may indulge in his pet occupation of preening my mustache, and a red-poll linnet is industriously strewing the floor with my pencils and paper, and if scolded flies away uttering his plaintive call, "Sweet-Willie!"

At night as we sat over the camp-fire smoking our pipes, we heard a horrid screech in the forest.

"Up-we-pe-se-kin (lynx) chasin' rabbits," said Tomah, in sepulchral tones, between the whiffs of his pipe.

"You see," said Sebatis, in explanation of Tomah's remark, "when up-we-pe-se-kin make noise like that, scar' 'im rabbit so bad he jump right out sight in deep snow, then you see up-we-pe-se-kin dig him out an' have pretty good supper."

Just as I was turning out next morning, Sebatis walked into camp, and said:

"Sartin caribou very hungry this mornin'; I find plenty places where he eat 'im off old men's beards, close up."

The "old men's beards" referred to by

CARIBOU CROSSING A FROZEN LAKE.

"MEGAHLIP! CHIN-E-GA-BO."

Sebatis is the long, trailing moss which hangs from the trees and bushes, and is a favorite food of the caribou.

"What kind of snow-shoeing to-day, Sebatis?"

"Just right; sun pack 'im down snow good deal; very good chance snow-shoein' now."

Tomah had breakfast ready, and in a few moments moccasins and snow-shoes were the order of the day.

"Which way, Sebatis?"

"Try 'im big barren again."

"Sartin, best go little barren first," said Tomah; "s'pose we don't find 'im caribou, then try 'im big barren."

"May be Tomah right," said Sebatis; "little barren nearest,—only 'bout two miles,—an' very good ground fin' caribou."

Just enough snow had fallen to make good snow-shoeing; in fact, we could have got on without snow-shoes, but for the drifts and swampy parts of the barrens, over which the broad snow-shoes bore us safely. Fortunately for our comfort, the high wind that prevailed prevented the snow lodging in the spreading boughs of the coniferous trees, and we escaped the smothering often experienced from avalanches of snow immediately after a snow-storm. These avalanches are one of the most disagreeable things encountered in the forest in winter. Sometimes, as the hunter tries to force his way under the pendent boughs of a large fir-tree, the accumulated snow will be discharged upon his head, getting down his neck if his hood is not up, wetting the locks and barrels of his gun, and piling up on his snow-shoes in such a manner as to hold him prisoner for the time; and often, in trying to work clear, he gets his snow-shoes tangled and takes a header into the snow, and his misery is complete. Moreover, the chances are ten to one that, while he is helplessly floundering in the snow, he hears the sharp crack of his comrade's rifle, who has stolen a march on him and is up with the game; and then good-bye to any sport that day, for even if he could get his gun dry and serviceable again, his nerves are so unstrung that he could not hit the side of a house, much less the swift caribou.

On our way to the barren we saw several fresh tracks of caribou, but had not discovered their beds, as the Indians term the depressions in the snow made by the caribou when lying down to rest. After inspecting indications of that kind, the Indian can form a correct opinion of the time elapsed since the beds were occupied, and is guided thereby in his decision as to whether it is wise to follow up the tracks leading therefrom.

Silent as mutes, we tramped along in Indian file; but if the Indians did not use their tongues, their eyes were not idle, and the slightest caribou sign was instantly discovered and examined. We had nearly reached the barren, without finding any fresh tracks, and I was getting a little impatient, and sorry that we had not gone to the big

barren, as first suggested by Sebatis, as it was in that direction he saw the places where the caribou had cropped off the "old men's beards."

FOREST BIRDS.

"Little barren handy now," said Sebatis with his usual abruptness.

"Where is Tomah?" I inquired, having just discovered the absence of that worthy.

"Where's Tomah, sure enough?" echoed Sebatis. "I don't miss him myself only just now."

He had vanished like a "spirit of eld," and as where he had gone, or on what errand was past finding out, we made our way quietly to the edge of the barren without him.

Long and earnestly Sebatis scanned the barren with his searching gaze; then ventured out a few paces, stopped suddenly, and beckoned me to him.

"Hist, don't make noise," he whispered. "Caribou somewhere on this barren; you see 'im track just 'longside big rock, then little ways 'head you see 'im tracks go everywheres; must be nine, may be ten caribou go that way."

"Are they fresh tracks?"

"We look by-em-by; find out which way wind first. By t'unders we got wrong end barren."

"What do you mean?"

"Wind blow straight down barren; s'pose we try hunt 'im caribou, sartin he smell us."

"Well, what had we better do?"

"Best hide 'im somewheres on barren."

"There's a clump of firs nearly in the middle of the barren, I should think that a good place."

"We go try 'im; you see caribou movin' all time; may be by-em-by comin' back on his tracks, then very good chance."

The barren was about three miles long and over one mile wide, sprinkled with groups of fir-trees, and the usual supply of alders, bowlders, and old dead tree-trunks. Lurking about in our place of concealment was tedious in the extreme, and I was about to beguile the time with a smoke, but remembered in time the terrible rating old Tomah got from Sebatis when smoking, for we were in ambush behind the big bowlder.

Just then we heard the boom of a gun.

"By t'unders that's old Tomah sartin, so cunnin' you see, just like fox; he find out wind wrong way then he go round on woods, an' come out other end barren."

"Do you think he has turned the caribou back this way?"

"Sartin, that just reason he go round woods, so cunnin' you see, that old Tomah."

We now moved out of our shelter a little so as to command a better view of the barren.

"Do you see any caribou, Sebatis?"

"No, don't see nothin' 't all."

I was looking intently, and fancied that I saw the form of a caribou disappearing behind a bunch of alders. Sebatis saw him at the same moment, and several others that I failed to detect.

"By t'unders!" he whispered, "you see 'im, one, two, five caribou, just goin' behin' bushes up there; good chance now, s'pose don't make 'im noise."

The good chance was so long in coming that I was well-nigh in despair. Sebatis had crossed to another clump of bushes, and being rid of him I was just about to resort to my pipe when I heard the peculiar and unmistakable castanet sound caused by the split hoof of the caribou striking together as he recovered in his stride, and looking out on the barren I saw five caribou, trotting full speed, almost abreast of me and not over forty yards distant. They raised such clouds of snow that I could only see their heads and occasionally their shoulders, but as it was my only chance I fired at the second caribou in the herd, and unfortunately only wounded him. He tried to keep up with the herd, but they soon distanced him and I was hurrying on in pursuit when "bang!" goes Sebatis's gun from behind some bushes and down goes my caribou.

"I wounded that caribou, Sebatis; there were four others ahead of him."

"Sartin that's too bad. I don't see 'im 'tall, only this one. You see I been look other side bushes, and when I hear gun I run this way; then I see caribou kin' of limpin', you see, an' I think may be get away, so best shoot 'im more."

"Who kill 'im that caribou? Two guns fire, on'y one caribou dead," said a voice over my shoulder in tones that could be none other than those of Tomah.

"Two bullets kill 'im that caribou sartin this time," said Sebatis, pointing to two bullet-holes in the body of the poor caribou.

"Where have you been, Tomah? We thought you were lost."

"No, not lost. When I fin' out wind wrong way then I go in woods an' come out head barren; turn 'im caribou."

"Did you get a shot at them?"

"Sartin, I kill 'im caribou."

"How many did you see?"

"'Bout t'irteen. Five come this way, rest gone away somewhere, may be big barren. Sartin plenty caribou big barren to-morrow."

"Why do you say to-morrow?"

"'Cause caribou all travelin' to-day. I see 'im tracks go everywhere, an' plenty sign bite 'im moss, besides."

We *cachéd* the caribou killed by Sebatis and I, then tramped to the head of the barren and performed a like office for the one killed by Tomah,—a two-year-old buck,—then to camp as it was too late in the day to try the big barren.

"Now," said Sebatis, after dinner and the invariable pipes, "Tomah an' me go hunt 'im wood an' bark, make 'im tobaugan, then we haul 'im caribou camp. Keep 'im safe, you see."

During the night there was a fall of snow which made the snow-shoeing heavy. However, we determined to try the big barren; and a weary day we had of it, tramping over the soft snow, which accumulated on the front of the snow-shoe and required quite an effort to throw it off. All traces of the old tracks were obliterated, and we did not see a fresh track that day, although we searched the greater part of the barren, being careful to disturb the snow as little as possible, as a snow-shoe trail is almost certain to frighten off a herd of caribou.

After patient watching and manifold observations obtained by climbing trees, the Indians at length, in despair, gave up hunting and took to their pipes. Although as much disappointed as they were, I well knew that it would be futile to urge them on to hunt, until they recovered their spirits. Like two graven images they sat puffing away at their pipes, and to all appearance might have continued so doing until the crack of doom, but for an opportune crash as of breaking branches, followed by a resounding fall that came from the forest, a little to the right of our position; and although they were well aware of the cause of the noise—a lodged tree suddenly released by the branches giving way, and letting it fall to the ground—it had the effect of waking them up and loosening their tongues.

"Sundown come pretty quick now; best go camp," said Sebatis.

"SEH-TA-GA-BO!"

"Best go camp," echoed Tomah.

And go to camp we did in double-quick time, arriving just as darkness was closing in.

There were several changes of weather during the night, first a drizzling rain, then a sharp frost, followed by more snow.

"Better luck to-day," said Sebatis. "I dreamin' last night, see 'im plenty caribou."

"John very good han' dreamin'; I like see 'im fin' caribou first, then I 'lieve him," said Tomah.

"Why does Tomah call you John?" I asked Sebatis.

"Well, you see, I got t'ree—four—names, John Baptist Joseph, that's my name."

"Dreamin' so hard he forgot his name," said Tomah, "he got 'nother name 'sides, Saint John Baptist Joseph, that's his name."

"Sartin, that's true," said Sebatis; "now, I 'member, I tell you all 'bout it—used to be my name just same Tomah tell, well, you see, that pretty long name, then make 'im shorter, call 'im Saint Baptist, then make 'im shorter 'gain, call 'im Sebatis, s'pose, make 'im any shorter, by-em-by, name all gone."

"Then, your surname—I mean your family name—is Joseph?"

"Sartin, my father, all my brothers, got same name, Joseph."

"Now, Sebatis got fix 'im his name 'gain, s'pose he show us where find 'im caribou," said Tomah.

"Sartin, snow most over, we go big barren 'gain."

The snow was greatly in our favor, as just enough had fallen to enable us to walk noiselessly on the crust.

A very strange sensation is often experienced by the hunter as he walks unconcernedly on his way, after the formation of a crust; at first he hears a peculiar creaking sound, and fancies that the snow is moving under him, then the creaking becomes louder, and is accompanied by a muffled, rumbling noise, and suddenly the snow under and around him sinks, and he fears that he is about to fall into an abyss. The snow in reality seldom settles over one foot or eighteen inches, and no matter how familiar one may be with it, every fresh experience excites the same apprehension.

I had just been let down in that way, when my attention was attracted by Sebatis, and he beckoned me to where he and Tomah were examining something.

A SHOT FROM TOMAH.

"Eight caribou all sleep here last night," he said, pointing to a number of depressions in the snow.

"How long since they started, Sebatis?"

"Start only little while, you see tracks so fresh. Always good time hunt 'im when first started, 'cause bite 'im moss an' feedin', then he don't go fast 'tall."

"Best take 'im off snow-shoes an' walk in caribou tracks," said Tomah.

"Sartin that best, then don't make no noise," said Sebatis.

This mode of traveling is anything but agreeable, but as the snow was not very deep it was greatly preferable to what I have often experienced on other occasions, when one would sink half-way to the knees at every step, and woe betide him if he made a false step!

"Caribou stop here feedin' little while," said Sebatis, pointing to some newly cropped "old men's beard."

"Caribou go two ways," said Tomah, who was a little in advance.

The herd had separated, three caribou going toward the big barren and five off in another direction. As it promised a better chance for game I imitated the tactics of the

caribou and divided our party, taking Sebatis with me on the track of the five and sending Tomah off after the others.

Plodding along in the foot-holes of the caribou was very leg-tiring, but Sebatis kept on at a trot until brought to a stand by some very fresh sign.

"Caribou bite 'im moss here only 'bout t'ree minutes ago; must be handy somewhere, best put 'im on snow-shoes again, may be have run pretty quick by-em-by."

After putting on his snow-shoes, Sebatis struck out in a direction nearly parallel to the caribou trail, and we set off at a very much quicker gait.

We were just descending a slight declivity when Sebatis waved his hand to me, exclaiming at the same time;

"Seh-ta-ga-bo!" (Keep back.)

At the word I dropped in my tracks and awaited further orders. Twice he raised his gun as if to fire, then lowered the muzzle and beckoned me to him.

"What is it all about? Do you see the caribou?" I whispered.

"Sartin, see 'im all five walkin' in woods just little ways 'head. You look same way I point, by-em-by you see 'im."

We had just entered a glade of fir-trees, and between the tree-trunks I caught a glimpse of what I supposed to be a lake, but did not discover any caribou.

"Hist! there goes caribou, there goes 'nother one—two—t'ree more, you see 'im? Quick, fire!"

Bang! goes my rifle at an indistinct form moving past the tree-trunks some thirty yards distant.

"You kill 'im, sartin," Sebatis whispered. "I see 'im give big jump, then he don't move 'tall."

"Are the other's gone?"

"No, scared pretty bad; stan' listenin' somewheres. By t'unders!—look, you see 'im caribou move on small bushes right on lake—fire!"

"Blaze away, Sebatis. I don't see them, and they will be off sure if you wait for me."

Bang! goes his smooth-bore with a roar that made me as deaf as an adder for the moment.

"Did you kill him?"

"May be so. Not sure, you see, so much smoke."

We hastened to the spot and found my caribou—a large buck—lying dead in his tracks. A little further on, Sebatis found a bloody trail leading down to the lake, and about one hundred yards from the shore, we saw the other caribou—a fine doe—vainly struggling to regain her feet on our approach.

At the sight, I vowed that I would break my gun and never hunt again, until——

"Here, Sebatis, take my rifle, and finish your work quickly."

"How far is it to the camp?"

"Little mor'n four miles. I go get tobaugan, an' bring some dinner. S'pose you stop here?"

"Yes. Be as quick as you can."

"Sartin, I go pretty quick. You see snow-in' again. By-em-by heavy storm, may be."

True to his promise, Sebatis returned inside of a couple of hours. With appetites born of the woods, we dispatched our lunch. Then to work to get our game to camp. The angry gusts of wind soughing through the lofty branches of the fir-trees, and driving the fast-falling snow into clouds of impalpable *poudre*, warned us to hasten our packing.

"Ready, now, no time spare. By-em-by storm so heavy, hard chance find 'im camp," said Sebatis. He had fastened one end of a serviceable rope of withes to the tobaugan, passed part of it over his shoulder and gave me the other end to pass over mine, and away we tramped.

These sudden winter storms possess the magic power of investing the hunter with an indefinable terror. In a very short time all land-marks are obliterated and the air filled with a blinding *poudre*. Now and then the snow settles under him with a crash, and he feels as if there was nothing real or substantial around him. The bewildering, drifting *poudre* is everywhere, and he is blinded and buffeted by it in such a manner as calls for the instant exertion of all his courage to carry him safely through.

"By t'unders! Never so glad get camp all my life. So tired, you see storm so heavy," said Sebatis, as we rested before the camp-fire after our fearful four-mile tramp from the lake.

The click of approaching snow-shoes announced the return of Tomah.

"Who kill 'im that cari——"

Just then he saw that there were two dead caribou, and, without another syllable, he shook the snow from his clothes and sat down by the fire.

NOTE.—The author's thanks are due to Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., for information regarding the geographical distribution of the caribou in the United States, and to Professor S. F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute for a photograph of the barren-ground caribou.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

IN THE RAVINE.

CHAPTER XI.

A MEMORABLE MEETING.

DURING the dinner which followed, Einar looked everywhere for Helga and Ingrid, but they were nowhere to be found. In the meanwhile he had to answer toast upon toast, and in the interval between the speeches he was beleaguered by farmers' wives who came up to shake hands with him and with much friendly urging insisted upon his tasting the contents of their baskets. They assured him in their own simple fashion of their approval, declared that he "talked like a priest," and without the least suspicion of patronage complimented him on his handsome appearance. Nils Nyhus offered a toast for "The Citizen," in which he paid fresh tribute to the memory of his lamented sorrel, expressed his dissatisfaction with Andy Johnson's adminis-

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tration and predicted a brilliant future for the town of Hardanger. He seemed still to be laboring under the delusion that the idea of establishing the paper had originated in his own brain, but was generous enough to grant his colleagues a share of the honor. The speech called forth much merriment and hearty acclamation, which, however only added to the discomfort of Nyhus's wife, who was sitting flushed and trembling at his side. She had never known him in the capacity of an orator before, and she could not rid herself of the impression that the company were amusing themselves at his expense.

Up toward the end of the ravine where the trees stood denser and the noise of the waters was louder, sat Helga and Ingrid. A thick copse of pine sheltered them from sight, and the gray rock, dashed here and there with patches of red and yellow lichen, rose steep and threatening above them. The sprouting leaves filled the air with a fresh fragrance, to which the pines added a resinous flavor. The two girls sat each with one arm twined about the other's waist, while the elder with the hand which was disengaged stroked the hair caressingly from the younger's forehead. They were talking together in an undertone, and the near, unceasing rush of the water seemed to lift a shielding roof over their voices and make their confidence safer and easier.

"It certainly was very imprudent of my little girl," said Helga, "to burst into tears there before all the people. It was fortunate that he was too busy to notice you."

"But how could I help it?" protested Ingrid, eagerly. "It came upon me so suddenly that I had no time to think. I don't know why God made me so, that I must always cry when I don't want to do it at all. It was not for Mr. Finnson that I cried, as you think, but only because I felt so strange, and because I couldn't help it."

"Yes, because you felt so strange, and because you couldn't help it," repeated the other, smiling at the caprices of Ingrid's logic. "And do you imagine, you little chicken, that I have not read long ago that very transparent secret which you are trying to hide from me?"

Ingrid raised herself quickly and gazed at her friend with terror in her large blue eyes.

"You do not suppose that—that anybody else——"

"You need not look so frightened," and Helga clasped her once more in her arms.

"No, I don't suppose that others have as keen eyes for reading your heart as I have. But now be a good little girl and promise me one thing. Promise me that you will be very, very prudent, always on your guard, and never describe the man you would like to marry, never say that he must have light curly hair and blue eyes, and so forth."

"But I never said that I should like to marry Mr. Finnson," rejoined Ingrid, once more with her little perverse pout. "And I don't think I ever shall marry, for that matter. But still I love him—love him," lingering fondly on the word. "And," she added, with a sudden trustful appeal to Helga, "don't you think he is very, very beautiful?"

"I don't know, my dear, what I think of him. He is one of those men who constantly puzzle me. I hope and believe that he is a good and upright man, but that is as far as my judgment goes. I am sorry, for your sake, that I cannot say more, but really I cannot. And now your eyes no longer betray that you have been crying. If you do not hurry back, your mother will be frightened about you."

"And will you not come with me?"

"No, not now. I promised mother to find some maidenhair for her to plant, and since I am here, I may just as well commence my search. I shall be with you in less than half an hour."

Helga stooped down over the young girl, kissed her and began to climb up through the ravine. She had not gone far when she heard a voice, which she instantly recognized as the pastor's, talking with loud and indignant emphasis somewhere under the ledge upon which she was standing. The stones were constantly loosening and rolling down from under her tread, and she feared that she had no choice but to remain until the speaker was no longer within reach of her involuntary missiles.

"I have watched you closely and with sincere interest ever since your first arrival," said the pastor, evidently addressing some invisible listener, "and I have seen with deep regret how you have, day by day, driven God out of your heart and allowed Mammon to take up his abode there in His stead. It is really a pity to see a young man with your undeniable talent going to the devil in that way."

"Mr. Falconberg," answered another voice, whose refined enunciation and dignified self-restraint immediately revealed the orator of the day, "I thank you for your

interest in my welfare, which I confess rather takes me by surprise, but I can hardly admit your right to judge me as severely as you do. A judgment of my character, in order to be correct, requires certain premises which you do not possess, and which I do not feel inclined to furnish you."

"Now really, young man," broke in Mr. Falconberg with increasing excitement, "I am afraid you have quite forgotten the office I hold as the pastor of my flock and a rightfully appointed shepherd of souls. How can I watch with complacence the direful work you are accomplishing in this community, where, before your arrival, peace, harmony and mutual good-will prevailed? Through your detestable paper you preach schism and rebellion against all divinely appointed authority, teach these poor ignorant farmers, who have hitherto trusted in the guidance of their spiritual superiors, to judge for themselves about politics and other things, about which they cannot possibly have even the most rudimentary notions, and what is worst of all, you steadily labor to break down the wall which has hitherto separated them from that idolatrous, sectarian Babel in which it is their and your misfortune to live."

"I regret to say, Mr. Pastor," answered the young man, calmly, "that our opinions on these subjects are so radically different that discussion would only widen the gulf between us, instead of bringing us nearer together."

"Ah, my dear sir," cried Mr. Falconberg, excitedly, "that is a mere pretext for evading my arguments. Your own conscience—if you are still possessed of such a thing—must have told you that you are guilty of the charges I have preferred against you. Have you not this very day stood up and flaunted your immature opinions in our faces? What do you, a mere stripling in years, who have yet hardly had the first glimpse of the life here, know about Norse and American civilization? And yet you presume to teach your elders, who have spent half a life-time here, and discourse to them about their duties to their new and their old fatherland, and God knows what not!"

"Ah, that is where the shoe pinches," thought Helga, whose growing interest in the discussion made her quite forget that she was involuntarily playing the eavesdropper. The strain of ill-natured abuse which the pastor had adopted had immediately enlisted her sympathy on his opponent's side, and her womanly sense of justice and fair play made her eager to lift her voice in Einar's defense. At the same time Einar's well-bred coolness tried her sorely and vaguely impressed her as a lack of confidence in his own cause. Ignorant, as she was, of his real relation to the pastor, she could hardly appreciate the complications of motives which restrained the native vehemence of his speech. It was, however, a genuine relief to her, when in his next answer she detected a rising ardor and a clearer tinge of self-assertion.

"Mr. Falconberg," he said, with a touch of defiance in his voice, "what I have said to-day, and what I shall continue to say, as long as there is a single man left to listen to me, is no hasty whim, but my sincere and well-matured conviction. And I can see no reason why a young man, especially if he is publicly requested to speak, should not have the same right to express his conviction as one who has grown gray in the office of preaching. You and I, Mr. Falconberg, belong to two different generations, and I venture to assert that the future is in closer sympathy with my opinions than with yours. In private you may think me a conceited stripling or even an impostor, if you choose, but I do not admit your right to censure me to my face. I entertain due respect for your years and for your office, but I have never enlisted myself among your parishioners, and even if I had, I should say that you were overreaching your authority, if you undertook to abuse me, as you have done to-day, for things which do not come within the range of church discipline."

The pastor turned ashy pale; he sent his undaunted opponent a furious look, and clenched the golden head of his cane. He had felt so safe in the feeling of his strength and authority, and had been confident of an easy victory. The smooth manners and apparent modesty of this man had deceived him as to his real character, and now the fearlessness of his counter-attack stunned Mr. Falconberg and for the moment deprived him of his ample rhetorical resources.

"Young man," he whispered, in a tone which sounded like an angry snarl, "you and I have not yet done with each other. And beware, when we meet again."

Helga leaned out over the edge of the rock. She saw the pastor's bulky form retreating among the trees; she could hardly suppress a cry of exultation. She knew that her joy in his humiliation was rather

ungenerous, but for all that she could not but rejoice. He had found his match at last, and where he least expected it. She looked down and saw Einar sitting upon a stone, resting his head wearily upon his hands. How blind she had been! how shallow and faulty her judgment of him! She had mistaken his well-bred self-restraint for weakness, and had not seen the fine manly fiber in him which hid itself beneath a modest, unassuming exterior. He, too, had a noble life-work, a grand idea for which he struggled and suffered in silence. As she saw him sitting there, lonely and dejected, her heart went forward to him with a sudden tenderness—a mere impetuous wish to do him justice, to right the wrong she had done him. Generous and impulsive as she was, she yielded with a headlong eagerness to her first inspiration. One large and ardent thought with her habitually crushed all those smaller considerations, which with most of us kill our generous promptings before they have wrought themselves into action. The possibility of misinterpretation hardly occurred to her. She hastened onward over slippery stones and through jungled underbrush and stood at his side, before he was yet aware of her presence. She laid her hand gently upon his shoulder and whispered his name. He looked up with a startled, incredulous glance, then sprang to his feet and grasped the hand she had extended to him.

"Miss Raven!" cried he, with a vain effort to adjust his features into their usual expression of mere polite interest. "Have you gone astray, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," she said, smiling and making no attempt to withdraw her hand. "I only came to thank you for the beautiful speech you have given us to-day. You have stirred all the latent Americanism in me, and still made me feel more Norse and patriotic than I ever felt in my life before. Never did my duties appear so grand and so clearly defined as they do now. And you know I like even hardships better if they only seem large. It is only petty and insignificant troubles with which I have no patience."

"Sit down," he said, releasing her hand and spreading his light overcoat upon the stone where he had been sitting. "You do not know what a good deed you have done. I never needed praise more than I do at this moment. And the thought that you have come here to tell me that you have drawn inspiration from my words is sweeter to me than I dare tell you."

"And if I did not really come for that purpose," asked Helga, whose candor could not suffer even an implied deviation from the truth, "would my praise then be less welcome to you?"

He looked at her doubtfully as if he did not quite know what to answer.

"Then I must tell you all," she went on, returning his look with an almost boyish frankness. "I was gathering ferns up in the ravine right above your head, and the stones were rolling down under my feet. Then I heard the pastor's voice right under the ledge of the rock upon which I was standing, and without meaning to hear what he and you were saying, I could not really help it, for you were both talking quite loud. The expedient of putting my fingers into my ears did not occur to me until it was too late. I owe you an apology, and I offer it the more readily, because I can read in your face that you will forgive me. Am I not right? Will you not try to forget that I played the eavesdropper?"

And in her solicitude for his good-will she laid her hand on his arm and leaned over toward him, while her warm, appealing smile seemed suddenly to make the spring day more luminous around him.

"Forgive! forget!" cried he, dimly apprehending that this strange new happiness which pervaded him might carry his eager tongue beyond his control. "What have I to forgive or forget? I am in the maddest mood for saying wild things to-day, Miss Helga. And you must not mind what I may be saying. Only give me the comfort of pouring out my grievances in your ear. I am extravagantly happy. Never mind the paradox. And still I fear at times that I shall go mad, because it seems as if this silently struggling intensity within me must in the end explode my brain. Do not look so startled, please. I warned you that I was going to talk nonsense. It is so very rarely you give me the privilege to be with you, that I could go on talking forever, heedless of what I said, if I knew that my words had the power to keep you here at my side."

"That is another of your polite paradoxes, Mr. Finnson," answered she, gayly, "and I take it for what it is worth. And even if I should accept your offer and remain here with you, as long as you could entertain me, I am afraid I should be doing you a very poor service. I dare not monopolize you, you know, on a day like this, when you are the great lion, and every-

body is seeking the honor of your acquaintance. Therefore, if you will allow me to advise you, we will both return to the tent and try to practice the magnificent theory of citizenship which you have to-day been expounding to us."

"You are right," he murmured. "You are always right. Only not about the monopolizing."

He arose, took the few feathery ferns she was holding in her lap and helped her down the steep declivity. As they reached the bottom of the ravine, where there was a path along the banks of the stream, Helga discovered some tall, gracefully waving plumes of maidenhair on the other side, and gave vent to a long exclamation of admiration and playful despair. In an instant Einar was in the middle of the stream, where the strong current made it seem impossible for him to keep his footing. The water swept in small, gurgling eddies around his knees, and for a moment he tottered. Then, grasping hold of the branch of a tree which drooped at a very acute angle out over the clear shallows, he swung himself dexterously from stone to stone, and in three or four leaps landed on the further side. The ferns were carefully rooted up, and before Helga had time to frame a protest, he had recrossed the stream, and added them to the small collection already in hand.

"But, Mr. Finnson," she exclaimed, in a voice of alarm, "what made you do such a foolish thing as this? You are dripping wet, and will certainly catch your death of cold, if you do not return to town directly."

"That is rather unkind of you," he answered, shaking first one foot and then another; and he sent her a gaze in which a kind of dogged perverseness was visibly struggling with a more impetuous emotion which threatened to break out into flame.

"I meant no unkindness," said Helga, seriously. "I was only anxious about the consequences of your rashness. You may be sure, I shall never utter a wish again in your presence. I did not know that so polished a man as you could be guilty of such romantic eccentricities. But I am afraid I shall have to revise my judgment of you, radically and thoroughly. I see you utterly refuse to accommodate yourself to my former ideas of you. Indeed, you are almost a dangerous character."

She had meant to be gently admonitory, but the ludicrous side of the situation was urging itself upon her, and she broke into a hearty laugh. She might persuade herself as much as she pleased that his act was a piece of unmitigated folly; it was, after all, the kind of folly which appealed to the romantic side of her nature. For beneath her quiet, decorous exterior lurked a vein of latent romance which imparted, as it were, a warmer flush to her very repose. You felt that her usual self-restraint was far removed from apathetic indifference, that it was rather an armed neutrality of strong invisible forces.

"You must really excuse me, Mr. Finnson," she said at last, checking her laughter. "But the *rôle* you are playing to-day is so out of keeping with the character I have ascribed to you,—is so utterly incongruous, that I cannot but laugh, although I am still doubtful whether I am laughing at myself or at you."

"The *rôle* I am playing," cried Einar with a vehemence not unmixed with indignation. "Never in my life was I more in earnest! How long will you persist in regarding me as an idle trifler? I always thought that you were generous and just, and would not allow yourself to be prejudiced by appearances, however much they may be against me. And if I have been mistaken, if you think me unworthy of your friendship, I pray you, do not tell me so. Even the possibility of gaining your good will is a great and precious boon to me, while the certainty that I could never gain it would stifle the courage which is just kindling within me."

Helga had suddenly become thoughtful; a vivid blush burned upon her cheek, and her heart palpitated violently. A strangely sweet and still guilty thought was knocking at the door of her heart and clamoring to be admitted. There was triumph in it and there was humiliation. She had imagined herself incapable of listening even to the faintest whisper of treachery; hitherto her proud integrity had carried off an easy victory, and the voice of temptation had ever seemed remote—absurdly remote and unreal. She was angry with herself, that she could not now repel a guilty thought with the same ease as in former days. Did Einar love her? The idea seemed quite preposterous; for she had made up her mind that he loved or must love Ingrid, who, indeed, would be the very wife for him. She had received Ingrid's confidence, and even encouraged it, and now she found herself cherishing with uncontrollable throbs

of pleasure the possibility that her lover had given his heart's first allegiance to herself. But whatever may have been her feelings, she managed outwardly to preserve her self-possession and to feign an unresponsive coolness which immediately checked her companion's impetuous outburst.

"I am afraid your success as an orator has disturbed your mental equilibrium, Mr. Finnson," she said. "If I should allow you to go on indulging your taste for hyperbole, I fear you would soon soar beyond the reach of my understanding. Then you must remember, I have not had my dinner yet, and it is a peculiarity of mine that hunger always makes me obtuse and unsympathetic."

Einar stood silent, but it was that agitated, restless silence which only finds relief in physical action and not in speech. He swung his cane nervously in his hand, and gazed with a grim intentness at some object on the other side of the creek. Helga, taking the lead, moved down the path, and he followed in a reckless saunter. The still May sunshine which, as the day wore on, had deepened in tone, fell with a warm profuseness through the thin, light foliage, and a luminous, half-transparent roof of cloud spread like a vast, tangled and torn spider's web over the dome of the heavens. The incessant rippling and gurgling of the water filled their ears and made speech seem superfluous. As they approached the lake, they heard the sounds of violins, human voices and the trampling of feet, all blended together and softened by the distance into a low, unbroken hum; only now and then a bit of melody somehow got detached from the blended confusion, straying off with a few airy leaps, and again vanishing with unaccountable suddenness. Gradually the noise grew louder, the vivid colors of ladies' dresses were seen shimmering through the leaves, and laughter resounded between the bleak rocks. With two long strides Einar was once more at Helga's side; without a word of warning, he seized her hand, while she stopped and looked at him with startled eyes.

"Miss Helga," he said, with a low, passionate earnestness, "forgive me my folly. You were right when you said that this day's triumph has been too much for me. And then the humiliation, too, and the intoxication of your sympathy. I do not really know whether I have offended you or not, but I fear I have. I know you must have had cause to be angry with me. But you will not be angry with me. Will you, Miss Helga?"

There was something irresistibly sweet in this tender appeal, and a feeling which, in her blindness, she took for compassion, began to stir dimly within her. She raised her eyes to his, meaning merely to express that she was in a sisterly and forgiving mood, but half unconsciously responding to the fervid intensity of his gaze. But now there was a rustling in the bushes, and Ingrid was seen running up the path, all aglow with heat and excitement.

"Oh, are you there at last, you naughty girl?" she cried, as she caught sight of Helga. "I was getting quite anxious about you, fearing that you might have tumbled over some precipice. And there is Mr. Finnson, too. Everybody is asking for him and wondering what has become of him."

Helga had suddenly withdrawn her hand; her cheeks were burning, and her heart went hammering away with quick, audible throbs. She could think of nothing to say to Ingrid which did not seem in some way false and hypocritical; and a caress which, between them, was always an acceptable substitute for spoken sentiments, appeared now like base duplicity.

"Why, how very solemn you are, both of you!" continued Ingrid, innocently, as her first exclamations elicited no reply. "Has anything extraordinary happened?"

"Yes, Miss Ingrid," answered Einar, in the tone which one is apt to adopt toward a sweet but spoiled child, "something very extraordinary has happened. Miss Helga wanted some beautiful ferns that grew on the other side of the stream, and I, in my folly, wishing to do her a favor, waded across, which very naturally made me wet. And when I returned, Miss Helga, instead of thanking me, gave me a scolding, and now, you see, we are both pouting."

This explanation seemed very plausible to Ingrid, who threw her arms about her friend's waist and laughed so heartily, that the others were compelled to join.

"To think of Mr. Finnson doing anything so very unfashionable," she cried, while her child-like, unreflecting laughter rang through the woods. "The next time he will swim across the lake for a daisy or a dandelion, if you happen to want it."

In the great tent, where a rough plank floor had been laid, the dancing was going on, with trampling, shouting and arm-swinging, according to old Norse fashion. On the croft outside the unengaged maidens had

gathered in a throng, and large, awkward swains were hovering about, trying to conquer their modest reluctance by jocose persuasions, and when these proved unavailing, by more forcible means. On the edge of the gayly draped platform, which had but recently shaken under the weight of Einar's eloquence, Nils Nyhus was now sitting, developing his political creed to half a dozen farmers, who manifested their approval or dissent by emphatic nods or interjections of doubtful remonstrance. The orator held in his hand a flat pint bottle of brandy, with which he judiciously re-enforced his arguments whenever he became conscious of their weakness.

"I don't care much that Andy Johnson gets tight," Einar heard him saying; "the best man will get tight now and then, when he is in good company. But his gab, sir—his gab, that is what I can't just swallow. You just uncork him, and he will rattle away for an hour or more, as long as there is anything left in him, like a bag of peas as has got a hole in the bottom. Now, the king of Norway may be bad enough, and I don't say as he aint, but I don't think he ever lied. He saith to one, 'Come,' and he cometh, and to another, 'Go,' and he goeth; but he don't gab like a rickety old woman as haint got anything better to do."

The bottle was here passed from mouth to mouth, and was returned to the speaker, who continued to recite his objections to the President.

On a grassy hillock, near the entrance to the tent, Miss Ramsdale and Doctor Van Flint were engaged in an animated discussion. They were old friends, and, for this very reason, never missed the opportunity to have what they called a little "tilt" with one another.

"You and Miss Raven are as intimate as ever, I suppose," the doctor was saying, as he removed his horn spectacles from his nose and rubbed them with his silk handkerchief.

Van Flint's spectacles seemed to be such an essential part of his face that you half imagined him to have been born with them. To surprise him without his glasses would have have been as embarrassing as to come upon him inadvertantly in an unbecoming dishabille. His eyes then blinked incessantly, appeared to have grown smaller, and to have lost something of their usual genial luster.

"Well, yes; do you think that is so strange?" Miss Ramsdale replied, putting herself immediately in an attitude of defense. "You probably fail to see what can attract her to so frivolous a creature as myself."

"Yes, it does seem rather singular," said the doctor, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I shall have my revenge on you, Doctor, sometime when you least expect it," ejaculated Miss Ida, with her nervous little laugh, and shaking her tiny parasol threateningly in the doctor's face.

"But you certainly yourself provoked the attack. I was in a most peaceful frame of mind, and had no inclination to break a lance with you."

"It appears much more unaccountable to me, that Helga can have such an exalted notion of a man who cherishes so mean an opinion of her sex as you do, Doctor."

"I am quite ready to agree with you." And that radiant, winning smile, which seemed somehow an abstract of the doctor's whole personality, broke through his bushy mustache and spread slowly over his countenance. "But for all that," he went on, "I am agreeably surprised to hear that anybody, and especially Miss Raven, has an exalted idea of my accomplishments."

"And why 'especially Miss Raven'? Would it surprise you less if I were to tell you that I have the most unbounded admiration for you?"

"Yes. It would only confirm my previous opinion of your whimsicality, and add another to the many contradictions of your character."

"Now, that I call base treachery," cried the girl, shaking her piquant head and aiming a wild-flower, which she had been twirling in her hand, at the doctor's face. "Here I have for years been nursing a serpent in my bosom. I have believed you my friend and unsuspiciously revealed to you my peculiarities, and you have only been studying me,—only valued me as a means of confirming or testing the validity of your detestable theories of female imperfection."

"Even so, my dear. And since you have learned that it is not safe to measure strength with me in controversy, I propose that, temporarily at least, we suspend hostilities. Here is my hand."

Ida, with playful reluctance, put her small, daintily begloved hand into the doctor's broad palm, laughed and rose to go.

"I will forgive you this time," she said. "There, I see Helga and Mr. Finnson coming. Let us go to meet them."

"Tell me, Miss Ida," said Van Flint, in a confidential tone, as he walked on at her side, "can you imagine why Miss Raven has taken such a dislike to Finnson? She always scouts his opinions as utterly absurd, and refuses to show the amiable side of her nature in his presence. Finnson is certainly a very handsome and gentlemanly fellow, and I, for my part, cannot understand why anybody should dislike him."

"There, at last I have an advantage over you," answered Ida, smiling. "After all, I understand women better than you do. Helga, you know, has the idea that a man should be something grand and heroic, and I am afraid she is often apt to take mere oddity for heroism. Now, Mr. Finnson is too smooth and polished and gentlemanly for a hero, and that is what makes her so impatient with him. She was probably at the outset, judging from his magnificent performance on the organ, determined to believe him great, and has ever since been looking in vain for the heroic trait in him."

"I gave her credit for greater keenness of perception than she evidently possesses," said the doctor, meditatively. "However, everybody can't be a hero, and he certainly is more of one than either she or others are ready to suspect."

The subjects of their conversation were now within hearing, and Ida had to check her tongue and refrain from further comment.

"My dear girl," she cried, as Helga advanced toward her, tall, stately, and with a mild seriousness in her face, "I have saved half the contents of my lunch-basket for you, and as my appetite, thanks to the doctor's lecture, has had time to revive since dinner, I shall be happy to bear you company."

The discomfort of wet stockings and trowsers rather chilled Einar's ardor for the rest of the day, and made him eager to return home by the first steamer, which started for the town about seven o'clock in the evening. Helga and Ingrid were both tired, and Van Flint, whose note-book had received many valuable contributions, had now quite satisfied his literary curiosity; he had observed how Norsemen conducted themselves in a crowd and when under the influence of patriotic excitement, which enabled him to settle several important points regarding the ancient *Althing** and to make the picture of such a gathering vividly present to his imagination. Miss Ramsdale and Mrs. Norderud also boarded the same boat, which arrived in Hardanger just as the moon rose, large and glowing, over the eastern hill-tops.

In the tent the dance continued until twelve. Then the shrill steam whistles shrieked. The young men and maidens embarked, and as they sailed out upon the water a fine Norse tenor sang the beautiful national anthem, "Yes, we love this land of ours." It rose clear and solemn through the still night.

* The legislative assembly of the ancient Icelanders.

CHAPTER XII.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

THE editorial brilliancy and the financial success of "The Citizen" had for months past been the leading themes of conversation in Hardanger. The stock had risen rapidly and was now worth nearly three times its original value. The handsome young editor, whose polished exterior and undeniable cleverness had at first been commented upon with a certain knowing suspicion, rose with every day higher in popular favor, especially since his influence had manifested itself so strikingly in the late county and state elections. Be it in parenthesis remarked that virtue, according to the Hardanger code, must needs be clumsily arrayed, slow of speech and devoid of social graces; elegance and agility of mind and body, especially in a person whose antecedents were mythical, were *a priori* a suspicious circumstance. It was not until success had stamped them with approval that they were recognized as adding to the luster of their possessor.

The spirit of competition which sociologists assert to be the grand motor in our Western civilization was mightily stirred in Hardanger by the unexampled prosperity of Norderud's paper. Immediately after the spring elections no less that three new journals were started, two of which died an untimely death, while the third eked out a sort of negative existence by contradicting the statements of "The Citizen" and flinging abuse at its editor and candidates. This ill-natured surviver, which had been christened "The Democratic Banner," had secured the editorial services of Mr. George Washington Bingham, who, after having exhausted all manner of possible and impossible agencies and changed his profession and

politics at least a dozen times (though never without some plausible reason), had now at last found his proper sphere. He dispensed his gall with a liberal hand, mostly in the shape of puns and watery witticisms, and strove with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, to feed the antagonism which had always existed between the Norse-Republican and the Irish-Democratic elements in the population.

To Einar, with his Norse notions of honor and civic duty, this manifest desire to produce hatred and discord seemed almost fiendish, and he and the doctor spent many an hour in earnest discussion as to what course they should pursue toward their importunate persecutor. With his keenly sensitive temperament he could never quite conquer the angry stirrings within him when he read the contemptuous adjectives which were daily applied to his name. It might have been easier to meet them with disdainful silence as the doctor advised, if his own tender conscience had not so often echoed the senseless accusations. The gad-fly to which the Greek sage compared himself might have been a mere petty annoyance to the noble horse of state, as long as his skin was whole; but if it kept ever pestering an open wound, the severe measure which the horse in the end adopted was not without excuse. Between our hero and his antagonist the advantages were almost as unequally divided, only here the case was reversed, the gad-fly having the advantage of the horse. The one was bound by scruples from which the other was conveniently free; and the one who scorned to retaliate with the same weapons with which he was attacked had, before the public which they both addressed, only very slow and ineffective means of redress. "The grand vizier of our self-constituted sultan," "That mendacious interloper," "That detestable ink-slinger," etc., were expressions at which the doctor could well afford to laugh, but which never quite lost their sting to him whom they were intended to vilify.

To complicate the situation still further, dissensions broke out among the Norsemen themselves. Any student of the Sagas knows what a genius this race has for quarreling, and the energy displayed on the present occasion was gratifying as a proof that the Saga spirit was still as active as ever. After the May festival the pastor no longer scrupled to invoke the wrath of God upon Norderud and his followers, and with every day he grew fiercer in his denunciations. It is so comfortable to believe that one's own enemies are also the enemies of the Almighty; and the Old Testament, as Mr. Falconberg remarked, furnishes an abundance of evidence as to how people of that order ought to be dealt with. To eject Norderud from the church which he had himself built and for whose growth he had labored so faithfully, was a measure which had to be carefully prepared, and to this end the zealous prelate cautiously sounded the minds of the more influential members of his congregation, and as a skillful tactician rallied his forces about him. Like every powerful man, Norderud of course had his enviers, and, moreover, there were among the immigrants of later years many who honestly disapproved of his leaning toward Americanism and his apparent disloyalty to the land of his birth. Among all these the pastor found willing listeners and before long the hitherto peaceful settlement found itself divided into two opposing camps, each of which held itself in readiness for an hostile encounter. Mr. Falconberg's partisans, who clung to their Norse monarchical beliefs and traditions, soon became known as the Norse-Norsemen, while the progressive republicans who gathered around Norderud's banner called themselves Norse-Americans.

Hitherto the whole Norse population of Hardanger had (to use the pastor's phrase) followed the Republican party as faithfully as the tail follows the horse, but now the antagonism toward "The Citizen" and its editor produced numerous political conversions and brought an unexpected increase to the constituency of the "Democratic Banner." Both parties were equally primitive in the importance they attached to anything which appeared in print, and it would no doubt have transcended their logic if their scanty reading had brought anything to their notice which conflicted with the catechism and the tenets of Lutheran orthodoxy. It is therefore only fair to believe that the Norse-Norsemen acted in good faith when they chuckled over the witticisms of "The Banner" and spread the vituperations which were every week showered upon "the self-constituted sultan and his grand vizier."

On the evening of the fourth of July, while the town band was playing on the square in front of the Norderud block, an excited group of Scandinavian youths had gathered on the corner at O'Leary's saloon and were discussing the leading question of the day with considerable vehemence. "The Citizen" for that week had contained the asser-

tion that "the bondage in which the Norwegian clergy kept their countrymen not only retarded their growth to spiritual manhood, but also injured their political influence and made them subjects to the very power they were so zealously combating." The dispute was every moment growing more violent; the more hot-headed among the pastor's adherents accused their opponents of hyprocrisy, disloyalty, etc.; from words they came to blows, and a street brawl seemed imminent, when they were joined by Mr. Bingham of "The Banner," and the Norse-Americans, seeing that they were outnumbered, retired from the field followed by the uproarious jeering and hooting of the victors. Bingham invited the remainder into the saloon, gave them a liberal treat and exhorted them not to waste their powder by fighting one another, but, if they had any pluck in them, "to go to head-quarters." A plan of attack was at last agreed upon; a barrel of tar and a few pounds of feathers were, by the help of the editor, procured from a neighboring store, and the company divided into two parties, one of which proceeded up Elm street to the doctor's dwelling, while the other stationed itself at a corner not far from the square.

Einar had been spending the afternoon at the office and had returned home rather later than usual. He had come to dread holidays of late, for he sometimes feared to be alone with himself. In the routine of his daily duties, while he was grappling with visible obstacles, he found a safeguard against dangerous thoughts. The motive of concealment, which at the time of its adoption had seemed so easy and innocent, weighed heavily upon his sensitive soul. Many a time a passionate yearning to fling the burden away rose within him, and again and again, when he sat alone with the doctor in the latter's study, the decisive word trembled upon his lips. But always the consequences rose dark and threatening before him and his courage died away. Even the affection of those whose friendship was dear to him was not without its sting of humiliation, for if they knew his real self, shorn of its imagined virtues, how long would their affection survive?

And still, he might perhaps in time have trained himself into a kind of restless resignation, and in the varied conquests of his career, found some source of contentment, if a new and powerful element had not entered into his life, and made a compromise with evil impossible. The fitful gusts of enthusiasm which had agitated him at the first sight of Helga had now gathered themselves into a strong unceasing current, which swept his life onward with its passionate impulse, bending every thought, and purpose and deed to its sway. Love, if it be true and deep, is a terrible self-revealer. It shuns half measures. It turns its pitiless light upon the hidden stains of the soul, stimulating us to an ever keener perception of our faults. And Einar felt more acutely with every passing day that the endeavor to win Helga's love, as it were, under an assumed name and character, would only deepen his guilt, and add to the load which already oppressed him. And still, how his lonely heart hungered for the sight of her, for a touch of her hand, nay, even for the unconscious rebuke of those calm, serious eyes. He had noticed of late that she avoided meeting him; that she no longer smiled her kindly welcome upon him when he sought her on Sundays after the service; that she was invariably engaged when he called to see her. Had her unerring womanly perception revealed to her what he had so scrupulously striven to conceal? Alas! the doubt was even harder to bear than the hopeless certainty. If he confessed all to her, would she not have pity on him? For he felt sure that with all her proud integrity, there was a deep fund of womanly pity in her heart, and she would not coldly condemn him.

It was with reflections like these dimly struggling in his brain, that Einar started from the doctor's cottage on the Fourth of July, and his steps half imperceptibly led him in the direction of Mrs. Raven's residence. It had been a hot, sultry day, as the Fourth of July is apt to be, although the sky had, during the afternoon, been shrouded with a somber veil of cloud. After sunset, a grateful coolness had lightened the atmosphere, and now the clouds were rolling away over the heavens in large white masses, showing deep rifts of blue ether between their airy embankments. Here and there a little star twinkled uneasily, but from sheer modesty vanished if you gazed fixedly upon it. The air teemed with strange subdued noises—that remote, indefinable hum with which the summer night shrouds itself, in our temperate zone, as with a thin robe of sound. The locusts kept up their monotonous whirr in the elms along the road-side, the grasshoppers responded with their shrill metallic note from

their hidden ambushes in the grass, and swarms of mosquitoes, attaching themselves to any chance wanderer, danced up and down in the air, showing now with sudden distinctness against the sky, then again vanishing into the twilight. All was so hushed, so solemn, so gently subdued. Even the stiff frame-work of the scattered houses, which stood with their gables to the street, rose with a softened outline out of the dusk, and the little garden-plots wafted out breaths of vague, warm odor from the chalices of slumbering flowers.

Einar was sauntering leisurely along the wooden sidewalk, stopping now and gazing out upon the mist-flooded valley, as the haunting dread of the possible future came upon him, then again walking on with renewed energy. He was striving to rout the fears that he felt to be unworthy of him, to steel his courage, and gather into a definite resolve the strength that had hitherto wasted itself in wild yearnings. Yes, yes, he would confess all to Helga. She *must* hear him; she must hear him *now*. With impetuous speed he hurried forward, when a man suddenly started up from the ditch close to him, and gave a sharp whistle with his hands, which was answered with a loud yell from further up the street. He stood still and listened; his whole soul seemed to be trembling in his ear. He heard swift footsteps approaching, and with a sudden realization of the danger, flung himself about and started to run. The figure in the middle of the street whistled twice, but did not pursue him. Another whoop, louder than the first, answered from the other direction. He paused for a moment for breath, and stood panting, pale, and bewildered. The clatter of feet hummed in his ears, coming nearer and nearer. With a desperate resolution, he turned once more and ran with his utmost speed, he hardly knew whither. The ground surged and billowed under his feet, dark masses moved before his eyes, and he felt only the air whizzing fiercely about his temples.

"There, there! He is coming!" shouted a voice close in front.

"Catch him! Hold him tight—the d——d brute!" cried another.

"Tar him, feather him! The cursed hypocrite!" was shouted from behind.

All around him fierce, strong hands clutched him. His hat and coat were torn off. With all the strength of despair he struck right and left, rushing hither and thither, tearing, thrusting and leaping, until something hard flew against his head, and through the cold numbness that held him as in an iron embrace, dim voices broke and hovered far and near, whirling him with an airy, dizzying speed upward, downward, through the wide unfathomable space.

Amund and Thorarin Norderud had been making an evening visit at Mrs. Raven's. They were just lingering at the gate in pleasant converse with Helga, who was sitting on the front steps, when the confused cries and noises from the street reached them.

"Hush, listen!" said Thorarin. "Some one is in distress. Let us go and see what it is."

"Yes," replied Amund, "and there is hardly any time to be lost. It is something serious. Good-night."

And they both started in hot haste down the road. Helga sprang to the gate, and peered anxiously in the direction where they had vanished. Her heart stood still, and a vague dread shook her frame.

The mob had, in the meanwhile, gathered in the middle of the street where Einar lay, half naked, bloody, and insensible. Some, terrified at the destruction they had wrought, had given up their ultimate purpose, and sauntered uneasily on the outskirts of the crowd. They had promised themselves a good sport, and now they trembled at the thought of having perhaps destroyed a human life. It is not such stuff as they that murderers are made of.

"The devil!" muttered one. "He fought like a wild beast. It is d——d business. I am glad I had nothing to do with it. I didn't touch him."

"You didn't!" cried another, whom the fascination of seeing a human being bleeding and mutilated still kept near the center. "I should like to know, then, who did. I saw you fling the brick. I can swear I saw it."

Here, in an instant, the crowd flew apart, and the two brothers sprang forward; then knelt down at the side of the victim.

"Great God!" exclaimed Amund. "It is Finnson. Dead! Dead!"

"Hurry, quick!" commanded Thorarin. "Run for the doctor—Doctor Remsen. He is nearest. I dare not move him till he comes."

Amund rushed away, and his brother, hardly knowing what he could do, sat gazing mournfully at the pale, upturned face. There was a large wound on the side of the head and the blood flowed freely. Then at

least he was still alive. Thorarin was painfully conscious of his inability to help; he thought of raising the bruised head, of binding his handkerchief about the wound, to contrive in some way to stop the blood, but very likely he might be doing mischief instead of good. Of the hooting, jeering crowd not one was left; the street was silent and desolate as far as the eye could reach; only the crickets sounded their patient monotone in the grass.

At last rapid footsteps were heard approaching; it was Amund and the doctor. A light was struck, for the day was ebbing swiftly away and the twilight hardly permitted one to ascertain the extent of the injury. The face was deathly pale, and, strangely enough, one eye was staring with a glassy, dilated pupil, while the other was singularly contracted; the doctor placed his finger on the sufferer's pulse,—it was feeble and irregular. He shook his head in a way that the brothers well knew how to interpret. The nearest gate, leading into a bit of meadow, was torn from its hinges and the insensible body carefully placed upon it. Amund and Thorarin lifted it, one at each end, and led the way toward Mrs. Raven's dwelling. It was the nearest house within reach, except a few dismal cottages.

Helga was still standing at the garden gate. Her vague apprehension had in some unaccountable way deepened into a very definite dread, and as the men passed by her with their burden she hardly stirred or spoke. She only clung convulsively to the gate-post and trembled violently. But when the door was opened and the light from within revealed the hideous work of violence, she bounded forward, stooped down over the half-clad, motionless form outstretched on the bier, and stood staring with fierce, incredulous eyes. Then with a low moan she turned about and moved away.

Norderud's sons lifted the body, slowly, tenderly in their arms and carried it in. In the hall they were met by Mrs. Raven.

"God have mercy on us!" she cried, raising her hands above her head with a gesture of terror. "Great heavens, what has happened?"

"It is Finnson," said Thorarin; "we could not carry him farther."

The doctor, on examination, found that the skull was fractured, probably by the corner of a brick, but it was a clean wound and the brain appeared to be uninjured. The broken bone was easily raised without use of the trepan, but the concussion must have been severe, for consciousness did not immediately return. The strange sighing respirations continued, but the pulse-beat became fuller and less rapid, and the eyes began to show a slight sensibility to the light.

Mrs. Raven and Thorarin in the meanwhile were engaged in making ready a room upstairs for the reception of the patient. It was the room which had once been occupied by Gustav Raven, and it had remained empty since the day he had departed for the war. The old lady went bustling about, talking half aloud to herself, but evidently for Thorarin's benefit. Now she paused to brush away a tear, as she took down the faded dressing-gown and the little round, tasseled smoking-cap which were hanging on nails against the wall; now she touched with caressing hands the white curtains around the looking-glass and the toilet-table and disposed the folds properly, or, perhaps, shook the rug in front of the bed, and gazed in regretful retrospect at the dainty embroidery of the slippers.

"To think that anybody should ever sleep in his bed, Thorarin," she said in a voice of tearful remonstrance (for as a gentlewoman she took the liberty of calling all Norderud's children by their first names). "Not that I would deny a poor fellow shelter as long as I have a shingle over my own head. No, God preserve me from ever committing such a sin. But here on this toilet-table I put out a bottle of the kind of perfumery which he always liked (and he *was* always fond of smelling things, poor boy!), and he never came and got it, and so here it stands until this day. And when he wrote that he was to come home in a month on a furlough, then I thanked God that my great calla-lily was swelling as if it were going to blossom about that time. And blossom it did. But at last I had to cut the flower and I made a fine bouquet of roses and hyacinths, and some greens and the great calla-flower in the middle. And as I went to bed that night I thought surely God would send him back to me that day. For it was He who had made the calla-lily open, and my Gustav always was so fond of the smell of it. The Lord knows I weep this day as I did then. Here are the flowers yet in the vase on the table, Thorarin. They are all dead now. And when we bought our new table and bed linen I would not mark it S. R. with my initials as I had always done before, but I marked it all G. R., for I thought that some day he would want to go to Nor-

way and get himself a good wife, and then it would be well to have the linen marked with his own name so he wouldn't have to buy it all new. Here you see, Thorarin—and then to think that he should never come home to his mother again and never go to Norway and never get any wife."

Mrs. Raven stood tearfully viewing the pillow-case with the embroidered initials, but seeing that her companion was too much absorbed in the present misfortune to have much sympathy to spare for her, she laid it down with a sigh of resignation, smoothed it out carefully, and moved toward the door.

"One moment, Mrs. Raven, if you please," demanded the young farmer, walking close up to her and speaking in a confidential whisper. "I am sorry that we have brought all this trouble upon you. It is all my fault, and I hope you will allow me to bear the expense, whatever it may be. But probably ——"

"Sir!" interrupted the old gentlewoman fiercely, drawing herself up into an attitude of stiff dignity. "I hope you are not aware that you are speaking to the widow of a royal Norwegian government——"

"Yes, yes, certainly I am," broke in Thorarin, a little impatiently. "I assure you I meant no harm. But we will say nothing more about it, at least not to-night."

"I am glad you have recovered your senses," rejoined Mrs. Raven, still visibly bristling.

Down in the lower hall she met Amund, who inquired anxiously for Helga.

"How is he now, the poor young man?" asked she, heedless of his question.

"Not much change yet," answered Amund, sadly. "We must move him upstairs at once."

"Oh yes, yes, we must thank God," murmured she, moving her hands and head in token of effusive gratitude. "Since this thing had to happen, we should be grateful to God that it did not happen to us."

Mrs. Raven had a notion that sickness and misfortune were a kind of force or fluid which was hovering about in the air, and in the end had to come down on somebody; and with the generosity peculiar to her type of Christians she prayed devoutly to God that that somebody might be her neighbor rather than herself.

(To be continued.)

THE DOUGLASS SQUIRREL OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Douglass squirrel is by far the most interesting and influential of all the California sciuridæ, surpassing every other species in force of character, numbers, extent of range, and in the amount of influence he brings to bear upon the health and distribution of the vast forests he inhabits.

Go where you will throughout the noble woods of the Sierra Nevada,—among the giant pines and spruces of the lower zones, up through the towering silver-firs to the storm-bent thickets of the Alps, you everywhere find this little squirrel the master-existence. Though only a few inches long, so intense is his fiery vigor and restlessness, he stirs every grove with wild life, and makes himself more important than even the huge bears that shuffle through the tangled underbrush beneath him. Every wind is fretted by his voice, almost every bole and branch feels the sting of his sharp feet. How much the growth of the trees is stimulated by this means it is not easy to learn, but his action in manipulating their seeds is more appreciable. Nature has made him master-forester and committed almost the whole of her coniferous crops to his paws. Probably over fifty per cent. of all the cones ripened on the Sierra are cut off and handled by the Douglass alone, and of those of the big trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), forming an interrupted belt nearly two hundred miles long, perhaps ninety per cent. pass through his hands. The greater portion is of course stored away for food during the winter and spring, but some of them are tucked separately into holes, and loosely covered, where they germinate and become trees. But the Sierra is only one of the many provinces over which he holds sway, for his dominion extends over all the redwood belt of the coast mountains, and far northward throughout the majestic forests of Oregon and Washington Territory. I make haste to mention these facts, to show upon how substantial a foundation the importance I ascribe to him rests.

The only one of the family to which the Douglass is very closely allied is the red squirrel or chickaree of the eastern woods.

Ours may be a lineal descendant of this species, probably distributed westward to the Pacific by way of the great lakes, and thence southward along our forested ranges. This view is suggested by the fact that our species becomes redder and more chickaree-like in general, the farther it is traced back along the course indicated above. But whatever their relationship, and the evolutionary forces that have acted upon them, the Douglass is now the larger and more beautiful animal.

From the nose to the root of the tail, he measures about eight inches; and his tail, which he so effectively uses in interpreting his feelings, is about six inches in length. He wears dark bluish gray over the back and half-way down the sides, bright buff on the belly, with a stripe of dark gray, nearly black, separating the upper and under colors. This dividing stripe, however, is not very sharply defined. He has long black whiskers, which gives him a rather fierce look when observed closely, strong claws, sharp as fish-hooks, and the brightest of bright eyes, full of telling speculation.

A King's River Indian told me that they call him "pillillooeet," which, rapidly pronounced with the first syllable heavily accented, is not unlike the lusty exclamation he utters on his way up a tree when excited. Most mountaineers in California call him the pine-squirrel, and when I asked an old trapper the other day whether he knew our little forester, he replied with brightening countenance:

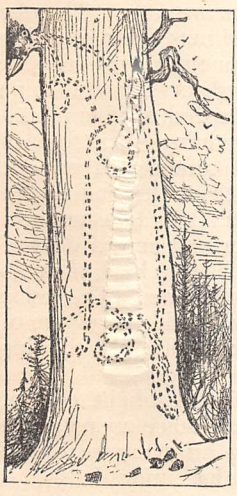
"Oh yes, of course I know him; everybody knows him. When I'm hunting in the woods, I often find out where the deer are by his barking at them. I call 'em lightnin' squirrels, because they're so mighty quick and peert."

All the true squirrels are more or less bird-like in speech and movements; but the Douglass is pre-eminently so, possessing, as he does, every attribute peculiarly squirrel-ish enthusiastically concentrated. He is the squirrel of squirrels, flashing from branch to branch of his favorite evergreens, crisp and glossy, and undiseased as a sunbeam. Give him wings, and he would outfly any bird in the woods. His big, gray cousin is a looser animal, seemingly light enough to float on the wind. Yet when leaping from limb to limb, or out of one tree-top to another, he sometimes halts to gather strength, as if making efforts concerning the upshot of which he could not always feel exactly confident. But the Douglass, with his denser body, leaps and glides in hidden strength, seemingly as independent of common muscles as a mountain stream. He threads the tasseled branches of the pines, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks; getting into what seem to be the most impossible situations, without sense of danger; now on his haunches, now on his head; yet ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outbursts of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose. He is, without exception, the wildest animal I ever saw,—a fiery, sputtering little bolt of life, luxuriating in quick oxygen and the woods' best juices. One can hardly think of such a creature being dependent, like the rest of us, on climate and food. But, after all, it requires no long acquaintance to learn he is human, for he works for a living. His busiest time is in the Indian summer. Then he gathers burrs and hazel-nuts like a plodding farmer, working continuously every day for hours; saying not a word; cutting off the ripe cones at the top of his speed, as if employed by the job, and examining every branch in regular order, as if careful that not one should escape him; then, descending, he stores them away beneath logs and stumps, in anticipation of the pinching hunger days of winter. He seems himself a kind of coniferous fruit, both fruit and flower. The rosiny essences of the pines pervade every pore of his body, and eating his flesh is like chewing gum.

One never tires of this bright chip of nature,—this brave little voice crying in the wilderness,—observing his many works and ways, and listening to his curious language. His musical, piney gossip is savory to the ear as balsam to the palate; and, though he has not exactly the gift of song, some of his notes are sweet as those of a linnet,—almost flute-like in softness; while others prick and tingle like thistles. He is the mocking-bird of squirrels, pouring forth mixed chatter and song like a perennial fountain. Barking like a dog, screaming like a hawk, whistling like blackbirds and sparrows; while in bluff, audacious noisiness he is a jay.

In descending the trunk of a tree with the intention of alighting on the ground, he preserves a cautious silence, mindful, perhaps, of foxes and wild-cats; but there is no end to his capers and noise while rocking safely

at home; and woe to the gray squirrel or chipmunk that ventures to set foot on his favorite tree! No matter how slyly they trace the furrows of the bark, they are speedily discovered, and kicked down-stairs with comic vehemence, while a torrent of angry notes comes rushing from his whiskered lips that sounds remarkably like human swearing. He will even attempt at times to drive away dogs and men, especially if he has had no previous knowledge of them. Seeing a man for the first time, he approaches nearer and nearer, until within a few feet; then, with an angry outburst, he makes a sudden rush, all teeth and eyes, as if about to eat you up. But, finding that the big, forked animal doesn't scare worth a nut, he prudently beats a retreat, and sets himself up to reconnoiter on some overhanging branch, scrutinizing every movement you make with ludicrous solemnity. Gathering courage, he ventures down the trunk again, churring and chirping, and jerking nervously up and down in curious loops, eying you all the time, as if showing off and demanding your admiration. Finally, growing calmer, he settles down in a comfortable posture on some horizontal branch commanding a good view, and beats time with his tail to a steady "Cheéup! cheéup!" or, when somewhat less excited, "Peéah!" with the first syllable keenly accented, and the second drawn out like the scream of a hawk,—repeating this slowly and more emphatically at first, then gradually faster, until a rate of about a hundred and fifty words a minute is reached, and usually sitting all the time on his haunches, with paws resting on his belly, which pulses visibly with each word. It is remarkable, too, that, though articulating distinctly, he keeps his mouth shut most of the time, and speaks through his nose. I have occasionally observed him even eating sequoia seeds and nibbling a troublesome flea, without ceasing or in any way confusing his steady "Peéah! peéah!" for a single moment.



TRACK OF DOUGLASS SQUIRREL ONCE DOWN AND UP A PINE-TREE WHEN SHOWING OFF TO A SPECTATOR.

While ascending trees all his claws come into play, but in descending, the weight of his body is sustained chiefly by those of the hind feet; still, in neither case do his movements suggest effort, though if you are near enough you may see the bulging strength of his short, bear-like arms, and note his sinewy fists clinched in the bark.

Whether going up or down, he carries his tail extended at full length in line with his body, unless it be required for gestures. But while running along horizontal limbs or fallen trunks, it is frequently folded forward over the back, with the airy tip daintily upcurled. In cool weather it keeps him warm. Then, after he has finished his meal, you may see him couched close on some level limb with his blanket neatly spread and reaching forward to his ears, the electric, out-standing hairs quivering in the breeze like pine-needles. But in wet or very cold weather he stays in his nest, and while curled up there his comforter is long enough to come forward around his nose. It is seldom so cold, however, as to prevent his going out to his stores when hungry.

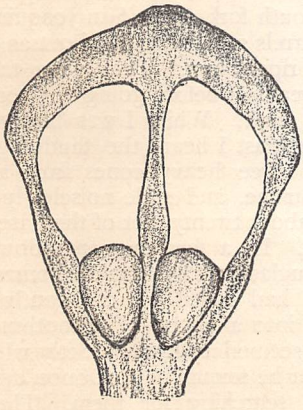
Once while making a winter ascent of Mount Shasta, I lay storm-bound on the extreme upper edge of the timber line for three days, and while the thermometer stood nearly at zero and the sky was thick with driving snow, a Douglass came bravely out several times from one of the lower hollows of a dwarf pine, faced the wind without seeming to feel it much, frisked lightly about over the mealy snow and dug his way down to some hidden seeds with wonderful precision, as if to his eyes the thick snow-covering were glass.

No other of the Sierra animals of my acquaintance is better fed, not even the deer, amid abundance of sweet herbs and shrubs, or the mountain sheep, or omnivorous bears. His food consists of hazel-nuts, chinquapins, and the nuts and seeds of all the coniferous trees without exception, —pine, fir, spruce, libocedorus, torreya, juniper and sequoia,—he is fond of them all, and they all agree with him, green or ripe. No cone is too large for him to manage, none so small as to be beneath his notice. The smaller ones, such as those of the Williamson and Douglass spruce and the two-leafed pine, he cuts off and eats on a branch of the tree, without allowing them to fall; beginning at the bottom of

the cone and cutting away the scales to expose the seeds; not gnawing by guess like a bear, but turning them round and round in regular order, in compliance with their spiral arrangement.

When thus employed, his location in the tree is betrayed by a dribble of scales, shells, and seed-wings, and, every few minites, by the stripped axis of the cone. Then of course he is ready for another, and if you are watching you may catch a glimpse of him as he glides silently out to the end of a branch and see him examining the cone-clusters until he finds one to his mind, then, leaning over, pull back the springy needles out of his way, grasp the cone with his paws to prevent its falling, snip it off in an incredibly short time, seize it with jaws grotesquely stretched, and return to his chosen seat near the trunk. But the immense size of the cones of the sugar-pine, —from sixteen to twenty inches in length— and those of the yellow-pine, compels him to adopt a quite different method. He cuts them off without attempting to hold them, then goes down and drags them from where they have chanced to fall up to the bare, swelling ground around the instep of the tree, where he demolishes them in the same methodical way, beginning at the bottom and following the scale-spirals to the top.

From a single sugar-pine cone he gets from two to four hundred seeds about half the size of a hazel-nut, so that in a few minutes he can procure enough to last a week. He seems, however, to prefer those of the two silver-firs above all others; perhaps because they are most easily obtained, as the scales drop off when ripe without needing to be cut. Both species are filled with an exceedingly pungent, aromatic oil, which spices all his flesh, and is of itself sufficient to account for his lightning energy.



SEEDS, WINGS AND SCALES OF SUGAR-PINE. (NAT. SIZE.)

You may easily know this little workman by his chips. On sunny hill-sides around the principal trees they lie in big piles, —bushels and basketfuls of them, all fresh and clean, making the most beautiful kitchen-middens imaginable. The brown and yellow scales and nut-shells are as abundant and as delicately penciled and tinted as the shells along the sea-shore; while the red and purple seed-wings mingled with them would lead one to fancy that innumerable butterflies had met their fate there.

He feasts on all the species long before they are ripe, but is wise enough to wait until they are fully matured before he gathers them into his barns. This is in October and November, which with him are the two busiest months of the year. All kinds of burrs, big and little, are now cut off and showered down alike, and the ground is speedily covered with them. A constant thudding and bumping is kept up; some of the larger cones chancing to fall on old logs make the forest re-echo with the sound. Other nut-eaters less industrious know well what is going on, and hasten to carry away the cones as they fall. But however busy the harvester may be, he is not slow to descry the pilferers below, and instantly leaves his work to drive them away. The little striped tamias is a thorn in his flesh, stealing persistently, punish him as he may. The large gray squirrel gives trouble also, although the Douglass has been accused of stealing from him. Generally, however, just the opposite is the case.

The excellence of the Sierra evergreens is beginning to be well known; consequently there is considerable demand for their seeds. The greater portion of the supply is procured by chopping down the trees in the more accessible sections of the forests alongside of bridle-paths that cross the range. Sequoia seeds bring about eight or ten dollars per pound, and therefore are eagerly sought after. Some of the smaller fruitful trees are cut down in the groves not protected by government, especially those of Fresno and Kings River. Most of them, however, are of so gigantic a size that the seedsmen have to look for the greater portion of their supplies to the Douglass, who soon learns that he is no match for these freebooters. He is wise enough, how-

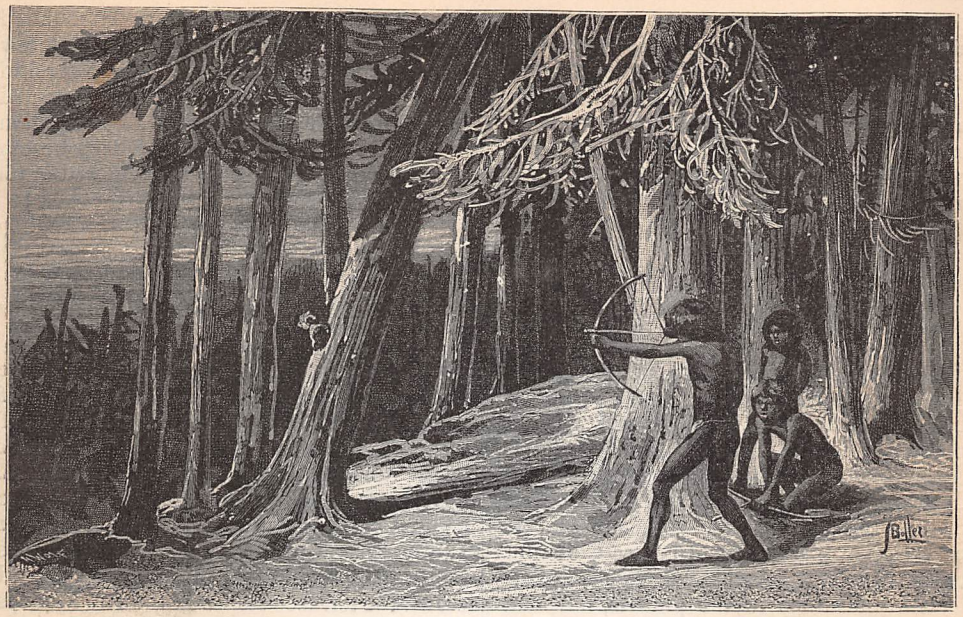
ever, to cease working the instant he perceives them, and never fails to embrace every opportunity to recover his burrs whenever they happen to be stored in any place accessible to him, and the busy seedsmen often find on returning to camp that the little Douglass has very exhaustively spoiled the spoiler. I know one seed-gatherer who, whenever he robs the squirrels, scatters wheat or barley beneath the trees as conscience-money.

The want of appreciable life remarked by so many travelers in the Sierra forests is never felt at this time of year. Banish all the humming insects and the birds and quadrupeds, leaving only Sir Douglass, and the most solitary of our so-called solitudes would still throb with ardent life. But if you should go impatiently even into the most populous of the groves on purpose to meet him, and walk about looking up among the branches, you will see very little of him. You should lie down at the foot of one of the trees and he will come. For, in the midst of the ordinary forest sounds, the fallings of burrs, piping of quails, the screams of the Clark crow, and the rustling of deer and bears among the chaparral, he is quick to detect your strange footsteps, and will hasten to make a good, close inspection of you as soon as you are still. First, you may hear him sounding a few notes of curious inquiry, but more likely the first intimation of his approach will be the prickly sounds of his feet as he descends the tree overhead, just before he makes his savage onrush to frighten you and proclaim your presence to every other squirrel and bird in the neighborhood. If you are now capable of remaining perfectly motionless, he will make a nearer and nearer approach, and probably set your flesh a-tingle by frisking across your body. Once, while seated at the foot of a Williamson spruce in one of the most inaccessible of the San Joaquin Yosemites engaged in sketching, a reckless fellow came up behind me, passed under my bended arm, and jumped on my paper. And while an old friend of mind was reading one warm afternoon out in the shade of his cabin, one of his Douglass neighbors jumped from the gable upon his head, then with admirable assurance ran down over his shoulder and on to the book he held in his hand.

Our Douglass enjoys a large social circle. For besides his numerous relatives, *Sciurus fossor*, *Tamias quadrivitatus*, *T. Townsendii*, *Spermophilus Beecheyi*, *S. Douglassii*, he maintains intimate relations with the nut-eating birds, particularly the Clark crow—*Picicorrus columbianus*—and the numerous woodpeckers and jays. The two spermophiles are astonishingly abundant in the lowlands and lower foot-hills, but more and more sparingly distributed up through the Douglass domains,—seldom venturing higher than six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The gray sciurus ranges but little higher than this. The little striped tamias alone is associated with him everywhere.

In the lower and middle zones, where they all meet, they are tolerably harmonious—a happy family, though very amusing skirmishes may occasionally be witnessed. Wherever the ancient glaciers that once loaded the range spread forest soil, there you find our wee hero, most abundant where depth of soil and genial climate have given rise to a corresponding luxuriance in the trees, but following every kind of growth up the curving moraines to the edge of the highest glacial fountains.

Though I cannot of course expect all my readers to sympathize fully in my admiration of this little animal, few I hope will think this sketch of his life too long. I cannot begin to tell here how much he has cheered my lonely wanderings during all the years I have been pursuing my studies in these glorious wilds; or how much unmistakable humanity I have found in him. Take this for example: One calm, creamy, Indian summer morning, when the nuts were ripe, I was camped in the upper pine-woods of the south fork of the San Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed to be about as plentiful as the ripe burrs. They were taking an early breakfast before going to their regular harvest work. While I was busy with my own breakfast I heard the thudding fall of two or three heavy cones from a yellow pine near me, and stole noiselessly forward within about twenty feet of the base of it to observe. In a few moments down came the Douglass. The breakfast-burrs he had cut off had rolled on the gently sloping ground into a clump of ceanothus bushes, but he seemed to know exactly where they were, for he found them at once, apparently without searching for them. They were more than twice as heavy as himself, but after turning them into the right position for getting a good hold with his long sickle-teeth he managed to drag them up to the foot of the tree he had cut them from, moving backward. Then seating himself comfortably, he held them on end, bottom



TRYING THE BOW.

up, and demolished them with easy rapidity. A good deal of nibbling had to be done before he got anything to eat, because the lower scales are barren, but when he had patiently worked his way up to the fertile ones he found two sweet nuts at the base of each, shaped like trimmed hams, and purple spotted like birds' eggs. And notwithstanding these cones were dripping with soft balsam, and covered with prickles, and so strongly put together that a boy would be puzzled to cut them open with a jack-knife, he accomplished his meal with easy dignity and cleanliness, making less effort apparently than a man would in eating soft cookery from a plate.

Breakfast done, I thought I would whistle a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. I sang and whistled more than a dozen tunes, and as the music changed his eyes sparkled, and he turned his head quickly from side to side, but made no other response. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, chipmunks also, and birds. One of the birds, a handsome, speckle-breasted thrush, seemed even more interested than the squirrels. After listening for a while on one of the lower dead sprays of a pine, he came swooping forward within a few feet of my face, where he remained fluttering in the air for half a minute or so, sustaining himself with whirring wing-beats, like a humming-bird in front of a flower, while I could look into his eyes and see his innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sang or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglass sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Pillillooeet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, "I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiney." This acted as a signal for the general dispersal of the whole hairy tribe, though the birds seemed willing to wait further developments, music being naturally more in their line.

No one who makes the acquaintance of our forester will fail to admire him; but he is far too self-reliant and warlike ever to be taken for a darling.

I have no idea how long he lives. The young seem to sprout from knot-holes,—perfect from the first, and as enduring as their own trees. It is difficult, indeed, to

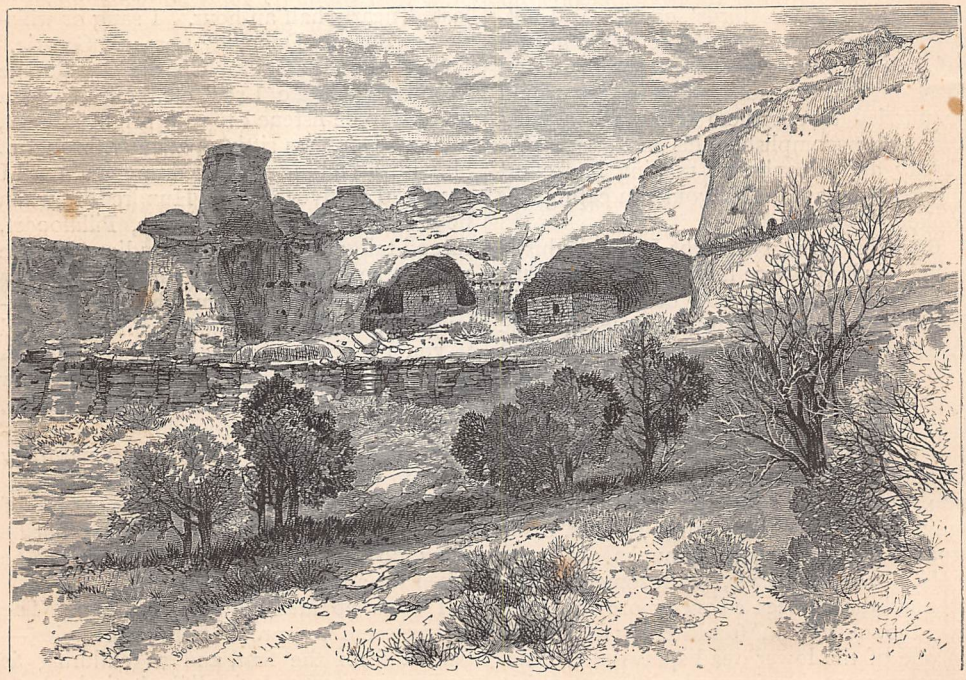
realize that so condensed a piece of sun-fire should ever become dim or die at all. He is seldom killed by hunters, for he is too small to encourage much of their attention, and when pursued in settled regions becomes excessively shy, and keeps close in the furrows of the highest trunks, many of which are of the same color as himself. Indian boys, however, lie in wait with unbounded patience to shoot them with arrows. A few fall a prey to rattlesnakes in the lower and middle zones. Occasionally he is pursued by hawks and wild-cats, etc. But, upon the whole, he dwells safely in the deep bosom of the woods, the most highly favored of all his happy tribe. May his tribe increase!

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

OUR ancestors named this the New World. They grouped their cabins upon its shores, believing themselves to be the first who had planted colonies within its primeval forests. After several hundred years' possession, we discover that successive and unnumbered civilizations had, possibly, flourished and decayed upon this continent before Columbus crossed the sea. Archæologists have examined fortifications in the prairies, have unearthed cities in the valleys, found sacrificial altars on the bluffs, and burial mounds by the water-courses, showing that the so-called New World is the mausoleum of a prehistoric race,—the cemetery of lost tribes, whose crumbling habitations are their only head-stones.

Of late, blown over the plains, come stories of strange newly discovered cities of the far south-west; picturesque piles of masonry, of an age unknown to tradition. These ruins mark an era among antiquarians. The mysterious mound-builders fade into comparative insignificance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Mancos and the Hovenweep [pronounced Hŏv'-en-weep].

A ruin, accidentally discovered by A. D. Wilson of the Hayden Survey several years ago, while he was pursuing his labors as chief of the topographical corps in Southern Colorado, is described to me by Mr. Wilson



ANCIENT CAVE-DWELLINGS ON THE McELMO.

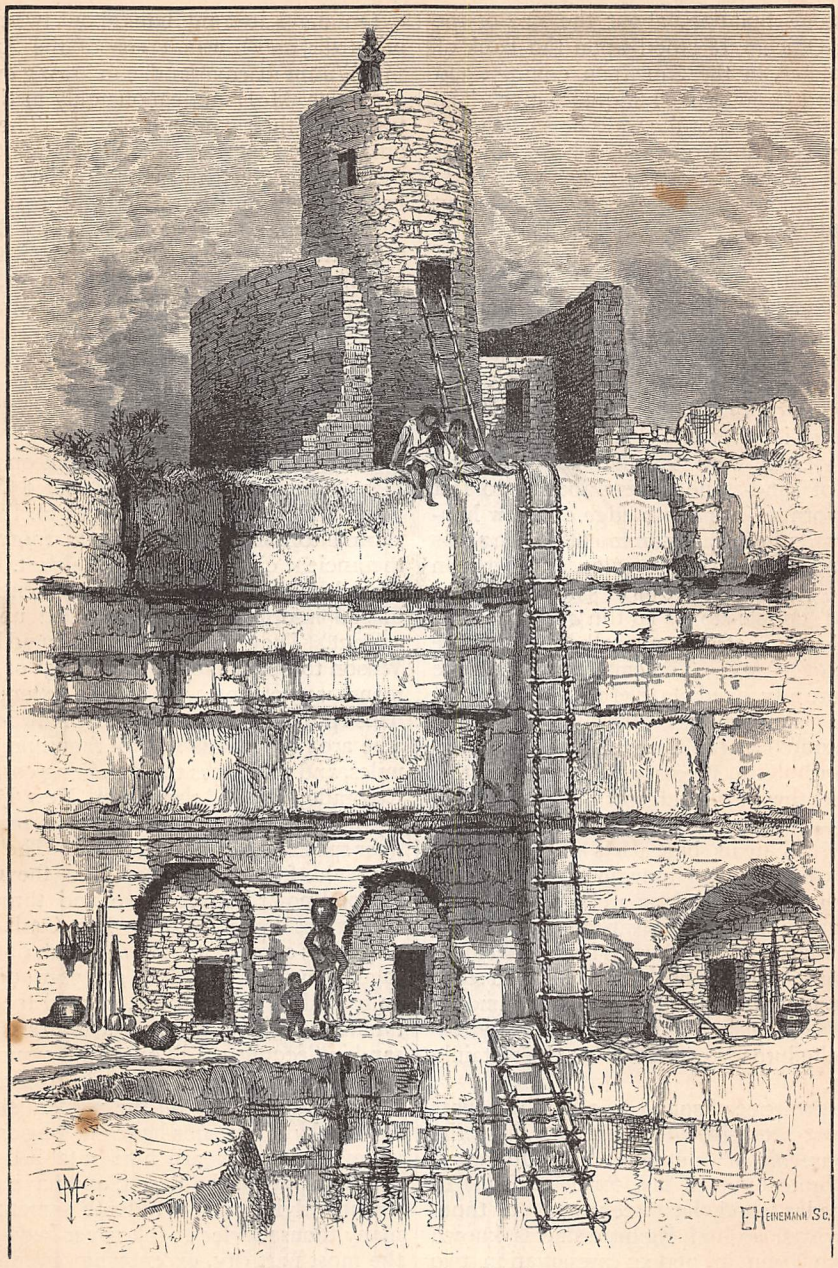
as a stone building, about the size of the Patent-Office. It stood upon the bank of the Animas, in the San Juan country, and contained perhaps five hundred rooms. The roof and portions of the walls had fallen, but the part standing indicated a height of four stories. A number of the rooms were fairly preserved, had small loop-hole windows, but no outer doors. The building had doubtless been entered originally by means of ladders resting on niches, and drawn in after the occupants. The floors were of cedar, each log as large around as a man's head, the spaces filled neatly by smaller poles and twigs, covered by a carpet of cedar-bark. The ends of the timber were bruised and frayed, as if severed by a dull instrument; in the vicinity were stone hatchets, and saws made of sand-stone slivers about two feet long, worn to a smooth edge. A few hundred yards from the mammoth building was a second large house in ruins, and between the two strongholds rows of small dwellings, built of cobble-stones laid in *adobe*, and arranged along streets, after the style of the village of to-day. The smaller houses were in a more advanced state of ruin, on account of the round stones being more readily disintegrated by the elements than the heavy masonry. The streets and houses of this deserted town are overgrown by juniper and piñon,—the latter a dwarf wide-spreading pine which bears beneath the scales of its cones delicious and nutritious nuts. From the size of the dead, as well as the living, trees, and from their position on the heaps of crumbling stone, Mr. Wilson concludes that a great period of time has elapsed since the buildings fell. How many hundred years they stood after desertion before yielding to the inroads of time cannot be certainly known.

The presence of sound wood in the houses does not set aside their antiquity. In the dry, pure air of Southern Colorado, wood fairly protected will last for centuries. In Asia cedar-wood has been kept a thousand years, and in Egypt cedar is known to have been in perfect preservation two thousand years after it left the forest. The cedars throughout the territories of the south-west do not rot, even in the groves. They die, and stand erect, solid and sapless. The winds and whirling sands carve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty, drill holes through the trunks, and play at hide-and-go-seek in the perforated limbs until, after ages of resistance, they literally blow away in atoms of fine, clean dust.

On the Rio San Juan, about twenty-five miles distant from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping-place. The scene as described was weird in the extreme. As the moon arose, the shadows of the phantom buildings were thrown darkly across the silvery plain. The blaze of camp-fires, the tiny tents, the negro cook, the men in buckskin hunting garb, and the picketed mules, made a strange picture of the summer's night, with background of moonlit desert and crumbling ruins, on whose ramparts towered dead, gaunt cedars, lifting their bleached skeletons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past.

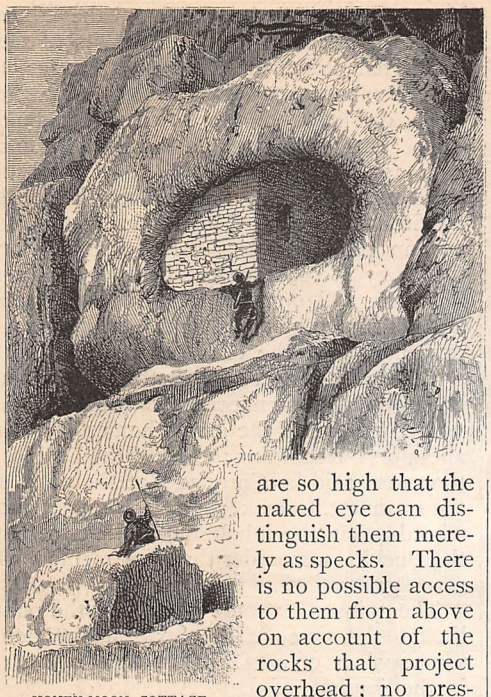
In the summer of 1874, a division of the Hayden Survey, specially detailed for the work, under the direction of W. H. Jackson, started to find, and investigate thoroughly, the ancient cities of the south-west. They have brought back the first authentic and official information ever received upon the subject. They report the ruins found by Mr. Wilson to be on the northern edge of an immense settlement, which once extended its dense population far down into New Mexico. The area covered is several thousand square miles, and embraces the adjoining corners of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, the most southerly ruins showing much the finer specimens of architecture. The region is remote from civilization, and the nearest railroad point between two and three hundred miles distant. From Fort Garland, the way leads across a trackless desert, dotted by sage-bush and stunted grease-wood, and enlivened by rattlesnakes, horned toads and tarantulas. In patches, the alkali rests on the sand in fleecy flakes, like new-fallen snow, and over all the sun beats down in tropical fury. The streams formed on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains have cut long cañoned valleys through nearly horizontal beds in the southern part of the desert, and have gashed the underlying rock to a depth sometimes of many thousand feet. The river-beds are for the most part dry, except when in spring the snows come from the mountains in a brief, cool flood, which, disappearing, leaves only pasty, brackish dregs in the pockets of the rocks. Very rarely there are found living springs trickling down the cañon-side, marked by the mosses and leaflets that even in deserts find out and dwell beside the tiniest rill.

Bounded by the Rio Mancos, the La Plata and the Rio San Juan, is a triangle



RESTORED TOWER AND CLIFF-HOUSES.

embracing an area of six hundred square miles which does not contain a drop of water. Around the edges of this triangle is a wide-spread net-work of ravines crusted with ruins. The San Juan and the La Plata have quite a width of bottom-land between their sides, but the Rio Mancos runs like a brooklet along its narrow path, shut in by sheer walls thousands of feet in height. On the terraces of the more open cañons are multitudes of picturesque ruins; in the bottom-lands, the remains of towns; in the wilder cañons, houses perched upon the face of the dizzy chasm. In an encampment, one thousand feet above the valley of the Rio Mancos, are single houses, groups of two and three, and villages, according to the width of the shelf they occupy. They

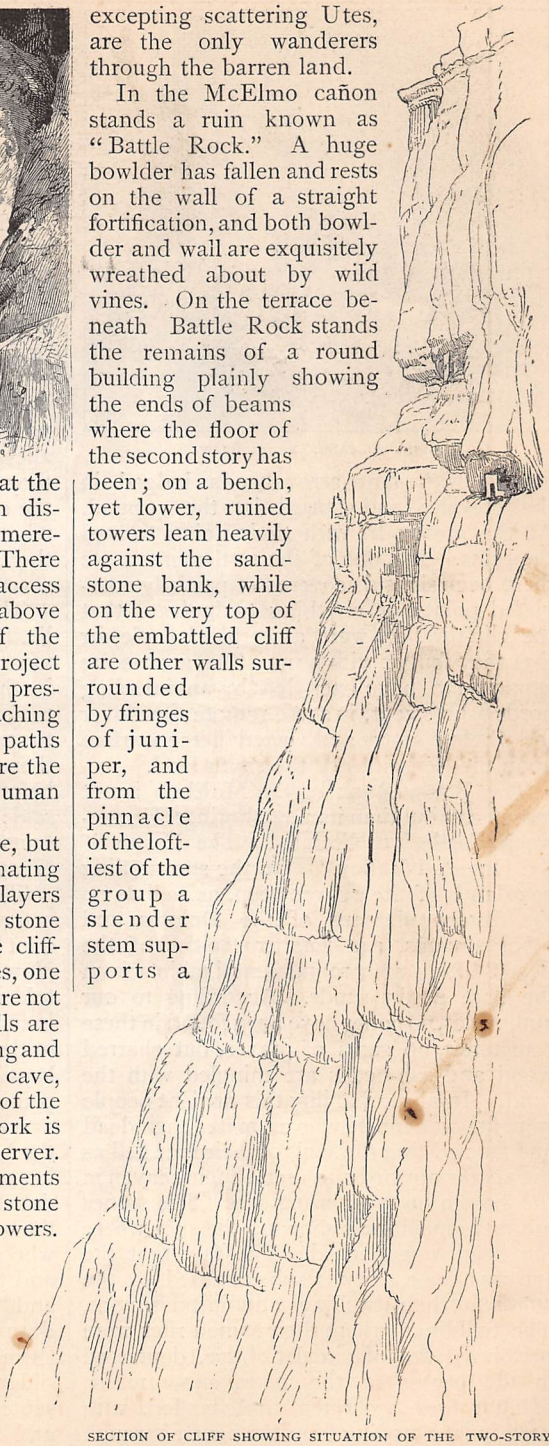


HONEY-MOON COTTAGE.

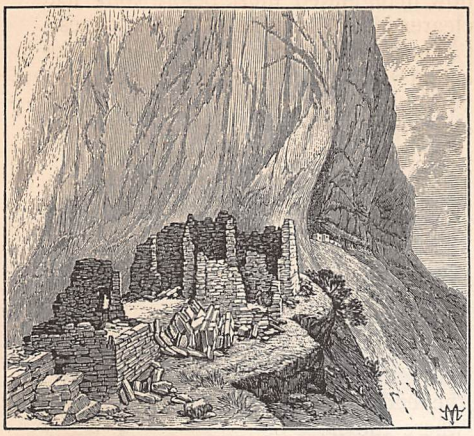
are so high that the naked eye can distinguish them merely as specks. There is no possible access to them from above on account of the rocks that project overhead; no present way of reaching them from below, although doubling paths and foot-holes in the rocks show where the way has been of old trodden by human feet.

The cliffs are in some parts limestone, but more frequently sandstone, with alternating strata of shales or clay. The softer layers weather out, leaving caves, whose solid stone ledges serve as floors and roofs of the cliff-dwellings. A few houses are two stories, one showed four stories, but generally they are not higher than a man's head; division walls are built, beginning at the back of the opening and working outward to the front of the cave, which is so neatly walled by masonry of the prevailing stone that the artificial work is scarcely noticeable by a casual observer. Upon the summits of the loftier battlements are placed at irregular intervals round stone towers, supposed to have been signal-towers. The sketch on page 268 gives a better idea than words can give of "the ancient watch-tower of the cliffs." The curve of the aboriginal masonry is perfect; the side of the tower has fallen, and the summit is jagged by the gnawing tooth of time; but it stands boldly on the heights, and waits through the centuries the coming of the dead braves to light again its signal-fires. At present the roving Navajos, excepting scattering Utes, are the only wanderers through the barren land.

In the McElmo cañon stands a ruin known as "Battle Rock." A huge bowlder has fallen and rests on the wall of a straight fortification, and both bowlder and wall are exquisitely wreathed about by wild vines. On the terrace beneath Battle Rock stands the remains of a round building plainly showing the ends of beams where the floor of the second story has been; on a bench, yet lower, ruined towers lean heavily against the sandstone bank, while on the very top of the embattled cliff are other walls surrounded by fringes of juniper, and from the pinnacle of the loftiest of the group a slender stem supports a tuft of pine outlined like a black flag against the sky. The country around this spot is



SECTION OF CLIFF SHOWING SITUATION OF THE TWO-STORY HOUSE OF THE RIO MANCOS, 700 FEET ABOVE THE RIVER.



RUINS IN CAÑON DE CHELLEY.

strewn with flint arrow-heads lodged in the crevices and buried in the ground. All the arrows lie with their points toward the ruins. In none of the settlements have there been signs discovered of partially completed points, or anything to indicate that the cliff-dwellers were a warlike people, or that they fought with bows. The arrows are supposed to have been left by an invading horde who swept, in some remote time, over the whole country and waged fierce warfare upon the rich cities of the south-land.

The Battle Rock of the McElmo is not more beautiful than its neighboring "Hovenweep Castle," or literally, "The Castle of the Deserted Valley." On the surrounding headlands of the Hovenweep, as well as on the distant plateaus of the Dolores and other streams, are somber "cities of the dead" lifting their monumental tablets from the bare desert sands. According to our authorities, no bones have been found in these cemeteries, no signs of graves, but charred wood and ash-heaps are mingled with the sand. In all probability this ancient people were fire-worshipers who cremated their dead and fancied that the souls of their race fled as the sparks upward and found their heaven in the bosom of the blazing sun. The stones are mere memorials showing the spot where the dead were burned. The fact that the sun was their deity is substantiated by the *estufas* in their dwellings and in their cities. The buildings where their sacred rites were performed are of circular shape, depressed in the center of the floor, show marks of altar fires, are often triple-walled, with partitions extending from the center through the walls, like sun's rays, dividing the space into small apartments where their treasures were stored. The present Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are believed to be the remnant of the descendants of the conquered cliff men. The mud houses of the Pueblos are modeled rudely after the stone dwellings of the bottom-lands, and some signs of retrograde civilization link them to a better time. The seven Moqui cities of Arizona have estufas and the tribes are fire-worshipers. The Moqui towns are now in precisely the state of preservation that they were described by the invading Spaniards to be, nearly four hundred years ago. Assuming the Moquis to be lineal descendants of the cliff-dwellers, how vast a time the old cañon castles must have been deserted when even the Moquis have no knowledge of the grand homes of their ancestors! Regarding the age of the Pueblos, they were said by Coronado, at the time of the conquest, to look very old. Casteñado records that the inhabitants told him that the Pueblos were older than the memory of seven generations.

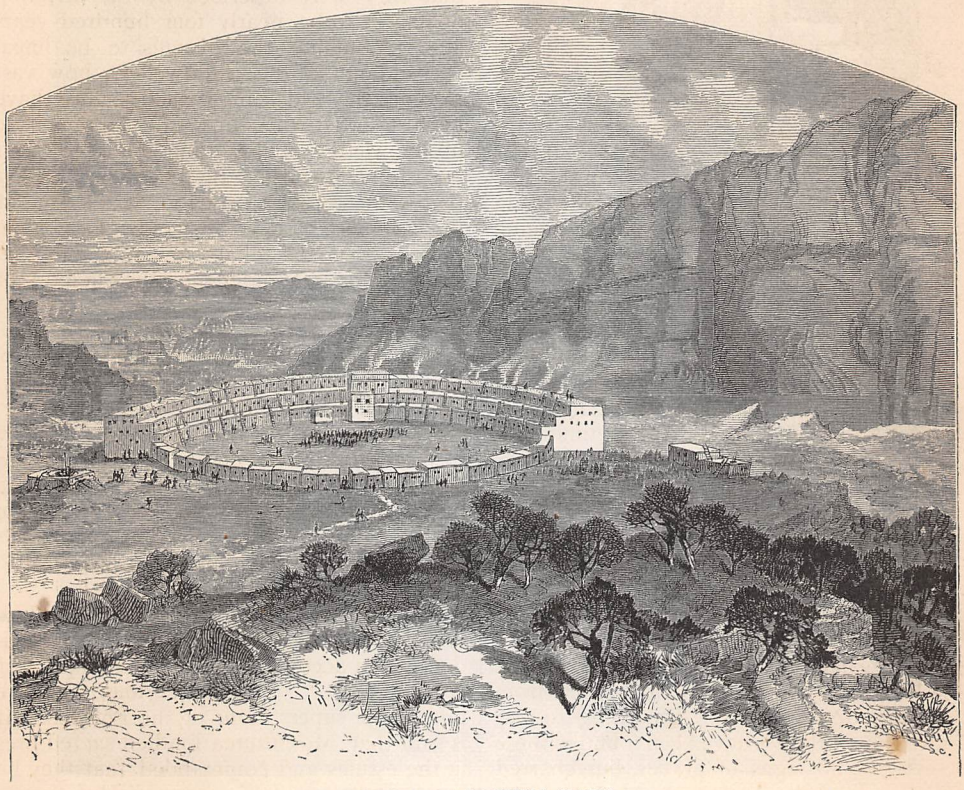
The ruins now made known to the public, at the time of the Spanish invasion, were spoken of as fabulous, and in 1681, in the journal of Don Antonio de Otermin, mention is made of vague rumors to the effect that eighty leagues distant there were *Casas Grandas*, which had long before served as fortresses. Albert Gallatin said: "There are said to be in these parts ruins of ancient buildings known as *Casas Grandas*, ascribed to the Azteques."

That the Pueblo Moquis are fire-worshipers, as were the cliff-dwellers, is made evident by an account in Daviss' "Conquest of New Mexico." "Many curious tales are told of the superstitions of the Pueblos. It is said that Montezuma kindled sacred fires in the estufas and commanded that they be kept burning until his return. He was expected to appear with the rising sun, and every morning the inhabitants ascended to the house-tops and strained their eyes looking to the east for the appearance of their deliverer and king. The task of watching the sacred fires was assigned to the warriors, who served by turns a period of two days and two nights without eating or drinking, and some say that they remained upon duty until death or exhaustion relieved them."

Espejo says: "In the Pueblos they represented, by means of pictures, the sun, moon, and stars, as objects of worship. When they saw the Spaniards' horses they were on the point of worshiping them as superior beings; they subsisted them in their most

beautiful homes and entreated them to accept the best they had."

Daviss says: "The houses are mud and stone, entered by means of outside ladders. I was shown their god Montezuma. It was made of tanned skin stretched on a circular frame nine inches in diameter; one-half was painted green and the other red; on the green part were holes representing eyes, on the red part pieces of leather for



RESTORATION OF PUEBLO BLANCA.

ears and mouth. The people knelt around it and offered prayer. One of them told me this senseless thing was God and the brother of God."

One of the Hayden party who visited these Pueblos in 1875 says that at sunrise the inhabitants stand on the house-tops and stretch out their arms toward the east, waiting silently for the sun to rise above the horizon. When it appears they burst into a great shout and disappear within their homes. It cannot fail to be an interesting study to trace out the line of kinship between the Indians of the old Pueblos and the earlier residents of the stone buildings in the cañons. The investigations now inaugurated must before long lead to clearer ideas concerning the lost tribes.

To return to the cliffs. Portions of the cañon walls are painted with pictorial word-writing and curious hieroglyphics. In one case inscriptions were seen back of a bowlder through the crevice, between it and the wall. The bowlder had fallen from above so many years ago that parts of it were imbedded in roots and trunks of trees, yet the writing back of it was fresh as though painted yesterday. The pottery found in all the ruins is similar in form and texture; it is thin, of hard finish and painted in colors that have lost none of their original brightness.

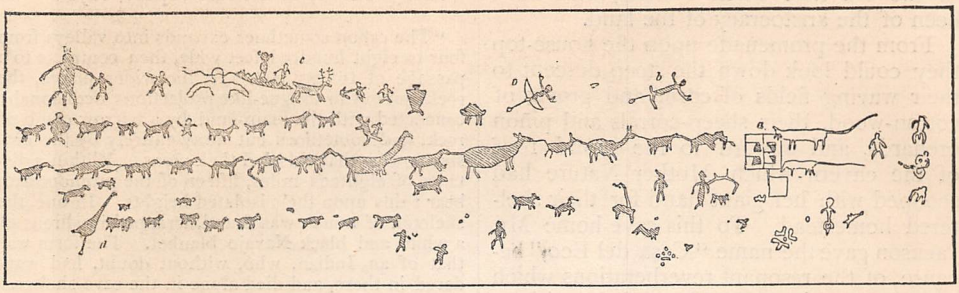
In a shallow cave of the Rio de Chelley, a few hundred feet above the river-bed, fifty exquisitely tinted arrow-heads and seven large jars were unearthed. The cave contains a house three stories high, having seventy-six rooms on the ground floor. The ruins are five hundred and fifty feet long. Within the work-room were large grind-stones and various implements of the stone age. The walls are plastered in white

AN ATTACK ON A VILLAGE OF CAVE-DWELLERS.

cement of stucco-like finish. That it was spread on the walls by human hands is evident from the marks of the pores of the skin to be found on the surface. Occasionally the whole print of the hand has been left; one woman's slender fingers are thus preserved for the people of the nineteenth century; they seem to be extended as though pleading to be rescued from the horror of annihilation. Low down on the walls are the chubby palms of little children, with every crease and dimple preserved.

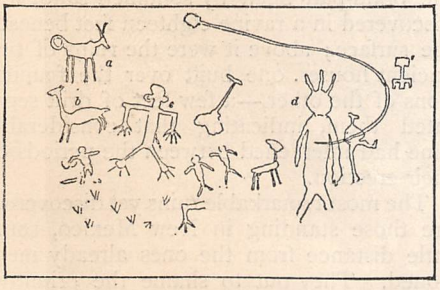
A very picturesque ruin of the Rio de Chelley has been ingeniously modeled in miniature, together with the face of the bluff in which it rests. The worn steps up the rock, the cave, and crumbling masonry, are more perfectly reproduced by the sculptor's chisel, than is possible by pen or pencil. Duplicates of the design have been made in plaster, painted in the warm buff tints of the shaly sandstone. These are framed, and will be sold at their first cost by Professor Hayden to colleges, or private individuals, and will be invaluable in explaining the cliff ruins to students interested in all that pertains to the former inhabitants of North America. The models are about three feet by two in size.

Among the countless ruins of the Rio San Juan there is a circular cave two hundred



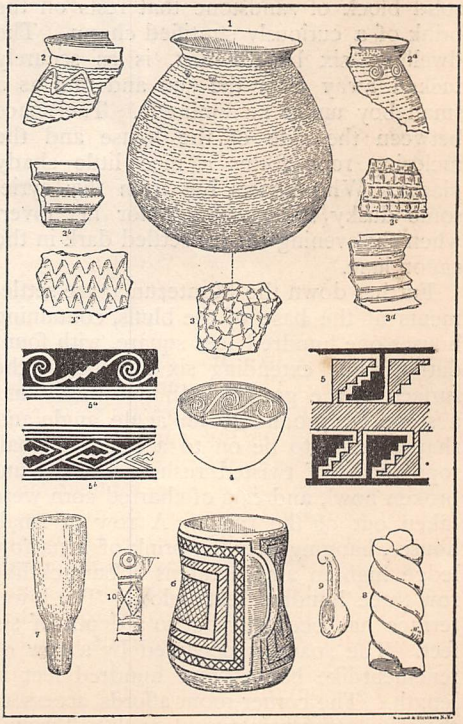
HIEROGLYPHIC ROCK INSCRIPTION OF THE SAN JUAN. SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A MIGRATION OR THE TROPHIES OF A VICTORY. ABOUT ONE-TWENTY-FOURTH OF ORIGINAL SIZE.

feet high, opening like a deep round tunnel in the cañon wall. Across the center of the cave a shelf of hard rock forms the foundation of a stately pile, which extends into the twilight of the cavern, midway up the height. It can be seen for the distance



SAME AS ABOVE. PART OF ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

of a mile down the bend of the cañon. In the interior an open space probably served as a work-shop. Holes in the rock formerly supported the posts of their looms, while grooves in the floor mark where the workmen made their stone saws, and sharpened their clumsy stone axes. The front part of the lower floor is in one long apartment or promenade; the upper rooms have small windows, communicating doors between the apartments, and outer apertures leading into the back part of the cave. The mild climate excused the necessity of any house-covering other than the dome-like ceiling of the vaulted cavern. In a central room of the main building, a depression, bearing traces of aboriginal fires, marks what was once the kitchen-range of the manor: on smooth hot stones their cakes of acorn paste were baked; the stones yet lie beside the ash-heap. In the pit they roasted their sheep; the bones remain in a refuse heap outside. Whether plain corn on the cob, or succotash, was most relished by these specters we shall never know, although an impression of a cob in the plaster on the wall proves that corn was raised in the time of the cliff-dwellers. Several of the apartments have marks of fires built against the back walls, where the smoke escaped overhead through the open roof. The house is bare, except much broken pottery, artistically painted; things of value have long since been carried away by the roving bands of Indians. The mansion presents an unusually imposing appearance. None of the neighbors boasted so big a cave, or so grand an entrance-hall. The family who



POTTERY OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY. SHOWING MODE OF DECORATION, ETC.

in the old time dwelt therein must have been of the aristocracy of the land.

From the promenade upon the house-top they could look down the steep descent to their waving fields of corn, and groves of cotton-wood, their sheep-corrals and piñon orchards, and upward to the grand roof of the cavern which Mother Nature had scooped with her giant hand for their sheltered homestead. To this cave-home Mr. Jackson gave the name "Casa del Eco," because of the resonant reverberations which caused the faintest whisper of the visitors to be repeated as though by hosts of phantom lips, within the shades of the gray old ruin.

In the time when Casa del Eco resounded with merry life, social distinctions I suppose existed as now. In prehistoric times, no more than in our times, could every one afford a palace. Poverty hid her wan face behind picturesque simplicity, and young people tried love in a cottage, and dwelt in dove-cotes beside their prouder kinsfolk. A tiny home, neat and trim as a Yankee kitchen, is perched on the heights of the West Montezuma, near its junction with the East fork. The house is built in an oval hole which has been weathered out of a solid block of sandstone that rests on the brink of a curiously stratified chasm. The dwelling, six by ten feet, is as securely tucked away from the sun and rain as a small boy under an umbrella. The space between the side of the house and the inclosing rock forms a nice little shady piazza. Who knows but from this eyrie, some dusky bride watched for her lover, when the evening shades settled dark in the cañon lane.

Further down the Montezuma, are settlements at the base of the bluffs, containing houses one hundred feet square, with foundation walls extending six feet below the surface of the ground. In one was found a stone ax, ground to an acute angle and shaped ready to tie on to a handle; small rope made of twisted rushes, a small unbroken bowl, and ears of charred corn were taken out of the ruins. A row of small houses, hanging over the brink of a narrow ledge high in air, threatens a barrack-like row three hundred feet below. The lower terrace has been dug out to a depth of six feet. The space is occupied by a row of tenement-like houses, four hundred feet in length. The corner room affords access to the row; communicating doors lead through the interior.

Mr. Jackson, in his late report, says:

"The cañon sometimes expands into valleys from four to eight hundred feet wide, then contracts to a passage of twenty feet. In the wider places, the rocks jut out in tongue-like projections, occasionally connected with the main-land by a narrow comb of rock, and sometimes cut away entirely by the erosive powers that chiseled the cañons. Within a distance of eighteen miles, fifteen of the promontories bear ruins upon their isolated heights. In one, the skeleton of a man was found, wrapped in shreds of a white and black Navajo blanket. The form was that of an Indian, who, without doubt, had wandered in there, and died alone in the cave shelter."

Of the multitudes who swarmed through the cañons and the plains, when the wonderful stone-cutting and tree-hewing were going on, when the towns were being built, and the country homes perched on the high places, there have been no bodily remains found, which could be identified as those of the cliff-dwellers. A single skull, petrified, with the brain-pan filled by solidified sand, was discovered in a ravine eighteen feet beneath the surface; above it were the ruins of two ancient houses, one built over the foundations of the other,—a few feet of drift separated them, indicating that considerable time had intervened between the periods of their erection.

The most remarkable ruins yet discovered, are those standing in New Mexico, some little distance from the ones already mentioned. They put to shame the primitive log-hut of our forefathers; the frame shanty of the prairie town; the dug-out of the mining regions; the adobe shelter of the Pacific slope. In size and grandeur of conception, they equal any of the present buildings of the United States, if we except the Capitol at Washington, and may without discredit be compared to the Pantheon and the Colosseum of the Old World. Thirty years ago, while on a raid against the Navajos, Lieutenant Simpson, of the staff of Colonel Washington, Military Governor of New Mexico, found some of the ruins of Chaco Cañon, the most southern of the ancient cities of the south-west. Mr. Jackson was fortunate in finding at Jemez an Indian who had accompanied Lieutenant Simpson in his visit. Hosta is past eighty, of thin and stooping frame; but he assured the Hayden party that he was as young as he ever had been, and could pilot them through the nearest cut to Chaco Cañon. He enlivened the journey by garrulous reminiscences of his former trip, and described Colonel Washington and his men as he remembered them. After crossing the New

Mexico line, the explorers report that singular optical illusions were frequent. The cheating mirage hovered before them, holding up green oases and shadowy walls, vine-draped and tree-embowered; the sand-hills, sage-brush and scant grass were magnified into mountains, forests and fields of maize.

The ruins are visible seven miles away, as one looks down from the continental divide, from which the cañons begin their way in furrow-like gulches. Near by are low mesas and buttes, and the Jemely Mountains, the San Mateo, and the Cerro Cabezon are in clear view. The ruins of the cañon are eleven in number, strung along at distances of from a quarter of a mile, to two miles from each other. In the rocks of Pueblo Pintado, Mr. Jackson discovered elaborate stone steps, where the rock had been carved into ladder-like rounds, which the hands could grasp around.

The Pueblo Penasco Blanca on the opposite side of the cañon is in form of an ellipse. The western half of the ellipse is occupied by a massive structure, five rooms deep, and the other half by a single continuous row of small houses, serving as a wall to inclose the court. The interior of the court is 346 by 269 feet; by adding the depth of the surrounding buildings, an exterior is obtained of 499 feet by 363 feet, whose circuit is 1,200 feet. The great depth of the *débris* indicates an original height of five stories. There are seven estufas on the west side.

The Pueblo del Arroya has wings about 135 feet in length, and the western wall of the court is 268 feet. Facing the center of the court are three circular estufas, one of thirty-seven feet in diameter, and three stories in height. Mr. Jackson made a remarkable discovery in this pueblo. He says: "About two hundred yards up the arroya are ruins, whose upper surface is mound-like, showing very faint traces of masonry. The stream has undermined one corner, exposing a wall at a distance of five or six feet below the level of the valley. No surface indications of the exposed wall are found. The arroya is here sixteen feet deep, but there is an older channel cutting in near the large ruin only half this depth. Below the remains of these walls, and extending out into the main arroya to a depth of fourteen feet below the surface, is an undulating stratum of broken pottery, flint chippings and small bones firmly imbedded in a coarse gravelly deposit."

The Pueblo Weji-gi is built of small tabular pieces of sandstone, arranged with a beautiful effect of regularity and finish. It is a rectangular structure, built around an open court. Its exterior dimensions are 224 by 120 feet; its height, three stories.

Near the Pueblo Una Vida, the cañon has a width of five hundred feet, perfectly level. Within the court of this Pueblo are the remains of the largest estufa yet found in any of the ruins. It measures over sixty feet on the inside from wall to wall; its upper plane is on a level with the floor of the court; it was evidently subterranean.

Nearly all the logs which supported the flooring are yet in position in the Pueblo Hungo Pavie. The height is four stories; the lower walls three feet thick; the estufa extends to the second story, and has a projection or porch built upon one side; the interior is twenty-three feet in diameter, and has six pillars of masonry built into the wall at equal distances.

The Pueblo Chettro Kettle is 440 feet long and 250 feet wide, and presents remnants of four stories. The logs forming the second floor extend through the walls, a distance of six feet, and probably at one time supported a balcony on the shady side of the house. The sand has drifted far above the first floor, and completely blocked the windows. A coyote's hole exposed a wall beneath the surface that had been completely covered by drift. The masonry of this pueblo is unusually handsome,—built of very small pieces of a rich buff sandstone, arranged so compactly as to give the idea of a homogeneous surface. Mr. Jackson estimates that in the wall running around three sides of the building, 935 feet in length and 40 feet in height, there would be 2,000,000 pieces of stone for the outer surface of the outer wall alone. This surface multiplied by the opposite surface, and also by the interior and transverse lines of masonry, would form a total of 30,000,000 pieces embraced in 315,000 cubic feet of wall. The millions of pieces had to be quarried and put into position; timbers brought from a distance; ladders constructed, and plaster prepared, employing a large number of skilled workmen under good discipline a long time. When we consider not alone the immensity of these ruins now on the surface, but reason concerning the massive foundations of other older buildings under these, exposed by the chance burrowing of wild beasts, or the slicing down of banks by washes and arroyas, the mind, bounded by our little span of three score years and

ten, cannot fathom the obscurity of the deep-sunk ages of the past, filled by the works of so great an antiquity.

Not more than six hundred yards from the Pueblo Chettro Kettle is a handsome ruin which bears the musical title, Pueblo Bonita. It is built within twenty yards of the bluff on the level bottom-land, which extends in a sandy plain for some distance, watered by a shallow brooklet. The length of the Pueblo Bonita is five hundred and forty-four feet, its width three hundred and fourteen feet. It has been restored by Mr. Jackson, of the Survey, to what he deems its original form, which is presented in the last sketch. A study of the picture of the pueblo, as it was before its changes came, will, without doubt, be of more interest than a description of it in its ruined condition. In our second hundredth year of national existence we are confronted by tokens of a once powerful nation, who held our land before us. It is natural that we feel an interest in the unknown race, and search every crevice of the past for mementos of the lost. Dr. Hayden and his corps of assistants have surveyed a rich field of antiquarian treasure. After their centuries of silent musings upon the river-banks, the old castles hear again the sound of human voices. The new lips speak a strange language. The pre-Columbian race, through whose dismantled homes the strangers wander, have passed into the shades of impenetrable oblivion, leaving only conjecture to tell, with uncertain tongue, her story of the cliff-dwellers.*

* The writer is indebted to Professor F. V. Hayden for special courtesies, to A. D. Wilson for verbal description, to W. H. Jackson and W. H. Holmes for sketches and valuable information. From the Government Report by these gentlemen are reproduced some of the illustrations of this paper. The editor desires to add his opinion that the present paper does not give Mr. Ernest Ingersoll deserved credit for discoveries among these ruins.

ART AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY A PAINTER.

THERE are from five to six thousand works of pure art in the galleries of the Exposition. Two-thirds of these are exposed by the French; England has seven hundred; Belgium and Italy four hundred each, all of the other countries being still less numerously represented. Not only in size, however, but in merit as well, the French collections are the most important of all, and there is little in them that one does not care to see, or which is not in some way interesting or instructive. One is here most struck by the landscapes, which are the chief glory of the French school. The subjects of the best of these are simple, thoroughly interpreted, and show a sincere sympathy for all that is most artistic and poetic in nature. No affectation is resorted to. They seem to have hit the point where realism and sentiment unite; there is enough of both, but not too much of either.

There is a spring landscape by C. F. Daubigny,—such a motive as may be found in almost any open country. A bluish-gray sky with strips of light cloud through it; in the distance low hills and fruit-trees in bloom; in the foreground blossoming apple-trees and the boughs of other trees not yet in leaf against the sky; and through the half-grown wheat, a peasant girl in a white dress walks with her lover; near them a white butterfly settles and gives a key-note to the color of the picture, which is light but not in a high tone, in perfect harmony, the treatment bold and broad. It seems carelessly done, but how true it is, how full of thought and meaning, how necessary is every touch! At the same time, it has great sentiment. One feels not only the truth, but the subtle charm of this lovely day. One seems to be there, and to breathe the dreamy, half-warm, half-moist atmosphere. Another is a winter scene, which is one of the most impressive landscapes in the Exposition, having something really tragic in its tone. In this a road passes through deep snow toward the west, where small reddish clouds lie low on the horizon of a warm gray sky filled with wonderful light. Half-way up this road are some dark, straggling trees, about which great flocks of crows settle and crowd the fields. Another is a solemn twilight, the full harvest-moon rising over the trees. Simplicity, truth, strength, healthy sentiment and great imagination appear in all of this splendid collection of Daubigny's works; in each picture one feels that the author has taken in, and given, the essence of the scene as a whole.

Corot, another great imaginative painter,

Mexico line, the explorers report that singular optical illusions were frequent. The cheating mirage hovered before them, holding up green oases and shadowy walls, vine-draped and tree-embowered; the sand-hills, sage-brush and scant grass were magnified into mountains, forests and fields of maize.

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Near the Pueblo Una Vida, the cañon has a width of five hundred feet, perfectly level. Within the court of this Pueblo are the remains of the largest estufa yet found in any of the ruins. It measures over sixty feet on the inside from wall to wall; its upper plane is on a level with the floor of the court; it was evidently subterranean.

Nearly all the logs which supported the flooring are yet in position in the Pueblo Hungo Pavie. The height is four stories; the lower walls three feet thick; the estufa extends to the second story, and has a projection or porch built upon one side; the interior is twenty-three feet in diameter, and has six pillars of masonry built into the wall at equal distances.

The Pueblo Chettro Kettle is 440 feet long and 250 feet wide, and presents remnants of four stories. The logs forming the second floor extend through the walls, a distance of six feet, and probably at one time supported a balcony on the shady side of the house. The sand has drifted far above the first floor, and completely blocked the windows. A coyote's hole exposed a wall beneath the surface that had been completely covered by drift. The masonry of this pueblo is unusually handsome,—built of very small pieces of a rich buff sandstone, arranged so compactly as to give the idea of a homogeneous surface. Mr. Jackson estimates that in the wall running around three sides of the building, 935 feet in length and 40 feet in height, there would be 2,000,000 pieces of stone for the outer surface of the outer wall alone. This surface multiplied by the opposite surface, and also by the interior and transverse lines of masonry, would form a total of 30,000,000 pieces embraced in 315,000 cubic feet of wall. The millions of pieces had to be quarried and put into position; timbers brought from a distance; ladders constructed, and plaster prepared, employing a large number of skilled workmen under good discipline a long time. When we consider not alone the immensity of these ruins now on the surface, but reason concerning the massive foundations of other older buildings under these, exposed by the chance burrowing of wild beasts, or the slicing down of banks by washes and arroyas, the mind, bounded by our little span of three score years and

ten, cannot fathom the obscurity of the deep-sunk ages of the past, filled by the works of so great an antiquity.

Not more than six hundred yards from the Pueblo Chettro Kettle is a handsome ruin which bears the musical title, Pueblo Bonita. It is built within twenty yards of the bluff on the level bottom-land, which extends in a sandy plain for some distance, watered by a shallow brooklet. The length of the Pueblo Bonita is five hundred and forty-four feet, its width three hundred and fourteen feet. It has been restored by Mr. Jackson, of the Survey, to what he deems its original form, which is presented in the last sketch. A study of the picture of the pueblo, as it was before its changes came, will, without doubt, be of more interest than a description of it in its ruined condition. In our second hundredth year of national existence we are confronted by tokens of a once powerful nation, who held our land before us. It is natural that we feel an interest in the unknown race, and search every crevice of the past for mementos of the lost. Dr. Hayden and his corps of assistants have surveyed a rich field of antiquarian treasure. After their centuries of silent musings upon the river-banks, the old castles hear again the sound of human voices. The new lips speak a strange language. The pre-Columbian race, through whose dismantled homes the strangers wander, have passed into the shades of impenetrable oblivion, leaving only conjecture to tell, with uncertain tongue, her story of the cliff-dwellers.*

* The writer is indebted to Professor F. V. Hayden for special courtesies, to A. D. Wilson for verbal description, to W. H. Jackson and W. H. Holmes for sketches and valuable information. From the Government Report by these gentlemen are reproduced some of the illustrations of this paper. The editor desires to add his opinion that the present paper does not give Mr. Ernest Ingersoll deserved credit for discoveries among these ruins.

ART AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY A PAINTER.

THERE are from five to six thousand works of pure art in the galleries of the Exposition. Two-thirds of these are exposed by the French; England has seven hundred; Belgium and Italy four hundred each, all of the other countries being still less numerously represented. Not only in size, however, but in merit as well, the French collections are the most important of all, and there is little in them that one does not care to see, or which is not in some way interesting or instructive. One is here most struck by the landscapes, which are the chief glory of the French school. The subjects of the best of these are simple, thoroughly interpreted, and show a sincere sympathy for all that is most artistic and poetic in nature. No affectation is resorted to. They seem to have hit the point where realism and sentiment unite; there is enough of both, but not too much of either.

There is a spring landscape by C. F. Daubigny,—such a motive as may be found in almost any open country. A bluish-gray sky with strips of light cloud through it; in the distance low hills and fruit-trees in bloom; in the foreground blossoming apple-trees and the boughs of other trees not yet in leaf against the sky; and through the half-grown wheat, a peasant girl in a white dress walks with her lover; near them a white butterfly settles and gives a key-note to the color of the picture, which is light but not in a high tone, in perfect harmony, the treatment bold and broad. It seems carelessly done, but how true it is, how full of thought and meaning, how necessary is every touch! At the same time, it has great sentiment. One feels not only the truth, but the subtle charm of this lovely day. One seems to be there, and to breathe the dreamy, half-warm, half-moist atmosphere. Another is a winter scene, which is one of the most impressive landscapes in the Exposition, having something really tragic in its tone. In this a road passes through deep snow toward the west, where small reddish clouds lie low on the horizon of a warm gray sky filled with wonderful light. Half-way up this road are some dark, straggling trees, about which great flocks of crows settle and crowd the fields. Another is a solemn twilight, the full harvest-moon rising over the trees. Simplicity, truth, strength, healthy sentiment and great imagination appear in all of this splendid collection of Daubigny's works; in each picture one feels that the author has taken in, and given, the essence of the scene as a whole.

Corot, another great imaginative painter,

is nearly as well represented as Daubigny, and has several very fine things, their color and feeling such as he alone could give.

With these almost seem to rank Segé and Pointelin,—names which, with others whom I shall mention, are not yet well known in America, but are already famous here. Segé has a superb picture: a level plain; in the foreground a peasant with dogs and sheep; in the middle distance a group of purplish-gray farm-houses in shadow; in the extreme distance other farms and a blue church-spire. The sun is a few hours high, the whole scene bathed in the light of a hot, dry summer's afternoon. All that breaks the quiet is a flock of partridges that wing their flight through an almost white sky. They are wonderfully painted. One seems to hear the whir of their wings. His is a different treatment from that of Daubigny, taking, as he does, more advantage of his subject as such, every detail is also worked out, but not so prominently as to lose in the least the broad effect of the whole, wherein the values are perfect and everything holds its place. Pointelin has one of the simplest and noblest landscapes, which is also a very large canvas. A gently sloping field, with rocks and half leafless trees, a grayish sky pulsating with tender light,—really, as with Corot, little to describe in words, but simply beautiful.

Next, but not always so fine in feeling as those I have mentioned, is Pelouse. His style is impressive, his pictures rich and daring in color, the execution marked by the greatest breadth and freedom of handling. He has a large landscape, wherein he shows an imagination equal to that of Daubigny,—a vast, rocky hill-side, a quiet twilight sky, a few figures kneeling about a spring in the foreground finishing their labors at the close of the day. Another is a magnificent wood scene, the half-clad autumn trees drawn with masterly skill. Beyond are the yellow, pink, and bluish bars of the sunset. It is a subject that in most hands would have been vulgar, but which with him is, in the highest degree, rich and refined. There are also fine landscapes by Beauverie, Berchère, and others.

Opposite to Segé hang Jules Breton's beautiful works. One is a small study of a Breton peasant carrying a taper, which flares with a pale light against a gray background; his head is bowed and his face has an intensely pathetic look. In another, three peasant girls, with their arms about each other's necks, stroll toward you through a field of poppies, filled with sweet color. In another, harvesters are at rest in the hay-field, under the shade of apple-trees. The drowsy hum of a midsummer's noon is thoroughly expressed in this picture. One, however, cannot help feeling that some of his other work shows a slight suspicion of prettiness, which Millet has not, and which is all that detracts from its perfection. But one hesitates to be overcritical when looking from this noble and poetic interpretation of nature to Bouguereau's pictures on the walls of the same room, whose great powers seem given to rendering, with merely mechanical skill and finish, only outside beauty, untouched by the true sentiment of art.

The French portraits come next in merit to the landscapes, and like them excel almost all other work of the same kind in the Exposition. Paul Du Bois, the celebrated sculptor, has a portrait of two children, sweet, simple, natural in color and treatment, equal to some of the best work of the old masters, although entirely modern in feeling. There are also excellent portraits by Bastien-Lepage, Henner, E. Levy, Delaunay and others.

In much of their figure painting, except in *genre* subjects, wherein Vibert, Leloir and many others excel, the French do not impress one favorably. Many of their most distinguished men, whose fame is world-wide and who have been covered with honors, are disappointing. One cannot help admiring their skill and knowledge; they attract the spectator with great force; they interest him, but leave him cold. Their work has also in it a great deal that is theatrical, and what the French call *pompier*. In very few is there a perceptible want of schooling; their execution is almost always good.

Among the rising stars is Bastien Lepage, whose "Annunciation to the Shepherds" is very fine. The angel is a most angelic looking being and flits down, hardly touching the earth; the shepherds, just awakened from their sleep by the fire, with upturned, wondering faces, and their hands raised in an awe-stricken way, wonderingly and reverently regard her. Nothing in art could be more holy, more filled with the sweetest religious feeling. We hear a great deal said about the nudities of the French school, but very little of the purity and beauty of such noble and elevating art as this, which shows a skill equal, if not superior, to that of Bouguereau, but put to a better use, and with the deep sentiment

and artistic feeling of Millet or Paul Du Bois.

There are also fine works by Régnault, Paul Laurens, Bertrand, Van Marcke, Vollon and many others.

In sculpture the French are undoubtedly far in advance of all others in modern times. This is with them not merely an imitation of the antique or the renaissance, but a living art, and expresses with great force and beauty the feeling of the times. As in their painting, they have thoroughly studied their profession and mastered its technical difficulties; and although many do only excellent academic work, others have the highest feeling and imagination. Among the French statues, Paul Du Bois' "Eve Naissante" is the most remarkable. It is a subject that has been treated a thousand times before, but here is an entirely new expression of it. It has that subtle difference between it and all other Eves that marks it as an original work of art. It is simply posed, very firmly and broadly modeled; the face has great character and expression, and looks as if it might have been by Leonardo. And in Du Bois' four decorative figures of Valor, Charity, Faith and Meditation, on the monument to General La Moricière, appear the same qualities. The monument is in the style and feeling of the renaissance, and compares favorably with the work of that time; one sees in it the influence of Michael Angelo and other renaissance masters. One also sees in some of these statutes the same sympathy for simple nature as in the work of the painter Millet, which is still more shown in Albert-Lefeuvre's Jeanne D'Arc, a young peasant girl, pausing in her spinning to listen to "the voices," whose half-upturned face has an ineffable expression of sadness and prophetic meaning. La France's little Saint John the Baptist is also beautiful and full of boyish life and enthusiasm. Falguière, Chapu, Mercié and others, have also fine works. In short, such a numerous collection of noble statues, all produced during the past ten years, cannot fail to impress the observer with the great strength of the French in the art of sculpture. Strange to say, this seems little understood in America.

Next in merit to the French pictures, seem to come the collections of Belguim and the Pays-Bas, which are rather parts of, than distinct from the French school, although in many ways different influences and surroundings have developed and added charms of their own, particularly in their landscapes and sea pieces, in which the color, atmosphere and feeling are excellent. Among these are Mesdag's very imaginative sea-shore studies, excelling anything of the kind in the French Gallery; Mauve's large landscape,—a wide plain with sheep feeding in the snow, which almost approaches Daubigny's winter scene. Then Bouvier's sea pieces, and Barron's and Vanderhecht's landscapes,—in the latter a most lovely clouded blue sky. And among the Belgians, Marie Collert's remarkable series of landscapes, and the portraits and *genre* subjects of Alfred Stevens, who, although not always refined, is still a painter of great skill and originality.

In the German Gallery, we see, as in the French, a distinct school, perhaps almost equal in technical skill to the French, but not in imagination, variety, originality or feeling for nature. One sees that painting is taught here in schools rather than studies from nature; nearly all the painters have the same methods; whereas in France each one generally has his own. Their inferiority to the French is chiefly shown in their landscapes, the most important of which are by the Achenbachs; all of these are painted with great facility, but are gaudy and false in color, although some by Andreas, of Holland scenes, show a feeling for nature and fine color. In most of them it is evident that they either have not sufficiently studied, or do not care to appeal to a love of simple modest nature, but prefer to give, instead of the sentiment, the mere theatrical exterior. This does not apply, however, to all of their work. The younger Kaulbach has several charming things, full of sweetness, repose and color, reminding one of Giovanni Bellini, but with a great deal of his own besides. There is a winter scene by Kroner, —a troop of wild boars wading through the deep snow of the forest,—the color and execution excellent, the wintry feeling finely expressed. Also, Josef Braudt's Cossacks of the Ukraine,—the chief leading his motley horde through a vast grassy plain,—a very characteristic and original work; Piltz and Herman Baisch have also good pictures.

The Russian Gallery is chiefly interesting as showing the national feeling, manners and customs of the people, but cannot be said to be great from the point of view of pure art; nevertheless, there are several important works in this collection, and one of the grandest things in the Exposition is Antocolsky's statue of Christ. The figure is

standing, draped in a long robe, with the arms bound at the sides, it is noble and dignified, and beautifully modeled, although less broadly and firmly done than the best French work.

In the Austrian Gallery, Mackart's large picture of "Charles V. entering Antwerp," is the *pièce de resistance*. The composition is florid, the scheme of color is rich and warm, but the figures are painted without great care or study, still with immense superficial cleverness and dash. It is essentially a popular picture, perhaps the most so with the general public and the least so with the painters of any important work in the exposition. One acknowledges the talent shown in it; yet, while struck by it at first, we finish by growing weary of it. It has in it little refined taste or suggestion of nature, and is, after all, only an unsuccessful imitation of the great Venetian masters. This is less like Paul Veronese than the one shown in Philadelphia, and far less interesting in every way. Jettel has some lovely landscapes in the same gallery, reminding one of Rousseau.

In Hungary is Muncacsy's picture of Milton and his daughters, the finest specimen of the German school in the Exposition. It is fortunate for Americans that this picture has been bought for the Lennox Library of New York.

In Spain are the works of Fortuny, which in drawing, color, execution and originality, stamp him as one of the greatest of modern masters. We are apt to forget what a thoroughly original man he was, and to confound him with those who have in vain tried to imitate him. Here, too, are excellent works by Zamacois and Ribera, some pretty Ricos, and a fine full-length portrait by Madrazo, and several other pictures, which are, however, rather hard and gaudy in color, and apt to be out of keeping. Here is also the Fortuny school run mad in a Don Quixote by Moreno.

The landscapes of Sweden and Norway are very strong. They show a marked French influence; but, at the same time, as in Belgium, an individuality, which produces works not only national in color and sentiment, but having the French feeling and treatment also.

In the Italian Department, the most important pictures are those of Pasini and De Nittis. The former are mostly figures with architecture,—a crowded market-place, with a great temple in the background; a lonely Moorish court, with a single figure feeding a flock of pigeons; Syrian hawkers on horseback, in a wild plain by the sea. His pictures are small, and are often filled with figures, which, although minute, have great character; especially are the horses finely drawn. His architecture always gives one the impression of great size; the color, which is rich and sober, adding to this effect. De Nittis is an original man, the greatest of the impressionists.

Whether it is an Italian road scene which almost blinds one with its intense whiteness and feeling of heat, a fog on London Bridge, or a changeable day on the Seine, in each the particular atmosphere, details, and other surroundings of the place are given with a remarkable force and reality. Neither Pasini nor De Nittis seems to show any national influences in his work. Except these, there is little of any great interest among the Italian pictures, or in their sculpture, except Monteverde's statue of Jenner experimenting with vaccine upon his son, which has an intensity about it that is very striking, and shows more than good academic work, —to criticise it briefly is to say that too much importance has been given to unnecessary details,—and Gemito's "Fisher Boy,"—one of the ornaments of last year's *Salon*, where it received a medal,—which is unconventional and very artistic. Most of their sculpture, as in Philadelphia, has a popular prettiness and finish that give no indication of any deep or sincere striving after noble art, although it has a marked nationality which separates it distinctly from that of the French. Their collection of sculpture comes next in size to the French, but is far inferior to it in every way. They, too, have attempted to suit this art to modern feeling; but have not succeeded in making it either artistically strong, interesting, or dignified.

The English have certainly a school of painting of their own, differing almost entirely from that of the French; much superior in sincerity and aim to the theatrical and pretty side of French art, but falling far short in deep and artistic feeling to their best work. They are generally much behind the French in technical skill, execution and color, while their drawing is almost always good. The best French art is simple in its expression; the English is either too complicated and difficult to understand, or they do not interpret their subjects as well as the French. Their art appeals to the intellect, rather than to the emotions, and could generally be better expressed in literature than in painting; whereas Millet or Daubigny tells you

something in a way that no words could convey so well.

In Millais' "North-West Passage," he represents an old navigator, who has failed in the ambition of his life,—almost too old to try other discoveries,—seated at his study-table, with his daughter at his feet, holding his hand while she reads to him. On the walls of the room are pictures of Parry and other discoverers; on the table, sea-charts and maps. Through a window there is a glimpse of a solitary vessel sailing over a sea, rendered with great feeling. The face of the old man has wonderful strength and character, and expresses varied emotions,—intense disappointment, together with a noble and manly resolve yet to achieve his object; the daughter is in sweet and quiet contrast to him. The drawing is good; the color not altogether pleasing; the execution is in parts rather feeble. It is Millais' best picture, and the story is well told; still, I think that Tennyson could have told it better.

Orchardson's "Queen of the Swords" is thoroughly satisfactory in every way; so is his portrait of a young lady. Leighton also shows a strong portrait of Captain Burton; but the English portraits generally, although earnest, refined, and graceful, are not to be compared to the French; and, like most of their other work, are rather poor in color and execution.

I do not attempt to understand Burne-Jones; although fascinating, his is certainly not a healthy or manly phase of art. It has, properly speaking, very little color, and is full of faults, affectations and extravagances; still, his "Merlin and Vivien" is charming in sentiment. In the same school is Richmond, whose "Ariadne"—a splendid figure on the sea-shore, her arm raised, the palm upturned to a stormy sky, a great mass of greenish drapery floating behind her, and huge cliffs rising in the background—is a work showing great tragic feeling and strong imagination.

The treatment of the English landscape is very different from that of the French, giving, as it does, great importance to multitudinous details, but generally failing to convey the sentiment of the scene as a whole. This is carried to excess in John Brett's "Coast of Cornwall." His fine picture of "Bowlders on the Sea-shore," at Philadelphia, was much admired; but that had a different treatment from this. Here he shows many miles of the coast; every leaf, every minute wave touched with its reflected light and shadow; all the geological forms and varied tints of the rocks are given with great fidelity; but the eye goes from one carefully painted detail to another, and becomes confused; the effect is lost. One receives no strong impression of the real scene from this picture, and the color, which is perhaps true to each particular part, does not seem true as a whole. In fact, such an extended view, although beautiful in nature, is probably beyond the reach of painting. Now in landscape, the French confine themselves, for the most part, to subjects which are within their grasp, and only suggest detail, without frittering away the general effect of their pictures by attempting to render it all.

Millais' "Chill October" has good feeling in it, and confines itself to the expression of one idea; but the color is rather chalky and the execution feeble. His other landscape, of a wide tract of country, is very much out of keeping; the different parts seem to have been painted under various effects of light and atmosphere.

Albert Moore has some lovely little decorative panels, sweet and silvery in tone; and George Mason several things, beautiful in color. Walker's "Old Gate-way" is also a very poetic landscape.

The English water-color collection is the most important in the Exposition. Many of these are very original and sympathetic, and have a beauty of color which is apt to be wanting in their oil-painting.

The strong point of English art, however, is their drawing in black and white, wherein they show a skill, daring, and feeling that are unequaled by any others in the whole Exposition.

In sculpture they have nothing striking except Leighton's good statue of "Hercules and the Python"; this is essentially an academic work, and ranks with the sculpture of France of twenty years ago, but not at all with their present work.

In the English school, but not of it,—in fact of no particular school, and seeming to have the best and strongest points of all schools,—stands Alma-Tadema alone, a thoroughly original man. Here we have great knowledge, imagination, and feeling; the finest sentiment of color, dramatic force, the most thorough execution and imitation of any quality or texture, and good drawing, leaving in all ways hardly anything more to be desired. His technique is nearer perfect than that of almost any other man.

The American pictures are too well known to need further particular description. The

impression on entering the gallery is very good. The general tone of color is rich, subdued, and much more pleasing than in many of the other rooms, and the pictures on the line will bear favorable comparison, in general excellence, with any line in the Exposition, although, of course, there are many works in the other galleries much finer than anything that we have.

Our collection is certainly superior to those of several countries, and equal to some others, and, whatever may have been said to the contrary, shows a good deal of independence and originality, and perhaps more variety than any other, and altogether much first-rate work.

In one branch of art,—that of wood-engraving,—although the number of examples shown by America is small, in quality we equal, if we do not excel, most others. It has been pronounced, by some of the best artists and engravers here, to be among the best work of the kind in the Exposition.

As a whole, our gallery, viewed by any standard, is very good, and no one, on seeing it, need be otherwise than hopeful as to the future of American art.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD.

FOR most Americans the subject of English college life is invested with an amount of romance which our ultra-iconoclastic disposition seldom allows to cling to anything. The venerable beauty of their two great universities, the traditions of famous men and incidents which cluster around them, and the medium of poetry and fiction through which come most of our ideas on the subject, have been chief factors in producing this result. Whatever we may think of the English universities as seats of learning and places for study, our impressions of the life of their residents are taken from such sources that they could scarcely be otherwise than somewhat idealized. The late Mr. Bristed attempted, some twenty-five years ago, to give us a quite minute description of Cambridge, from what he undoubtedly thought an American stand-point. But his book—"Five Years at an English University"—contained little familiar information about undergraduate life, and was never widely enough read to have much influence in forming popular impressions. The same is true, also, of several other works, which have been published of late years, on kindred topics. We still go to "Tom Brown" and "Verdant Green," "Pendennis" and "Ravenshoe," as authoritative sources of information.

There are description and information of this kind scattered very freely through English literature. The two old universities have always been favorite scenes with poets and novelists,—sources of some of their happiest inspirations. The Clerk of Oxenford, who rode with Chaucer's pilgrims, has been followed by a host of successors, who have not always, in later times, excelled in his particular direction. Yet the details, which are thus to be gathered, do not make a very complete picture for one who has no supply of plain facts with which to supplement them. And it is a question whether the suggestions which an American reader finds in English fiction, and to which he usually applies his imagination, inventing material to fill blank spaces, are not frequently misleading. The English have such an intense admiration for their famous old academies, and fondness for the life at them, that it would be strange if their fiction did not tend to represent them in a partial and idealizing light. A foreigner, therefore, who simply takes these descriptions, which he meets in the familiar English novels, and forms from them his notions of undergraduate life at Oxford and Cambridge,—subtracting nothing, and supplying whatever is not fully explained, in the spirit of the original,—will be certain to have ultimately a conception of a manner of existence vastly attractive to the romantic side of human nature; but it will be not very accurate, and extremely incomplete.

Still, there is much truth in such an ideal. One who seeks to realize it, if he brings to the task the right spirit and qualifications, need not be disappointed. An Englishman, leaving behind him the boyish restraints of his school,—probably long since outgrown,—finds most of the elements of an earthly paradise in the admirable surroundings, the more mature and worldly atmosphere, and the relatively free life of the university, while an

American, who goes into residence at Oxford, is even better fitted to appreciate, in the long run, the attractions of the life which lies before him. Instead of reveling in freedom, like the English freshman, an American is apt to find himself, at first, running against curious and somewhat irksome restrictions. It will amuse and occasionally annoy him, to think that he is forbidden to pass the college gates after they are closed at nine o'clock. If he feels inclined for a stroll by the river in the forenoon, he may object to being told that such amusements are allotted to the latter part of the day, and that the morning is supposed to be devoted to work. But it will soon appear that the worst of these old regulations of university police are thoroughly a dead letter. One is relieved at discovering a slight fine to be the severest penalty for the breach of such as are enforced. The new-comer learns with amazing quickness that, in spite of Latin rules to the contrary, he can parade "The High," capless and gownless, in study hours with perfect impunity; and even after dark, the chances of meeting an alert proctor will scarcely warrant his wearing the academic uniform, if it happens to be undesirable. Such relics of the ancient sumptuary and police system as do demand his obedience, interfere scarcely at all with anything which one could do if they were altered, while they are so recommended by long usage, and so identified with the tone and habits of the place, that it is impossible not to acquiesce in them. Perhaps they even add to the charm of the life which, in their days of more active usefulness, they have done so much to form.

Aside from this one circumstance, in which an Englishman is less likely to feel himself abused than an American, the latter is in much the better position to get from his university life—in distinction from the studies of the curriculum—all of the pleasure which it is capable of affording. His antecedents fit him admirably for doing so. Not that he can hope to escape the first disappointment, which every one must go through who enters upon life at Oxford with grandly preconceived notions of what his experience will be. Nothing, however perfect, can satisfy an elaborate ideal, completely and at once. The Gothic structure which his imagination may have reared out of the somewhat scant materials at its command, will have to be reconstructed on a smaller scale, with some loss of fanciful ornamentation. The details connected with entrance into this strange college life will be harsh, almost, in their newness to him. But, when this disillusionating process is over, his ideal, so far from being abandoned, will grow again into more vigorous life, based on a better knowledge of actual facts. The beauties of Oxford and of Oxford life are not a myth, and such of them as do not appear at once to a stranger are made more attractive by their coyness. An American never wholly loses his first feeling of strangeness amid these surroundings, and, as it mingles with the familiar attachment which soon grows up, it gives him a power of enjoying the whole situation unknown to the Englishman, for whom there was never anything startlingly new in it. Comparison and contrast with all that has gone before in his experience constantly reveal fresh objects of admiration. But, after all, his greatest source of pleasure and of profit will be in studying the Englishman himself.

Certainly there is an excellent opportunity offered to Americans for gaining an acquaintance with English character and social life, through the medium of their universities. It is rather a matter of surprise that they are not frequented more for this express purpose. The English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, are epitomes of English society. Instead of being local institutions, as are most, if not all, of the seminaries of this country and Germany, they are truly national. Instead of constituting, in themselves, peculiar and distinct features of the social systems in which they exist, they embody and represent society at large in a remarkably complete manner. The men are somewhat older than our students, and after the first schoolboyishness has worn off, they discover more maturity. They have a recognized and respected place in general society, and introduce into their life all of its ideas and habits which their circumstances will admit. Their clubs are copies, on a limited scale, of the clubs in London. They even, as undergraduates, exert a perceptible influence, in some matters, on national affairs; while the contempt with which our so-called practical men would regard any serious effort at influencing extra-collegiate opinion, which might emanate from a body of American students, can be easily imagined. The English universities reflect readily, when they do not help to form, public opinion. They are the more intensely English, in that they exert, on the whole, a conservative force upon social and political progress. But not one of the liberalizing movements of the present century—to which English society has itself

yielded—has failed to penetrate to the very shrines of these temples which it has erected to its ideal of culture, or to be welcomed ultimately by their high-priests.

The advantages which such places offer for the study of national character and manners are unquestionable. One may wander indefinitely through the streets and museums and show places of London, and spend months in seeking out the hidden beauties of unfrequented villages and cathedral cities, and, after all, he will not have that valuable insight into life and thought among the English educated classes, which even a brief intimacy with Oxford or Cambridge can give him.

An American is always enough of a *rara avis* at Oxford to be sure of admission into almost any set. Only native gentlemanliness is necessary to insure him a good position. One of the smaller colleges, where the clique divisions are not marked, and can be easily overleaped, and where an intimacy like that of a large family pervades the whole body, from the master down to the latest arrival, is the best for the purpose I have pointed out. The senior men make it a duty, at such colleges, to give new-comers a chance to show what stuff they are made of, often religiously extending the principle to specimens so unattractive that there would seem to be no hope of them. Out of the confusion which this series of experiments creates, especially in the Michaelmas term, when the largest number of freshmen "goes up," there gradually arises an orderly condition of things, where each one has assumed pretty nearly his true position. A school reputation for promise in boating or cricket, or for scholarship, desirable acquaintances among the senior men, or any distinctive mark, like that of coming from abroad, gives a new man a send-off, no doubt. It is not very long since something of the kind was necessary to secure recognition and influence, and perhaps it still is so at Christ Church, Balliol, Exeter, and the colleges which are too large to have been thoroughly leavened by the modern spirit of democracy. But democracy has been working very potently in these undergraduate societies. There has been a vigorous attempt to soften down and remove the sharp lines of the aristocratical cliques, which we read of as forming such marked features of the university systems of only a few years ago. Already some of the colleges boast of their freedom from invidious social distinctions. There can never be, of course, in any association of middle and upper class Englishmen, even a theoretical adoption of the French ideal of equality and fraternity, or of socialistic principles. Their social revolution has produced no more startling results than a relaxing of the strict demarcation lines of their old caste system, and the introduction of less arbitrary and more democratic rules of selection.

The regulations of the university require every one to keep a certain number of terms, before he can offer himself for each of the "public," or university, examinations. No matter how mature in years or wisdom one may be before he goes to Oxford, he must remain in residence a year, by the university calendar, before he is permitted to pass "Moderations," and devote himself to work in any of the separate courses of study, which they call "Final Schools." There is no such thing as entering at an advanced stage of the course, as one may do at an American college, or taking a degree after less than twelve terms of residence. This being the case, and as the rapidity of a student's progress through these preliminary stages—the tadpole phase of his undergraduate existence—depends largely upon the pressure of circumstances on him, there is no test to correspond with the division into classes at an American college, and serve as a basis for social classification. Sets of men group themselves, accordingly, upon the natural principle of conformity of tastes and habits. The riding men, the boating men, the reading men, are likely to form closer and more lasting intimacies among those of their own way of life, than with others. But the tendency is now to avoid turning these natural associations into exclusive cliques. Men come together, quite irrespectively of them, at after-dinner "wines," and Sunday morning breakfasts out of college, and try to keep up a general interchange of hospitality and good feeling. At almost any college, the freshman—while he may be looking forward with annoyance to the rather childish first examination, in Oxford language known as "Smalls"—has an opportunity of enjoying the best society to which he can establish a right.

The life of English undergraduates differs in so many particulars from that of American students,—negatives the few points of general resemblance by such numerous and striking contrasts,—that little assistance is gained toward an understanding of it, through familiarity with the latter. Oxford

is a federation of independent colleges, and each of these distinct societies, in the exercise of its complete autonomy, has established customs and regulations which are entirely peculiar to itself. Most of these differences are simply curious, and have no especial significance; but there are some which are of radical importance, giving a recognized character to the whole college. Often this character was impressed upon it by the object of its foundation, of which we have instances in the establishment of Jesus College, in 1571, for the benefit of Welshmen, and the recent erection of Keble for the sons of poor clergymen. Usually, however, it is the product of a combination of slight circumstances, which it is rather difficult to trace out. In some cases a college has kept a position, once obtained, for generations; others rise and fall, fluctuating with the tide of fashion. Its individual reputation is sometimes assiduously cultivated, like that for athletic spirit at Brasenose, for aristocratic eminence at Christ Church, for scholarly free-thinking at Balliol, and for good-fellowship and gentlemanliness, at University. Sometimes, on the contrary, it is forced upon a college, and eagerly disowned, when possible, as in the case of the character of Magdalen for poor scholarship and fast living, and the low social repute of Queens and Wadham. In view of these differences, great and small, it is safe to presume of almost any statement which can be made in regard to life or work at Oxford, that there are many exceptions to it. With this warning, by way of preface, we may feel more secure in taking up, with little pretense to method, some of the features of this peculiar life.

To give connectedness to the subject, we will suppose an American, with the object of studying,—not so much books as men and manners,—settled in his new environment at Oxford, and try to gain an idea of what his experience will be. If he is lucky, he has obtained a room in college, but the chances are that he will have to lodge outside for a time. While he is making his way into familiarity with his surroundings, every day will be filled up with occupations, interesting at least from the novelty of their details. The forenoon is nominally given up to reading and attending lectures. The venerable regulations of the univerversity, which make it and the evening "study hours," are only remembered, as I have observed, to be disregarded, by those who are so inclined. But if one cares at all for the classics, he will enjoy re-reading the Æneid or Horace, and furbishing up a Greek play or two in preparation for the first examination. There is enough that is peculiar about the English method in classical work to make it interesting. Greek prose composition, and Latin, as well as Greek, verses, are no longer required in any stage of the course at Oxford; but the facility which is necessary to carry one through an ordinary college entrance examination in Latin composition, will put a fairly representative American graduate to his best paces. Lectures are chosen by each student for himself, under the direction of his tutor, with reference to the books he proposes to read. Many of them are drearily uninteresting. But, with the liberty which is allowed, it will be strange if any man of decided tastes cannot find a dozen thoroughly enjoyable lectures a week to be attended.

If an examination in Greek grammar, arithmetic, and Latin prose has no terrors for him, our inquisitive intruder within these precincts, hallowed by associations with half of England's worthies, may spend his mornings as his disposition prompts. He may revel in the magnificent stores of the Bodleian, or dip into the new books and periodicals which are spread over the tables of the Radcliffe. If it is winter, he may study the mysteries of rackets, or fives, and wish that the English did not have a practical monopoly of those excellent games, or may walk out to Marston for a spin around the running track, or take a canter through English lanes or across country. If it is summer, he will be more taken by the idea of Worcester or New Gardens, with a book and a pipe, a study of the rooks which build in the trees over Addison's walk at Magdalen, or a sculling boat on the deserted river. No one will care to interfere with him, and he will find plenty of countenance and as much companionship as he wants.

But whether the morning has been passed in close application, in lazy trifling, or avowedly in amusement, the afternoon is, at Oxford, by universal consent, given up to exercise and relaxation. There are no lectures; and he is thought a pretty close student who takes the last hour before dinner for his books. Dons, undergraduates and servants are all let loose in search of health and pleasure. In their devotion to the open air, they stop for no severity of weather. If they did, they would be confined to their rooms for

half the year, for the head-quarters of the kingdom which Jupiter Pluvius establishes over England during the winter are undoubtedly at Oxford. The weather is then so uniformly bad that one ceases in practice to notice or care about it.

Even rowing is pluckily kept up through the winter, though the cold sometimes bites sharply. Those who merely seek in it amusement and exercise may take them in some other form on the stormiest days. But the crews in training for the "torpid" races, which occur early in March, and the two "trial eights," from which the "Varsity" is made up, never think of shirking this work. They regularly hurry down to the river through rain and wind and occasionally snow, muffled from ankles up to ears the moment before they get into their boats, in ulsters and comforters. The river does not freeze over, and there is seldom a troublesome quantity of floating ice. The eight men push off, with mufflers and heavy jerseys over their light rowing shirts, drop down a few rods to below the last of the barges, which serve the different colleges as boat-houses, where the superfluous clothing is removed, and then pull away at a sharp pace to the locks at Iffley. Here they turn, getting into their wraps, meanwhile, with a skill which comes of long practice and dire necessity, wait long enough to catch breath, and go up again, nearly at racing speed. This is usually done twice in the afternoon. The training for the great college races of the summer term, carried on, as it is, under the mild skies and frequent suns of April and May, is mere play in comparison with this. Still, in spite of its rigors and the grumbling which is called out by ice-coated oar-handles and frost-painted noses, I believe that Anglo-Saxon enthusiasm carries most men through the "torpid" training with a keen enjoyment. There is certainly a zest in the feeling with which one gives a parting rub to his bare arms before the spurt from Iffley up, with mercury verging upon freezing point, and an ungentle wind searching out the weak spots in his system. I remember the curious sensation with which I once brushed off a half inch of snow from my seat, where it had fallen while the boat was waiting for us. But weather cannot be always at its worst, even in Oxford during February. On a bright afternoon, at any time of the year, the scene on the river, and on the broad walk across Christ Church meadow to the barges, is like a carnival. Every college has a distinctive uniform for each of its crews, and all the colors of the rainbow and combinations unknown to the conventional fashion-makers of Paris are called into requisition by their ingenuity. The constant stream of these gay costumes to and from the river, and the shifting mass of boats in irregular procession on the narrow stream, give life to what is, even without them, a highly attractive picture.

Everybody rows at Oxford, even the dons and the college servants. At times, half the university will seem to be crowded on that stretch of water, a mile long, and five or six rods wide. Yet there is no lack of devotees to every other kind of amusement which this amusement-loving people has invented. In the proper season, cricket attracts half its population away from the river; and then is the time when the latter ceases to be a place for short, sharp exercise, which all one's manliness can only make endurable, and becomes a grand holiday scene for miles in each direction. Boating parties, from which occasionally a sound of feminine voices is heard, make its windings merry with the not too regular plash of oars; pedestrians frequent the towing path; bathers seek out remote bends for a cool plunge; and the inns at Sandford and Abingdon dispense a steady stream of beer to Oxford customers.

Dinner in a college hall is not apt to be a very heavy meal, and yet undergraduates have pretty uniformly adopted the practice of doing nothing for an hour or two after it. When there is no formal wine party, the time till eight o'clock is still sacred to the *genius loci*—a curious genius for a university, which the Italians call "sweet idleness." In winter men gather over a bottle of port around some friend's fire, in summer on the grass of the quadrangle,—a word, by the way, of which one never hears the last two syllables. From eight till nine is the time when billiard-rooms are crowded, and men of all descriptions take a cue in a haphazard game of pool. Then the college gates are shut, and black-letter rules, weakly enforced by unwilling proctors, require every one to keep his room and spend the remainder of his waking hours in work. No one who lives out of college can go in after this, and those who have rooms inside are forbidden an exit. Those who are caught on the wrong side of the gates are allowed to pass them, of course, but are punished by a fine, with a sliding scale to fit the varying gravity of the offense. By nine, however, Oxford has settled down for

the evening,—to reading, to cards, or to still other forms of amusement. There are seldom evening entertainments, either dramatic or social, in the town, to keep men out. The coffee-room at the "Union" is tolerably well filled, and the other clubs have a few stragglers all through the evening.

This rough outline, which I have sketched, of the occupations of undergraduate Oxonians, represents a life of routine to which there are fewer and less important exceptions than one would be apt to imagine. There are, as I scarcely need say, men who read hard and waste no time in other employments, and others, of an eccentric tendency, who have hobbies which they ride constantly. But individuality of character usually appears only in variations from this common routine, not in exceptions to it. Monotonous in its outlines, this life is redeemed from monotony by variety of detail. Days are filled up with a succession of inconsiderable matters, until the short term of eight weeks is suddenly over, to the surprise of every one. To stop and think amid such employments is impossible. As a result of the understood difficulty in accomplishing any serious work, many men prefer to read in vacation in order to have little to do during the term. The shortness of the academic year, which gives them more than six months away from Oxford, makes this quite feasible. Others, under the shadow of an imminent examination, stay at home, or find some other quiet place for study. But it is a very pleasant life for one who feels at liberty to enjoy it, and not a little good can be got out of it by a barbarian from this country in search of experience.

In its economic and intellectual aspects, Oxford undergraduate life is still more interesting. The English collegian is an independent housekeeper. He has a wine-closet, table-service, and all of the ordinary household utensils, except those for cooking; and the round of entertainments, including wine parties, breakfasts and luncheons, and occasional dinners, which figures so largely in all of the works of fiction where he appears, is fostered by motives of convenience and sometimes even of economy, as well as by the spirit of conviviality. As the first two meals of the day are taken in the students' own rooms, it naturally follows that a habit is formed among friends of eating them together in tolerably regular rotation. In the form that these entertainments take, there is the greatest variety. A few of the colleges encourage an active competition in display, and then they become elaborate and pretentious, and wines, in particular, are carried to an extreme, ending not unfrequently in a regular debauch. But as an undergraduate's purse is seldom unlimited, where this sort of hospitality prevails it can only be indulged in occasionally. As a rule, entertainments are conducted on an admirably moderate scale. Many of the college societies have very sensible regulations, which it is difficult to evade. At University, for instance, it is rarely that one breakfasts or lunches alone; but, to equalize matters, each man orders for himself what he wants from the college buttery and kitchen, and simply has it served by his friend's "scout" in his room. The host only bears the expense of the wine and the little dainties which the *bons vivants* among his guests will expect to find, but which the college larder does not supply. At the wine parties, which commonly take the form of desserts immediately after "hall," this rule could not be observed, as everything is brought in from out of college, but, except on extraordinary occasions, display is avoided, and there is extreme moderation in drinking. Englishmen are, in general, too familiar with the use of wine to be tempted to frequent excess. I doubt whether there is, throughout the university, more intemperance than at one of our city colleges, though the aggregate amount of drinking is far greater.

But while these entertainments vary widely, they have certain characteristics in common which are readily discernible. They are by far the most important element in the social economy of the university. Though the "scouts," or college servants, are trained to make all the preparations, as only English domestics ever are trained, they involve on the whole a large outlay of money, time and thought. In each college they are governed by, and tend in turn to keep up, its peculiar social tone. It is in them that English undergraduates can be studied collectively to best advantage.

In the talk that goes on around the hospitable board of an Oxford student, personal traits and idiosyncrasies appear very little. This small and intimate society is actually among the strictest, in its repression of all eccentricity, and as it has to use the rough methods which are solely available for such a purpose, in condemning eccentricity and ostentation, it silences individuality also. While everything appears to be informal and unconstrained, and is so to a certain extent,

each man has, consciously or otherwise, donned a conventional garb, which resembles, as nearly as may be, an established model. It is in the make-up of this model that undergraduate character, and, a little more remotely, English character, appear. Strongly marked originality will seem at first very rare at Oxford to an American, a Frenchman or a German. When discovered, it will be only in the disclosures of a quiet *tête-à-tête*, after overcoming the reluctance of habitual reserve. Within the limitations of such a despotism as this general conversation must be monotonous and can never rise to be intellectual. Decided expressions of feeling or opinion seldom interrupt it. When they do, they are apt to be received with universal disapprobation, and the mistaken venturer may think himself lucky if this does not take its severest form —universal silence.

But the ruling canons of taste forbid the ordinary talk of English undergraduates from becoming even scholarly. Nothing is more absolutely barred than "talking shop," under which head they include all but the most casual allusions to the work which is, ostensibly, the common object of their university residence. There is one curious illustration of the spirit in which displays of scholarship are received among these students. At dinner in hall, a custom, whose origin is lost in proper obscurity, imposes a fine upon any one who is guilty of a quotation from a Greek or Latin author, or from English poetry, or—strange association!—for profaneness or obscenity. This takes the form of a mulct of beer or wine for the benefit of the table, and is always made a great joke. But such humor sometimes has a deeper significance. I do not know whether this custom rules at the "scholars'" tables, but it is my impression that it generally does so.

Subjects of conversation, in any general assemblage of undergraduates may be drawn from current politics or literature, but, if so, they are treated superficially. The chief interest centers in their own constantly recurring athletic contests, in regard to which the minutest details of information are eagerly imparted and received. Other matters relating to their university life are also canvassed again and again. But notice the questions asked: "Whether Star of Trinity or Blank of Oriel is more likely to get a 'First' at the next Examination?" "How many hours a day this friend is reading?" and, "Whether that lecturer is not a bore?" Deeper than this into the philosophy of university education it is forbidden to go.

These facts are clues to a number of English characteristics, if not to English character. To explain them all by the one word, reserve, would be absurd, though it has much to do with producing this condition of things. Their habit of reserve enables many of these men, whose intellectual life is on an altogether higher plane, to mingle with the multitude without arousing feelings, either of inferiority and dislike, or of inferiority and emulation, and themselves to enjoy such companionship. But this only serves to point to the truth, that the typical young Englishman is not intellectual, not thoughtful—scarcely even serious. He is little inclined to speculate upon the past or the future and, in dealing with questions of the hour, is more anxious to get them disposed of than to have his solution perfect. He has not read much, when he goes up from school, outside of his classics; and, at the university, it is a question between laying in more classics, and taking a course in history or law, to which he is quite satisfied to restrict his efforts. At the end, he knows enough about his specialty to get a "pass," or perhaps squeeze in for a "third," and has still read nothing else. He has none of that mass of undigested facts and crude opinions, which is the ordinary product of our system of education in a genuine American, and, which, though scarcely to be stated as the proper object of education, is a better product, for our purposes, than the English.

For out-of-door exercise, the representative young Englishman is possessed by a passion, which follows him through life, until he grows too stiff, in turn, to chase a foot-ball, to wield a cricket-bat or throw the weight of his broad back on an oar, and finally to sit on horseback or handle a gun. He is fond of animals and keeps a dog; and is too apt to judge of one's regard for himself by the treatment accorded to this canine supporter. He is manly, full of animal spirits, modest, good-natured, and accessible—to those whom he likes. He is not intensely religious, though he may be reading divinity, but is a firm adherent of the established church, and intolerant of free-thinking to the last degree. His morality is formed upon his ideas of gentlemanliness. He is mature, as I have remarked, —because he is not ambitious enough to aim at knowing everything and being everything at once, like an American, or at doing

something new and great, like a German; so that he is able to get rid of crudity very soon after coming under the influences of the university, and to settle down into the character which he is to carry, with no violent changes, through his life.

It is no new discovery that these are some of the most common features of English character, as developed by the universities. But studying character in a series of personal experiences is a quite different thing from getting it out of books, although the conclusions reached may be the same, or may, even, be less broad and true than those attainable through a comparison of others' experiences. It is certain, however, that, before long, a genuine American—ambitious, energetic, speculative—will grow restless under such artificial restrictions, and begin to seek for some more congenial society. Even within his college he can hardly fail to find it. His relations with the instructors will be pleasant. He will find himself meeting them, now and then, on almost intimate terms. And there are, of course, undergraduates in every college, who, while they are marked by all that is admirable in the English type of character, have nothing commonplace about them. The individual worth of such men is enhanced by their modesty. Those who have read and thought to real advantage are no more rare among Oxford students, than they are at Yale or Heidelberg. The difference is that there is no temptation to parade, and less inclination to it than among young Germans and Americans. It is my conclusion that the thoughtless, unintellectual tone of English undergraduate society, is rightly attributed by Englishmen, whose pride resents any further explanation, to the unwillingness of those who have valuable mental stores to hawk them for the general benefit. But beneath this fact there is another—at once its cause, and the true key to the whole situation—which I should state thus: when one descends from the small circle of those who have read much and thought carefully, he falls in with scarcely any who have read some things, and got some good out of them, but comes at once upon an army of Philistines, who have read nothing but a few text-books, and thought as little as they could.

One who makes his way into Oxford undergraduate society for the purpose of getting an inside view of England and the English, must ordinarily be too mature to suffer from influences which it might be unwise to throw around him at an earlier point of development. So far from being injuriously affected by the enervating tendency of Oxford life, he will find it the thing best worth studying, —the very thing which makes his object attainable. An independent character, once thoroughly developed, may be even led to a truer knowledge of itself, to a better-directed energy, by contact with antagonistic principles. There appears no reason at all why an American education should not be supplemented by such a residence at an English university.

But I doubt whether a course of study under these social influences is, in many cases, a desirable *substitute* for that at an American college, at the age at which our young men usually leave school. It is true that the advantages for study are in one sense great, and the assistance which is offered would be very useful, if the most were made of it. But it is not probable that an American, at that age, will do far otherwise than those around him. He is surrounded by an atmosphere—beautiful, lazy, careless. No active incentives are brought to bear on him; but—by example, certainly, and indirectly by precept—a powerful influence toward mental inertness. He may resist this; and then he will probably come away a scholarly *dilettante*, with a disqualification for any rougher work or less civilized life than is within the limited ken of the conventional English man of culture. I do not say that he may not escape this, also. I must avoid overdrawing the strength of the deleterious influence which I should fear for an immature American. My idea is that, while there is less room for dilettanteism in our uncompromising, ungloved civilization, than in the English, an American at Oxford is, on general principles, more likely than an Englishman to be drawn irresistibly into the current which sweeps toward this gulf. In building up their social and educational systems together, the English have adapted the latter to the former with the most perfect economy. It satisfies their own wants. The exact wants of other people have not entered into their calculations.

There are some other considerations suggested by the proposal, which we now hear not infrequently, to substitute an English for an American university course, which intimately concern the future of our own system of higher education. If a preference of the English course is justifiable, it will practically settle the question of the availability of their model as a guide for our efforts

in the development of our own universities, which is one of the grave problems for this generation of Americans to decide. It will be a not unfit conclusion to my effort to sketch, in one of its important aspects, the most prominent representative of English ideas of education, if I enter a little into the merits of this question. And as the German university scheme is the competitive model for our adoption, our examination of parallelisms and divergencies in our own and the English systems will be more instructive, if it is also included.

The present differences between these three educational systems can be best arrived at through a statement of their objects. We, in this country, in preparing work for our students, spread our efforts very widely, scarcely failing to run our plow-share into at least a corner of every field within the known and habitable territory of knowledge. Our aim, as it is intelligently understood by those who have studied it, is *instruction* or *information*. All that our colleges have—until recently—attempted, has been to lay a broad foundation for life-work and self-education. The fault of our scheme has been superficiality and incompleteness; its merit, breadth and suggestiveness.

The Germans pursue very much the same course at their gymnasia, which are the real rivals of our colleges and of the "academical departments" in our universities. But once at the university, they change their method, drop all but one subject, and carry proficiency in that to a degree which excites our envy. Their object in the university course is not information, in the sense in which I have used it, or education, in any sense; but *training*. Their universities are able to turn out highly trained specialists, because the gymnasia have sent them educated and widely informed men. This is intelligent specialization, and the whole system administers a reproof at once to those who decry, and to those who ignorantly grasp at, its fruits.

The English, in their universities, now specialize also, but not so strictly and not from the beginning of the curriculum. Their "Final Schools" are broader than a German's special course, and do not commonly exclude one another. Traversing, as they do, a more extended space, they are not able to reduce it to possession so completely, and are not trained for dealing independently with their specialties at once. The cure of souls appears indeed to be taught sufficiently in the "Divinity School"—or course—at the English universities, for young curates step directly from the hall where they take their bachelor's degree into parish work. But in no other profession is this true. The bachelor of medicine goes into a London hospital, or to Paris or Vienna, before he opens an office; the bachelor of law, into the chambers of a practicing attorney. The student of science attends lectures in London, or goes to the Continent. Perhaps pure mathematics, at Cambridge, should be excepted from this statement, but I know of nothing else. On the other hand, the English public schools are not German gymnasia, but almost confine themselves to a classical course, as a result of which we have seen that a graduate of Oxford may be, and often is, actually ignorant of many subjects which come equally within the scope of the German system of education and our own. The object of the English who support the two old universities, has been frequently alluded to in the preceding pages. It is *culture*,—a word which, in conventional English usage, has had a peculiar meaning, not referring so much to symmetrical development, and a broad intellectual horizon, as to a combination of the tastes and manners of good society, with a pretty talent for Greek verses. This is what their universities have been. Just now there is a rubbing of eyes, and stretching forth of tentative limbs, among the powers that be, which betoken an awakening to new life. It must be said for them that they have abolished recently a large number of venerable abuses, and that they have pursued their ideal of culture very successfully.

Such is an outline of the differences which these three systems present. Which of them is the better, and which will prevail; or if we admit that our own is unsatisfactory, to which of the others shall we look for suggestions? A slight review of history will show us that the German is at least leading in the direct course which events and changes have been taking, and are likely to take. The evolution of a scheme of education is, in its general contour, one of the simplest processes to be traced out in the history of modern civilized peoples. We can follow it from the time of scholastic logic and would-be philosophy—the dark ages—through the awakening period, which we are just leaving behind us, with its eagerness after universal knowledge, on to the future, when universal knowledge will

have become too vast to be attempted by one man, and the most that can be done will be to raise a superstructure of special attainments, on a basis of general information. How thoroughly the Germans are at the head of this movement need not be further emphasized. The narrowness which has been made a reproach against their education, is imaginary, in the first place, as any one could find out by examining the system which they have as subsidiary to their universities; and, so far as it is borne out by a few remarkable instances, is justified by the irresistible logic of necessity.

But while we see them ahead of us in the true path, it is possible that they are also ahead of the time, advancing at too great speed. The English have been following them with faltering steps, and have now arrived at a condition which admits of no excuse, except on the ground of its being transitional. For us it is full of instruction, chiefly by the way of warning. Whether or not the Germans are ahead of the time, it is certain that the English, in Oxford and Cambridge, are not anxious to overtake them speedily. The German extreme is rather shocking to their conservation. England has her great specialists whom she honors, fêtes; with whose names she fills biographical dictionaries. But their influence on society and public opinion is slight in comparison with that of the corresponding class in Germany. While a peculiar conception of culture remains the educational ideal of the west end of London, Oxford and Cambridge will not get much in advance of it, or move on a consistent plan of improvement. Whatever rebellion there is against their conservatism will find vent probably in the University of London, and other institutions which are less influenced by the prevailing social tone. The course of university reform in England will be that which they have taken in parliamentary and law reform. Foreign theories will be ignored, and not much more value attached to foreign experiments. Changes will be made slowly, and in accordance with no coherent scheme. The English have a marvelous faculty for putting up with partial reforms, and living under a system of things which bristles with theoretical contradictions.

But the question of what ought to be and will be done, is much more interesting as applied to ourselves, and not so simple. We have no settled intellectual habits, as a people, from which to argue. Still, it is possible to discover some things which we do not yet feel the need of, and which our educational institutions will not be largely called on to supply at once; and one of these is special scientific and professional training, so long-continued and strict as to involve a sacrifice of everything else. Extreme enthusiasm for specialization in study has never pervaded this country, any more than it has England, though for different reasons. Indeed, I fancy that instead of appearing to thoughtful Americans as an intoxicating dream, to be courted with German eagerness, it has taken the shape of a nightmare, whose remotest threatenings they have regarded with dread. We are not well enough educated as a nation to afford to specialize. What our educators must aim at, for many years to come, is a diffusion of information of a higher grade than that which is furnished by our boasted public schools,—a spread of that truer culture than the English, which means a broadened and receptive mind, a capacity for independent thought on new and grave subjects, a desire to know and use "the best that has been thought and said in the world,"—a culture which fits men to maintain a democratic form of government by teaching them self-government.

It is clear, then, that the prevailing tendency in our leading educational institutions, to disregard entirely the ideal of which Oxford is a representative, is based on our actual needs, and is to be encouraged, in spite of the protests of a few admirers of everything English. But it is no less clear that this tendency needs to be carefully regulated. In our admiration for the achievements of the Germans in education, we may make the mistake of emulating them too zealously. There has been no lack of apprehension of the fact that their university system is built on their school system, and that before we can have the one we must have the other. For accomplishing this double end two methods have been proposed. The earlier involved raising our preparatory seminaries into gymnasia, as the first step toward making our colleges universities. Of late, however, impatience has led to the attempt, in some instances, to make both university and gymnasia out of an "academical department," with a four years' course, by introducing optional studies, not unlike the English, and building up distinct professional and scientific schools around this. Such a scheme looks rather hopeless to one who

has not implicit faith in American creative genius. If we grasp so inconsiderately at German success, we may find ourselves stranded on the very English error which we wish to avoid still, as we have done.

But there is still a third plan of action, more promising than either of the others, which has been recently inaugurated at Yale, in the establishment of graduate courses of study. If we admit the somewhat distasteful fact that in our old colleges and academical departments we have gymnasia already, and nothing more, the adoption of this plan would seem to follow on the simplest economic principles. I believe that this is the destiny of the American system of education. But if it is, our future gymnasia—the present "academical departments" of our so-called universities—should not, in the meantime, be changed in any radical way. Optional studies ought to be introduced in them sparingly, if at all, and in such a manner as only to better the good work which they have done in the past,—a work which is now what we need more than anything else. Scientific and professional schools should be made not auxiliary, but supplemental to the central academy, and then they, with what we now call graduate courses, would be our universities, as soon as funds could be obtained to endow more professorships, and students induced to lengthen out a four years' course to seven. It may be asked why, in pursuing this plan, it would be undesirable to yield, temporarily, to the not very intelligent popular clamor for immediate change, in the direction of specialization. To this the English experience is a sufficient answer. Such a change in our situation would be an obstacle to complete development—another illustration of the manner in which, as Spencer has so clearly pointed out, structure, too hastily arrived at, may impede progress.

THROUGH THE TREES.

If I had known whose face I'd see
  Above the hedge, beside the rose;
If I had known whose voice I'd hear
  Make music where the wind-flower blows,—
I had not come; I had not come.

If I had known his deep "I love"
  Could make her face so fair to see;
If I had known her shy "And I"
  Could make him stoop so tenderly,—
I had not come; I had not come.

But what knew I? The summer breeze
  Stopped not to cry "Beware! beware!"
The vine-wreaths drooping from the trees
  Caught not my sleeve with soft "Take care!"
And so I came, and so I came.

The roses that his hands have plucked
  Are sweet to me, are death to me;
Between them, as through living flames
  I pass, I clutch them, crush them, see!
The bloom for her, the thorn for me.

The brooks leap up with many a song—
  I once could sing, like them could sing;
They fall; 'tis like a sigh among
  A world of joy and blossoming.—
Why did I come? Why did I come?

The blue sky burns like altar fires—
  How sweet her eyes beneath her hair!
The green earth lights its fragrant pyres;
  The wild birds rise and flush the air;
God looks and smiles, earth is so fair.

But ah! 'twixt me and yon bright heaven
  Two bended heads pass darkling by;
And loud above the bird and brook
  I hear a low "I love," "And I"—
And hide my face. Ah God! Why? Why?

ARE NARROW-GAUGE ROADS ECONOMICAL?

THE desirability of cheapening transportation is admitted by farmers and statesmen, merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists, and every additional contribution of fact and experience bearing upon the subject is read with a daily increasing interest.

Much may be said in favor of the narrow-gauge system under circumstances of isolation, where competition of the more firmly established system cannot be felt, and where capital cannot be obtained except for the smallest outlay. Under all other circumstances it can be shown that, in the present day and in this country, it is injudicious to invest money in any other than the standard-gauge roads. It can also be shown that the difference in cost of construction, equipment, operation, and transportation of the two systems has been greatly overestimated.

An exhaustive essay will not be attempted, nor will the reader be wearied with general statistics, which, in any case, are very unsatisfactory, unless all the conditions of the roads referred to are fully understood. The cost of different railways of the same gauge, either in construction or in operation, cannot be compared with each other without considering a variety of local circumstances. Hence, an array of figures showing the cost of construction and operation of railways in India, Great Britain and America, prove but very little in regard to any particular road upon which estimates may be required.

Tabulated statements as to the performance of locomotives, showing the mileage of loaded and empty cars; number of passengers carried one mile; the consumption of fuel, oil, tallow, and waste per mile run, are valuable to the officers of any particular road, showing, from year to year, what class of locomotives do the most work, and what men operate them most economically, but they prove very little in regard to any other road. This is owing to the fact that the grades and curves and the nature of the business are peculiar in each case. To do a light business it will cost, proportionately, very much more in the way of repairs, general and other expenses alluded to, than to do a heavy business. Hence, if one road is to be compared with another, the tonnage is a very important item. On some roads, the business is almost all in one direction, resulting in a heavy mileage for empty cars, which is almost as expensive as to haul loaded cars. These points are mentioned to show that the conclusions drawn from statistics are to be taken, in any case, with great caution.

It will be my object to exhibit many details, drawn from personal experience in the operation of both classes of roads, from which the reader may make his own deductions.

CONSTRUCTION.

No good reason can be given why the excavations and embankments of the two gauges should differ more than two feet in width for the track, while the ditches should evidently be of the same width.

In the following remarks, the terms "narrow-gauge" will refer to a gauge of three feet, and "standard-gauge" to one of four feet eight and one-half inches. Assuming an embankment two feet high, with slopes of one and a half to one, we have, for a narrow-gauge road ten feet wide, two and eighty-nine-one-hundredths cubic yards of earth-work, and for the standard-gauge twelve feet wide, three and thirty-three-one-hundredths cubic yards of earth-work, per lineal yard of embankment,—a difference in favor of the narrow-gauge of thirteen and two-tenths per cent.

With the same conditions, the quantities for a four-foot embankment are as seven and eleven-one-hundredths to eight—a difference of eleven per cent.; for a six-foot embankment, twelve and seventy-four-one-hundredths to fourteen, a difference of nine per cent.; for a twelve-foot embankment, thirty-nine and thirty-three-three-hundredths to forty, a saving of six and sixty-seven-one-hundredths per cent.; for a sixteen-foot embankment, as sixty and forty-four-one-hundredths to sixty-four, a saving of five and fifty-six-one-hundredths per cent.; for an eighteen-foot embankment, as seventy-four to seventy-eight, a saving of five and thirteen-one-hundredths per cent. Thus in the lowest embankment the saving is slight, and as the embankments increase in height the saving is still less.

Pile-bridge work constitutes, on most of our western roads, a very important item of expense, since we sometimes have as many as five hundred bridges in one hundred and fifty miles of road. The piles, guard-plank and labor cost just the same on the

narrow as on the standard gauges. The iron in such bridges consists mainly in spikes, and drift bolts, which should not be much, if any, lighter.

On the narrow-gauge bridges, ties five inches by six inches by six feet are used; caps, ten by thirteen by ten; stringers, six by twelve by sixteen; while on the standard-gauge the ties are six by eight by eight; the stringers eight by sixteen by sixteen, and the caps twelve by twelve by twelve, making a difference of about thirty-two feet, board measure, per lineal foot of bridging. This saving will not amount to more than fifteen per cent. of the cost of the bridge. The rails used in the track may be one-third lighter. A narrow-gauge track-tie measures six by eight by six feet; while a standard-gauge tie measures six by eight by eight feet. There is a saving of twenty-five per cent. in the material, but the saving in the cost of the tie is only about twenty-one per cent.; because the labor of making the one is about the same as that expended on the other.

It is obvious that the cost of erection of station-houses, section-houses, tool and store houses, will be the same under each system. Turn-tables and water-tanks can cost but very little less on the narrow-gauge road, because the labor—a very large proportion of the expense—will be nearly equal in both cases, while the material can be but very little less on the narrow-gauge road. In the erection of shops very little can be saved, unless it be about two feet in the height of the walls. An examination of these details will show that forty per cent. is an exaggeration of the difference in cost, since the principal items of expense differ but little.

EQUIPMENT.

A NARROW-GAUGE coach will seat about forty, while a standard-gauge coach will accommodate, about sixty passengers. It will therefore require three narrow-gauge coaches to transport the same number of passengers that will be carried in two standard-gauge coaches. The labor involved in the construction of a narrow-gauge coach is very nearly the same as that required to construct a standard-gauge coach, although the quantity of materials required will be less. I need not make a detailed statement of the cost of building these cars or coaches, since it will be obvious that three narrow-gauge coaches will cost as much as two standard-gauge coaches.

The load for a narrow-gauge freight-car is eight tons; for a standard-gauge freight-car, twelve tons; it will, therefore, require three of the former to do the work of two of the latter. The same reasoning will apply in the case of freight cars, which has been used in relation to coaches.

A narrow-gauge box-car weighs about eleven thousand pounds, while a standard-gauge box-car weighs about twenty thousand pounds; hence, in the transportation of three car-loads of freight over the narrow-gauge road, we will have about thirty-three thousand pounds dead weight, while in the transportation of two standard-gauge cars, there will be forty thousand pounds of dead weight; hence, the saving in dead weight appears to be about one-sixth of the weight of the box-car.

Very little is saved in the equipment of a narrow-gauge road with locomotive power, for a small engine will not do so much work in proportion to its cost as a large engine, and a million tons of freight can be hauled over any road with less cost for motive power with the large engine of a standard-gauge road than with the small engine of a narrow-gauge road.

OPERATION.

IN the operation of a railway, we find many expenses the same in both systems. The general offices must be maintained, telegraph operators, heads of departments, foremen in all branches of the work, mechanics, laborers, station agents, and trainmen must be retained in equal or greater numbers at the best wages, or they will go to other roads. At equal wages, it is difficult to retain the best class of men, because there is more or less feeling of insecurity,—unfounded, it is true,—which continually leads them to desert the narrow-gauge service. It is necessary to keep a foreman and several laborers on each section of the road, whose duties are the same, under similar conditions of road. It will cost the same on each to maintain this important and expensive force of men, as they have to run a hand-car, inspect track, bridges, culverts, crossings, fences, cattle-guards, etc., and perform the same labor of track lining and surfacing; and it will cost just as much to keep the right of way clear of grass and weeds, to maintain fences, to widen embankments, clear out ditches, tighten bolts, drive spikes, and clear driftwood from streams where bridges are in danger, to pump water for engines, and all the other duties which fall to this class of men.

One very important item of expense is the repair of bridges. In the renewal of material there will be a slight saving, but the repairs of buildings along the line of the road will cost the same.

Any one familiar with the pay-rolls of a railway, will appreciate the fact that an immense expense is incurred for labor in the repair and renewal of the track, bridges, and buildings, which, under the two systems, will be nearly, if not quite the same.

The labor involved in the repairs of rolling stock will be even greater on the narrow-gauge road, because it will require the same amount of labor to repair a narrow-gauge car as to repair a standard-gauge car; although, in the materials used, there will be some saving on the former. Add to this the fact that, in order to transport twenty-four tons of freight on the narrow-gauge, we must repair three cars, while to transport the same number of tons on a standard-gauge road, we have to repair but two cars, and it will be easy to see that, notwithstanding the saving in material, the cost of repairs on rolling stock, to transport an equal amount of freight, will be greater on the narrow-gauge than on the standard-gauge road. In order to haul the same amount of freight, the train expense will be much heavier; engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen, must be employed in greater numbers, —since trains are lighter,—and they must be equally skillful and have the same wages, and since the number of engines and cars must be about one-third greater in number to haul the same amount of freight on a narrow-gauge road, it is obvious that the very important items of oil, tallow, waste, and fuel, will cost much more on the narrow-gauge road.

It may be asserted that more engines will be required to haul a million tons of freight on a narrow-gauge road than on a standard-gauge road; moreover, the lighter engines do not execute their work so satisfactorily, as they get out of order more frequently,—because the flues are so much smaller, requiring frequent washing, which is not so effectual in preventing the accumulation of scale and mud.

Another great item of expense is due to the delay of trains and wrecks. Such incidents and casualties are more costly on a narrow-gauge road, because, for a given amount of freight, more trains are required, and more men and rolling stock are involved.

Whenever freight is transported for delivery to foreign roads, three narrow-gauge cars must be used in order to load two cars of the standard-gauge. A delay of, at least, one day will occur, in addition to the cost of transfer, which, if wagons have to be used, will be from three to six cents per hundred, or from five to nine dollars per car. It is often inconvenient for the shipper to load three cars at once, for the narrow-gauge road to furnish them, and for the foreign road to furnish the two cars, of the same class, at the requisite moment. When freight is received from foreign roads, the same difficulties occur. Moreover, foreign roads cannot be required to furnish freight in two-car lots; hence, the narrow-gauge road must either send a car partly loaded, or impose a rate destructive of its business, or else reduce its tariff. In the active competition for business which prevails at the present day, any one who has charge of a narrow-gauge road will readily admit that the gauge is of great disadvantage, for the reasons just stated, and because of the unwillingness of shippers to have their freight transferred by strangers, while in transit.

No assurances that damages will be paid if property is lost or injured will suffice to do away with this prejudice.

The writer has one case in mind where, if the gauges of the connecting roads were alike, he might secure from a short cross-road at least five hundred car-loads of flour, which is now transported about twenty miles beyond the junction, in order that it may proceed to its eastern destination without breaking bulk; for he could save this shipper twenty miles of hauling, and would gladly pay all charges for transfer, both at the point where the narrow-gauge road would receive the freight and at the terminus of the narrow-gauge road. It is asserted that freight of this description is more or less damaged, and rendered, in some degree, less marketable every time it is unloaded, though the injury may be so slight, in the case of each barrel, as not to justify a claim for damages. At all points on the road where a standard-gauge approaches it within wagon-haul, a narrow-gauge road will be placed at a disadvantage. Shippers are continually hauling to the standard-gauge road, in order to avoid subsequent transfer, and an extraordinary effort has to be made to hold business naturally tributary to a narrow-gauge road.

Freight, which is destined to terminal stations, where special track connections can not conveniently be made with all the

foreign roads, is subjected to transfer charges and to delays which place the narrow-gauge road at a disadvantage, so serious as to seriously reduce its revenue. In other words, all other conditions being equal, the very fact that bulk must be broken disqualifies the narrow-gauge road from doing business with foreign roads, except at cut rates, which competing roads will not permit for any great length of time. It may be affirmed, therefore, that the very fact of the gauge being below the standard places such a road in a position which prevents it from successfully competing for business. It must, therefore, be content with strictly local business and with the low rates which prevail elsewhere, for patrons of the road are dissatisfied with higher local rates than are made in other parts of the country. *This loss of business, in the course of a very few years, will more than balance the saving in cost of construction.*

We are, therefore, justified in the conclusion that an investment of capital in a narrow-gauge road is unjustifiable, unless the road be so located that it can never suffer from competition.

It has been suggested that the government construct a narrow-gauge road from the Missouri River to the Atlantic sea-board.

Aside from the constitutional question involved in this plan, the foregoing practical considerations alone condemn it. Besides, there are already more railways than are required by the business of the country.

It is very doubtful if the proposed narrow-gauge road would be built and operated for much less money, under any circumstances, and, since all appointments by the government will probably be based upon political considerations rather than fitness, it cannot be expected that a road operated by the government would, under any circumstances, be economically managed. Nor is it possible for any road to maintain a uniform rule as to rates and speed since all of these conditions are more or less affected by competition.

No shipper can afford to run trains of his own, as has been suggested in a recent article, since he could not expect to load the cars in both directions, nor would any railroad manager tolerate upon his line trains which are not completely under his control, for there would be endless complications growing out of such a system. When wrecks occur it would be difficult to determine who was responsible, because, in many cases, it is impossible to ascertain the cause of a wreck. A train will occasionally go through a bridge, and it cannot be ascertained whether the disaster is due to a defect in the rolling stock or to weakness of the structure.

In regard to the relative claims of the two classes of roads, there is a tendency to exaggerate the cost of standard-gauge roads, their equipment and operation; and, at the same time, to depreciate the cost of construction, equipment, and operation of narrow-gauge roads.

For instance, it has been said, in relation to the equipment of a standard-gauge road, that the weight of a car is twenty thousand pounds, its capacity twenty thousand, and its cost $735; whereas the fact is that the capacity of such a car is at least twenty-four thousand pounds, while its cost need not be more than $400.

At the same time, the weight of a platform car of the narrow-gauge road is given at six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, with a capacity of nineteen thousand. These cars weigh nearer nine thousand pounds, and they should be rated at sixteen thousand pounds load.

A writer in a recent number of the "Railway Gazette" has affirmed—First: That a narrow-gauge can be built and successfully operated, where a broad-gauge cannot. Second: That it can be built from one-half to two-thirds of the cost of the standard-gauge; and—Third: That it has equal capacity with the broad-gauge, at about two-thirds of the cost of operation. In regard to the first assertion, I will only say that, if such a place can be found, there and there only is the proper location for a narrow-gauge road; but, in view of the tasks accomplished in South America and elsewhere, it will be difficult to discover a region where this remark will apply. I deny that, under similar conditions, a narrow-gauge can be built for one-half or two-thirds of the cost of a standard-gauge.

This has been shown, I think, in the preceding pages, and I am ready to furnish further and complete evidence in support of my position, should occasion offer. Moreover, with the same cost of operation, a narrow-gauge road can never transport a greater quantity of freight; or, in other words, it will cost as much to transport a million tons of freight on a narrow-gauge as on a standard-gauge road; and if in the neighborhood of the latter, the freight cannot easily be obtained at equal rates by the standard-gauge road.

Let any man who is seeking for investment of capital in railway construction, consult those who have operated both classes of roads, and he will be advised, almost invariably, that he will save very little in cost of construction, equipment, and operation, and that he will lose business from competition, if he adopts the narrow-gauge. My experience in the management of both classes of roads does not, therefore, lead me to conclude that the multiplication of narrow-gauge roads will cheapen transportation until the standard-gauge roads are suppressed, and even then the saving will be very much less than is usually claimed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Prudential Element.

WE have received a very candid and, in some respects, a very impressive letter, criticising Professor Sumner's recent article on "Socialism," published in this Magazine. We make space for a paragraph.

"He (Professor Sumner) is evidently more a student of political economy than of moral economy; for he seems to believe in those economic laws which offer their rewards to the sharp, rather than the moral man. The present economic laws are based upon free competition. Here the intellectual, subtile man has greatly the advantage. Right is determined by might in this as much as in the savage state, only here it is intellectual rather than physical might which controls."

The writer goes on to say that this kind of civilization is "only a step out of the merely natural brutal instincts," that men are mostly made and their lives directed by circumstances, and then he gives the familiar proposition that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires."

No account is taken in what we have quoted, and no account is taken in the letter, of the prudential element in human life and human society. This is the more remarkable because our correspondent assumes the rôle of morality with which that element is indissolubly associated. It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind that is apt to remain. *It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and to keep money.* In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian prudence. Circumstances did not make these men rich. The highest moral prudence made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside.

If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will be impressed with is the measure of equality with which they started in the race for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquisition into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those results. Circumstances? Why the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town, has become a beggar. The poor, quiet lad, the only son of his mother,—and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her boy the commonest education,—is a man of wealth and has become a patron of his native village. The man who possesses and practices virtue, makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge, provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

We are sorry that our correspondent, who seems intelligent in some things, should betray the ignorance or lack of reflection that appears in his proposition relating to the English paupers and millionaires. Nothing could be more grossly and abominably untrue than the statement that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires." There is not between the poverty of one class and the wealth of the other the slightest relation of effect to cause. If the poor people of England had taken for the last few centuries the gold that wealth has paid to them for work in honest wages, and used it only in legitimate expenses, if they had not debauched themselves with drink, spending not only their money but their life and their power to work upon a consuming appetite, the pauper class would be too insignificant to talk about. It is not "circumstances" that reduces the British workman to pauperism; it is beer, or gin. The waste that goes on in England, through the consumption of alcoholic drinks, is the cause of its pauperism.

The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless

poverty; but usually pauperism comes through a lack of the prudential virtues. It is not always that a pauper wastes his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth?

Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not in any way to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.

Literary Materials and Tools.

WHEN Bulwer was in the enjoyment of his young popularity as a novel-writer, before Dickens had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, he issued his "Ernest Maltravers." The memory of that book has lingered with us during these forty years as a glaring instance of an appeal, by a powerful popular author, to the coarser and more destructive passions of men and women. He pictured his lovers, brought them into association, and so gave direction to the reader's imagination that itself, without his words, pictured the fact and scene of a seduction. It was the theme of excited common talk among the young men of the time, to whom it became a delicious and powerful poison. We do not know whether he ever repented of his terrible sin, but we know that he did incalculable harm by it. We do not know whether it stands in his later editions just as it appeared in the first; but there are many elderly men into whose memory a certain page of that book, with convenient rows of asterisks, is fairly burned.

The question naturally arises whether sins against social purity are legitimate literary material. A critic of "Roxy," in one of the newspapers, objects to the book on account of the relations between Mark Bonamy and Nance Kirtley. The condemnation is quite sweeping, and the only inference we can make is, that sins of impurity are not legitimate literary material—in the critic's opinion. Why? we ask. What is there in human life that is not legitimate material? Why should the novelist have the free handling of murder, of suicide, of theft and robbery, of slander, and a thousand cruelties that need not be named, and be forbidden to touch the abuse that is associated with the strongest and holiest affections and passions of human nature? If love has dangers, is it wrong to point them out? Is virtue very much nourished nowadays in an atmosphere of ignorance? Is there any such thing as an atmosphere of ignorance in these days?

We can get at a fair conclusion upon this matter by comparing the effect of these two books upon the mind. We have noted the effect of Bulwer's book. It was the intention of the writer, without question, to excite the prurient imaginations of his readers, and not to place the deed in its proper relations to the peace and well-being of the parties and of society. If any one can rise from the perusal of "Roxy" without realizing that Mark Bonamy went through a terrific degradation, and that a coarse pleasure was purchased by him at a price too terrible to invite imitation, he must be very singularly constituted. One book leaves, or is calculated to leave, the reader in love with vice; the other leaves or is calculated to leave him horrified by it, and disgusted with it.

We might quote the freedom with which the Bible—a book intended for universal use—employs material of this sort; but as we do not intend to appeal to the Bible moralities to make good our position, we simply allude to the matter and drop it. We maintain that all which illustrates human nature and human history is legitimate literary material, the writer being simply bound—not as a moralist, but as a literary man—to represent everything in its proper relation to the scheme of things which he finds established, as it concerns the happiness and well-being of the individual and society. When a novelist represents vice as a thing that in any way "pays," he lies, and is therefore untrue to his art. When he so represents the sin of social impurity that it shall appear more attractive than repulsive, more delightful than blameworthy,—when he represents it shorn of its natural consequences—half harmless to the guilty ones, and quite venial in the eye of society, he betrays his untruth to literary art, and reduces and vulgarizes the standard of his own work. This may be said, or pleaded in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*: that it does not become an editor who spreads before families of readers the details of a hundred adulteries and seductions and other crimes against social purity every year, accompanied with the usual amount of reporterial and judicial jesting, to take to task a conscientious novelist who treats the crime he depicts as God and nature dictate.

There is another point about which there are contrarieties of opinion. It makes no difference whether a novel-writer be clerical or lay, Christian or un-Christian, he feels deprived of the use of his legitimate tools in the prohibition placed upon profanity. Some writers will not accept the law, because only by the use of what is called profanity can they properly represent the characters and situations in hand. We are not alluding to the disgusting "blanks" of Colonel Starbottle, or to any of the writers whose low tastes lead them to prefer profanity to decency, and who sympathize

with it to the very tips of their tongues. We venture to suggest that Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Eggleston and George MacDonald feel the denial of the use of profane language in their novels as a real harm to their art. Men must speak their vernacular or they cannot speak naturally, and to put "dang it" into a man's mouth when he said something else, or "the deuce" when he said "the devil," is to dodge and palter, for the purpose of not giving offense.

Still we think a man is quite at liberty to choose here. There is nothing vital about this matter of tools. The vitalities attach to materials. It is doubtless better that the novelist bow as far as he can to the popular prejudice against the use of profane language in literary art. In New England there is great popular reverence for the devil, which we do not at all share; so it is probably best to present him always in a disemboweled form, preserving only the initial and final consonants. We are to remember that there is a considerable portion of every community which believes that all besides themselves are children, and are to be treated as such—by all sorts of publications except the daily newspapers. These seem to be quite at liberty to choose whatever material comes to their hands,—the worse the better.

Social Needs and Social Leading.

THE social potentialities of the average American village are quite beyond any man's calculation. It would be difficult to find any village in the country which has not the materials and the forces of the best civilization and culture. If these forces and these materials were not under restraint,—if they were only free to follow their natural impulses and courses, there would be universal progress. The fact, however, is, that almost universally the agencies concerned in raising the social life of a community are, for various reasons, held in check, or altogether repressed.

Let us try to paint a typical village. It shall consist, say, of a thousand people, more or less. The village has its two or three little churches, and these have their pastors—men of fair education and faultless morals. Still further, the village has one or two physicians and a lawyer. In addition to these, there is the postmaster, who is usually a man of activity and influence; there is the rich man of the village; there are the three or four men who are only less rich than he; there are the young, well-educated families of these well-to-do people; there are a dozen women who are bright in intellect, and who read whatever they can lay their hands on; there is a fair degree of worldly prosperity, and the schools are well supported. One would say that nothing is needed to make it a model village,—full of the liveliest and brightest social life, and possessing all the means and institutions of intellectual culture and progress. To repeat a phrase with which we began, the social potentialities of the village are incalculable. All the agencies, and materials, and appurtenances for a beautiful social life and growth seem to exist, yet the fact probably is that the village is socially dead.

If we look into the condition of things, we shall find that the little churches are, through their very littleness and weakness, jealous of each other; that their pastors are poor and are kept upon a starving intellectual diet; that the doctors and the lawyer are absorbed in their professions; that the rich men are bent upon their money-getting and money-saving, and that all the young people are bent upon frivolous amusements. The village has no public library, no public hall, no public reading-room, no lyceum, no reading-clubs, no literary-clubs, and no institutions or instituted means for fostering and developing the intellectual and social life of the villagers.

We have seen exactly this condition of things in a village many times, and we have seen, under all these possibilities and the hard facts of apparent indifference or social inertia associated with them, a universal desire for something better. We have seen churches ashamed of their jealousies and the meager support accorded to their ministers. We have seen young people dissatisfied with their life, and wishing that it could be changed, and we have seen our dozen of bright, reading women ready and longing to make any sacrifice for the production of a better social atmosphere. Nay, we believe that the average American village is ready for improvement,—ready to be led.

The best social leading is the one thing lacking. Sometimes it does not need even this,—only some fitting occasion that shall bring people together, and reveal the under harmonies which move and the sympathies which bind them. The probabilities are that there is not a village in America that needs anything more than good leading to raise its whole social and intellectual life incalculably. The village that is most dead and hopeless needs but one harmonizing, unselfish, elevated will to lead and mold it to the best life and the best issues. We cannot illustrate this power of leading better than by citing the results of the recent mode of raising church debts. One of the two or three men who have become famous for raising church debts goes into a pulpit in the morning and stands before a bankrupt congregation. He is told before he enters the building that every effort has been made to raise the debt, but in vain,—that, indeed, the people have not the money, and could not raise the required sum if they would. Yet, in two hours every dollar is subscribed, and the whole church sits weeping in mute and grateful surprise. No advantage whatever has been taken of them. They have simply, under competent leading, done what they have all along wanted to do, and what they have known it was their duty to do.

Any man who has ever had anything to do in organizing the social life of a village has, we venture to say, been surprised amid what seemed to be universal stagnation, to find how general was the desire for reform. Everybody has been ready. All were waiting for just the right man to set them going, and he only needed to say the word, or lift and point the finger.

It is not necessary to break up any legitimate

family feeling that may exist in churches, or to interfere with social cliques and "sets," or to break down any walls between classes. We talk now only of the general social and intellectual life which brings people together in common high pursuits, and gives a village its character and influence. It is only from this life that a strong and efficient public spirit can come. A village must hold a vigorous general life outside of sects and cliques and parties, before it can make great progress, and it is astonishing how quickly this life may be won by the right leading.

We write this article simply to call the attention of that resident, or those residents, of any village who will naturally read it, to their own duty in this matter. The chances are that they live in a village whose life is split into petty fragments, and devoted to selfish, or frivolous, or brutal pursuits. We assure them that all the people need is good leading, and that there must be one among them who has the power in some good degree of leading, organizing, and inspiring a united and better life. It is not an office in which personal ambition has any legitimate place,—that of social leadership. Any man who enters upon it with that motive mistakes his position, and hopelessly degrades his undertaking. But wherever there is a sluggish social life, or none at all that is devoted to culture and pure and elevating pursuits, somebody—and it is probably the one who is reading this article—is neglecting a duty, from which he is withheld, most probably by modesty. We assure him that if he is really fit for his work, he will find an astonishing amount of promising material ready and waiting for his hands.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Origin of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

IN the very able "Recallings from a Public Life," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October, the distinguished author (Robert Dale Owen) omitted, perhaps necessarily, the origin of the *projet* of treaty intrusted to Nicholas Trist, as an agent of this government, in April, 1847.

Inasmuch as the preparation of that afterward consummated treaty forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the secret-service history of our country, and as the causes which have hitherto rendered absolute silence in regard to it strictly imperative, have disappeared, I find myself not unwilling to communicate some of the more interesting and leading facts thereof. But, in the brief space and in the limited time now at my disposal, I cannot complete the narrative. That can be done, however, within a month, and upon the collection of long neglected data which are not, at this moment, within easy reach.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was born in Monterey, baptized in the City of Mexico, and sent, complete in all its members, to the President of the United States (James K. Polk) during the opening months of 1847. By him, and by nearly every member of his cabinet, it was joyfully adopted, and, through Mr. Trist, it was remitted to Mexico as the basis of an acceptable peace. It was a most welcome ray of light at the darkest hour of our war with Mexico, and, had it not been unwarrantably shorn of some essential elements before execution, it would have ranked among the most brilliant diplomatic successes which the world has known.

While the American Army of the Rio Grande was preparing to "storm home the towers of Monterey,"—the Mexican general, Santa Anna, being then an exile, and his enemies in power,—there came to ex-President Lamar, of Texas (then in the field with the Lone Star Contingent, as it was called), the knowledge that a Mexican plot, of deadly significance to our commerce, was in actual progress. The plot was to proclaim the Duke of Montpensier Emperor of Mexico. This son of Louis Philippe and husband of the Infanta of Spain would, at the then crisis of affairs, have carried a very strong party among the Mexican people. All the foreign merchants, most of the great land-holders, and a powerful section of the higher priesthood, would have stood loyally by this branch of an ancient line of royalty. Señor Munoz, the brother-in-law of Queen Christina by her left-handed marriage with the Duke of Rianzares, was engaged in this work at the Mexican capital; and the plot had ripened almost to completion when the secession from it of a distinguished prelate and two high officials gave a sudden turn to the whole matter.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the damaging consequences to the commerce and interests of the United States, had this plot for making a Franco-Spaniard the king of Mexico been successful, at that stage of the war. The ports of France and Spain would thereupon have been open to letters of marque commissioned to prey upon our commerce. Cuba and Porto Rico would have sent them forth by hundreds. Every maritime state in Europe then had ships for sale which might speedily have been rendered suitable for such service. The West Indian chain of islands were all European dependencies, except Hayti. That was African, and its policy—so far as it had one—was opposed to that of the United States because, if for no other reason, of the existence of our slave system. Taken together, these islands may be said to have fronted and commanded every port and outlet of our coast commerce—for our Pacific States then had no existence. Nor had we power of reprisal. Mexico offered no rich merchantmen as prizes for our cruisers, while ours whitened every sea.

During the political battle over the annexation of Texas, in 1845,—a battle waged and won in the newspaper field primarily in the columns of "The Sun,"—a strong personal attachment had developed between ex-President Lamar, of Texas, and Moses Y. Beach, the proprietor of that journal.* It was through this personal friendship that Mr. Beach became informed—in 1846—of the monarchical plot already alluded to, and, later, of the progress of Mexican-Texas political affairs, in which he manifested a profound interest. He promptly and personally communicated the plot to the President, and thenceforth, as he gathered information which he deemed of importance to the government, he communicated it, personally or by letter, to the President or the Secretary of State (James Buchanan). No phase of the subject in which either of the three countries —United States, Mexico, or Spain—could have interest, escaped his observation. The cabinet was immediately summoned, and the revelations which Mr. Beach had made were the subject of instant discussion. The result of the conference was the nearly or quite unanimous decision that the return of Santa Anna to power was the sole and perfect remedy for the dreaded disaster. By a silent and wonderfully rapid movement on the part of President Polk's cabinet, this return was successfully accomplished. The leading monarchists in Mexico were paralyzed and scattered by the sudden advent of Santa Anna, and the plot for a monarchy was completely frustrated.

But the work was not yet ended. A peace with Mexico was now to be conquered, and it remained to be known upon what basis such a peace could be obtained. On the ruins of the monarchist power in Mexico a peace party of no insignificant pretentions had reared itself, and this it was evidently the policy of our government to foster and sustain. The "Santanistas" had been communicated with, and had promised, as the reward for the return of their chief, to recognize the claim of Texas to the territory as far as the Rio Grande, New Mexico included. In other words, they yielded the whole of the Texan claim, out of which the war originated. Certain of the Mexican leaders, and these of the higher classes, fearing that the prolongation of the war would result in the conquest and absorption of their entire country, proposed "to stay the land-devouring voracity of the Northern barbarians," by granting them what they considered as the barren wastes of California and Arizona, in return for a cancelment of the claims of American citizens against the Mexican government, and the protection of the proposed new frontier from Indian incursions, then the greatest terror of all border settlements.

It was through the industry and perseverance of Mr. Beach, and the facilities which he enjoyed for confidential correspondence with leading men in Mexico, that these facts were made known to the American government; and when he further communicated to the President and the Secretary of State the startling information that peace was attainable upon conditions more favorable than any of which they had previously conceived, he was at once—*but unofficially*—requested to make a personal visit to the country in the furtherance of such private interests as he might have in hand, and while there, by conferring with the leaders of the peace party, verify the conclusions to which he had arrived. The commission was one which involved an almost unlimited confidence in his faithfulness and discretion.—a confidence which, to the last day of his life,* was strictly merited. It was, moreover, a commission, the execution of which not only demanded the sacrifice of exceedingly important private affairs, but also the taking of his own life in his hand, by the fact of entering the capital of his country's enemy. But with him thought was action, and his country's welfare was second to no personal consideration. With no shadow of hesitation he accepted the duty, and set himself wholly to its accomplishment.

Of the means by which that duty was performed, of the perfect success which attended it to its very end, and of some of the exciting incidents which marked its progress, it will be my pleasure to speak in another paper.

M. S. BEACH.

* Ex-President Lamar wrote to Mr. Beach, whose advocacy of the annexation of Texas commenced in 1842, as follows:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 26th, 1845.

"MOSES Y. BEACH, ESQ.:

"*Dear Sir:*—I congratulate you on the realization of your favorite hope. You were among the first to enter the list for the annexation of Texas, and may fairly rejoice on the almost certain success of that great and *American* movement. The bill has passed the House of Representatives, in a form which, I have no doubt, will be readily accepted by the people of Texas.

* * * * * * * *

"MIRABEAU B. LAMAR."

Takigraphy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1878.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

Dear Sir:—Doubtless many persons will thank you for the article on "Neophonography," in the October number. It contains many judicious observations, and treats of a subject of such immense and growing importance, that it cannot fail to attract very general attention. I desire, however, to correct the wrong impression which the author conveys regarding Takigraphy, which is quite different from the other systems, and has been found entirely practical for all the purposes of writing.

Takigraphy is not open to the objections charged against it by Mr. Richardson, but meets fully every reasonable requirement of a practical script. It provides an alphabet that *is* a "complete and sufficient key to the writing." Takigraphers do not, however, deem it necessary to distinguish between the vowel sounds in *bait* and *bale*, nor between those in *boat* and *bold*, though such distinctions can be made in Takigraphy, if any writer chooses to make them, just as easily and just as philosophically as in Mr. Richardson's system. In Takigraphy, each vocal element *does* "have one, and only one, distinct sign, absolute in value." Each character *is* made by "a single impulse of the pen." The writing *does*

* His death occurred in 1869.

flow "freely and distinctly from left to right," and *is* "compact" and "flexible." It embraces every other feature which Mr. Richardson regards as essential, except one, which embodies the vice which renders his system worthless, and would render it worthless if it had all other possible virtues.

When he says, "The character value [of the letters] should be independent of the mode of writing, or direction of strokes," and works this theory into a system by giving one letter six variations of form and direction, and allowing other letters generally to be written either backward or forward, upward or downward, at pleasure, he devises a scheme that no one can write with any fair degree either of accuracy or legibility.

I doubt whether the old Phonography, with all its complexity, is so cumbrous in its redundancy of outline, which confuses the writer continually, as a system on such a basis must of necessity be.

Very truly yours,

D. P. LINDSLEY,
Inventor of Takigraphy.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.—II.

DAILY HABITS.

EARLY rising is desirable. I do not mean getting people up before light. It is useless to begin the day by making every member of the family uncomfortable. Whatever hours are necessary for the good of all should be observed, and if the head of the household is obliged to be at his business at an early hour, it is the duty of his family to adapt themselves to this necessity. Consideration should be given to peculiarities of temperament: some nervous people sleep better in the morning; let not rules, or imaginary necessities interfere with health and comfort.

A mother must rise early (I write to mothers who are in good health), to see that all goes well in the nursery, if she does not perform the duties of nurse herself. Let the nurse and her children look for her presence with impatience, and feel that they need her assistance and oversight. Let children appear fresh from their baths, neatly dressed, however plainly, and come to the breakfast table with cheerful, happy faces,—the best attention they can show to their parents,—and turn up their little faces for a good-morning kiss. No child is too old for this while under the parental roof. The breakfast should be fresh, well served, and carefully prepared, whether frugal or luxurious. The mother should set the example of being neatly and appropriately dressed. She will see no one during the day before whom she should desire to appear so well, or to be so attractive. A cheerful, well-surrounded breakfast table is a pleasant remembrance for a man to take with him to his business. If there are no children, there is the greater need of everything being cheerful and tasteful.

I have nothing to say about family prayers; this is a matter of conscience, taste and feeling, and must be governed by these. If the children go to school (I should put in a plea for home education until a child has reached the age of twelve. No one can teach children to read, and write, and sew as well as the mother, but this rather belongs to my chapter on Children); if they go to school, their lessons must be attended to, and when they come home they must be taught to wash and dress themselves for dinner. If young enough to make it necessary to dine in the middle of the day (and this should be till after they are twelve), the mother should be present at the dinner to see that no bad habits are formed, that there is no carelessness of diet, no irregularity. The meal hours are often the most instructive and charming hours of the day. Exercise in the open air as much as possible, but this must be governed by opportunity. With children, avoid above all things exposure to the sun. Blessed are the children who live in the country, with freedom from the necessity of an attending nurse; but, city or country, the sun must be avoided. I need not point out the occupations of the day. With one who is wife and mother, or either, every hour is more than full. A wife should be ready and dressed to receive her husband upon his return home at night, and if there are children, let them have the privilege of welcoming him too, before going to bed. If he is a busy man, he sees them rarely enough. Keep up as much as possible, as much as is consistent with your duties, your intercourse with society. Keep yourself instructed and interested in all that is going on in the world, and do not become a mere housekeeper and nurse, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of every one about you. In the evening, try to collect about you your husband's and your childrens' friends, as well as your own; but avoid all gossip, all meddling with the affairs of others. Let us be grateful that we are not responsible for the affairs of other people. Our own are always more than we can properly attend to. Repeat no scandal or disagreeable stories, and let not love of dress (the vice of the country) take hold of the thoughts and conversation. Tasteful, æsthetic, appropriate dress is characteristic, and it is the duty of every one to dress as well and to make herself look as becomingly as means and time permit; but to spend upon expensive dress money which should be given to necessary and improving expenses is both ignorant and vulgar.

Hospitality is one of the best virtues—hospitality in its best sense; not a display, not an effort to appear better than one's neighbors. Have no struggle to do what you cannot do well; but in accordance with your means of living, welcome your

friends to your table and to your fireside. The better fare you can give them justly, the pleasanter for you and for them; but, above all, a warm welcome to whatever you can command! And, here again, let me say, a cheerful fire is a welcome in itself. All sentiment apart, life becomes more easy when cheerfulness and order have sway.

MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

The Maternity Society.

THE Episcopalian Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth street, just out of Fifth avenue, hides itself behind its trees, and flowers, and fountain, until it seems smaller than it really is; until, in fact, we hardly wonder that, in spite of its capacious aisles, it should be known as the Little Church Around the Corner. It is a church with a pastor who delights in parish work, and it is a pleasure to be able to say that this parish work is well planned, and that its results are brought about more by time and brain than by the mere lavish and indiscriminate expenditure of money to which, alas! so much of our charity is confined.

Among the many societies of this church, is one originated by it and deserving description here. Already has it been imitated in St. Louis, and it needs only to be more widely known to be more generally emulated. It was the result of a feeling on the part of certain ladies of the parish that in the life of every mother there was a time when she needed all the help, and care, and sympathy possible, and that in many a case, when this trying time came, the poor woman was without care or help of any kind, without medical attendance, without clothing for her infant, and even at times without food for herself. To send needed clothing and supplies before their presence is called for; to render proper medical aid; to give the services of a skillful nurse; to provide for pressing temporal wants; to care for the body and comfort the mind—these are among the objects of the Maternity Society. It is now over two years old, and it is beginning to get more and better known among the class it seeks to benefit. With the experience gradually acquired has come a knowledge of further utility. One year after its organization, the society saw the need of a regular nurse and visitor, and for this purpose it found an excellent woman, kind, intelligent, patient, and not too well educated to make those among whom she had to work think her in any way above them. Fitting rooms were at the same time engaged as apartments for the nurse, as head-quarters for the society, and as a store-house of supplies. Here are kept baskets containing such articles of clothing as may be needed by a new-born infant. These articles are merely lent to the patient, and must be returned in good condition, although when needed, as is generally the case, they are allowed to be kept.

Perhaps an idea of the work of the Maternity Society cannot be better given than in the brief and eloquent words of its second annual report, which will, doubtless, be sent to any one who may desire to borrow the methods of the society, on application to the secretary, care of the Church of the Transfiguration, No. 1 East Twenty-ninth street, New York City. The report requests permission "to describe in few words the details of our work. Applicants for relief are requested, if circumstances permit, to come to the Mission Rooms, No. 3 Pacific place, West Twenty-ninth street, on Wednesday mornings, when the executive committee meet for work. If the case is approved, Sister Rebecca at once visits the woman, places her in charge of one of our physicians, supplies (through the gifts of individual members of the society) her most urgent needs until confinement; cares for and nurses her at that time, visiting and remaining with her when needed, giving food for the mother and clothes for the baby, lending, and sometimes giving, clothes for the mother also. At the proper time, both the ladies of the visiting committee and the Sister urge the baptism of the little one, either in our own church or that of its parents. And in all cases where there seems to be hope of lasting good, the mother is drawn to join the sewing society, the children are cared for,—the whole family, in short, is brought under the influence of kindly sympathy, and taught lessons of self-help and self-respect.

"The growth of the work during the past year can best be told in the following figures: In 1876, 18 patients, 10 baptisms in our communion, 63 garments given away; employment given to poor women amounting to $73.20. In 1877, 58 patients, 24 baptisms in our communion, 1,200 garments given away; employment given to poor women amounting to $111.98."

J. B. M.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Eggleston's "Roxy."*

IT is not as a mirror of life and manners in the West that Dr. Eggleston's story is of most value, though we cannot conceive of a time to come when it will not be indispensable to a just estimate of the times and people with which it deals. The body and spirit of the Indiana village are reflected with such skill and with so little admixture of the accidental, that the story is still broadly representative of the slow-changing river-towns of that state. But it is not this feature that gives the book its highest value, since this presentation requires only sympathetic observation and a good memory,—qualities neither rare nor great. That Dr. Eggleston has

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

set but small value on such a source of popularity is proved by his absorption in the higher work of the novelist and by the significant fact that in no one of his previous volumes is the "local color" so unobtrusive. It is because the setting is evidently not for itself, that it does not seem disproportionate. The mechanism of the story—to speak of what is hardly apparent to the reader—displays an unusual knowledge and use of motives in natural and spontaneous combinations. In this respect, Dr. Eggleston must take rank with the best of modern story-writers. With marked fertility of invention, his regard for the mere intrigue has neither the enthusiasm of the cryptographs like Poe, Collins, and the later Reade, nor the indifference of philosophic writers like George Eliot, whose steed so often ambles under a loose rein while she contemplates the stars.

Dr. Eggleston may almost be said never to violate the probabilities of action and character. His imagination takes firm and subtle grasp of each personality, but it also takes note of the wide play of human nature under the bias of circumstances. In the modern novel,—the province of which is, in some form or other, conduct,—it is not human nature that moves us, but human nature in action under new impulses and surroundings, and making for itself new spiritual laws for new necessities. It is Dr. Eggleston's triumph that, in the face of the prejudices of society, he has given the remarkable climax of his story a full moral and artistic justification.

We must not attempt to mention in detail all the admirable points of the book, which include much good work of the *genre* order,—among which, Major Lathers and Twonnet Lefaure are prominent. The most profound characterizations are Mark and Roxy; and the interviews between the two,—notably the one in "The Easy Road Downward," with the final influences that lead up to it—are worked out with consummate naturalness and insight. The reflection and inter-play of purpose between them are probably the most powerful and artistic passages in the author's writings.

Dr. Eggleston rarely steps aside to record an aphorism, but his situations, which are full of action and contrast, naturally suggest many trenchant general thoughts, among which we recall to our readers the following:

"Perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion."

"For that matter our motives are never quite so good as we think, and never quite so bad as our enemies suppose."

"This old heresy that a man is all bad is the devil's own cloak under which one is always prone to hide specific sins."

"So long, indeed, as she said nothing, she was a picture of meditative wisdom, a very Minerva. But when she spoke, it was, after all, only Minerva's bird. Such was the enchantment of the great still eyes in her passively beautiful face, that after many shocking disillusions brought about by the folly of her tongue, one was sure to relapse again into a belief in her inspiration as soon as she became silent. I doubt if good John Kaspar Lavater himself could expound to us this likeness of absolute vacuity to deep thoughtfulness. Why do owls and asses seem so wise?"

"We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, and when we get old, we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth to look out for themselves."

"Each blamed the other for the cooling of a friendship which they had often vowed should be eternal. In such gradual dissolutions of eternal friendships, each party, feeling herself innocent, is sure that the other must be censurable. They never think of falling out with those deep and irresistible currents in human nature before the force of which we are all helpless."

"Does a rejected lover ever think that the woman has done quite so well for her own interest as she might?"

"The test of moral character is not infallibility but recuperative power."

"It was the 'turn' of the south-western portion of the district to name the man. And the geographical argument is a very weighty one if it happens to be on your side. If it is in favor of the other man you can insist that fitness is the only thing."

The vigor and directness of Dr. Eggleston's style are able adjuncts in the presentation of this rugged life, but they are also to blame for a certain baldness of outline and rigidity of statement, which is not altogether accounted for by the nature of the material with which the author works. It is not euphemism that is lacking, but mellowness,—the sublimated treatment which in Hawthorne makes us content to dwell upon the disagreeable, even the morbid.

Stuart Sterne's "Angelo."*

THE theme of this poem is the love of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna. The following occurs in the description of a scene where Vittoria reads to the artist the lines which she had last written:

"Read in her low, clear voice that quivered not,
A lay of love and praise, a plaint of pain
For the departed, at whose tomb her soul
Kept ceaseless watch, and all her heart's affections
Burned like a lamp eternal, night and day,—
A passionate outpouring of the founts
Of deepest tenderness and grief, in words
So full of music, on her lips they seemed
Soft as the murmur of that shady brook,
Sad as the warble of that nightingale,
Sweet as the breath of that fair, sun-kissed rose
Whereof she sang, and yet wherefrom all glory
Had parted with his vanishing. A song
Through all whose tearful sadness there yet shone
A mild, unshaken star, the faith sublime
That ever pointed upward, a great trust
In Him who doeth all things well."

A few pages further on, Angelo thus addresses Vittoria:

"'Madonna, you are she,
Who in the wintry autumn of my years,
Now, at the hour when other men look forward
But to the grave, have burst on my dark life
A starry, singing, flowering spring,—brought back
My youth to me and gladness, nay a youth
More joyous than I ever knew!—beneath
Whose magic touch the sunken fairy-land
Arose once more in all its ancient splendor!
Aye, life is beautiful and earth is fair,
Lies bathed in golden sunlight at my feet,
Since I knew you, loved you! Nay, suffer me,
To tell you so but once!'"

But Vittoria is faithful to the memory of her husband, and gently but firmly and irrevocably turns aside the passion of her lover. Sinking at the foot of a crucifix, she cries to the Madonna:

"'Oh, if I ever strayed or swerved from thee,
Forgot thy perfect service for an hour,
I do beseech thee, grant me pardon now!
Oh, by all anguish and all ecstasies,
The sweetness and the passing bitterness,
That thou hast known, a thousand times more great
Than any that could pierce this petty heart;
By all the holy joys of motherhood,
To me denied,—thy Blessed Babe's sweet smiles,
That thou couldst gather to thy happy bosom,
To serve for sunshine on the darkest path;

* Hurd & Houghton, publishers.

By the fierce sword that rent thy travailing soul
Beneath the cross,—look down in mercy on
My agony, help thou my wrestling spirit,
Here at the feet of Thy Beloved Son,—
Thou who a woman, know'st a woman's heart,
Free me from this most cruel doubt!'"

Later on in the poem, Angelo is summoned to the bedside of Vittoria. He reached her house:

"'Twas chill and dark, windows and hall and stairs,
And a thick, fearful silence reigned, unbroken
By but a whisper or a muffled footfall,
Only from somewhere in the night he fancied
Sounds of low weeping came."

Still later, after her death, Angelo wandered, aimless and despairing, out upon the Campagna:

"'It is well!'
He thought, 'a fitting emblem of my life,
This blasted field, where naught remains but ruin,
And every hope is dead!'"

If this poem, as a whole, can hardly be considered thoroughly successful, it must be remembered that the author chose as difficult a theme as could be found in the whole range of history. The relations between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna appear, after the latest researches, to be different from what was formerly supposed. We fear that the present writer has not thrown any great light upon these relations, for she does not make us feel that this is indeed Michael Angelo. The poet has chosen, not only a most difficult theme, but a most difficult—if not *the* most difficult—form of English poetry,—namely, blank verse. Many of the lines cannot be "scanned" at all, and the construction of the verse is seldom as firm as in the passages quoted above. But this little book, as well as the first one published by the same author, are, after all, the work of a poet—a poet, too, of individuality, and with the power of expressing noble thoughts in suitable language.

Beers's "Odds and Ends."*

MR. BEERS claims for most of his pieces the lenient judgment which passes on *juvenilia*. They are slight poems, for the most part written while the author was an undergraduate and designed for the amusement of the jovial student, rather than to thrill with melancholy pleasure the lover of heroics. Immediate favor has been won by these pleasantly comic verses, if favor consists in complimentary notices in the press, and the fact that several have already found a place in Rossiter Johnson's new collection of facetious poems (Henry Holt & Co.'s "Leisure Hour" Series). Mr. Beers has had the good sense to give his book a deprecatory title, instead of assuming for his work, in the very superscription, the qualities that await the acknowledgment of the critics and the public. It is as if the author himself came forward. and, with eyes cast down should stammer: "Pardon me, good public, but you know verses are a weakness that will out." Having won his critics by such a demure title as "Odds and Ends," Mr. Beers follows up his advantage by amusing them; and what cannot be done by a man who is amusing? The strongest bent of the man is humor, to judge from these poems alone. He is mellow with fun, but it is fun of no extravagant kind. It is not the humor of Mark Twain or Josh Billings, but more like that of Warner. Readers of the Hebrew and Greek classics will relish his "Threnody on Three Worthy Characters," where the respectability of the company furnishes some excuse for the pun in the title. The lost letters of alphabets invariably possess a romantic charm for college professors, and it is their pedantic enthusiasm which has kindled the poetic flame of Mr. Beers:

"Dim is my damp eye
For thee, O Sampi:
Lo! here I drop a
Tear for Koppa:
Gone, too, art thou
Departed Vau.
(Ah! letter sweet
Now obsolete.)
* * *
But thou, Digamma,
Chiefly for thee
We wail and clamor
In threnody," etc., etc.

But it is not alone his deprecary and preface, nor even his humorous *juvenilia* which give Mr. Beers his advantage. He is also free from all appearance of striving to be original; he writes in the old spirit, with the old meters; and uses the old words with which are connected the pleasantest associations in English literature. He never tries to be "forceful," to use the literary slang of recent years. He aims at pleasing through the old methods of fitting ordinary words in a graceful way to easy meters; he seeks to be pleasing without being either instructive, or sarcastic, or terrible, and, if he succeed, it will only be the due reward which generally meets with the efforts of clever persons of tact when they really endeavor to be agreeable. Two stanzas from verses called "Anacreontic," will give his mood:

"I would not woo
Some storm-browed Juno queenly fair.
Soft eyes of blue
And sudden blushes unaware
Do net my heart in silken snare.

I do not love
The eyrie, but low woodland nest
Of cushat dove;
Not wind but calm; not toil but rest,
And sleep in grassy meadow's breast."

He is also able, in this modern time of bald facts, to write very sweetly and adequately a mediæval ballad of a knight who is called the seeker; only the last verse gives the modern key to the symbol intended.

"CARÇAMON.

His steed was old, his armor worn,
And he was old, and worn, and gray;
The light that lit his patient eyes
It shone from far away.

Through gay Provence he journeyed on;
To one high quest his life was true,
And so they called him Carçamon—
The Knight who seeketh the world through.

A pansy blossomed on his shield;
'A token 'tis,' the people say,
'That still across the world's wide field
He seeks *la dame de ses pensées.*'
* * * * *
To scorn the promise of the real;
To seek and seek and not to find;
Yet cherish still the fair ideal—
It is thy fate, O restless mind!"

*Odds and Ends. By Henry A. Beers. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

It will be seen, perhaps, even from these extracts, that Mr. Beers does not show himself a strongly original poet. He generally deals with ideas that have been often worked over, but he gives them freshness by the simplicity and good taste of their rendering. And though he compares favorably in this respect with some young poets now coming up, it is not necessary to conclude that eventually he will make a greater mark. Prophecies in literature are as questionable as in other things. Mr. Beers will have to show stronger and abler work than this before we should feel safe in predicting for him a great future. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to hail a young writer who seems to have naturally so many of the good qualities that go to make a poet.

Ella Dietz's "The Triumph of Love."*

THE reader is likely to err who lays stress upon the story which runs through "The Triumph of Love, a Mystical Poem in Songs, Sonnets, and Verse, by Ella Dietz." The writer doubtless meant to express a great deal by the story; but neither the story nor the mysticism is the thing which interests us most in this little book. What we care for is the genuine poetry that crops out here and there, despite the recurring mannerisms, and the unconscious echoes, such as are found in almost all first books of verse. In the "Retrospection," which constitutes the first of the five parts into which the poem is divided, there is a description of an ocean voyage:

"O the bright glory of those starry nights!
The surging gulfs, the phosphorescent fires;
The foam illumined by soft glowing lights
Within the waves, the tall mast's slender spires,
The sailor's rhythmèd songs, the wind-filled sails,
The strong ship's speeding spite of threatening gales.
Stars, skies, seas, songs, winds, waves, were dear to me!
O ecstasy of life! O liberty!"

In the third Part is the following beautiful and womanly sonnet:

"WAITING.

"Penelope sat weaving all the day
Her web; and I weave mine of tender thought,
And many a quaint device by me is wrought
Of Fancy's golden threads. What will he say
When he shall come? Will he entreat and pray
To see the legend? Will his heart be taught
By it? Night comes and brings me naught;
I must unweave. Ulysses is away,
But when my hero shall at last have come,
And his dear eyes have proved my colours true,
I wonder, will my stammering lips be dumb,
My heart's great love unspoken? Then must you,
Dear woven thing, help eyes and blushing cheek
To tell him all I feel, but cannot speak."

And this is a portion of another sonnet in the same Part:

"I feel so earnestly the truth I sing,
I cannot stop to think about the tune:
A thousand roses blow in fruitful June,
A thousand roses I must cull and fling
Before new Love where she comes conquering:
There is no time to trim, arrange, and prune;
Before Love's feet all flowers are opportune,
Bring garlands wild, and song-birds sing on wing,
For Love is born again, O sorrowing world!"

We say we do not care for the story of the book, and yet it is worth while to read a good many pages of verse which count only as rapid, and at times passionate, statement rather than as poetry, for the sake of gaining a sense of the author's sincerity—which sense gives additional force to the poetical and imaginative passages: for instance, the following from a sonnet in Part V.

"What happy hours we passed beside the sea
Watching the white waves rolling to the shore,
Dashing amidst the foam as wild and free
As birds; or listening to the ocean's roar,
Chanting our own heart's song of ecstasy—
Canst thou forget those happy days of yore?"

and this:

"SONG.

"Love came to me with a crown,
I took it and laid it down.

"Love came to me and said,
'Wear it upon thy head.'
''Tis too heavy, I cannot wear it,
I have not strength enough to bear it.'

"Then my soul's belovèd spake,
Saying 'Wear it for my sake.'
When lo! the crown of love grew light,
And I wore it in all men's sight."

and this "Spring Song," in which the author has dared to make use of that chief of love-songs, the "Song of Solomon." We quote five stanzas:

"The winter's snows and frost are past,
The turtle's voice is heard
In all the land, and O, at last
I too may call my bird;
And wilt not thou, my dove, fly fast
To greet the welcome word?

"The winter's gone, the woods are green,
The tender flowers appear
To deck the earth, a gracious queen
Whose kingly spouse is near;
O let thy face, my own, be seen,
Thy voice, O let me hear!

"My best belovèd one is mine,
And I am his alone;
His love is better far than wine,
His face as Lebanon—
Most excellent—as gold most fine—
His head, my blessèd one.

"Awake! awake! O northern wind,
O south wind, rise and blow
Until my love his garden find,
Where all sweet spices grow,
And pleasant fruits of every kind,
And living waters flow.

"Among ten thousand chief is he,
Is he whom my soul loves,
His face is as the cedar tree,
His eyes as eyes of doves;
Yea, altogether fair to see,
His voice my being moves."

Bennoch's Poems.*

THERE have grown up in England, within the present century, two schools of poets, one of which—and the earlier one—writes for the people, while the other writes for the poets. The characteristics of the latter school are a fondness for remote times and subjects destitute of human interest, and a resolute use of the file and the burnisher. The art they affect is at once classical and romantic, and its chief masters are Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, and a few less known singers. The aims

* London: E. W. Allen, 11 Ave Maria Lane.

* Poems, Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets. By Francis Bennoch, F. S. A. London. Hardwicke & Bogue.

of the earlier school are simple and unpretentious. They select humble themes, such as the old balladists loved, and dwell lovingly upon the humanity which is their life. Their work is downright and manly, and mostly without art or artifice. They feel as Lord Houghton sang years ago, when he was plain Mr. Monckton Milnes:

"A man's best things lie nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

It is doubtful who were the first founders of this school of poets, but they were probably Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were, in a certain sense, the disciples of Cowper, and, whether they knew it or not, of Burns. This school did not exhibit as much force as naturalness in Bloomfield, whose "Farmer's Boy" is little read now, and in Clare, whose "Village Minstrel" is not read at all. We strike vigorous thought and manly English in the Corn-Law Rhymer; good sense and sweetness of expression in Charles Swain; patriotism, brotherhood, and love, and ringing measures in Charles Mackay; and most of these qualities, in a greater or lesser degree, in Francis Bennoch.

Mr. Bennoch has been before the world nearly forty years as a writer of lyrics. The accomplishment of verse was not so common then as it is now, and his modest contribution to the stock then in existence was received with cordiality, as it should have been. The professors of the ungentle craft (whom Beaconsfield would have us believe are in all cases authors who have not succeeded) spoke pleasantly of it, and several eminent poets wrote to Mr. Bennoch encouragingly, and even advised him to follow literature as a profession. Wordsworth advised him to the contrary, however, though he urged him to cultivate poetry as a pleasure. He stuck to the elder poet's advice, and remained a man of business, as Elliott was before him, and very successful he and his fellow-singer were.

Mr. Bennoch tells us thus much about himself in his preface, and gives us a bead-roll of illustrious names who honored him with their acquaintance and correspondence,—the great names of Wordsworth, Landor, Dickens and Southey, and the lesser names of Haydon, De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, Mary Russell Mitford, Kingsley, and Charles Swain. There must have been, and there was, something in the man who drew so many different minds toward him and his work. Precisely what this quality is we see on every page of the book now under consideration. It was manhood, earnest, hearty, unaffected; the love of simple themes, domestic or rural, as the case might be, which were treated in an unaffected manner. The world is always waiting for simply melodious trifles, and many a poet enjoys all the reputation he has by writing these fortunate little accidents. Collins is one of these lucky immortals, and, among American poets, John Howard Payne, whose "Home, Sweet Home," is nonsensical rubbish, and George P. Morris, whose "Woodman, Spare that Tree," is sentimental trash, the idea of which is to be found in Campbell.

The ground which Mr. Bennoch's lyrics, songs, and sonnets cover, is the sacred ground of the domestic affections, in their widest sense. He sings of love, in the double persons of man and maid. He sings of the happiness of married life, both as husband and wife; and he sings of steadfast and enduring friendship. His diction is simple, direct, unstudied, often very melodious, with a wild sweetness and elegance which are charming. He is at once the poet of the fireside and of nature, of which he is a loving observer. Unaffectedness is the word which best describes his verse, which at its best is lyrical in its movement, and cheerful, not to say joyous, in its feeling. Like Camoëns, who wrote Portuguese and Spanish equally well, Mr. Bennock masters the English that we all try to write, and the fresh, racy idioms of Scottish poetry. His Scottish muse is now amorous and now humorous; there is a sly, droll twinkle in her eye, and a smile hovering round the corner of her mouth. "The Dominie" is a good example of Mr. Bennoch's Scottish verse; "Natural Philosophy" is another. In the last an old man woos a young woman, plying the usual arguments of kye and damasks fine; but she fails to perceive their advantages, since he is to accompany them. She concludes in this fashion:

"Gae hame, auld man, an' darn your hose,
Fill up your lanky sides with brose,
And at the ingle warm your nose,
But come na courtin' me, carle.
O ye clavering auld carle,
Silly, clavering auld carle,
The hawk an' doo will pair, I trow,
Before I pair wi' thee, carle."

Mr. Bennoch has done well in collecting his poems, selections from which will no doubt hereafter enrich all popular collections of English poetry.

Williamson's "Ferns of Kentucky." *

THIS little book, which contains the description, habitat, and classification of all the ferns indigenous to Kentucky, is an effort in the right direction, even if the execution be far from perfect. When we Americans learn to undertake a little, and to do that little thoroughly, rather than attempt to sweep the whole arena of each particular science, leaving, of course, nine-tenths of it untouched, we will have made a vast stride toward the accomplishment of work which shall have a permanent and intrinsic value.

If, from the beginning, the geologists, the botanists, and the naturalists of each state had attempted, in their writings and collections, to put into accessible form all that could be gathered of the minerals and fossils, the flora and fauna, of their own section, we should then possess, in the aggregate, the best literature and the best collections possible.

In so far as this volume carries out this idea, it is good; but the treatment and the wording are far from thorough or happy. The two sections on structure and fertilization, both together occupying

* Ferns of Kentucky, with sixty full-page etchings and six wood-cuts, drawn by the author, illustrating the structure, fertilization, classification, genera and species. By John Williamson. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

not more than five pages, are extremely faulty. Too much is crowded into a small space, the explanations are defective, and the language sometimes singularly infelicitous.

The distinction between the flowerless and the flowering plants is scarcely made out at all. This might have been done sufficiently well for the purposes of this book in twenty well-considered lines, and so much as that is essential, that the ferns may be assigned to their proper position in the vegetable kingdom. The subject of fertilization, so essential to a knowledge of fern life, is dismissed in a dozen lines, and there is throughout the section a very unfortunate confounding of the terms and processes, reproduction and fertilization, which serves to confuse rather than to illuminate the mind of the reader. If brevity were essential, there were two legitimate ways of securing it, without such a sacrifice of clearness and scientific exactness: either some pages here and there might have been stricken out from the book elsewhere, to give place to this more important matter, or else the book might have been exclusively devoted to a description of the Kentucky ferns, while the general subject remained undiscussed. At all events, it is equally unphilosophical and unpractical to attempt any discussion or statement of the physiological aspects of the question, and then to leave it so loosely and vaguely treated as is here done. It is impossible to accomplish anything scientific, no matter how popular the style may be, unless the work is originally, vigorously, faithfully, and comprehensively done.

The wide distinction between spores and seed is not made out at all, and the spores are most unhappily denominated the organs of fertilization. It would be quite as philosophical to call the egg the fertilizing organ of the fowl. As a record of the known ferns of Kentucky, as a manual for the collector, giving the habitat, classification, and mode of cultivation of these beautiful plants, this volume will have some value; but as a scientific treatise it is, to say the least, extremely disappointing and unsatisfactory.

Dale's "Impressions of America."*

THE notes of American travel which Mr. Dale published in an English review find a wider American audience through the good offices of a cheap paper reprint. He is one of the travelers who take a rose-colored view of the United States, and find so many things among us to praise, that there is small space left for blame. He was especially astonished at the orderliness and intelligence shown by farmer families in the New England states, and repeats once more the remark about Americans which has of late become almost a truism, namely, so far are they from being a talkative, inquisitive, noisy set of people, that, on the contrary, he had never seen a soberer, more undemonstrative, or taciturn. Mr. Dale's stay was short, and his notes are therefore necessarily superficial. Indeed, he acknowledges the impossibility of judging so large, widely spread, and various a nation as the American, without a long study of its component parts. But, while he was here, he did all that could be expected of any tourist. He was an indefatigable collector of facts, and a traveler who was determined to "do" the United States as well as any one could, in the given time. His notes, especially toward the end, bristle with statistics, rather to the detriment of their amusing qualities; but they will do something to remove prejudices which still linger among the English in regard to their kindred across the water. It may be said of Mr. Dale that he seems not to have read the more recent books of travel through the United States; his former prejudices, now happily dispelled, appear to be based on such reporters as Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens; but other writers before him have made very similar remarks, although with more caution. Of late years, the United States has been coming into favor with the English; readers there will submit to hear the praises of America sung, when formerly, according to one of the greatest English novelists, it was sufficient that a book damned the Americans to insure its prompt sale. All these things mark the increasing familiarity between the two countries, and the steady removal of those mutual prejudices which all nations entertain toward one another. The bitterness of Englishmen toward America was very natural, and the indignation of Americans at the outcome of that bitterness had some reason too. Relationship only made the break more difficult to mend. But England has become more charitable in every direction,—toward the French, for instance, and toward the Irish.

"Recollections of Writers."*

THIS little book belongs to the small number of volumes of reminiscences which have an original and abiding value. What these writers have to say of the English authors of the first half of the present century is not only interesting and important, but cannot be conveyed into later compilations. The chapter on Keats, for instance (by Mr. Clarke), must be read continuously and as a whole; nor is there any account of Keats comparable in value with it. It is notable, by the way, that the more we read of Keats,—the nearer we get to him through biographies, his own letters to his family (notably those lately printed in "The World"), his letters to Miss Brawne,—the more are we impressed with the beauty, purity, and generosity of his character, and his extraordinary maturity of judgment. Mrs. Clarke's naïve reminiscences of Dickens, to whose amateur company of actors she belonged, bring freshly to memory the pleasantest side of the great caricaturist.

* Impressions of America. By R. W. Dale. New York; D. Appleton & Co. New Handy Volume Series.

* Recollections of Writers. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, authors of "The Complete Concordance to Shakspere," "Riches of Chaucer," etc. With letters by Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Dickens, and a Preface by Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Street-Car Motor.

THE problem of cheap transportation in cities is receiving constantly increased attention in all parts of the world, and the street railroad is everywhere the most popular method. But the fact that horses must be used as a motive power, limits the capacity of such roads, and attention has been turned of late to various steam and other motors, in the hope of finding something faster and more reliable than horse power. A great variety of steam motors have been tried with more or less success. The fireless locomotive, already described in this department, a motor using the steam that may be stored in a tank till consumed, has also been tried with good results. A more recent invention employs compressed air as a source of power, and, as it has now been in daily practical use for several months, may be worthy of brief description. The main idea of this motor is to store compressed air in a tank attached to a street car, and to use the air in an engine in driving the car. The car is intended to be of the usual "house" pattern, with platforms at each end and with seats on either side. In laying out the system of tanks, in which the air is stored, reference is had to the shape of the car, and the tanks are placed under the seats and behind and before the wheels and under the floor of the car,—the space between the wheels being left for the engine. The tanks resemble cylindrical boilers, and are made of steel plates securely riveted. The two larger tanks under the seats extend the whole length of the covered part of the car. The smaller tanks are hung under the car and reach from the axles of the wheels to the ends of the car. This gives six tanks capable of holding air enough for a trip of ten or twelve miles; all the tanks are joined together by short pipes so that the pressure is the same throughout. The entire system of tanks and the engine are securely fastened to a strong plate-iron frame, supported by the wheels, and serving as a base on which to rest the car. The motor is a double cylinder engine, connected directly with cranks on one of the axles, the two pair of wheels being connected on the outside. The levers used to control the engine are brought to one end of the car, the handles being conveniently arranged on the forward platform. As a piece of mechanism the motor deserves attention for its ingenious adaptation to its peculiar work. A street-car motor must be obedient, quick to stop and start, go forward or backward, and it must be clean, free from bad odors, and as nearly noiseless as possible. It must have reserved power for mounting grades, and sufficient brake power to allow it to descend steep inclines in safety. It must submit to the peculiar rocking motion of long cars balanced on a short wheel base, and it must be able to stand the ill usage of rough and cheap roads. This motor appears to be happily designed to meet these requirements, and to meet the demands of a power that practically perishes in the using. On preparing the motor for a trip, it is brought up to a compressing engine and charged with air up to a pressure of 660 kilos per 6¼ square centimeters (300 lbs. per square inch), the levers are then placed so as to cut off quite early in the stroke of the engine, and the car is started ahead. As the car proceeds the cut-off is increased at intervals to the end of the trip; by this arrangement the power when high is used sparingly, and as the pressure is reduced by the exhaustion of the tanks more and more air is given to the engine. Starting with a pressure of 660 kilos, the engine will run till the pressure is reduced to about eighty kilos, when the tanks must be recharged. One charge is, however, sufficient for a run of ten or twelve miles. On reversing the engine to run backward, the point of the cut-off may remain unchanged, or can be altered at will, and without changing the direction of the car. On stopping for passengers the action of the engine may be checked instantly, and at the same time the cylinders may be changed into pumps. The momentum of the car urging it forward then causes the engine to pump air back into the tanks, and thus the engine becomes a brake, stopping the car within its own length and without jar, as the momentum of the car is cushioned against the compressed air in the tanks. An ingenious arrangement is applied to the axles of the driving wheel for adjusting the engine to the rocking motion of the car, so that the engine runs smoothly when traveling at a high speed or over rough roads. The movement of a car fitted with this motor is easy and pleasant. There is no heat or disagreeable odor, and the noise of the exhaust is not in any way troublesome. The engine may be easily managed by one man, and so simple is the mechanism that skilled labor is not required. Any driver able to manage a car and pair of horses in a crowded street, can, after a few hours' instruction, run the motor in safety. The car used to cover the motor is of the common pattern, except that it is slightly longer and is not quite so wide as the usual New York car. It has now been running regularly for several months doing the same duty performed by the horse cars and over a very poor road, and has given sufficient satisfaction to lead the company to order more motors of the same pattern. The cost of a motor is said to be less than a common car and its necessary teams of horses. The cost of the pumping plant must also be included in equipping a road with these motors, but as one car can be charged in about five minutes, one plant is sufficient for a great number of cars. In addition to this is the fact that cars fitted with the motor carry more, can run faster and perform a much heavier duty than the ordinary horse car.

New Electric Lamp.

IN addition to the various electric lamps described in the last number of the Magazine may be

mentioned a new and smaller style of lamp intended for domestic use. In place of two pencils or plates of carbon, a pencil and a wheel are used to form the wicks, or burners of the lamp. A stick of carbon of the usual shape is placed in an upright frame, or support, so that it will hang point down. The lower end rests on the edge of a carbon wheel, fixed on an axle so that it can freely revolve. The support for the wheel and axle is formed by a lever pivoted at one end and arranged to "give" or sink slightly under the weight of the carbon pencil resting on the edge of the wheel. The lever carries a brake that rests on another wheel that is turned, by means of a rack and pinion, by the weight of the iron rod that holds the pencil. By this arrangement the weight of the pencil, that continually tends to make the wheel revolve, is compensated by the action of the brake on the second wheel, the movement of one exactly balancing the other. The carbons in electric lamps waste while burning, and in this style of lamp the loss of weight in the pencil is compensated by the movement of the two wheels. The weight of the pencil pressing on the carbon wheel tends to move it forward as fast as the brake permits, and as it burns away the point is continually pressed on the carbon wheel. It will be seen that by this arrangement the two carbons, stick and wheel, are always in contact whatever the changes in the current, and a fixed and steady light is maintained. It is claimed that this lamp exhibits none of the extinguishings and relightings noticeable in some forms of electric lamps, and from all that can be learned, the lamp gives excellent results in practice. This style of lamp is designed to be used with a small battery; four bunsen elements being sufficient for a single lamp of moderate power.

Improved Ironing-Machine.

THE rapid increase of the laundry business has led to the invention of a number of appliances for ironing and polishing starched clothing. Among these is a new power ironing and pressing machine, that has already been introduced into a number of laundries. It consists of a frame holding a table and having a rigid curved arm standing behind and above the table, the whole apparatus somewhat resembling a milling-machine. At the end of the arm is hung an upright shaft that may be moved up and down by a lever moved by the foot, and carrying at the lower end a hollow polishing iron. The polishing iron may be connected with a gas main and may be heated by a jet burning inside, or iron slugs may be heated in a stove and put in the iron, either method giving a safe and moderate heat. The table on which the work is placed is supported on double brackets hinged in two directions, and thus the table has a universal lateral motion. The work is laid on the table and fed to the iron by hand and in any direction, while the pressure of the iron is controlled by the foot lever. In using the machine power is applied, and, by means of a belt taken over guide pulleys, the pressing iron is made to revolve at any desired speed. The machine is very simple in its operation, and can be used by comparatively unskilled labor.

Improvement in making Artificial Stone.

ARTIFICIAL stone is extensively manufactured, both in this and other countries, and is used with more or less success in all kinds of constructions. The basis of these stones is sand and cement, the quality of the materials often making a great difference in the character of the product. An improved process in this work consists in making a mortar of sand and cement, and casting it in wooden and iron molds. The next, and new step, in the work is to submit the window-sills, caps, and other articles thus made to the action of carbonic acid gas in an air-tight chamber. The gas is easily obtained by burning charcoal and passing the products of combustion through water to reduce the temperature, the gas being turned into the chamber for two or three days without intermission. The gas is absorbed by the damp mortar, and in time it becomes as hard as the natural stone. The articles are plunged in water for a short time and are then ready for use.

Automatic Device for Reproducing Music.

A NOVEL invention designed to be applied to reed organs may be worthy of examination as illustrating a new departure in the manufacture of self-acting musical instruments. Reed organs of the American type are all constructed on the principle of an exhausted receiver. The bellows, when operated by the hands or feet, produce a partial vacuum in the wind-chest of the instrument. The free reeds used in these organs are placed, either flat or upright, at the entrance of the wind-ways or openings leading to the wind-chest. Valves moved by the keys close the entrance to each reed, and on depressing a key the valve is opened and the air, rushing in to fill the vacuum, causes the reed to sound. Organs constructed on the reverse, or pressure plan, are only made in Europe, and there has been much discussion as to the relative value of the two systems. The exhaust system produces a good tone and it is universal in this country, and the new invention is only applicable to organs made on this plan. An organ with a single set of reeds (about three octaves) is erected without keys or action. The bellows, wind-chest and reeds are put in the usual positions, the reeds standing upright, and the top of the wind-chest is made slightly rounded, all the holes leading to the reeds being entirely open. A shaft is then set in the frame of the instrument just behind the reeds, and on this is placed a small fly-wheel and a set of friction gearing. By means of proper connections, this shaft and its gears may be kept in motion by moving the pedals that operate the bellows of the organ. If a sheet of stout paper is now laid over the openings leading to the reeds and the bellows are operated, a vacuum is set up and the paper is pressed firmly down over the holes by the pressure of the atmosphere. The result is, every reed is stopped and the instrument is silent.

Make a hole in the paper over any reed and that reed will sound. Make other holes and other reeds may be made to sound at the same time, and thus it is easy to see that, if the holes are made in the paper in the proper places, the organ might be made to sound a chord. In playing keyed instruments, the number of notes in a chord is limited by the capacity of the hands to grasp the keys. Any number of holes might be made in the paper, and thus a wider chord, or fuller harmony, could be produced than by hand on a keyed organ. The next step is easy. Cause the paper to move over the wind-chest, make more holes or groups of holes, and the instrument may be made to reproduce a series of notes or a procession of chords which would be practically music. This is the aim of this new device. Sheets of stout paper, from ten to thirty meters long, are carefully stamped with holes of varying lengths, a hole designed to give a whole note being twice as long as one intended to give a half note, and so on throughout all the varieties of notes. Rests or silence are made by simply leaving the paper uncut. Strips of paper thus prepared and rolled on spools are placed in the instrument, one spool fitting into the friction gearing. On making the pedals move with the feet the shaft is made to turn, and, by means of a feed-roll and a guide-roll, the paper is made to pass over the top of the wind-chest. The same action of the pedals also moves the bellows and sets up the exhaust in the organ. Suitable arrangements are also provided to maintain a uniform tension in the roll of paper, and to prevent it from being torn when reaching the end of the roll. The result obtained by thus passing the perforated paper over the reeds is curious, if not artistic. The music impressed on the paper by means of the perforations is exactly reproduced on the organ without the aid of any performer. Any one who can move the pedals can reproduce a piece of music, whatever its character. On reaching the end of the roll and the end of the musical composition, the roll may be taken out and rewound (changed back from one spool to another) by a simple arrangement placed in the organ case, and without interfering with the performance of any roll that may be in use. While this apparatus does not rise above the music-box class of instruments, it may prove of some value in making a standard of reference in regard to the movement of certain pieces of music and as a possible means of instruction in harmony and melody, showing the order and arrangement of chords and the progression of successive sounds.

Experiment in Floating Apiaries.

THE fact that the floral season moves over the continent from south to north has long been familiar, and it has been proposed to move colonies of bees by road or rail from the southern to northern states, keeping pace with certain flowers, and thus supplying the hives with the needed bloom. Transporting the hives by wagon or rail has been tried, but without success, and the scheme was considered of doubtful value. This past season the experiment was renewed on a large scale by water. A number of colonies of bees were placed on barges, and by the aid of a small steamer were towed up the Mississippi River. The design was to keep pace with the blooming of the willows that line the banks of the river from Louisiana to Minnesota, and had it not been for a series of accidents to the towboat, the plan would have been fully carried out. The delays caused by the stoppage of the steamer prevented the floating apiary from keeping up with the march of the flowers. The blooming of the willow begins in Louisiana in April and moves up the river as the season advances, ending in late summer in Minnesota, and the boat being detained was left behind several times during the voyage; in spite of these drawbacks the experiment was a success. The bees gathered the honey from the willow and other flowers by day and traveled up-stream by night, the voyage ending with a fair crop and only a small loss in the stock of bees. The honey-raising business is a large and growing interest, the demand for export being in excess of the supply, and the result of this experimental floating apiary may be regarded as opening a new branch in the business.

Memoranda.

A NEW white pigment has been obtained by precipitating chloride or sulphide of zinc by means of a soluble sulphide. The precipitate when dried is submitted to a cherry red heat, in a furnace freely supplied with air. It is drawn from the furnace while hot and plunged into cold water, well stirred in the water and then taken out and dried. The result thus obtained is said to give a pigment of a pure white color, though slightly variable in shade according to the time of exposure in the furnace, and of superior qualities as a paint.

Very many attempts have been made to make a practical self-inking pen. One of the latest of the inventions employs a hollow hard rubber handle closed at the top as a reservoir for the ink. Within this reservoir is a small tube extending from the top of the handle, where it is open to the air, to within a short distance of the point of the handle or pen. A minute hole is made in this tube at the lower end and a slender hair-like wire supported on a spring is fastened to the bottom; a pointed cap, with a minute hole at the end, fits over the handle to form the point of the pen. On filling the reservoir with ink and screwing on the point, the ink flows down to the point and would escape were it not for the atmospheric pressure. On using the pen the wire projects beyond the point of the pen and touches the paper, the contact with the paper and the slight lateral movement of the wire as the pen is moved serving to draw the ink to the point, the pen then leaving a fine unshaded line on the paper till all the ink is exhausted. At the same time the hollow tube inside the handle admits a little air, and relieves the pressure and permits the ink to flow continuously. When not in use the pen is dry and no ink escapes, and by means of a cap the point can be covered when the pen is in the pocket. A single filling is said to be enough for two or three days steady writing.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

STRANGER IN CITY.—Begorra, an' the man that lites the fire in these little shtoves shud be discharged. I've thried to warrum me hands this half hour, an' the divil a taste of hate there is in thum, at all, at all.

A War Reminiscence.

IT was during the winter of 1864-65, which will long be remembered by the soldiers who took part in the campaign in the Valley of Virginia, as one which tried men's souls and their heels also, that the thrilling scene occurred which I am about to describe.

The old Fourth Cavalry was on a forced march down the Valley to meet a column of the enemy which was advancing, and after a hard day's ride went into bivouac just at night-fall on the road-side. We did not have the "cigars and cognac," as the old song says, with which "to bivouac," so after a hasty "bite of something to eat," and picketing and feeding horses, we soon rolled ourselves, head and ears, in our blankets and lay prone upon the frozen ground. To a tired soldier sleep comes quickly, and with it almost entire oblivion,—he rarely dreams,—so hardly more than a minute elapsed after the lying down before the entire camp was as silent as the grave. While preparing for rest we had been notified of a coming snow-storm, not only by the black clouds which hung heavily in the north-east, but by heralds in the shape of cutting snow-flakes propelled by the wintry blast. It was fearfully cold—so bitter was it indeed, that it was thought expedient to dispense with the usual camp guard so as to enable all to obtain whatever of comfort was possible under the circumstances. The regiment at that time numbered between six and seven hundred men who, soldier-like, caring only for the present, and unmindful of the morrow, slept soundly and, I may add, rapidly.

I had slept as I had supposed only a few minutes when I suddenly awoke to consciousness, being made aware of an immense pressure upon me accompanied with almost intolerable heat. In attempting to move I found myself, as it were, packed tightly in a mold which I fitted exactly, and I was unable to turn either to right or left. I soon found that I was covered with a very friendly blanket of snow. With a vigorous push, I threw my blanket off, and a most curious spectacle presented itself to my astonished gaze. The black clouds had passed away and the bright morning moon shone down upon the ground covered with a white mantle of eight inches of snow. Looking around me, as far as my eye could reach in every direction, I saw nothing but the unbroken snow covering what appeared to be mounds or graves in every conceivable position. I was sitting upright in my own grave in the middle of a huge cemetery. Not a human being could I discover anywhere, while everything was as still as death itself.

While I was wrapt in the contemplation of so wonderful a scene, the bugle at head-quarters, a quarter of a mile off, sounded the reveille and lo! what a change! In an instant the quiet cemetery was alive—all the men arose at once from their snow graves, and what was the stillness of death but a moment before was now bustle and activity. Instantly the text flashed through my mind "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." Words fail me in describing my feelings at the moment of the occurrence. Had I had any idea of the time I would have called some of my comrades. As it was I am fortunate enough to be probably the only person who has really seen a prototype of the resurrection.

WILLIAM M. PEGRAM.

The Word "Bit."

SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA,

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The writer of "The Money of our Fathers," in "Bric-à-Brac" of your July issue, says "we never hear the term three bits, or five bits, or seven bits." Here, in California, where the word "bit" is used almost without exception, a merchant would be as likely to tell you the price of an article was "three bits," "five bits," or "seven bits," as "two bits," "four bits," or "six bits." I have also heard such expressions as "a dollar and a bit," "a dollar and five bits."

ECILA.

THE MULLIGAN GUARDS ESCORTING A REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY.

The Funny Story.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it,
For it set us all a-laughing, from the little to the big;
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it,
Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,
And Mehetable and Susan try their very broadest grin;
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle,
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story, with its cheery snap and crackle,
And Sally always told it with so much dramatic art,
That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to "cackle-cackle,"
As if in such a frolic they were anxious to take part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a—ho! ho! ho!—well, really,
It is—he! he! he!—I never could begin to tell you half
Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just remember clearly
It began with—ha! ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.

But Sally—she could tell it, looking at us so demurely,
With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise;
And if you'd never heard it, why you would imagine surely,
That you'd need your pocket-handkerchief to wipe your weeping eyes.

When age my hair has silvered, and my step has grown unsteady,
And the nearest to my vision are the scenes of long ago,
I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears may come as ready
As the laugh did, when I used to—ha! ha! ha! and—ho! ho! ho!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Michael Angelo and the Stone-cutter.

[RELATED BY VASARI.]

While Angelo was striving to conclude
Pope Julius' tomb, he, hastening his desire,
Bade a plain workman carve a figure which
Was needed for some unimportant spire.

But with judicious eye he supervised
The labor, and directed ev'ry day:
"Here use the chisel, polish yonder part,"
Or "level this," or "cut that well away."

Till 'neath the hand that ignorantly wrought
A figure of divinest beauty grew;
But when the workman saw the fair result,
He, lost in admiration, stopped to view.

Michael observed, and questioned what he thought.
"'Tis most divine," the other made reply,
"And I am much beholden unto you."
The wondering artist asked the fellow "why?"

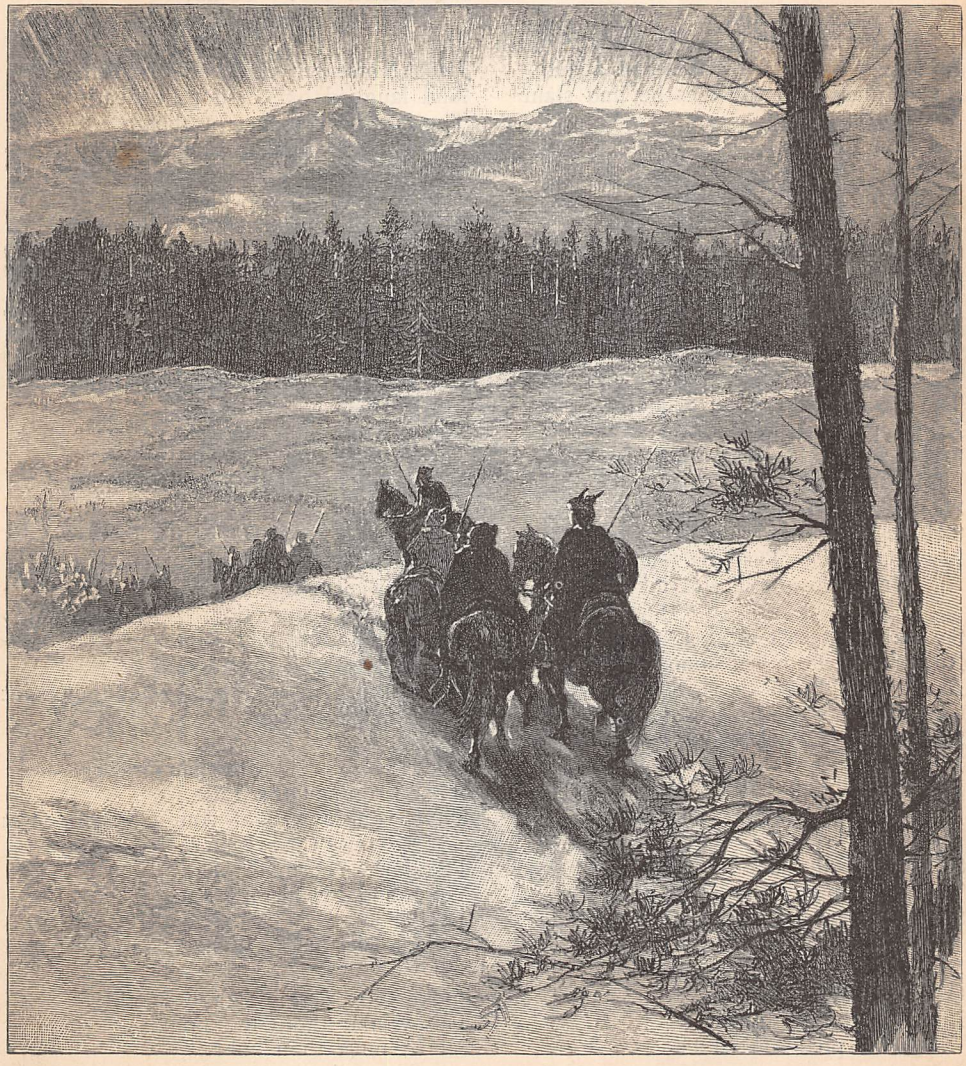
"For having shown," said the elated clown,
While on the stone his foolish glances rest,—
"For having shown me talents, gentle sir,
Which I ne'er knew till now that I possessed."

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII. JANUARY, 1879. NO. 3.

BIORN THE BOLD. (A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.)



DRIFTED the brume like a flag
Over the sea-lashed crag,
Frost and foam-mist lag
In the ice-clogged passes;

But all was bright in the hold
Of Biorn the Viking bold,
Priests in vestments of gold
Were chanting their masses.

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For the yule-tide feast was here
In the midnight of the year,
With prayers and wassail cheer
And wild-boar slaughter.
What the priests of the south had said
To Biorn so well had sped,
He had let them pour on his head
Baptismal water.

And now, as he knelt and heard
The grace of the Angel word,
Within his soul was stirred
A pious emotion;
Then his thoughts went out on the main
And he wished him a heathen again,
As he mused on the foes he had slain
On land and ocean.

Soon as the rites were sung,
As a long-bent bow unstrung
Flies back—so fierce upsprung
His spirit savage;
And he cried: "I have prayed my prayer,
Now—arms! to the north I'll fare,
The Jarl I hate lives there—
His lands I'll ravage."

The priest with a face of alarm
Laid hand on the Viking's arm—
"This holy tide!—no harm
Nor strife should pollute it."
Shouted Biorn as he frowned—
"Have your holy waters drowned
My courage?—'Twill be found
Hard blows still suit it."

So the priest cast off his stole
And sighed from his inmost soul,
As he thought of the wassail bowl
And the yule-feast's splendor—
Said he: "If Biorn will ride
My duty is by his side—
His savage soul I may guide
To a mood more tender."

So Biorn and the priest rode through
The black night, drenched with dew,
Silt and sea-scud flew
Over men and horses;
Under huge crags they paced,
Over the white ice-waste
Lurid north-fires traced
Their phantom courses.

And as they rode, the lays
Of the old heroic days
Blent with the surf in the bays,
And the hill-pine's rattle;
And strömkarls seemed anear
To chant from the frozen mere
Weird old legends to cheer
The Norseman to battle.

Gray dawn silvered all,
Scaur and water-fall,
And gleamed on the castle wall
Of the Jarl so hated;
And there, equipped for the fray
Stood the Jarl with his array,—
Biorn cried out: "To-day
Will my wrath be sated!"

Each Norseman clenched his teeth
And laughed like demons beneath
The earth when men unsheath
Their swords on one another;
When the shout goes up amain,
And over the battle plain
The dread voice peals in vain:
"Slay not thy brother!"

But ere they closed—the brand
Dropped powerless from each hand—
Dumbly they both did stand
While a thrill swept o'er them—
For unto each a strange
Vision wrought a change
The eyes of neither could range
From the sight before them.

Each round the head of his foe
Beheld a halo grow—
Like the altar-tapers' glow
At the benediction,
An aureole pure and faint
As painters give some saint,
Or the thorn-crowned head when they paint
The Crucifixion.

Cried Biorn: "O Christian priest!
What magic of the East
Have you brewed at your Christian feast
To raise this vision?
The Jarl is a sinful man,
Yet round his head I scan
That halo that doth span
Christ's head elysian."

Spoke the priest: "I will unfold
This vision, Biorn the Bold!
Sacred must thou hold
Thy fellow-creatures—
Friend or foe must be
Christ's image unto thee,
In friend or foe thou must see
Only his features.

"Anger is ever weak—
The strong soul is the meek,
Who pardoning words doth speak
O'er self victorious—
This is the one sublime
Courage that conquers crime,
Honor outlasting time—
God-like—all glorious."

The vision divine was gone—
O'er the white ice-waste Biorn
Rode home that yule-tide morn
Enwrapt in wonder;
'Twas a truth hard for the stout
Old Norseman to spell, no doubt—
Courage and glory without
Fighting and plunder!

"WILLIAM FARRIS, Maker, Annapolis"—such is the inscription on the face of an old clock standing in an old hall in old Annapolis. And pray who was William Farris? —the maker of this stately time-piece that in measured cadence still records the creeping hours, marking the day of the month and showing the phases of the moon by the

appearance and disappearance of that ever rubicund and amiable countenance which, in obedience to the mysterious mechanism, peers over and dodges behind the dial-plate with lunar punctuality.

He must needs have been an oddity. The only record of his life, his will in rhyme, turns up from the dusty pigeon-hole of a dead lawyer's office-desk, legally indorsed,

"W. Farris, watch-maker at Annapolis, Maryland, his will,—composed by Miss Charlotte Heselius, first wife of Thomas Jennings Johnson Esq., and daughter of Heselius, the portrait limner."

THE MUSIC-LESSON.

We quote as follows:

* * * * * *

"Then, I give and bequeath to my dear loving wife,
In case she's a widow the rest of her life,
The plates, spoons and dishes, pots, kettles and tables,
With the red-and-white cow that inhabits the stables,
The landscape, and "Judith" that hangs on the wall,
And the musical clock 'hind the door in the hall.
My buckles and cane to son William I give
And no more, because he's got substance to live,
His road I took care in his youth to instruct him,
Tho' I say it myself a princess might trust him.
The dog grew ungrateful, set up for himself,
And at Norfolk, they say, he has plenty of pelf.
Since he's gone away 'twill be best for his brother.
I give Hyam his portion to comfort his mother,
All the tools in my shop to said Hyam I give
And, if he minds work, he'll make out to live.
My coat, which I turned, is a very good brown
And may serve many years to parade in the town.
'Twill be good as ever if he take my advice,
And the buttons of silver will make it look nice,
The place in the back which is greased by my 'club'
Would come out if he'd take good care to rub
It with soap and with brush or good spirits of wine,
Which will freshen the cloth and make it look fine.
The coat he must wear with my corduroy breeches
When Abbey has given them a few odd little stitches.
And Ab will be kind, I know, to her brother
Because he's the favourite of me and his mother.
A pair of silk hose I had when a boy
I intend shall be his; 'twill give him much joy
To own these said hose he has begged for so often,
But they ne'er shall be his till I'm safe in my coffin.

I had always a mind to give them to Saint
Till he, like a fool, turned Methodist quaint.
I swore at the time he never should have them;
And I know Saint would *wear*, the other would *save* 'em.
For the reasons here mentioned I leave them to Hy
To wear if he pleases when walking is dry.
*To my son, Charles Farris, I leave and bequeath
My watch and bird organ, and also I leave
To said son, as he pleases, a black ring or pin;
There are two ready made which I'm sure would suit him,
They're the first that I made, rather clumsily done,
But good, in all conscience, enough for my son.
The teeth he may have, rather curiously strung,
Every tooth that I've drawn since the time I was young;
Six pair of thread stockings; two cotton, two yarn;
That my wife, poor, dear woman, sat up all night to darn.
These will last him, with care, a very great while
And so money he'll save to make the pot boil.
To Saint Farris, my son, who is now on the seas,
I will that he has any roots that he please;
All my garden utensils; Swift's 'Polite Conversations;'
And I wish he'd leave sea to live with his relations.
I know all their minds, and they all love poor Saint,
And his brother has promised to teach him to paint.
The 'History of China' and 'Swift' sometimes lend,
When your business or pleasure requires, a friend;
Such acts, my dear children, I very well know
Are of much greater service than making a foe.

* In August, 1765, Charles Farris is mentioned as one of many citizens to resist successfully the landing of the odious stamp paper. In the scuffle which ensued Mr. Thomas McNier had his thigh broken.

JONAS GREENE, PRINTER OF MARYLAND GAZETTE. 1745.

Thank God! I've but two that I hate from my heart,
And, as ill luck would have it, they're not far apart.
I've the greatest dislike—God forgive me the sin—
But indeed there's no bearing that old Allan Quinn.
There's another I hate bad as Quinn for the fraud
That his heart is so full of, that is Jonathan Todd.
This sin, as I die, I hope will be forgiven;
Or else I am sure I shall ne'er get to heaven.
My sons, if you heed me, beware of such friends;
They'll destroy all you're worth, if they have but the means.
To Nancy, the darling of me and my wife,
I give and bequeath the spinnet for life.
Once I thought she would play with the help of a master,
But, it grieves me to say, she learned not a bit faster.
Harry Woodcock I trusted to teach her to play,
But I soon found 'twas money and time thrown away;
So she did what was right, made me save all my pelf,
And picked out a tune here and there by herself.
All the town knows that Harry's a very great liar
And music from him she could never acquire.
What a time there has been for his making of money!
Like a puppy he's missed it, like a puppy he's funny;
Poor devil, sometimes, in the midst of a gloom,
For a dinner he's forced to play the buffoon;
But I still like old Woodcock, I vow and declare;
As a proof I shall leave him a lock of my hair.
To Abigail next; my trunk, desk, and papers

PRINTING OFFICE OF MARYLAND GAZETTE. 1745.

THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

That's therein contained and a large box of wafers.
The 'Spectator' for her, as she reads very well
And she'll soon learn to write, for now she can spell,
For Abb is the girl that would take the most learning,
And, I flatter myself, she's a girl of discerning.
A negress, named Sylva, I leave to my Nancy,
For Sylva she'd always a very great fancy.
That woman's first child, about fifteen years old,
I give to my Abb lest for debt she be sold.
Poor thing, 'twas a fool from its birth, I well know,
But her mistress will teach her to spin, knit, and sew.
I leave to Sol Mogg for tolling the bell,
My old hat and pipe which he knows very well.
To my nephews and nieces my blessing I give
And entreat they will mind and learn how to live.
My thanks to the public I cannot express;
Their goodness to me has been quite to excess,
My feelings are many but words are too few
To tell how it pains me to bid them adieu."

Here we have the man and his time. He in his brown coat and silver buttons, the back marked by the quadrant of powder the club of his queue described as it moved back and forth with his head, like one of his own pendulums, so fulfilling the resemblance men grow to of their pursuits. We have a picture of his house, his family and his friends, the "landscape," and the picture of "Judith" in the hall, with the musical clock behind the door, the spinnet in the parlor and the red-and-white cow in the stable. Then there was the garden, and the shop with its many tools and few books

and its half-century accumulations, prominently hanging among them all the trophies of his dental skill, strung together; for trades were mingled in those colonial days, when "specialties" were unknown. His three sons had distinct individuality, and his daughters Nancy and Abigail were notable girls. He had a thrifty wife, and his friend Harry Woodcock was a ne'er-do-well genius. He remembers Sol Mogg, the sexton, and does not forget to put on record his irrepressible dislikes. In that brown coat with its silver buttons, his corduroy breeches and silk stockings, "if the walking be dry," silver shoe-buckles, cocked hat, cane and queue, he paraded the town on Sundays and on the King's birthday, for a loyal subject of King George was he, the reproduction in the colony of a London craftsman and a reader of "The Maryland Gazette," the latest news, only three months old, from Europe. And was it he who published in that venerable journal this advertisement for a runaway servant or apprentice?

"Run away from the subscriber living at Annapolis, on the twenty-seventh of this instant August, 1745, a servant man named John Powell, alias Charles Lucas, a Londoner born, by trade a clock and watch maker. He is a short, well-set fellow, has full, goggle eyes, and wears a wig. He had on, when he went away, an Osnabrig's shirt, a pair of buck-skin breeches, a pair of short, wide trowsers, two pair of white hose and a well-worn broad-cloth coat with metal buttons.

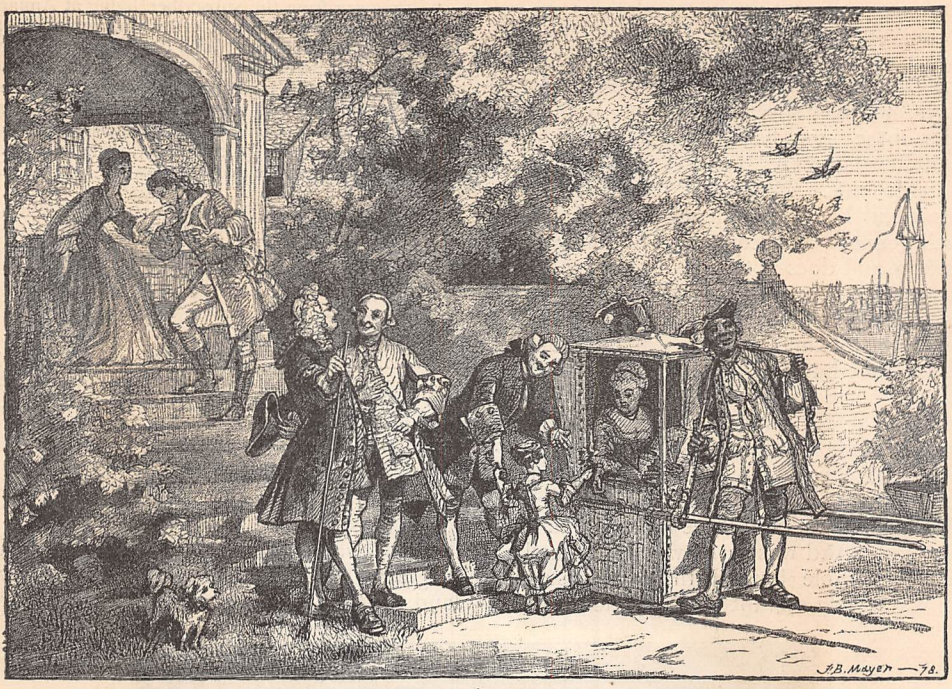
"Whoever secures the said runaway so that he can be had again, shall have 3£ reward, besides what the law allows; and if brought home, reasonable charges."

But in the next number we find this:

"Whereas John Powell was advertised last week in this paper as a runaway; but being only gone into the country a cyder-drinking, and being returned again to his master's service; these are therefore to acquaint all gentlemen and others who have any watches or clocks to repair, that they may have them done in the best manner and at reasonable rates."

The seventeenth of January, in the year of grace 1745, on a Thursday, "The Maryland Gazette" appeared, not a foot square

A DAY-DREAM.



MY LADY'S VISIT.

and published weekly, "by Jonas Greene, post-master, at his printing-office in Charles Street, and containing the freshest advices, foreign and domestic." An address to the public sets forth that "Our intent, therefore, is to give the public a weekly account of the most remarkable occurrences, foreign and domestic, which shall from time to time come to our knowledge, having always a principal regard to such articles as nearest concern the American plantations in general and the province of Maryland in particular; ever observing the strictest justice and truth in relation of facts, and the utmost disinterestedness and impartiality in points of controversy." The printer invites "the ingenious productions of learned correspondents, provided whatever is transmitted be consistent with sobriety and good manners." The price of the paper to "subscribers is twelve shillings, Maryland currency, per annum;" its latest dates being from "The London Gazette" of the preceding August, and from Boston the twelfth of November.

In the library of the state-house at Annapolis we have a complete file of this interesting journal from its commencement to the present hour, for it is still printed as of yore, but not in the ancient, two-storied, hip-roofed house on Charles Street, where the rusty vane, representing some extinct marine animal, still "sings of mutation." On a summer's day in the cool and quiet of that cozy hall; there is no pleasanter pastime for the tired student than a perusal of its age-stained pages. We are transported to the past, and live for a while in the last century, as much interested in the latest news from the wars in Austria and Flanders as in our last telegram from Constantinople. We read of the great Frederick's successes and mishaps, and the horrors of those wars. We have the letters of participants in the battle of Fontenoy and the taking of Louisburg, news of naval combats on the high seas, of French plots and German intrigues, and essays on morality and manners. By the advertisements we can realize the dress, the material wants, and the every-day life of our ancestors, and imagine their pleasures, their prejudices, their sentiment, and their opinions. Therein they speak for themselves.

Between one hundred and fifty years ago and to-day there is no greater change than in the matter of a gentleman's dress. In the male sex, a timidity in the use of color and a slouchy negligence of attire characterize the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth, the bearing of a man indicated his social rank, and a "gentleman" was sup-

posed to be accomplished in all knightly exercises. The dress, moreover, exacted attention to mien and bearing, as any lack of muscular development was at once apparent and exposed the unfortunate weakling to ridicule from the fair. We of to-day

MICHAEL, THE FIDDLER.

are disposed to measure dress and manners by the narrow standard of utility, and to forget that ofttimes "manners make the man," and that an attitude expresses as much as words. Perhaps the old school exaggerated the needs of courtesy and deportment, but when we consider what a time and trouble a full dress toilet must have cost my gentleman, may we not pardon that frailty of human nature which sought to display his art to the best advantage? To the complete gentleman, dancing and fencing were as indispensable a part of education then as the "use of the globes;" and a man's legs and spine were objects of critical scrutiny. Mr. Charles Peale—probably the father of our Nestor of American artists, Charles Wilson Peale—advertises in "The Maryland Gazette," 1745, as follows:

"At Kent County school, Chestertown, Maryland, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Greek and Latin tongues, writing, arithmetic, merchant's accounts, surveying, navigation, and the use of the globes by the largest and most accurate pair in America: also any other parts of the mathematics. N. B. Young gentlemen can be instructed in fencing and dancing by very good masters."

In the volumes of Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson we could easily find ample illustration of the sumptuousness of the dress of the upper classes in the eighteenth century, but as we have to do with the people of the province of Maryland, we turn to the old newspaper to know how they looked and lived. The ranks of colonial society, even, were sharply defined in those days, and the physiognomy and

THE STATE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

costume at once indicated the social position. Of the dress and features of the common people there are detailed descriptions in the rewards offered for runaway servants, both white and black, and one could reproduce therefrom a motley group of the tramps of '45.

These white men and women were sold for a term of years to pay their passage-money from England, and seem to have been an uncertain kind of property. Dominick Hogan, a runaway Irish servant, wears a brown great-coat, a blue jacket, shirt, and trowsers, and "has an iron collar about his neck." A Highland Scotch servant wears a red pea-jacket, a double-breasted white flannel vest, white ribbed stockings, a cap, a white wig, and a felt hat."

"28 July, 1747. A number of rebels imported in the ship *Johnson* into Oxford, (Md.) are brought over here and are now for sale."

These were Scottish patriots, who, having risked their lives in the cause of the "Young Pretender" of '45, were transported as their reward.

"22 March, 1753. Just imported from London, in the brigantine *Grove*, Captain Robert Wilson, and to be sold by the subscriber on board the said brigantine in West River, for sterling or current money, a parcel of healthy indented servants, among whom there are tradesmen and husbandmen. Samuel Galloway."

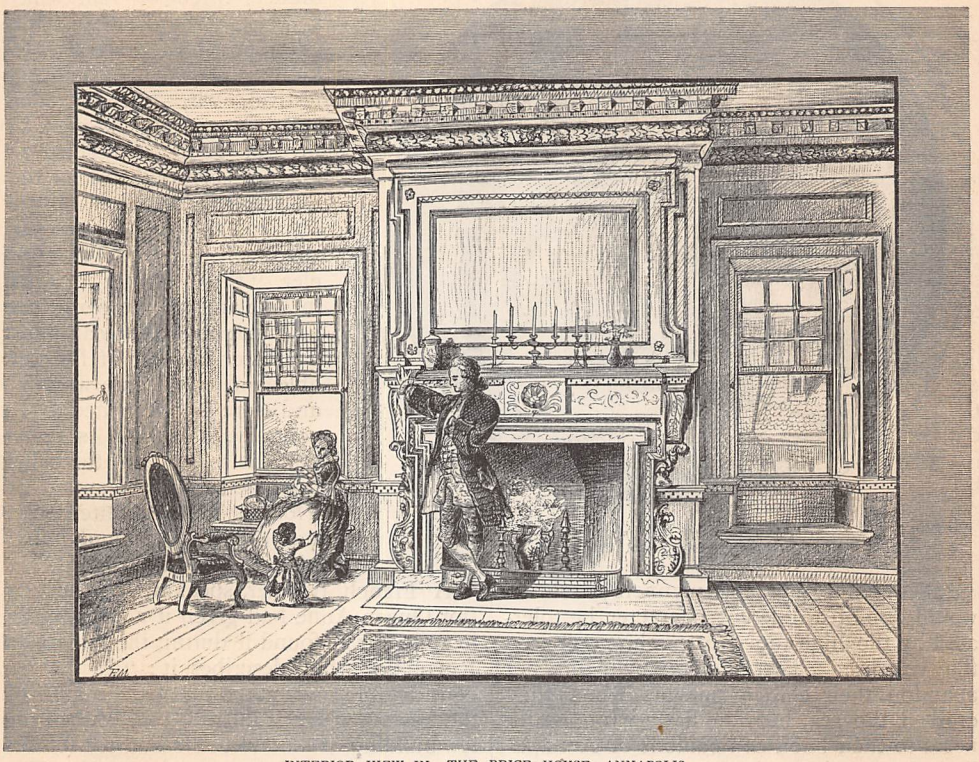
We find traces of the Acadians and shiploads of the "Palatines" among these expatriated unfortunates.

Of the ladies, except in their praise, the "Gazette" has little to say, if we except a "protest against stays," which meet with the writer's unqualified disapproval, and a "History of Female Dress," in which says the author, "My business to-day is chiefly with the ladies, on whose dress I intend to treat with the same delicacy and tenderness as I should use in my approach to their pretty persons."

A lady's dress of that day is thus described: "A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry-colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-colored gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, elaborately trimmed; a muslin head-dress, with lace ruffles; a black silk scarf, and a spotted silk hood, or 'capuchin.'"

To judge by contemporary records and portraits, the fashions of the colonies were in no way behind those of "home," as Old England persistently was called. In those days fashions did not so rapidly vary as nowadays, and the materials were so substantial, as notably the damasks and brocades, that of necessity dresses became heirlooms. We will not dwell upon the female costume of the time, as every one is more or less familiar with the comparatively graceless dress of the day, the stiff and unnaturally elongated stays, the immense expanse of skirt sustained by the hoop, the high-heeled shoes and the towering head-gear, the short sleeve with immense cuffs (a fashion borrowed from the male dress), with the wealth of lace falling

over the arms. The male dress was eminently graceful, stately and ample, and displayed the figure to great advantage; the female fashion for a while yielded to some harmony with nature and the natural hair was worn of becoming length, the hoops were somewhat curtailed, and aprons, even with full dress, became the vogue. This was staple of that time,—tobacco. Tobacco from America became smoke in the old world, but brought back very solid revenue, together with all the luxuries of life. Troops of slaves, docile as in the Orient, supplied service. Lumbering equipages, or very rickety stage-coaches, generally drawn by superb horses, bore the colonists about the country.



INTERIOR VIEW IN THE BRICE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

about 1750. Annapolis had then been the capital of Maryland for fifty years,—the government having been removed from St. Mary's, the place of the original settlement, in 1690,—that ancient city having been thus supplanted in the honors and emoluments of official patronage, as well as in the commerce of the colony.* Where the governor dwelt, and laws were made, and public affairs carried on, was the rallying-point of the cleverness and culture of such small populations as then existed in separate colonies or provinces. Opulent men built costly, elegant houses as their city dwellings if, as was commonly the case, they had large plantations or manors, where they dwelt at other seasons, superintending Maryland's grand

In town they visited in sedan-chairs, borne by lackeys in livery. They sat on carved chairs, at quaint tables, amid piles of ancestral silver ware, and drank punch out of vast, costly bowls from Japan, or sipped Madeira half a century old. At Annapolis they laid out the best race-course in the colonies, and built certainly the first theater. Here the best law-learning of America was gathered,—the Jenningses, Chalmerses, Rogerses, Stones, Pacas, Johnsons, Dulanys. Dulany's opinions were sent for even from London. A superb ball-room was built which a British traveler calls "elegant," and says was "illuminated to great advantage," while at each extremity were apartments for cards, "where select companies enjoy the circulation of the parti-colored gentry without having their attention diverted by the sound of fiddles and the evolutions of

* See "The Monumental City," etc., by G. W. Howard. Baltimore, 1873.

youthful performers." The clergy were commonly men of culture sent from England and portioned on the province by the proprietary. Generally they were men of

GETTING HOME FROM THE CLUB.

excellent education and manners; seldom would one of a different character be tolerated by the high-toned men who composed the vestries. These clergymen did not abandon their classic pursuits when they crossed the sea, but familiarly wrote Latin notes to their boon companions of Annapolis, whose culture, in those days, enabled them to answer in the same language. They were all free, hearty livers, importing and relishing their old Madeira; and it was in Annapolis that soft crabs, terrapins, and canvas-back ducks first obtained their renown as the greatest delicacies of the world.

The style of the time was, in winter, to enjoy the capital; but in milder seasons to travel a social round among the great estates and manors until the principal families of Calvert, St. Mary's, Charles, Prince George's, and Anne Arundel counties, and across the bay on the Eastern Shore, were visited. The men were bold riders, expert in hounds and horse-flesh; and the daily fox-chase, in season, was as much a duty to our systematic ancestors as it was to go to the parish church, with proper equipage and style, on Sunday. In town there was the "Tuesday Club," celebrated then, and even down to our own times, for its conversational cleverness and *bonhommie*. The proceedings were minutely recorded by its secretary in volumes still preserved in the Maryland Historical Society's MSS. and in private hands. With races every fall and spring, theaters in winter, assemblies every fortnight, dinners three or four times a week, a card-party wherever possible, athletic fox-hunting, private balls on every festival, wit, learning, and stately manners, softened by love of good fellowship, we are not surprised to hear this character recorded of Annapolis in 1775: "I am persuaded," says a British traveler, "there is not a town in England of the same size as Annapolis which can boast a greater number of fashionable and handsome women; and, were I not satisfied to the contrary, I should suppose that the majority of the belles possessed every advantage of a long and familiar intercourse with the manners and habits of your great metropolis."

A French traveler, speaking of the city (for Queen Anne had given it a city charter in 1709), as he found it during the American Revolution, thus describes it: "In that inconsiderable town standing at the mouth of the Severn, where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains, at least three-fourths may be styled elegant and grand. The state-house is a very beautiful building; I think the most so of any I have seen in America. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hair-dresser is a man of importance among them, and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at one thousand crowns a year."

Between the old colonial mansions of the northern and southern colonies a striking contrast seems to exist. While those of New England are almost invariably wooden structures, with little use of either brick or stone; in the colonies of Maryland and Virginia we find brick buildings of remarkable solidity and considerable architectural pretension, well developed and worthy examples of the style of Queen Anne and the Georges. These interiors recall to us the Dutch taste of William and

Mary's day as seen at Hampton Court, and later we trace the influence of Sir Christopher Wren and the French architects of Louis XV. and XVI. In solidity and honesty of construction they shame the insincerity of the builders of our day, and mock the shallowness of our modern pretension

WAITING ORDERS.

in their deep capacious window-seats and large hearth-stones, which measure the thickness of the walls. To climb to the attic and study the joinery of the roof would delight the heart of a true artisan. A stairway is sometimes concealed in these thick walls, suggesting secret chambers behind the paneled wainscoting. The stair-ways ascending from halls that greet you with spacious welcome glide rather than climb to the floor above, where a large upper hall or ball-room is often found. The walls are always paneled in wood or stucco, and the carving which frames the high chimney-pieces and relieves the shutters and doors is evidently old-country work of the school of Grinling Gibbons and the decorators of Hampton Court. The cornices, both exterior and interior, are borrowed from Italian designs. A noble hospitality is expressed in the great mansions of this time; and a similar arrangement was adopted by most builders to insure this end. The central or main building lodged the family and guests, and two wings or out-buildings, connected by corridors, served for kitchen, offices, and servants' quarters. The strange absence of verandas and porches in our climate can only be explained by the En-

A PIPE OF "OLD MARYLAND."

glishman's tenacity to English custom, and his refusal to acknowledge that the sun was other than the sun of England. With our independence we began to develop a style in accordance with our climate, and copied from Italy the piazza, portico and veranda. In the less imposing houses, the homes of the people, the "hipped-roof"—in our day revived as the Mansard or French roof—was almost universal. There is a look of cozy comfort in these old homes of the burghers, arranged very compactly and worthy of imitation, even if the ceilings be low and the chimneys quaintly placed in the corner of the room, or the windows placed with charming disregard of conventional symmetry. And can one forget those burnished brass knockers, the housewife's pride, so eminently respectable in their size and rich curvature, in their varied device and expression; or the 6 by 4 panes in the broad sashes, the dormer windows with their heavy cornices, the noble stacks of chimneys,—memorial pyramids of generous life,—and the gardens that environed all.

An old-fashioned Queen Anne's garden would now be rather a prim affair, with so much box edging and the walks so straight and Dutch-like; but the old-fashioned flowers would redeem it. There you would find plenty of lilacs and snow-balls (then known as the guelder-rose), privet and holly in the hedges and borders; larkspurs, wall-flowers, hollyhocks, periwinkles, snapdragons, candytufts and daffodils, would abound. A damp shady corner would be given to a bed of the lily of the valley, and ten to one you would find a bed of chamomile growing hard by a bed of lavender or sweet basil. Of course there would be balsam (only called "lady's slipper"), and rocket (under the name of "dame's violet)," pansies (known as ladies' delight or "hearts'-ease"), pasque flower and cowslip, and meadow-sweet, and groundsel, and feverfew, and milfoil, yarrow, thrift, spurge, loose-strife, honesty, Adam and Eve, drop-wort, dittany, daisies, jonquils, monk's hood, innocence, wind flower, and moss pink, with the Joseph's lily and viburnum blooming in the most liberal and splendid way.

Fancy the delightful irregularity of the quaint roofs and chimneys outlined against the warm blue sky; the sparkling leaves and soft glow of the flower beds, and listen, while you rest in the shady arbor, to the cooing of the pigeons, the whir and twitter of the swallows and martins, and the defiant crow of chanticleers; heedless of the moving shadow of the sun-dial on the chimney side.

In the streets you find no pavements, they are still country roads edged with green grass, and the rights of foot passengers are maintained by rows of posts. Here and there a more enterprising citizen may have laid bricks and a curb-stone. Bookishness had not then blunted the intelligence of vision, and the mind was still addressed by direct appeals to the perceptive sense in the shape of signs of every description of imitative art: the dangling key, the pendent awl, the golden pestle and mortar, the hammer wielded by a swarthy arm, the symbols of good cheer, as the "heart and hand," or may be the "spider and the fly," expressive of cheap boarding. A jubilant negro, a jolly tar, or a taciturn Indian, the master work of the ship carver, guarded the tobacconist's door, and "The Thistle" and "The Ship" "near the city gate" invited the sailor, as did the sign of the "top-sail-sheet-block" near the market. "The Three Blue Balls,"—a rival of "The Duke of Cumberland" and "The Indian King,"—was a tavern of Church street, and there must have been a "Golden Horse," a "Black Bear," and a "White Swan," to creak in concert of a stormy night. The "Annapolis Coffee-house" was the resort of the gentry.

In the "Gazette" we read: "What a grevious thing the law is is shown by a sign that once hung in the Rolls Liberty in London: on one side a man all in rags wringing his hands with a label importing that he had *lost his suit*, and on the other a man that had not a rag left, but stark naked, capering and triumphing that he had *gained his cause*, a fine emblem of going to law and the infatuating madness of a litigious spirit." Many of these signs indicated the amphibious character of the population of Annapolis and were evidently inspired by nautical associations complimentary to the sea-faring stranger who frequented the port, for the "ancient city" had its custom-house, a stately brick yet standing. The Maryland fleet under convoy of British men-of-war and for the most part well armed, gathered here as their port of destination, and many is the tale, related by our old journal, of their combats with the French men-of-war and privateers,—a prolific nursery of "sailors' yarns," told in sea phrase, and recording British pluck and contempt of the Frenchman.

Frequent mention is made in the advertisements of that day of the town-gates of Annapolis, made in fear of Indian attacks; for the French emissaries were ever busy in disturbing the friendly relations which existed in Maryland between the aborigines and the English. We find an order "to have in said town two *ffairs* a year, persons coming thither not to be arrested one day before the said *ffair* and one day thereafter." These occasions were the gala days of the people, as the high days and holidays of the gentry were the birthdays of prince and proprietary, and May-day, Whitsuntide, Michaelmas and Christmas. Militia trainings and muster days also broke the monotony of daily duty. At the "ffairs," horse-races were included as a principal attraction, and, as in one advertised for "Baltimore-town," a bounty was offered of forty shillings to any person that produces "the best piece of yard-wide, country-made, white linnen, the piece to contain twenty yards. On Saturday, the third day, a hat and ribbon will be cudgelled for; a pair of pumps wrestled for; and a white shift to be run for by two negro girls."

We read that "at a county court held here on Tuesday, the 9th July of this year (1749), a Mrs. S. C., of Patapsco, was fined the sum of one penny, for whipping the Rev. Mr. N——l W——r with a hiccory switch; it being imagined by the court that he well deserved it."

On the 18th June, 1752, appears the following advertisement:

> "By permission of his honor the president [of the council] at the new theater, in Annapolis by the company of *commedians* from Virginia, on Monday next, being the 22nd instant, will be performed, 'The Beggar's Opera,' likewise a farce, called 'The Lying Valet.'"

The duties of a servant are shown by one who offers himself "to wait at table, curry horses, clean knives, boots and shoes, lay a table, shave and dress wigs, carry a lantern and talk French; is as honest as the times will admit, and as sober as can be." We can fancy this man-of-all-work conducting his master home from some convivial meeting, the lantern swaying to and fro as the faithful domestic adjusts the old gentleman's wig and cocked-hat, and guides his meandering footsteps through the unpaved and unlighted streets of the provincial capital.

The history of the Tuesday Club is dated from the author's study, September 9, 1754, and in quaint style acknowledges all dedications to be, "at best, but paltry stuff," in which truth is warped, "either by the power of flattery, or by the pestilent inclination to party, or pusillanimous fear of the anger and resentment of men in power."

AT THE CLUB.

The first volume contains the first decade of the transactions of that society, comprehended in 239 sederunts, viz., from May, 1745 to May, 1755 inclusive, with the heads of the honorable the president, and the principal officers and members, and also figures of the most material transactions of the club,—with an appendix of the club music composed by Signor Lardini, the most favorite songs used in the club, etc. The laws provide that the club shall meet weekly at each other's dwellings by turns, every Tuesday, throughout the year; that the member appointed to serve as steward shall provide a "gammon of bacon," or any one other dish of victuals and no more; that no fresh liquor shall be made, prepared or produced after eleven o'clock at night, and that every member shall be at liberty to retire at pleasure.

It is established as a rule of the society "that immediately after supper the ladies shall be toasted, before any other toasts or healths go round."

"Sederunt, June 18th, 1745. This night, the great cheese or bachellor's was produced upon a side-board. Passed into a law—that, if any subject of what nature soever be discussed which levels at party matters, or the administration of the government of this province, or be disagreeable to the club, no answer shall be given thereto, but after

THE USE OF A HOOD.

CHARLES COLE, PRESIDENT OF THE TUESDAY CLUB.

such discourse is ended, the society shall laugh at the member offending in order to divert the discourse."

"June 25th, the *Gelastic* Law was this night put in execution against Mr. Secretary Marshe who got into a prolix harangue about the consciences of lawyers. Ordered that Mr. Secretary Marshe entertain this society upon Tuesday, the 2nd of July next ensuing."

Later, it is

"Resolved, that cheese is not any more to be deemed a dish of vittles. Therefore the use of it as such in the club is forbid."

As the society developed, the insignia of office and various adjuncts of ceremony were adopted. Badges of silver, double gilt and engraved with the device and motto of the society, were procured from London.

The entry is made that—

"Wm. Thornton Esq. on account of his uncommon talent in singing was by unanimous consent of the club appointed proto-musicus or chief musician and it is ordained that as often as he votes in club he is to sing his vote in a musical manner else it is to go for nothing, after which he has the privilege conferred on him of commanding any member of the club to sing after having first sung himself."

And here is

"The humble petition and remonstrance of sundry of the single females of Annapolis, showeth,
That whereas it has been observed by sundry persons as well as your petitioners, that a singular and surprising success has all along attended such happy females as your honor has been pleased to pitch upon as the toasts of the honorable chair, every one of whom in a short time after having been adopted by your honor has successfully and happily been provided with a much more eligible state; your Petitioners Therefore earnestly pray that your honor instead of conferring your favors in so partial a manner, would in commiseration of our desperate situation include us *all* in the circle of favor that the benign influence of your honor's maritiferous notice may henceforth equally shine upon us all, which benevolent condescension in your honor will have a tendency to multiply the inhabitants of this city as well as to better our present situation. And your petitioners shall ever pray.

"To the honorable Charles Cole Esq., President of the most worshipful and ancient Tuesday Club.

"The honorable President was pleased to declare that he would grant this petition as far as lay in his power."

The anniversaries were occasions of great ceremony. The members, wearing their badges, proceeded to the house of the president. As they marched along in a solemn and stately manner they were honored by a great many spectators of all sorts and ranks, and when they came within twenty paces of the Honorable the president's gate His Honor made his appearance and did each member the honor of a salute by manuquassation, upon which they halted a little and Jonas Greene, Esquire, holding up the anniversary ode in his right hand, waved it around his head in a very graceful manner by way of salutation to His Honor, who

The supposed Sir Hugh Macearty Esq; brought into Club as a Prisoner before the Honorable Mr President Cole.

made several low bows, which were respectfully returned by the master of ceremonies, Sir John, and the chancellor. Then His Honor, taking his place between the two last-named, the procession marched into His Honor's court-yard, the way being all strewed with flowers, and the ensign or flag displayed as usual. After some time sitting in the court-yard, the members assembled in His Honor's great saloon. As His Honor went to take the chair with a grand *pas*, a martial tune was played by the chief musician or proto-musicus, and he took the chair with a plaudite.

After the supper, of which the "outward decoration and apparatus was as elegant and harmonious as the inward rhetoric and eloquence of the club was uncommon," several loyal healths were drunk. Then they drank to the memory of the "South Sea Company," and sang "The Great Bell of Lincoln" and that favorite song, "The Hundreds of Drury."

A speech of a member having been thought unseasonable, assuming, and unpolite, the Gelastic law was put in force against him, the whole company being seized with a most vociferous and roaring laugh, in which the culprit himself joined with most prodigious force of lungs. But he, thinking to take the president upon his weak or blind side,—knowing his enthusiastic fondness for Old England and everything appertaining to that happy country,—he asked His Honor to favor him, at least for country's sake; that he was his countryman, and the only Englishman now in the club besides himself and His Honor's attorney, the rest of the members being either country-born or Scotsmen. To this His Honor made reply that "he set no value upon that, and that he always judged of a man by his behavior, and not by his country." This was an excellent sentiment, and came from His Honor unawares, he not being given to speak philosophically or justly when Old England was introduced into conversation, which shows that even resentment, at times, may make a man utter philosophical truths.

On issuing commissions to new members, January 30, 1749, it was "thought fit to affix seals of black wax upon the occasion of the day being the martyrdom of that blessed saint Charles I."

A motion being made to exclude the use of long pipes in the club, excepting the president's, the same was not assented to.

Mr. Jonas Greene, the printer of "The Maryland Gazette," in acknowledging the honor of his admission to the club, says: "May good fellowship dispel every cloud that may threaten us, excepting only that of tobacco, the dear specific condensator of political conceptions." Although he advanced to high position in the club ("his titles were expressed in the manner of the ancient Romans, by five capital p's, P. P. P. P. importing sundry offices of trust and dignity, viz., poet, printer, punster, purveyor, and punch-maker"), yet he did not escape indictment, duly preferred in law Latin, and a formal trial and conviction. After reading the sentence, during which Jonas Greene, Esquire, stood up, his lordship knocked upon the table with a little mallet, after the manner of Sir Hugh McCarty, Esquire, lord president of the Monday club of New York, and this signal being given, the Sergeant-at-arms immediately took Jonas Greene, Esquire, into custody, and he was confined for a full half hour a languishing prisoner in a remote corner of the room, being deprived of all comfort and assistance from the sparkling and enlivening board—a woeful and lamentable spectacle, and a warning to all loyal members to be upon their good behavior.

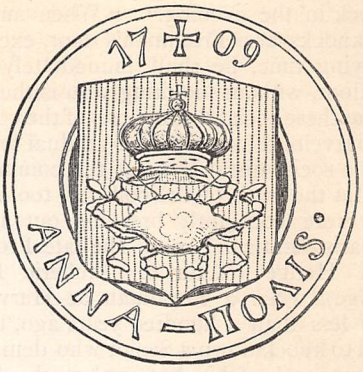
These quaint and lively volumes are embellished with rude drawings, not without merit in their sense of character, and representing the most humorous and important events in the club's history, its anniversaries, its frolics and its disputes. There is a series of portraits of the members in which the likenesses are evidently in the words of a certain limner, "strong as pisin." We could quote songs and odes and acrostics to the president and officers, as well as eulogiums on deceased members, and an attack on Colley Cibber.

Could we ransack the old garrets of Annapolis and unravel the threads of social history hidden in musty packages of family letters, we might weave many a woof of time and renew the life of the dead people whose ghosts still walk, they say, the old halls and chambers. Or could the portraits speak and the bricks become loquacious, what scandals and gossips we could enjoy, if like old wine they had ripened in piquancy and gusto! When we consider to what dimensions a tale of yesterday expands, what a growth might we not expect of a scandal a hundred years old!

But the Annapolis of the past is no more. The contagion of progress and improvement is warring and winning against the old-time ways and manners and what might

have been said of its slumber even a few years ago is no longer true. In its days of slumber a naval commission reported: "A polar expedition is useless to determine the earth's axis; go to Annapolis rather. It should be called the pivot city. It is the center of the universe, for while all the world around it revolves it remains stationary." An account so recent and yet even now historical!

It would seem that in the element of smoke this rare old town was born, flourished, died and revived. The "noxious weed" was the source of its early wealth, the juices of Maryland's soil and the toil of Africa's children disappeared in clouds of tobacco smoke which returned to her in showers of gold. When England's oppression drove the townspeople to a vindication of their manhood the smoke of the "Peggy Stewart" attested their love of liberty; and but recently the revived Annapolis showed its abhorrence of drunkenness by publicly burning in the market-place the contents of a groggery, the fumes of the alcohol mingling with the smoke of this vestal flame of temperance. Let us close the old volumes and enjoy in cogitation a pipe of Maryland tobacco.



COAT-OF-ARMS, ANNAPOLIS.

COLLEGE HAZING.

THE precise origin of college hazing, like the origin of many of the feudal customs of which it is a great-grandchild, is somewhat obscure. Undoubtedly, however, it sprang from those social distinctions which, as tares, were brought to the New World along with the seeds of political and religious liberty. In our colonial period, the graduated pyramid of social distinctions stood in the midst of every community: the ignorant served the educated class; the commercial, the professional; the poor, the rich; the younger brother, the elder; all with a sharpness of division between the servant and the served that is now seldom observed.

The social regimen of the colonial colleges was the copy of the social regimen of the community. Students were seated in recitation hall and chapel according to the social rank of their families; and the struggle for a high seat was more ardent than the present strife for high scholastic rank. The laws of the colleges—borrowed, to a certain extent, from the fagging and other laws of the English schools—assigned a subordinate social position to Freshmen, and made them a kind of feudal villain to the barons of the upper classes. As early as 1760, at Yale, it was enacted: "It being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usages, and customs of the college, to this end they are empowered to order the whole Freshman class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed and reproved, at such time and place as they shall appoint; when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently." "The Freshmen are forbidden to wear their hats in the college-yard until May vacation; and whenever a Freshman either speaks to a superior or is spoken to by one, he shall keep his hat off until he is bidden to put it on." "A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class without being asked." "Freshmen are obliged to perform all reasonable errands for any superior." "Freshmen shall not run in the college-yard, nor up and down stairs, nor call to any one through a college window." Similar restrictions binding the Freshmen are found among the "Ancient Laws and Liberties" of Harvard: "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college-yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows; provided he be on foot, and have not both hands full." "Freshmen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors." "No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there." "All

Freshmen (except those employed by the immediate government of the college) shall be obliged to go on any errand (except such as shall be judged improper by some one in the government of the college) for any of his Seniors, graduates, or under-graduates, at any time except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening." "When any person knocks at a Freshman's door, except in studying time, he shall immediately open the door, without inquiring who is there."

But these social distinctions of the colleges were leveled, along with the gradual leveling of the social distinctions of the community. Within the walls of the colleges, too, rebellions were constantly breaking out against the aristocratic *régime*. The late Professor Levi Hedge (father of Frederic Henry Hedge), when a Freshman at Harvard, a little less than a hundred years ago, threatened to knock down a Senior who demanded the removal of his hat, unless the Senior also removed his. The case was appealed to President Willard, who upheld young Hedge. This decision struck the death-blow to the "hat law" at Cambridge. The growth of the antipathy, therefore, both within and without the colleges, to such petty rules and distinctions, occasioned, in the first quarter of the present century, their overthrow. But the principles which underlay them to a certain degree were perpetuated by the tricks and annoyances which, in their stead, were imposed upon Freshmen. Instead of the Seniors' lecture to the Freshmen, as practiced at Yale, came the Sophomores' "smoking out"; instead of the running of errands came the obligation, now in force at many colleges, to entertain upper classmen at the college eating-saloon; and instead of the duty of uncovering in a superior's presence was substituted the unwritten law, obeyed in nearly every college, that a Freshman shall not wear a silk hat.

The methods of hazing as at present practiced are numerous and diverse. The Freshman is taken from his bed at midnight, bathed by Sophomoric hands at the nozzle of the college pump, and, blindfolded, made to run, with his escorts, three or four miles to and fro on the campus. If his room is furnished with care, he endures the risk of finding, as he returns from an evening call, his furniture piled up in the center of the floor, his pictures smashed and his knickknacks rifled. If he manifests an unusual degree of fondness for any attractions of person or of dress he may possess, he may think himself fortunate if the Sophomore's razor does not shear him of his strength. Of an evening, a party of a dozen Sophomores call upon him, fill his room with the smoke of their cigars, demand a speech and a song; compel him to play "leap-frog" with his chum, test his expertness in "clog-dancing," toss him in a blanket, put him to bed, and, after an hour's interview, bid him "good-night," promising to call again as soon as possible. By these, and occasionally by severer afflictions does he pay the penalty of his Freshmanhood.

To such treatment Freshmen submit with varying degrees of willingness and unwillingness. To some it seems an essential part of college life, and the failure to receive a respectable hazing would be a sad disappointment. Others submit to it as a necessary evil, the endurance of which is the best escape from its pains. Yet others kick against the Sophomoric pricks, which occasionally yield, but frequently pierce the deeper for the opposition. Sometimes a Freshman defends himself from these annoyances at the point of his revolver, and the few hazing encounters in which Sophomores have been shot at serve to make them afraid of the weapon with a Freshman's finger on the trigger. But if he can be seized unarmed, he pays most dearly for his bravery.

The extent to which hazing prevails is very general, and the degree of its pervasiveness in the different colleges is most diverse. Into the Western colleges, as a class, the practice has never been introduced with that thoroughness with which it is pursued in many colleges of the East. But the University of Michigan, with a few other institutions, are to a slight degree afflicted with the evil. A recent number of the journal published by the students of that university, remarks of an attempt at hazing: "No one was severely hurt, but a few injured faces and evidences of flying missiles bear witness that we have not wholly escaped from the mania which has wrought such unfortunate results among other students." But the large number of the Western colleges are entirely free from the disgrace. In many of the Eastern colleges, also, the intensity of the evil has steadily decreased within the last decade. Yale was formerly as thoroughly afflicted with it as any college, but for the last two years only a few Freshmen have been hazed, and they by the homœopathic method. At Harvard the evil was wiped out six years ago by the co-operation of the faculty and

the students. At Amherst, too, a similar condition prevails, and the usual good order of the college is in no way more marked than in the cordiality of the relations of the two lower classes. The case is substantially the same at Williams. But at Bowdoin, Bates, Princeton and many other colleges the evil still lingers with a considerable degree of vitality. The notorious case of hazing at Princeton in February last was in its final stages most novel and remarkable. It has, I believe, never before happened in the Sophomore-Freshman wars that both sides, armed to the teeth, fired, as has been said—though perhaps not with literal truth—"repeated volleys into each other, at short range."

The causes of hazing as it now prevails are few, but deeply rooted. The first is custom. Indirectly, hazing is, as has been indicated, the continuation of the early social distinctions of the community and the college; but directly, the hazing of one year is the mother of the hazing of the next. Every Freshman who is hazed can heal his injured honor only by hazing. So custom perpetuates the evil through successive classes. A second cause is that principle of human nature which tempts one to impose upon inexperience, immaturity and greenness. The manners and customs of the college world are unique. In it the Freshman is a foreigner of only a few days' naturalization. His ignorance, therefore, offers to the Sophomore, a citizen of long standing, a delightful opportunity for merriment. A third source of the evil is found in the high development which the love of fun attains among college men of the lower classes. The Sophomore unites the carelessness of boyhood with the enjoyments of manhood, without a consciousness of manhood's responsibilities. Than hazing a Freshman he finds no richer mine of delight.

In order to abolish hazing it is first necessary to create a college sentiment which opposes it. The means of creating this sentiment are as numerous as those by which any change in either public or college opinion is promoted. The exertion of stronger moral and religious influences, a more intimate association of professors and students, and a stricter demand for high scholarship, indicate, in general, the best methods.

A more rigid execution of the college laws regarding the offense would also tend to abolish hazing. These laws are in their letter sufficiently severe; either expulsion or suspension is the penalty usually affixed to their infraction. But in their actual execution, college authorities are proverbially remiss. The student, when *in medias res* of his offense, feels assured that, if detected, the influence of his friends and his own promises of good behavior will return him to college. A case has lately come to my notice in which a Sophomore was expelled for aiding in tying a Freshman to the bell-knob of a house of a lady with whom the Freshman was acquainted. The sufferer was naked. He could not move to release himself without ringing the bell. For this outrageous offense the culprit was expelled, but by the influence of his family and family friends the penalty was revoked. To banish hazing the governing boards must enforce the laws with unconditional severity.

There is, however, a milder method which, properly applied, will usually prove more effective and is easier of execution. It is the method that Harvard College adopted in the autumn of 1872. At the opening of that college year the Faculty proposed an agreement for the Sophomore and Freshmen classes that they would abstain from indulging in all those annoyances usually included in the term hazing. So far as can be learned, every member of the two classes, over three hundred in number, signed it. This simple process ended hazing at Cambridge. The Sophomores of 1872–73 did not haze, and the Sophomores of the next year, bound by the agreement and not having been hazed, had no injured honor to vindicate, and the succeeding Freshmen were not molested.

With the opening of the present college year, Yale, too, passed a law which has proved remarkably effective in crushing the anti-Freshman proclivities of the Sophomores. Any student, the law states, who is guilty of hazing shall withdraw from his own class, and enter that immediately below. Already, I am informed, two or three Sophomores, in consequence of breaking it, have been compelled to enter the Freshman class. The method is an excellent one. It strikes at the root of the evil by emphasizing the *disgrace* inherent in it. But either this method or the procedure employed by the Cambridge college can, I believe, be used, if applied with discretion, by every college in the United States; and it would undoubtedly serve to wipe out the annually recurring shame.

EPICEDIUM.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I.

Say, who shall mourn him first,
Who sang in days for Song so evil-starred,
Shielding from adverse winds the flame he nursed,—
Our Country's earliest Bard?
For all he sang survives
In stream, and tree, and bird, and mountain-crest,
And consecration of uplifted lives
To Duty's stern behest;
Till, like an echo falling late and far
As unto Earth the answer from a star,
Along his thought's so nigh unnoted track
Our people's heart o'ertakes
His pure design, and hears him, and awakes
To breathe its music back!
Approach, sad Forms, now fitly to employ
The grave, sweet stops of all melodious sound,
Yet undertoned with joy;
For him ye lose, at last is truly found.

II.

Scarce darkened by the shadow of these hours,
The Manitou of Flowers,
Crowned with the Painted-cup, that shakes
Its gleam of war-paint on his dusky cheek,
Goes by, but cannot speak;
Yet tear or dew-drop 'neath his coronal breaks,
And in his drooping hand
The azure eyelids of the gentian die
That loves the yellow autumn land;
The wind-flower, golden-rod,
With phlox and orchis, nod;
And every blossom frail and shy
No careless loiterer sees,
But poet, sun and breeze,
And the bright countenance of our western sky.
They know who loved them: they, if all
Forgot to dress his pall,
Or strew his couch of long repose,
Would from the prairies and the central snows
The sighing West-wind call,
Their petals, even as withered tears, to bear,
And, like a Niobe of air,
Upon his sea-side grave to let them fall!

III.

Next you, ye many Streams,
That make a music through his cold green land!
Whether ye scour the granite slides
In broken spray-light or in sheeted gleams,
Or in dark basins stand,
Your bard's fond spirit in your own abides.

Not yours the wail of woe,
Whose joy is in your wild and wanton flow,—
Chill, beautiful Undines
That flash white hands behind your thicket-screens,
And charm the wildwood and the cloven flumes
To hide you in their glooms!
But he hath kissed you, and his lips betray
Your coyest secrets; now, no more
Your bickering, winking tides shall stray
Through August's idle day,
Or showered with leaves from brown November's floor,
Untamed, and rich in mystery
As ye were wont to be!
From where the dells of Greylock feed
Your thin, young life, to where the Sangamon
Breaks with his winding green the Western mead,
Delay to hasten on!
Ask not the clouds and hills
To swell the veins of your obedient rills,
And brim your banks with turbid overflow;
But calmly, soothly go,
Soft as a sigh and limpid as a tear,
So that ye seem to borrow
The voice and the visage of sorrow,
For he gave you glory and made you dear!

IV.

Strong Winds and mighty Mountains, sovereign Sea,
What shall your dirges be?
The slow, great billow, far down the shore,
Booms in its breaking: "Dare—and despair!"
The fetterless winds, as they gather and roar,
Are evermore crying: "Where, oh where?"
The mountain summits, with ages hoar,
Say: "Near and austere, but far and fair!"
Shall ye in your sorrow droop,
Who are strong and sad, and who cannot stoop?
Two may sing to him where he lies,
But the third is hidden behind the skies.
Ye cannot take what he stole,
And made his own in his inmost soul!
The pulse of the endless Wave
Beauty and breadth to his strophes gave;
The Winds with their hands unseen
Held him poised at a height serene;
And the world that wooed him, he smiled to o'ercome it;
Whose being the Mountains made so strong,—
Whose forehead arose like a sunlighted summit
Over eyes that were fountains of thought and song!

V.

And last, ye Forms, with shrouded face
Hiding the features of your woe,
That on the fresh sod of his burial-place
Your myrtle, oak and laurel throw,—
Who are ye?—whence your silent sorrow?
Strange is your aspect, alien your attire:

Shall we, who knew him, borrow
Your unknown speech for Grief's august desire?
Lo! one, with lifted brow
Says: "Nay, he knew and loved me: I am Spain!"
Another: "I am Germany,
Drawn sadly nearer now
By songs of his and mine that make one strain,
Though parted by the world-dividing sea!"
And from the hills of Greece there blew
A wind that shook the olives of Peru,
Till all the world that knew,
Or, knowing not, shall yet awake to know
The sweet humanity that fused his song,—
The haughty challenge unto Wrong,
And for the trampled Truth his fearless blow,—
Acknowledge his exalted mood
Of faith achieved in song-born solitude,
And give him high acclaim
With those who followed Good, and found it Fame!

VI.

Ah, no!—why should we mourn
The noble life, that wore its crown of years?
Why drop these tender, unavailing tears
Upon a fate of no fulfillment shorn?
He was too proud to seek
That which should come unasked; and came,
Kindling and brightening as a wind-blown flame
When he had waited long,
And life—but never art—was weak,
But youthful will and sympathy were strong
In white-browed eye and hoary-bearded cheek;
Until, when called at last
That later life to celebrate,
Wherein, dear Italy, for thine estate,
The glorious Present joined the glorious Past,
He fell, and ceased to be!
We could not yield him grandlier than thus,
When, for thy hero speaking, he
Spake equally for us!—
His last word, as his first, was Liberty!
His last word, as his first, for Truth
Struck to the heart of age and youth:
He sought her everywhere,
In the loud city, forest, sea and air:
He bowed to wisdom other than his own,
To wisdom and to law,
Concealed or dimly shown
In all he knew not, all he knew and saw,
Trusting the Present, tolerant of the Past,
Firm-faithed in what shall come
When the vain noises of these days are dumb;
And his first word was noble as his last!

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In the year 1452 there was born at Castello da Vinci—an obscure village in the lower Val d'Arno, near Empoli—a child whose father was Ser Piero da Vinci, and whose mother was a certain Caterina, of whom, beyond the fact that she brought into the world this immortal love-child, and that later on she married one Accattabriga di Piero del Vacca da Vinci, nothing whatever is known.

The child born to Piero and Caterina was called Leonardo, a somewhat uncommon name at that time, and with the giving of which astrology may have had something to do. Leonardo was an illegitimate child. Was he ever legitimized? It is impossible to speak with certainty on this point. Vasari says nothing about the circumstances of his birth, and does not appear to have known even that he was illegitimate. The fact is established by documents and legal records; but neither Dei nor Uzielli, to whom we are indebted for valuable researches, brings forward any proof to substantiate the common belief that he was ever legally entitled to take his place as a child of the house in his father's family.*

Leonardo showed, from earliest childhood, remarkable quickness of intellect, and aptitude for learning. Vasari says he made such rapid progress in the short time he gave to the study of arithmetic that he often confounded the master who was teaching him by the perpetual doubts he started, and by the difficulty of the questions he asked. It is in the experience of many a teacher to meet with bright minds like this, and the experience would be a more common one than it is were it not the effect of our ordinary school methods rather to deaden intelligence than to awaken it. But it is the everyday fate of such quick-sprouting intelligences that they show best at starting, and rarely fulfill the promise of their prime. Leonardo, however, was a striking exception; the curiosity of his boyhood was a fire that never dimmed; the independent character of his mind showed in all he did from the beginning of his life to the end. From boyhood, he had an inclination to music, and learned to play upon the lute, improvising at once the music and the words. His modern biographers make bold to endow him with other graces, with skill in dancing and in fencing; but this, though probable enough, is only conjecture.

Although it is probable that Ser Piero passed most of the year in his town-house in Florence, yet the tastes of Leonardo must have led him much into the fields about the city, and to his country home at Vinci. The San Spirito Quarter of the city of Florence, in which the town-house of the Vinci family was situated, was itself a sort of rural suburb shut off from the outlying country-side by the city walls, but much less thickly settled than the city proper on the other side the Arno. Thus Leonardo enjoyed, what is so valuable to a boy of his temperament, the double advantage of life in the country and life in the city. He studied nature, and he studied men; but it is probable that, in these early days of youth, he was much more interested in the knowledge he gained from his rambles in the fields and over the low-lying hills that surround Florence than in that study of the human face in which he afterward took such delight.

We are not left to conjecture to discover what were his boyish employments. The MS. books which he left behind him, and which must have been begun at least in early life, contain, as is well known, an enormous number of notes, memoranda and drawings relating to every department of human study as applied to the material world. Of the thirteen volumes of MS. left behind him at his death, the largest, called, from its size, the "Codice Atlantico," is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan;* and of the remainder

* Ser Piero was twenty-five years old at the time of Leonardo's birth, and he married the first of his four wives in the same year, 1452. By neither of his first two wives does he appear to have had any children; but the third wife brought him five children, three boys and two girls, and by the fourth wife, who outlived him, he had six more, all boys but one. Leonardo was twenty-five years old when the youngest of these eleven children was born.

* There have been several publications containing specimens more or less accurately copied from these MS. books; but the most valuable contribution to our knowledge in the matter is contained in the "Saggio delle opere di Leonardo da Vinci," published at Milan in 1872. These specimens are copied by photo-lithography from the "Codice Atlantico," and consist of twenty-four out of the close upon four hundred pages of that MS., and with, of course, only a correspondingly small number of the whole seventeen hundred designs contained in the whole. Incomplete as it is, however, this record is of great value, since the mode of reproduction gives us the very form and pressure of Leonardo's hand.

those that survive are to be found, some in the library at Paris, others in the Queen's library at Windsor, and others still in the British Museum. Here we see the traces of that alert, questioning mind of Leonardo, which began, even in boyhood, to fly abroad everywhere, and to feed on everything that lay in its path with the happy industry of the bee. Here we find him noting down on paper the observations made in his walks. Brought up in the neighborhood of Florence, —a city so famous for the beauty of her wild flowers that it has been thought she owed her name to them,—it was natural that a boy of Leonardo's turn of mind should be drawn to the study of botany. The sketch-books he has left us contain many beautiful drawings of flowers and leaves, accompanied by notes that hint at discoveries of laws of vegetation which waited many years before they were rediscovered and published to the world by other men. It is rare that any dates are attached to these sketches and jottings of natural phenomena; but it is most natural to suppose that many of them were made in the season of youth before he was tied down to the labors of professional life, while as yet he was free to wander where his fancy led him, and to meditate for days or hours in the solitude of his chamber or of the fields. It is to his boyhood still that we may perhaps be permitted to refer his efforts to discover the laws that control the placing of the leaves about the stem *(phyllotaxis)*, or those other laws that relate to the formation of the wood and bark. He was not content with his own drawings, exquisite as many of them are, but sought a way of making a more scientific record of his observations, and devised an herbarium in which impressions of the petals of flowers and of their leaves should be taken by a process identical with what is called, in our day, nature-printing. His fancy, playing with the subject, invented a number of apologues in which flowers and trees are the actors; and one of his earliest performances, according to Vasari, was a picture of the Virgin, in which, among other accessories, was a bottle filled with water, and containing some flowers painted with the most lively truth to nature, and having the dew-drops admirably executed on their petals.

But it was not on one side only that nature incited him to study. The river that ran through Florence, with its restless rise and fall; now swollen with the autumn rains to such a height as to threaten the safety of its banks; invading the houses and inundating the churches, and then again falling, perhaps in a single day, so low as to be fordable; the Arno, and indeed all the water-courses of the wide region neighboring Florence would suggest to the mind of Leonardo, in which the practical and the ideal were so subtly mingled, thoughts connected with the whole subject of hydraulics, a subject that seems to have had more solid attractions for him than any other outside the domain of art. His sketch-book shows how much he was interested in canals, whether for navigation or irrigation (Figs. 1 and 2), both of the highest importance to the wealth of Italy; in machines worked by water; in contrivances for raising water from a lower level to a higher (Fig. 3); and, in general, in everything that related to that element considered as an agent in human affairs. Everything in the conformation of the region in which he found himself living quickened his perception of obstacles, and prompted his ingenuity in devising ways of overcoming them. There was the river, as has been said, to control and guide; and, while still young, he devised a canal by which, the course of the Arno being changed between

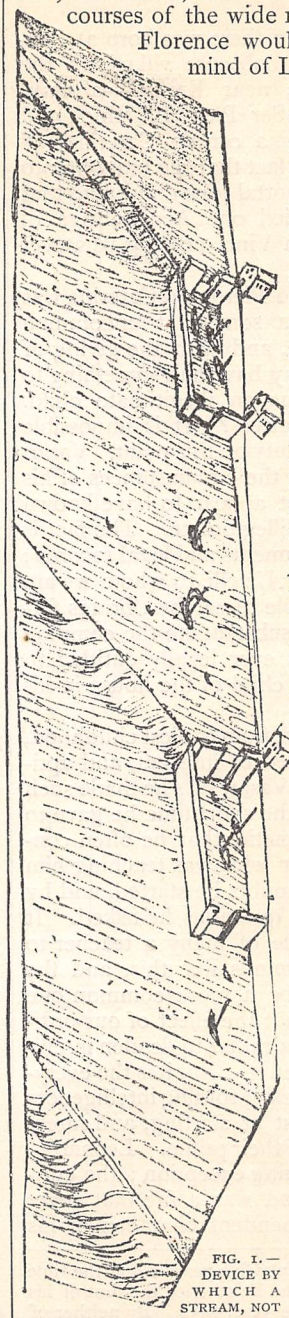


FIG. 1.—DEVICE BY WHICH A STREAM, NOT NAVIGABLE EITHER BY REASON OF TOO LITTLE DEPTH OR FROM LIABILITY TO FAILURE IN TIME OF DROUGHT, MAY BE MADE USEFUL, IT IS DIVIDED INTO SECTIONS BY DIAGONAL DAMS PROVIDED WITH LOCKS AT THE SMALL ANGLE.

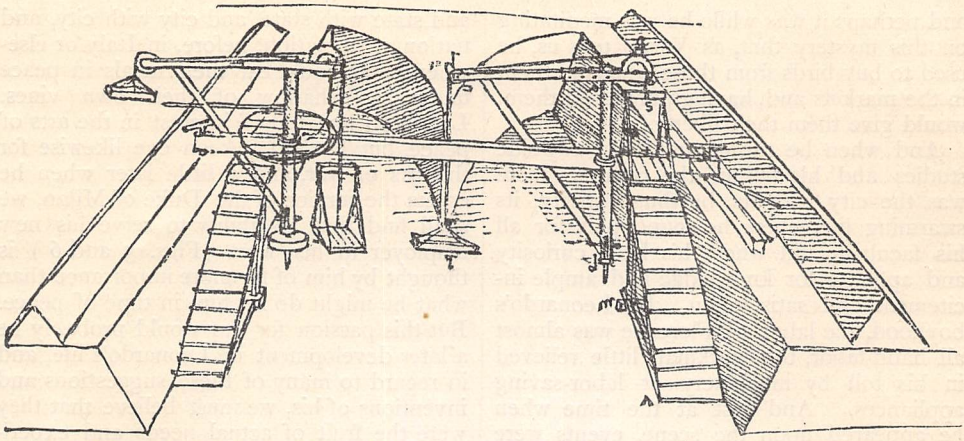


FIG. 2.—DEVICE FOR EXCAVATING A CANAL AND PILING THE EARTH DUG OUT UPON THE BANKS TO MAKE THEM HIGHER. THE DERRICKS AND SELF-DUMPING HODS ARE LIKE THOSE IN USE TO-DAY.

Pisa and Florence, the river might be made navigable. This plan, rejected in his own day as chimerical, was carried out two hundred years later. Then there were the mountains that girdled the city with a wall that, if it in some degree protected her from her foes, isolated her from her neighbors as well. The young Leonardo proposes boldly to pierce this wall, to tunnel it, that valley may be married to valley, and plain to plain. And, as if the river could not bear him fast enough to regions beyond this narrow valley, or the tunneled mountains make rapid enough the communication of man with man, his mind must busy itself with devising wings (Fig. 4) by means of which he could at length be wholly free, and soar whithersoever he would. He fills his note-books for a time with these devices, and taking, as it was natural for a boy to do, the wing of the bird for his model,—how many painted angels, "birds of God," he had seen in the churches!—he studied the anatomy of their wings, their bones, the tendons, the attachments of the muscles;

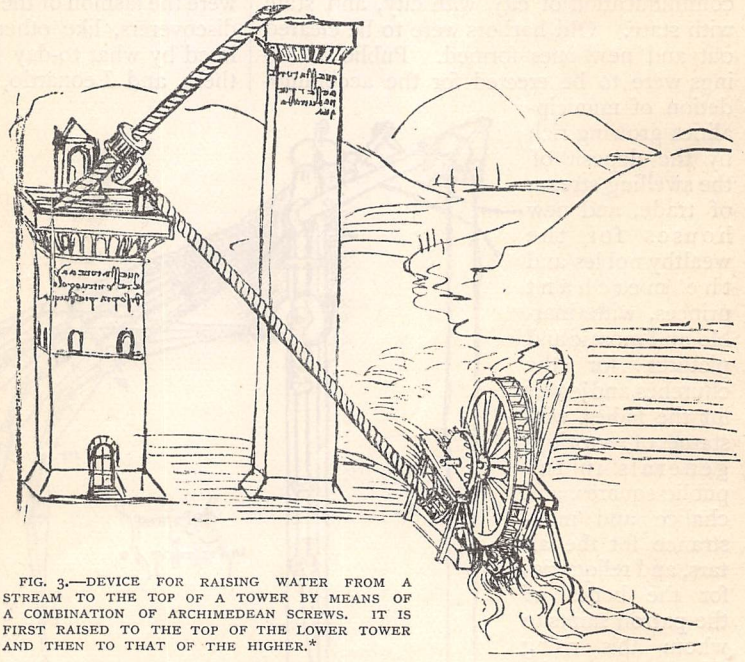


FIG. 3.—DEVICE FOR RAISING WATER FROM A STREAM TO THE TOP OF A TOWER BY MEANS OF A COMBINATION OF ARCHIMEDEAN SCREWS. IT IS FIRST RAISED TO THE TOP OF THE LOWER TOWER AND THEN TO THAT OF THE HIGHER.*

* On these two towers are inscriptions in the handwriting of Leonardo, written in the peculiar manner almost always employed by him in these sketch-books. The writing runs from right to left, and can only be read by reflecting it on a mirror. The original drawings are so much reduced in size in order to accommodate them to these pages that it will be difficult for the reader to make the inscriptions out. On the left-hand tower is written in Italian: "This tower must have a trough on top filled with water." And on the right-hand tower: "This tower has to be completely filled with water." As Leonardo could write perfectly well in the usual European manner, it is supposed that he used this method for purposes of concealment.

and perhaps it was while he was meditating on this mystery that, as Vasari tells us, he used to buy birds from those who sold them in the markets and, having purchased them, would give them their liberty.

And when he turned from his way-side studies and his life in the country, there was the city with its bustling activity, its swarming life, where he found play for all his faculties, and where his keen curiosity and appetite for knowledge had ample incitement and satisfaction. In Leonardo's boyhood, the labor of Florence was almost all hand-labor, the workman little relieved in his toil by machinery or labor-saving appliances. And just at the time when he appeared upon the scene, events were taking place which were to give an immense stimulus to the material development of Italy and set in motion all the arts and trades that could minister to the luxury and comfort of her people. New roads were to be built for better and more rapid communication of city with city, and state with state. Old harbors were to be cleared out and new ones formed. Public buildings were to be erected for the accommodation of municipalities growing rich by the deposit of the swelling stream of trade, and new houses for the wealthy nobles and the merchant princes, with marble and mosaic and pictures for the churches, and jewels for the ladies, with statues of victorious generals in the public squares, and chalice and monstrance for the altars, and reliquaries for the bones of the patron saints to whom this rising tide of prosperity must justly be ascribed.

These were the arts of peace, but the time of peace was not yet come, and there were long fights to be fought of faction with faction, and state with state, and city with city, and nation with nation, before, in Italy or elsewhere, men could eat their meals in peace under the shadow of their own vines. Leonardo was full of interest in the arts of peace, but he had a keen eye likewise for the arts of war, and a little later when he enters the service of the Duke of Milan, we shall find that his ability to serve his new employer in his wars (Figs. 5 and 6) is thought by him of far more importance than what he might do for him in time of peace. But this passion for war would probably be a later development in Leonardo's life, and in regard to many of these suggestions and inventions of his, we must believe that they were the fruit of actual needs and experience in the varied labors that he undertook. He would find himself hindered in every direction, losing time, losing the fruit of his own labor, in consequence of the want of tools in the workmen's hands, and of the slow and unintelligent methods of work that were the fashion of the time. Inventors and discoverers, like other workers, are stimulated by what to-day with its duties brings them, and Leonardo, no more that Frank-

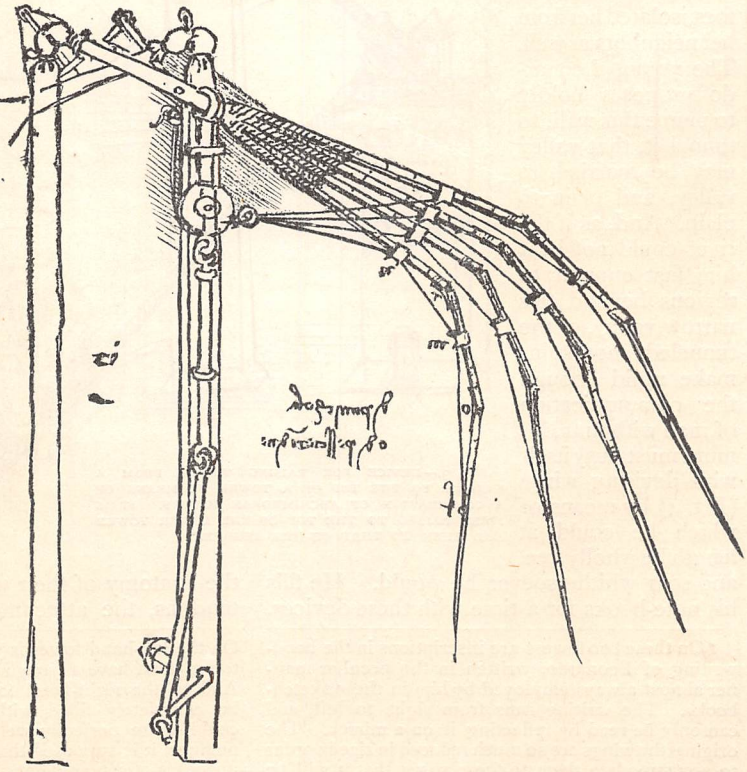


FIG. 4.—ONE EXAMPLE OF SEVERAL DEVICES CONTAINED ON SEPARATE SHEETS, EMPLOYED BY LEONARDO IN HIS STUDIES IN THE MECHANISM OF FLYING.

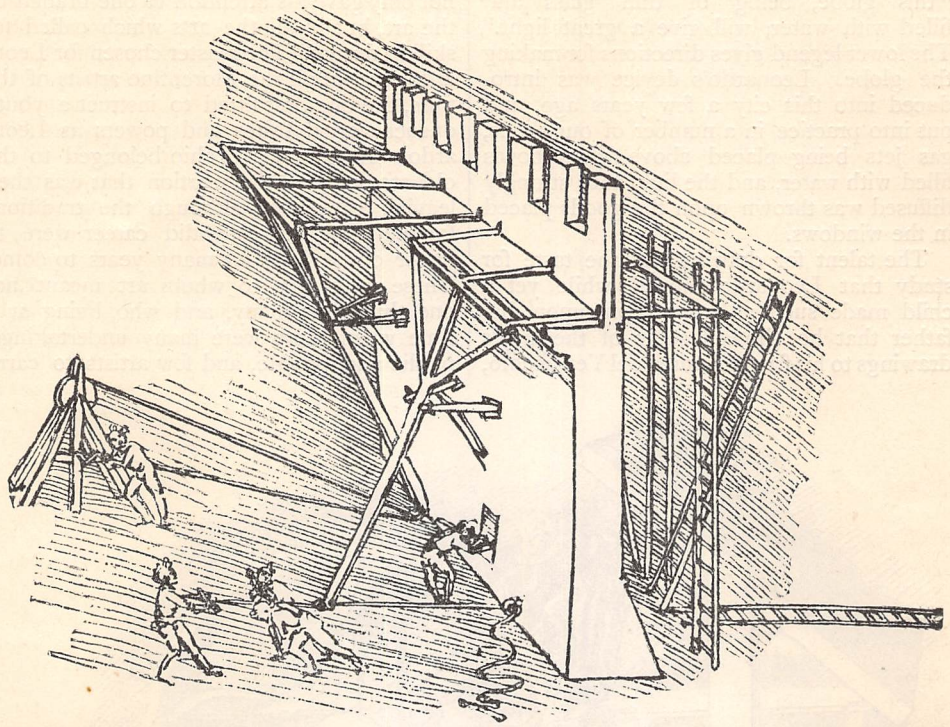


FIG. 5.—DEVICE PROPOSED BY LEONARDO FOR PUSHING AN ENEMY'S SCALING-LADDERS AWAY FROM A WALL.

lin, set himself to work in cold blood and out of pure humanity to lighten the task of the laborer. He had to use the labor of these men—of the most of them, at least—in his own tasks, and it would be while he was watching the slow workmen, who were carrying out his plans with the rude tools inherited from their Roman ancestors, that he would be stimulated to fintd out ways for helping both himself and them. On this entirely practical side,—to which belong an effort to invent a method of making files by machinery (Fig. 7), a way of sawing marble blocks instead of separating them by means of natural cleavage and the slow process of rubbing down by hand (Fig. 8); in his efforts to devise machines for planing iron, for making vises, saws, and planes, for spinning, for shearing the nap of cloth, for all the operations connected with civilized labor; in the invention of the wheelbarrow, of the artist's sketching-stool, of a color-grinder, a spring to keep doors shut, a roasting-jack, a hood for chimneys, movable derricks, similar to those in use among us to-day (Fig. 9), with contrivances for setting up marble columns on their bases (Fig. 10), besides a hundred other devices for the easing of daily toil, Leonardo belongs to the class of useful inventors with Franklin and others of less note. Rising a step higher we find him experimenting in all the sciences, in optics, in hydraulics, in mechanics, acoustics, magnetism, heat and light, and in all these fields making observations and suggestions that relate him to minds of a subtler and more imaginative cast,—to the rarer Edisons and Daguerres of our own time. But in considering him as an inventor, or as an explorer, in the domain of physical science, we must remember that he belonged to a country which has produced more minds of this class than any other, our own hardly excepted, and that profuse as his talent was, it might appear less so if it were once brought into minute comparison with the whole series of discoveries and improvements that belong to his age. Leonardo would have been a miracle in Germany, as was Albert Dürer, but surely he was less a miracle in his own Italy. In passing, I may mention his attempt to better the lamps of his countrymen, to which he was no doubt driven by the difficulty he found in working at night. Fig. 11 shows a lamp for burning oil in which the flame is inclosed in a globe filled with water, the result being, as Leonardo says in the uppermost legend that,

"this globe, being of thin glass and filled with water, will give a great light." The lower legend gives directions for making the globe. Leonardo's device was introduced into this city a few years ago, and put into practice in a number of our shops, gas jets being placed above glass bowls filled with water, and the light thus strongly diffused was thrown upon the goods placed in the windows.

The talent for drawing and the taste for study that Leonardo showed while yet a child made such an impression upon his father that he showed some of the boy's drawings to his friend Andrea del Verrocchio, not only gave his attention to one branch of the art, but to all the arts which called for skill in design. The master chosen for Leonardo was, of all the Florentine artists of the time, the one best fitted to instruct a youth of such varied tastes and powers as Leonardo. Andrea Verrocchio belonged to the old stock, to the generation that was then leaving the stage, although the traditions founded by their splendid career were to linger on in Italy for many years to come. These were men to whom art meant not one thing but many, and who, living at a time when there were many undertakings, public and private, and few artists to carry

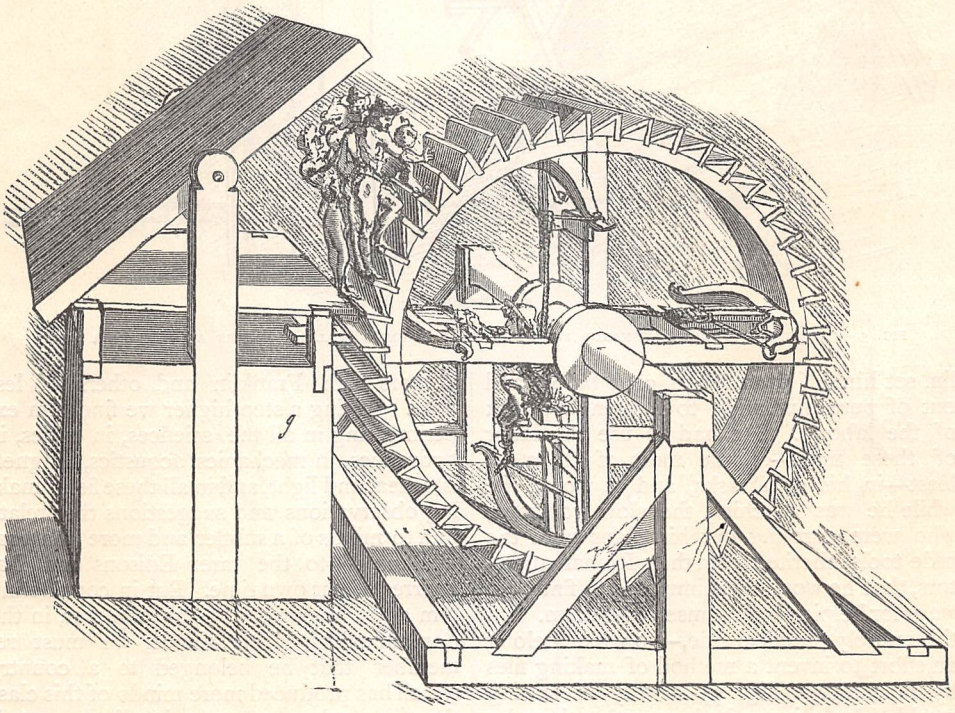
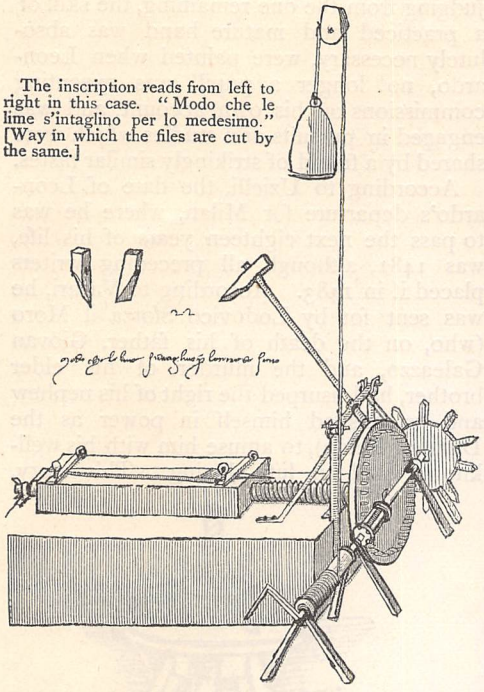


FIG. 6.—MILITARY ENGINE DESIGNED BY LEONARDO. A SUGGESTION OF THE MITRAILLEUSE. THE MEN PROTECTED BY THE SCREEN FROM THE ARROWS OF THE ENEMY, TURN THE WHEEL BY A TREAD-MILL DEVICE, AND AT THE SAME TIME SET THE CROSS-BOWS. THE BOY IN THE MIDDLE PLACES THE ARROWS IN THE BOWS AS THEY COME AROUND, AND PULLS THE TRIGGER.

the sculptor, begging him to tell him whether he thought his son would be likely to succeed in the arts of design, if he should devote himself to them. Verrocchio was amazed, says Vasari, when he saw these childish essays, and not only encouraged Ser Piero to allow his son to become an artist, but himself offered to take him into his own studio. Accordingly Leonardo, at that time probably in his sixteenth year, entered the bottega or work-shop of Verrocchio, going, says Vasari, with the utmost readiness, and them on, had trained themselves and trained their assistants to put their hand to all the arts of design in turn. He was, first of all, a goldsmith, as so many of the Florentine artists had been, but he was also a painter, a sculptor, a carver in wood and a worker in terra cotta, and Vasari adds to these accomplishments that he was a master in perspective and a musician. Andrea was not a man of genius, and it was not possible for him to excel in all these arts at once. This was reserved for the wonderful



The inscription reads from left to right in this case. "Modo che le lime s'intaglino per lo medesimo." [Way in which the files are cut by the same.]

FIG. 7.—FILE-CUTTING MACHINE, DEVISED BY LEONARDO.

boy who for the next six years was to be a member of that artist family to which belonged, among others of less note, Pietro Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi. But Verrocchio's genius, such as it was, was in reality subordinate to that of his pupil, and he could only serve him on the lower plane of mechanical method, and even there must often have found Leonardo able to better his instructions.

We have no means of knowing certainly the date at which Leonardo entered the workshop of Verrocchio, or that at which he left it. The probability seems to be that he entered it in 1466, and that in 1472, when Verrocchio went to Venice to make the equestrian statue of Colleoni, Leonardo had already left the bottega of his master and set up one of his own.

It is worth considering whether we should not refer the pictures which, up to this time, have been considered the work of Leonardo's extreme youth to the time when, having left Verrocchio's studio, he was living on terms of friendly intimacy with Rustici, the sculptor who modeled, with Leonardo's assistance, the bronze group of John the Baptist preaching to a Pharisee and a Levite, which is above the north door of the Baptistery of Florence. Vasari, it is true, gives no hint as to the dates at which either the Rotella,* the Medusa (Fig. 12), the Neptune, the Virgin of the Carafe, or the Adam and Eve were produced; but all his modern biographers refer the first three of these at least, and especially the Rotella, to the time when Leonardo was a boy under his father's roof. Reading what Vasari tells us of the pursuits of the two friends, and reasoning from the execution of the only one of these pictures that exists, —and there can be little doubt that the Medusa of the Uffizi is the original picture which Vasari describes,—it may not be too rash to express a belief that these were not the works of any child, however precocious. One fact stated by Vasari gives color to this belief, for he says that Rustici had a room constructed something in the manner of a fish-pond, and in this room he kept snakes and serpents of various kinds which could not get out (an aquarium, in short), and here he found the greatest amusement, more particularly in the summer, from standing to look at these creatures, observing their fierce gambols and the strange contortions they made, with indescribable pleasure and interest. Dogmatism, on a matter reported so vaguely and in so hap-hazard a manner as is the life of Leonardo

* The shield of fig-tree wood on which, to please his father, Leonardo painted a monster made up of all sorts of reptiles.

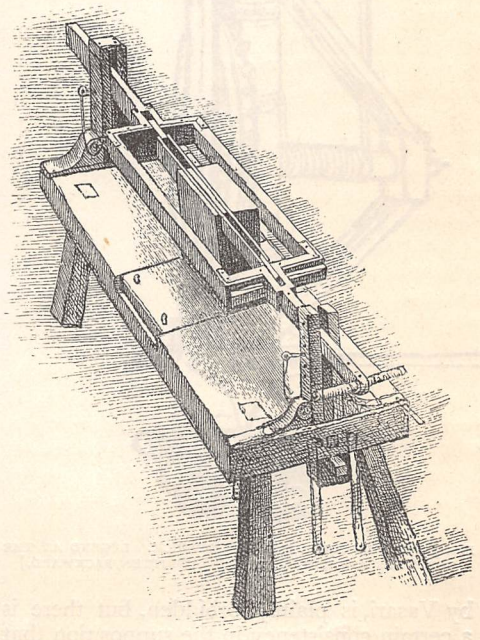


FIG. 8.—MACHINE FOR SAWING MARBLE, DEVISED BY LEONARDO.

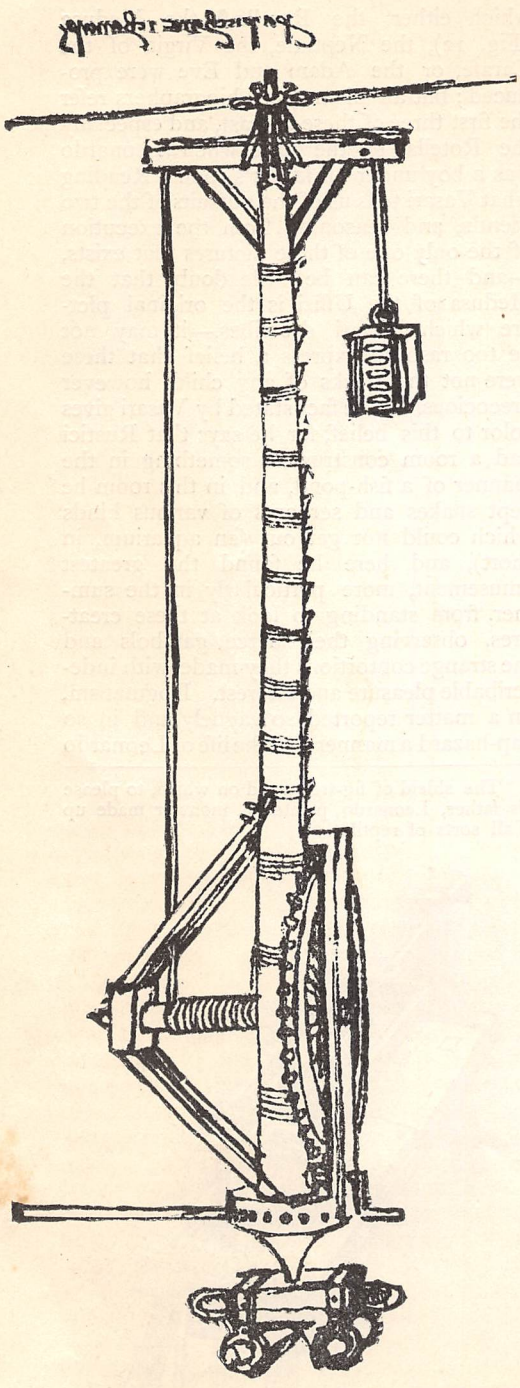


FIG. 9.—DESIGN FOR A MOVABLE DERRICK. LEGEND AT THE TOP, "FOR ATTACHING ROPES." [WRITTEN BACKWARD.]

by Vasari, is plainly forbidden, but there is a certain consistency in the supposition that these exquisitely finished pictures, for which, judging from the one remaining, the skill of a practiced and mature hand was absolutely necessary, were painted when Leonardo, no longer a pupil, was executing commissions on his own account, and was engaged in pursuits and studies which were shared by a friend of strikingly similar tastes.

According to Uzielli, the date of Leonardo's departure for Milan, where he was to pass the next eighteen years of his life, was 1481, although all preceding writers placed it in 1483. According to Vasari, he was sent for by Lodovico Sforza il Moro (who, on the death of his father, Giovan Galeazzo, and the murder of his elder brother, had usurped the right of his nephew and established himself in power as the Duke of Milan), to amuse him with his well-known skill in lute-playing. This story,

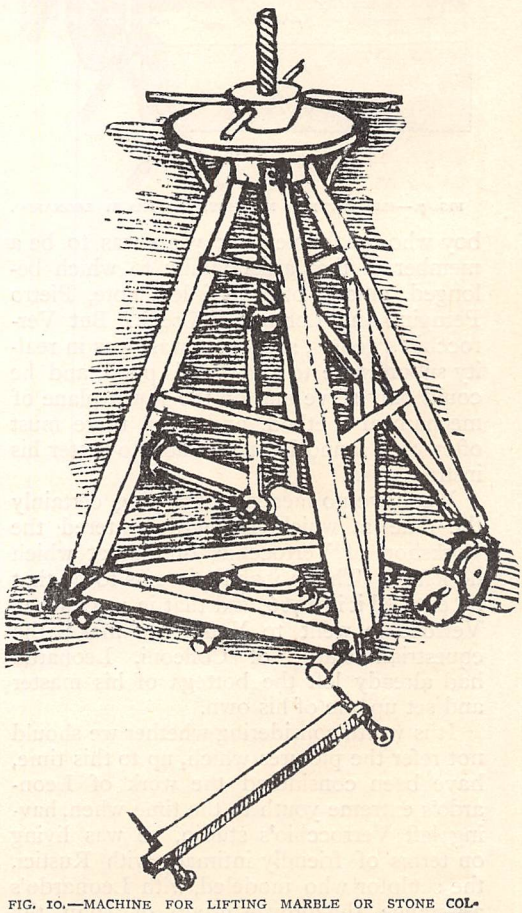


FIG. 10.—MACHINE FOR LIFTING MARBLE OR STONE COLUMNS INTO POSITION. THE DRAWING BEING, LIKE ALL THE REST, A MERE OFF-HAND SKETCH, THE COLUMN HERE LOOKS LIKE A BATTERING-RAM, BUT THE LEGEND EXPLAINS IT, AND THE BASE ON WHICH THE COLUMN IS TO REST IS PLAINLY SEEN. IN PRINCIPLE, THIS DEVICE WAS LATELY EMPLOYED IN SETTING UP THE CLEOPATRA OBELISK ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

always difficult to believe, seems put out of the question by the discovery of a letter written by Leonardo to the duke and preserved in the archives of the Ambrosian library at Milan. This letter, which is written not in Leonardo's usual manner, but in the common way, from left to right, recounts in a brief, itemizing style the accomplishment of the writer as a military engineer in time of war, and as an architect, whether for public or private buildings, or for those which relate to the collecting and distributing of water, as a sculptor in bronze, marble, and terra cotta, and as a painter, and closes with the assurance that he can, if needed, execute the bronze equestrian statue of the duke's father.

Several things are to be noted in this letter. Leonardo, in the first place, says not a word as to his skill in music, which, according to Vasari, was the sole reason for his going to Milan. Again, he lays the greatest stress upon his skill in military engineering in a series of propositions which, in themselves, reveal the nature of his studies for several years, of which only a few hints have reached us from any other source, and finally, while his assertion of his ability as a painter is sufficiently explicit,—"In painting, I can do whatever may be needed as well as any one, whoever he may be,"—yet, both with regard to painting and sculpture, he assumes an air of indifference, as if he both considered them himself, and supposed others would consider them, of secondary importance. And is it not true that Leonardo's interest in science, in mechanics, in engineering, in the phenomena of nature, and in the application of his studies in these matters to useful ends, together with his love of pleasure, was deeper and stronger than his love of art; that he looked upon these things as the serious purpose of his life, so far as that life had a serious purpose, and that he regarded the arts of painting and sculpture as only the lofty amusements of his leisure? Lodovico il Moro was a sensual and cruel tyrant; but in him, no more than in other men of the same qualities, particularly in Italy where the breed seems to have flourished best and to have been most prolific, was this character inconsistent with a love of the arts and of letters. He had a hundred projects for enlarging and making beautiful his city of Milan and the rich country about it, and for the glorifying of his own family, and he would naturally welcome any man who, like Leonardo, came to him with such compre-

FIG. 11.—DESIGN FOR A LAMP, THE LIGHT TO PASS THROUGH A GLOBE FILLED WITH WATER. INSCRIPTION WRITTEN FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

hensive offers of assistance in his enterprises. It is true that such a letter as Leonardo wrote to Lodovico would have been looked upon with suspicion unless something were known of the writer which would justify his promises; but except as a man who had painted a few pictures, more remarkable for their technical skill, and for the curious habit of mind they revealed, than for any purely artistic or creative qualities, and as one who had made himself an object of wonder in his native town as a proposer of ingenious and daring innovations, no one of which was ever seriously considered by his townsmen, it is difficult to see how the reputation that preceded Leonardo's visit to Milan could have been justified by any actual performance on his part. Vasari says, indeed, that he began many things and completed few, and his brain, filled with a thousand projects and inventions, led him over a wide field of human endeavors; but the greater part of these projects never went further than the paper on which he described them with pen or pencil; nor from the raising of the Baptistery on its foundations to the diverting of the course of the Arno, was any project of his, however eloquently presented, ever intrusted to his hands to execute. And happy is it for us

that so visionary, so inconstant a genius was not allowed to have his way with the Baptistery—Dante's beautiful church of St. John!

The work most necessary for the prosperity of Milan was the improvement of the water-ways, and the canalization of the streams that connect the great Lombard city with the Po and the cities along its banks. The greatest of these undertakings was the completion of the Martesana Canal, begun under Francesco Sforza in 1451, and intended to connect Milan with the Lake of Como by the River Adda. Problems connected with the management of water and of irregular streams had long interested Leonardo, having been forced upon his attention, as we have suggested, by the troublesome nature of his native Arno. Vasari tells us that he made designs for mills, fulling-machines, and other engines to be moved by water, and that it was only his determination to make painting his profession that prevented his giving his whole time to these experiments and studies. Now, in Milan, he was to have a wider field, a full scope for his favorite pursuits; but both his own inconstancy and that of the duke made it impossible for him to be monopolized by mere utilities. Accordingly, after beginning work upon the Martesana and other water-courses, after spending time, as indicated by his drawings, in improving, if not inventing, the system of locks, and giving many hours to devices to make dredging easy, and otherwise lightening the labor of the workmen, we find the work in a measure abandoned, and Lodovico calling upon him for assistance in other matters. When Leonardo presented himself first before the duke, it was (Vasari says) as a contestant in a musical contest, and he carried off the palm from all his rivals, accompanying his improvisation upon a lyre constructed almost wholly of silver and shaped like a horse's head. The duke's delight in his new courtier was unbounded; and on the strength perhaps of his two pictures, which we suppose to have been already in Milan, the Rotella, now lost, and the Virgin of the Rocks, the original of which is supposed to be in the Louvre, he gave him a commission for an altar-piece of the Nativity, which he afterward presented to the Emperor Maximilian, and of which all trace is lost.* With the true indifference both of his own nature and of that of the age in which he lived, his next task is the painting of the duke's two beautiful mistresses, Cecilia Gallerani and Lucrezia Crivelli.

* We may suppose that Albert Dürer saw this picture, and it may have been his first introduction to the genius of Leonardo, to which, as Mr. Charles Ephrussi has shown, he was afterward so strongly drawn.

FIG. 12.—THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO, IN THE UFFIZII GALLERY, FLORENCE.

It was in the same year that he also laid the foundation of that Academy of the Fine Arts, which was absolutely necessary, considering how few persons there were in Milan, or even in Lombardy, on whom he could call for assistance in the artistic works he had undertaken, and which he saw awaiting his hand. We know almost nothing of this Academy, of its precise objects, of its laws, or of its methods; and nothing is more possible than that it never advanced beyond the designing of that device composed of cords curiously intertwined, in the midst of which are inscribed the words, "Leonardi Vici Accadema." The inscription "Achā. Lē. Vī." is also found upon a copper-plate (Fig. 13) which is attributed to Leonardo. It has been suggested that the numerous treatises which Leonardo is said to have composed,—few of which exist, except in name,—together with the great mass of notes and sketches now collected into the MS. volumes of Milan, Paris, and Windsor, were all intended for the use of the students of the Academy. The celebrated "Treatise on Painting" was made up after his death, from notes scattered through his voluminous MSS., and he is in no way responsible for its want of unity and the absence of scientific arrangement. It is impossible to discuss the question here; but it certainly seems as if a mountain of conjecture had been built up on a very slender basis, when the existence of an academy at Milan, with its professors and pupils, founded by Leonardo and under his leadership, is discovered to rest upon no better ground than these six designs with their inscription.

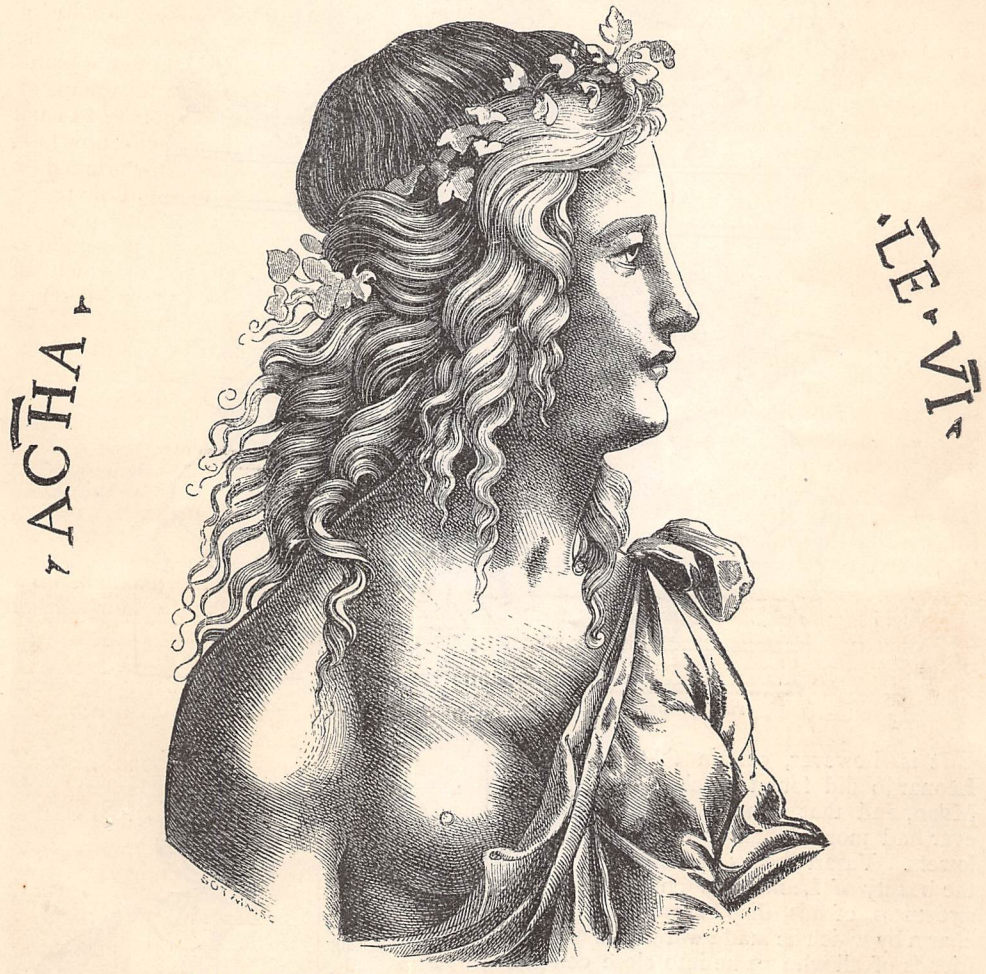


FIG. 13.—FAC-SIMILE OF ETCHING SUPPOSED TO BE BY LEONARDO'S OWN HAND.

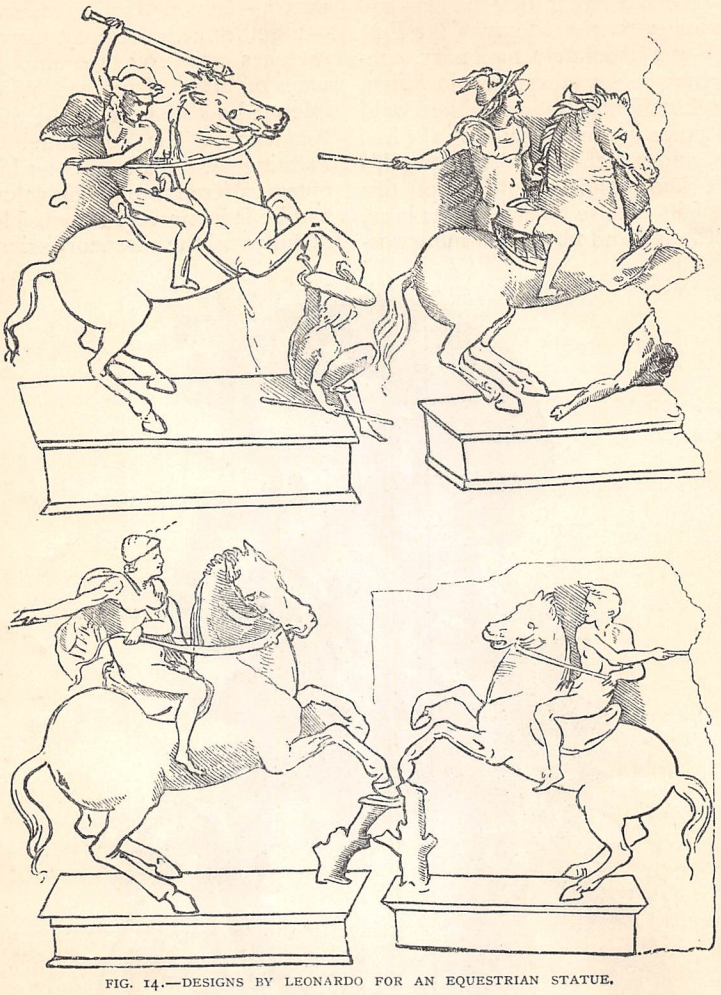


FIG. 14.—DESIGNS BY LEONARDO FOR AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

It is, however, certain that, practically, Leonardo did found a school of artists at Milan, and that none of the great Italians ever had more skillful or more devoted followers. Vasari speaks in eloquent terms of the beauty of Leonardo's character, of the sweetness of his disposition, and of the charm by which he made warm and constant friends of all who came into close companionship with him. "Whatever he did," says his biographer, "bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him." Aided by these pupils, Leonardo undertook the two great works which absorbed so much of his time in Milan: the "Equestrian Statue of Francesco Sforza," and the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent of "Santa Maria delle Grazie."

The colossal statue of the duke was in-

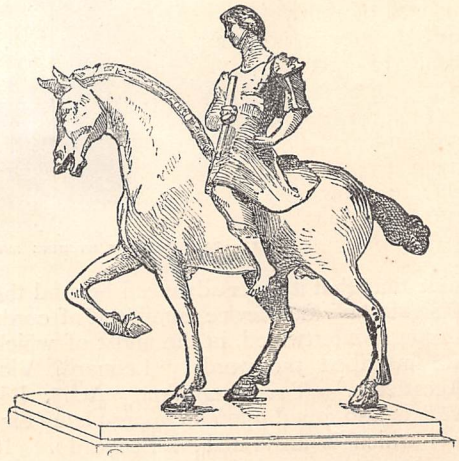


FIG. 15.—A FLORENTINE BRONZE OF THE 16TH CENTURY, SUPPOSED TO BE BY LEONARDO. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE M. THIERS.

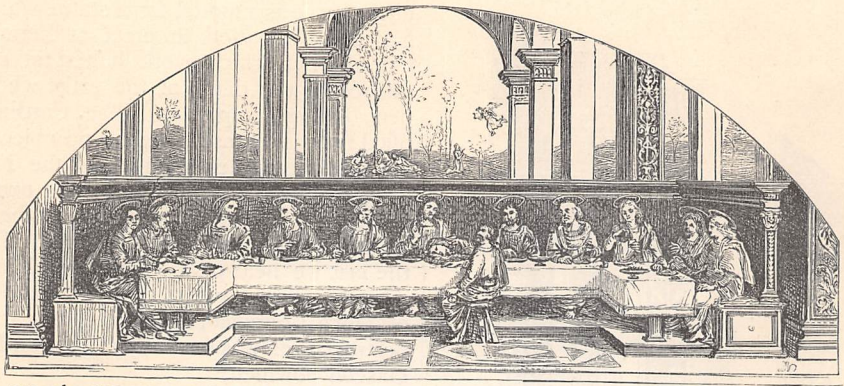


FIG. 16.—THE LAST SUPPER, BY RAPHAEL. A FRESCO IN THE REFECTORY OF THE FORMER CONVENT OF SAN ONOFRIO, FLORENCE.

tended to be cast in bronze; but it never passed beyond the stage of the completed model. Leonardo was well prepared for undertaking this important work, and, as we have seen, he had expressly intimated to Lodovico that he was anxious to have it committed to his charge. We hear a great deal in Vasari about Leonardo's delight in horses, his skill in modeling them, his careful study of their anatomy (a treatise on the anatomy of the horse was one of his projected essays, and in the collection of his drawings at Windsor, those relating to the subject are among the most remarkable), and of the expense he was at in keeping up his stables. Moreover, he had been taught in Verrocchio's studio all that his master—one of the best workers in metal of his time—could teach him of the art of casting bronze, and if he did not bring this statue to a successful ending, it certainly was not for lack of ability. Michelangelo, indeed, grossly and unworthily insulted Leonardo with the charge of having designed a horse to be cast in bronze which he could not cast, and with having shamefully given it up. But, while it is possible that this may have been the truth, and that the later affair of the abandoned Florentine fresco was only the mate to a similar defeat in Milan, Michelangelo should have remembered—what he had already begun to know—that other reasons than lack of ability may be given for great works being left unfinished. And both Leonardo's indecision and his inability to give himself up steadily to the completion of one task at a time—nay, the fact that, at this very moment, he was engaged upon two works, either one of which would have taxed to their utmost the powers of any man that ever lived—may account for the failure to complete the statue, far more naturally than the supposition that it was beyond his ability. The model in clay was finished, and at the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian with Bianca Sforza; it was exhibited to the public on the top of a triumphal arch erected in honor of the newly married pair. Five years later—in 1498—the French troops entered Milan, and took possession of the city, which was abandoned by Lodovico to the enemy. It is believed that, during their occupancy, the

FIG. 17.—THE LAST SUPPER. FROM A FRESCO BY GIOTTO, IN THE ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA.

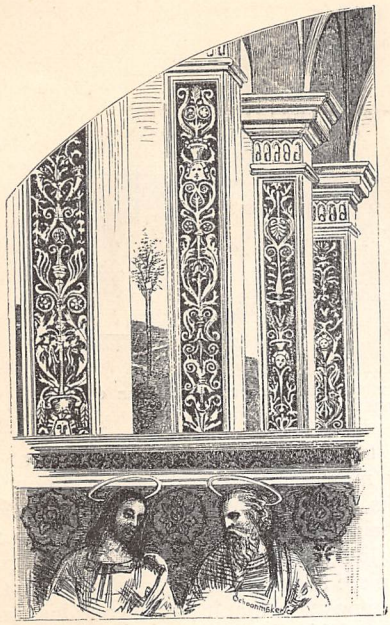


FIG. 18.—DETAIL OF PORTION OF RAPHAEL'S FRESCO.

Gascon bowmen in the pay of Louis XII. made Leonardo's model a mark for their arrows, and that the figure of Francesco, at least, was destroyed by this barbarous usage. As late as the year 1501, the model for the horse itself remained at Milan, but in what condition is not known. In this year the Duke of Ferrara commissioned his embassador at Milan to ask it at the hands of the Lord Cardinal of Rouen, in order that it might serve as a model for a statue which he had long intended to erect at Ferrara to himself, but which work halted in consequence of the death of the artist who had been engaged upon it. The Cardinal replied that, for himself, he had no objections; but that the model belonged to the French king, who had an eye to it for his own use, and that he could not give it up to the duke without consulting with the king. This is the last we hear of it; but it is plain that, whatever may have happened to the figure of Duke Lodovico, the whole statue was not destroyed, as was formerly supposed, by the Gascon bowmen.

What the statue was like we have no means of knowing. But it is hardly probable that Leonardo, who in everything seems to have endeavored to do his own thinking, and to have struck out a way differing from that of his predecessors, would have followed the old Roman equestrian model of which the statue of Marcus Aurelius is so striking an example, and which had been accepted first among the moderns by Donatello as the model for his statue of Gattemelata in Padua, and next by Donatello's pupil Verrocchio for the statue of Colleoni, in Venice. It seems highly probable that the four designs on a single sheet (Fig. 14) in which Leonardo has evidently sought for a suitable motive may contain the one finally chosen. Wherever we may find the model followed by Leonardo for his statue it will be sure to represent something different from anything that had up to his time been produced, and there can be but little question that the greater life and action which distinguishes modern equestrian statues from those which have descended to us from the antique world — exception made of certain bronzes found in Herculaneum — must have had their beginnings in the wide-spread fame of Leonardo's horse, "breathing life and full of action," as described by one who saw the model. Whether Leonardo would have allowed himself the license of representing his horse and rider in any one of the violent attitudes shown in the four designs on page 348, is more than

FIG. 19.—GROUP FROM RAPHAEL'S FRESCO.

doubtful,—he knew too well the laws that govern sculpture,—but he must have succeeded in finding some compromise between this excess of action and the immobility of the antique. The small bronze of a mounted rider (Fig. 15) from the original owned by M. Thiers, and which good judges believe to be by the hand of Leonardo, may perhaps be one of his solutions of the difficulty.

It was for the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, the favorite place of devotion of Lodovico's wife, Beatrix d'Este, that Leonardo painted that great picture of the "Last Supper," which has carried his name further and wider than that of any other Italian painter, unless we except the greatest of them all, Raphael. And even this exception may be doubtful; for, while both painters make their subtlest appeal to artists, and both of them demand for their fullest appreciation the artistic understanding at its highest point of cultivation; while both of them, besides, have been accepted by the religious world as the exponent of its tenderest sentiment, Leonardo has been able to command the respect and admiration

FIG. 21.—CARICATURE BY LEONARDO.

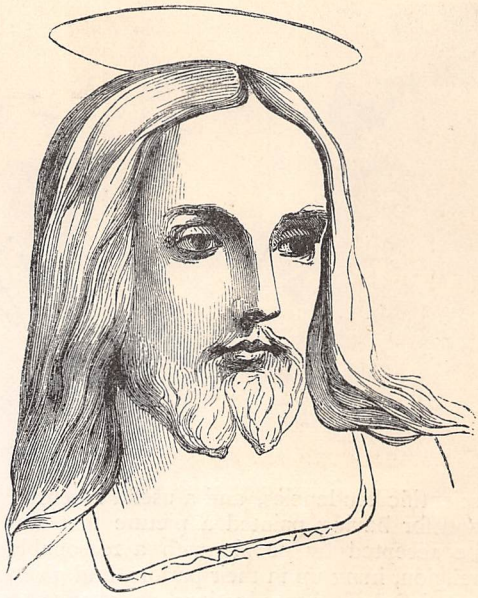


FIG. 20.—HEAD OF JESUS. FROM RAPHAEL'S FRESCO.

of that large body of professing Christians whose sympathies are alike repelled by the ecstasies and by the worldliness of the other great Italians, and by Raphael among the rest. "The Last Supper" is seen in a thousand houses in this country and in England where the "Madonna di San Sisto," or Angelico's "Annunciation," or Titian's "Assumption," or Leonardo's own "Mona Lisa," would feel themselves in an alien atmosphere. Much has been said about Leonardo's modernism, that his art pointed the way and itself took the first strong steps in a direction contrary alike to the antique, properly so called, and to the practice and ideas of the early Italians. His scientific tastes, which he alone of all the Italian artists possessed in any noticeable degree, his subjection of the imagination to the reason, his entire indifference to the religious opinions and practices of his countrymen, his want of interest even in the philosophical subtleties which numbered so many good intellects of his day, his common sense, in fine,—albeit it served him rather in the theory than in the conduct of life,—all these things are summed in the saying that Leonardo was the first of the moderns. And it is this modernism that gives Leonardo his hold on people who know nothing about art, and care nothing for it except as it is mixed up with their beliefs. They are drawn to him in a double sense, as a man far ahead of his time in his

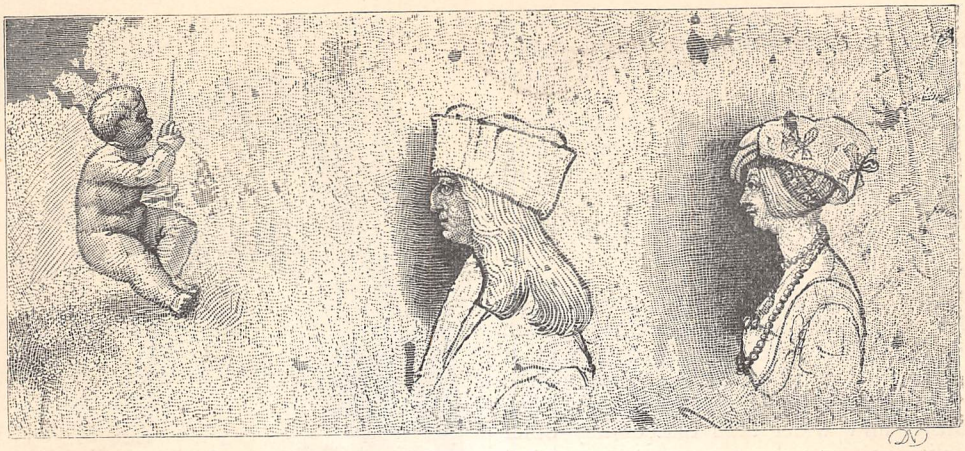


FIG. 22.—FROM LEONARDO'S SKETCH-BOOK.

scientific tendencies, and a useful inventor, and for having painted a picture that can be accepted by people with a reasonable religion, hung up in their parlors, and given out in cheap reproductions as a prize to subscribers to their newspapers. No other of the great Italian painters has ever so completely met their views. Raphael is the only exception to this statement, and he is an exception only by virtue of such pictures as the "Madonna di San Sisto," the "Madonna of the Chair," and, it may be, one or two others of his simple-hearted pictures of domestic life and motherly love. Even the Madonna of San Sisto owes its large acceptance to its divine concessions to our human sympathies; the art in it is no greater than the art in the school of Athens, but while not one spectator in a thousand really cares for that painted abstract of history, not one mother, not one lover of children in a thousand can be indifferent to that other picture, the great abstraction of the divine love of mothers.

FIG. 23.—CARICATURE BY LEONARDO.

Leonardo accepted this great commission as he would have accepted any other of equal importance. He had no special interest in the subject, nor was he moved by any desire of his own to paint it. But, having once accepted the command to treat it, he entered upon the work with that thoroughness and earnestness with which he began everything,—happily in this case the thoroughness and earnestness were to be persevered in to the end. "The Last Supper" is one of the few of his undertakings that Leonardo finished. The spirit in which he painted it is made plain enough by the novelist Bandello, who describes as an eye-witness Leonardo's interview with certain gentlemen of Milan and an old cardinal, standing before the picture which they had come to look at while it was in progress. The talk is as little religious as possible, and Leonardo, to please the company, tells with particularity the story of the scandalous adventure of the painter-monk, Filippo Lippi. By this time, however, the simple old cardinal, of whom the company made game after he was gone, had retired to his apartment.

The subject of the Last Supper had not been so commonly treated by Italian artists—apart, at least, from the series of events in the life of Christ—as might have been looked for, considering its importance. Giotto, in the chapel of the arena at Padua (Fig. 17), following the Byzantine models, had treated the subject as a simple assemblage of people about a table, with hardly any attempt at composition, and with no dramatic aim whatever. In the frescoes painted by Domenico Ghirlandajo in the refectories of the convents of the Ognissanti and of San Marco, the former dated 1480, the latter not dated, but probably painted about the same time, there is far more pictorial effect attempted than was possible in Giotto's time; but though there is, in reality, but little more dramatic action or aim at story-telling, there seems, at first blush, to be more, owing to the greater animation in the heads and the greater variety in the gestures. The composition also is far more orderly and symmetrical, and by the introduction of rich architectural details, elaborate draperies, and a great variety of dishes, water-bottles, drinking-glasses, and also by a quantity of very well painted cherries scattered over the table, a festive air is given to the scene, and the splendid sumptuousness with which, at a later date, Paul Veronese was to make the significance of this event in the life of Jesus disappear entirely from sight is, as it were, preluded.

Raphael, in 1505, painted in the refectory of the convent of St. Onofrio, in Florence, a fresco which is still in existence and in good condition. The small wood-cut sketch of it which we give here (Fig. 16) shows nothing more than the general composition; Fig. 18 gives a little better notion of the ornamentation of the piers (in Fig. 16 only one of these piers is shown as ornamented, and the rich decoration of the seat, with its carved ends, and its cornice, is merely hinted at), while in Fig. 19 one of the groups is given in larger size to suggest the studied grace which runs through all the attitudes and the gestures of the personages. The head of Jesus (Fig. 20) follows, as in Giotto's picture, the Byzantine type, refined to a more classic regularity in its effeminate beauty; and in the elegance, the variety and the refinement of the hands, and with their aristocratic and courtly movement, it may not be far fetched to discover a rivalry with Leonardo, in whose picture the action of the hands is one of the most noticeable features.

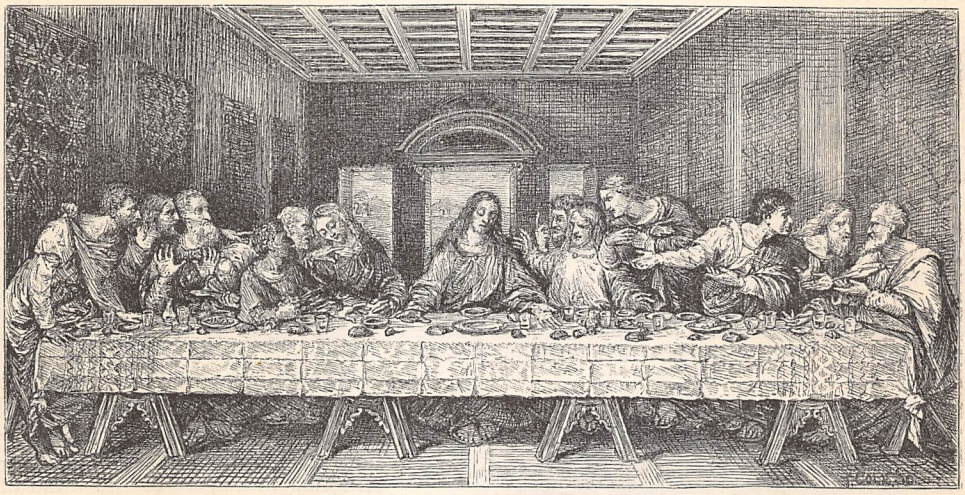


FIG. 24.—THE LAST SUPPER. LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo sought in his picture, as in everything he undertook, to carry out his own thought in his own way, and to be, so far as was possible,—seeing that he was executing a commission and not choosing a subject for himself,—independent of all recipes and conventionalities. No tender religious recollections moved him to introduce the motives employed by the early painters and their followers in the mystic traditions, and he had too much taste, too clear a sense of congruity to destroy the solemnity and the meaning of such a scene as this by the sumptuous paraphernalia of a princely banquet. He had a large space of wall to cover, for the picture is twenty-eight Paris feet in length by eighteen in height,

and the thirteen figures are one-and-a-half times the size of life, and on such a scale he knew that the larger his masses and subdivisions were kept the grander and calmer would be the effect produced. He therefore avoided, as far as possible, all details that could belittle his work. He placed the scene in a large room, which is only shown to be an upper room, if indeed he intended to indicate this fact at all, by the prospect of a distant landscape seen through the three square openings at the back. The coffered arrangement of the beams of the ceiling is one common in Italy; the walls are ornamented with large panneled spaces, filled in with a damasked pattern, alike in all.

So much has been written about the grouping and the expression of the heads in this famous picture that there is not left anything new to be said. Once for all, Leonardo broke up the old formality and immobility of the earlier painters, and brought life and action into the scene. He was not painting a picture merely to support a dogma, or to fill its place in a series; he wished to interest a much wider, a universal audience, by telling, in the most dramatic way, and with all the variety he could contrive, a story essentially interesting to all men of his race and creed. And he proceeded, without prejudice, and without the undue intrusion of his own personality, to allow the story to unfold itself, and the characters to play their several parts.

For the first time the story is told, not as a religious legend, but as a purely human and historical event. For the first time, and for the only time in Leonardo's age, the personages are deprived of their halos, and no religious attributes or suggestions remove the scene from the domain of history. The passions and emotions that excite the actors in this episode are expressed rather by their gestures and attitudes than by their faces, for Leonardo, though all his life an observer of human faces, had never attained to any subtility of command over emotional expression, and in many of these heads we find, if sober truth may be spoken, only so many examples to be added to the list of Leonardo's so-called caricatures. By this is not meant that the faces are vulgarly distorted, but only that they are the results of experiments after certain recipes for "expression." In this picture,—which was one of the great events in the history of the art of his time, which was visited by thousands as one of the wonders of the city, and the fame of which, aided by numerous copies, several of them of great merit, had been carried into all Europe,—Leonardo set the fashion—for all that had been done before him in that direction was mere child's play—of attempting to convey to the mind of the beholder by certain muscular formulas the passions that were agitating the souls of his actors.

FIG. 25.—GROUP OF BARTHOLOMEW, JAMES THE LESS AND ANDREW. FROM LEONARDO'S LAST SUPPER.

All his life Leonardo had been studying human faces, and not content with taking them as he found them, or as they show themselves in the life of every day, he sought them in phases of excitement, whether of tavern jollification, or street brawls, or of peasant wonder at miraculous tales. "Leonardo," says Vasari, "was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, or beards, or hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such more than ordinary attraction through the whole day, etc., etc." And we are told that Leonardo, wishing to make a picture to contain many laughing faces, invited a number of peasants to a tavern, and plying them with wine and telling them droll stories, made them all

laugh, and noted down in memory the contortion of their several faces. He always carried with him a little book in which he noted down the features he met, eyes and mouths, noses and chins, necks and shoulders, and at home would combine these to make up such heads as he wanted. Finally, one writer tells us that his father described Leonardo as frequenting for long months all the lowest taverns and places of vile resort, searching for a head and face bad enough for his Judas, and these stories, true no doubt in the main, however exaggerated, tell us what was his aim and by what methods he essayed to accomplish it (Figs. 21, 22, 23).

His MS. books in Milan, Paris, Windsor, and his drawings in all the great collections are proof enough of his industry in these researches, and the "Last Supper" is the great occasion for the display of what he had acquired (Fig. 24). The care bestowed upon his composition is infinite, there is nothing spontaneous or unsought to be found.

FIG. 26.—GROUP OF JUDAS, PETER AND JOHN. FROM LEONARDO'S LAST SUPPER.

FIG. 27.—GROUP OF THOMAS, JAMES THE GREATER AND PHILIP. FROM LEONARDO'S LAST SUPPER.

The composition of groups containing long lines of heads,—examples of which are met with in all ancient art, in Egyptian wall-paintings, in Greek and Parthenon marbles, in early Italian pictures, and notably in previous treatments of this same subject,—is here broken up by grouping into threes, and by directing the heads of the whole row in two opposite directions, all looking toward the central figure of Jesus. The pulse of emotion that runs through the assembled disciples unites each group with its neighbor, and each with all, so that the division into threes is left to be discovered by analysis, it is not pedantically obtruded (Figs. 25, 26, 27, 28). In the six personages on the right of the spectator, Leonardo has used a device more clumsily employed by earlier artists, among them by Giotto in one of his Paduan frescoes where (see Fig. 29) the suitors of Mary are handing in their rods to the high-priest. The action and the fact are emphasized by the device of a continuous line —adroitly, but somewhat angularly, broken —of hands and rods stretching across the middle of the picture. In the same way, though managed with infinite dexterity, the hands of the apostles on the left are so

FIG. 28.—GROUP OF MATTHEW, THADDEUS AND SIMON. FROM LEONARDO'S LAST SUPPER.

arranged that the eye is inevitably led by them to the central figure, while on the other side, by a device of a directly contrary nature, by the slanting away from his figure of all the leading lines, Jesus is isolated and made prominent to the eye.

Every one knows that we owe to Vasari the belief that Leonardo, unable to satisfy himself with the head of Jesus, left it unfinished, but all the evidence we have assures us that the head was finished as completely as all the rest. The story is a part of the Leonardo legend, so much of which has disappeared with the growth of time. Leonardo does appear to have hesitated long before deciding upon his model, but finally he made his peace here with tradition, and accepting the type of head employed for Jesus by the early Italians and especially by Giotto, he refined it into still greater effeminacy, and succeeded by devices well understood to-day, of vagueness and indecision, in putting into this head the only real expression to be found in the whole group. The head now in the Brera gallery, and of which an engraving is here given (Fig. 30), shows the essential difference in the type selected for this one character from that employed in the other heads. In the head of Christ, he refuses the model, as was done by his predecessors, and works out his design from ideal abstractions of the human face, whereas in all the other personages the model is either strictly followed, or, as we are told his fashion was, made up by assembling selected portraits of features into one supposed consistent whole. The face of Jesus was left vague, trembling, unresolved, like faces seen in

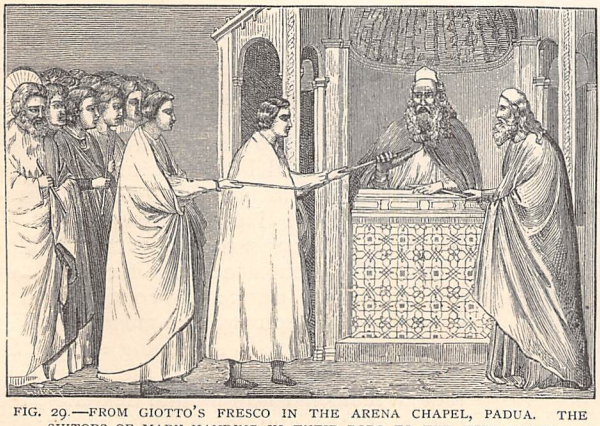


FIG. 29.—FROM GIOTTO'S FRESCO IN THE ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA. THE SUITORS OF MARY HANDING IN THEIR RODS TO THE HIGH-PRIEST.

clouds or in the fire, where, indeed, as well as in the cracked and stained surfaces of ruined walls, Leonardo himself counsels his pupils to look for suggestions of definite forms. In this sense it may be allowed the head was unfinished, but Leonardo, with a definite purpose, intentionally left it so. The head of Judas, on the other hand, is far from answering to Vasari's prattle about "the force and truth with which the master has exhibited the imperious determination, hatred and treachery of Judas." What all this is worth is shown by the very next words in which he assures us that "the whole work indeed is executed with inexpressible painstaking even in its most minute parts. Among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude that the linen cloth itself could scarcely look more real." Leonardo himself doubtless knew better than this. He could paint a table-cloth, but he had learned by sad experience that "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face," and he knew he could not paint Judas's treachery by the same rules that served for painting the folds in linen. He has gone more manly and sensibly to work, has given Judas the face, not of a monster, but of a man, using, as may be believed, the same model that served him for Peter, whose profile, directly above that of the traitor, repeats its dark lines in light, and making him no worse looking than many of his neighbors. Indeed, if it be not too bold to say so, it may be declared that among such a set of hard faces as are about this table it were difficult to light on Judas if Leonardo had not given him the bag to carry, made him ostentatiously upset the salt, and thrown his face strongly out of the line of apostolical succession and into pronounced shadow. The story of the troublesome prior is one of the stock pieces of Italian legendary art history, and never comes amiss with Vasari, from the days of Spinello Aretino to those of Michelangelo.

Space fails in which to follow Leonardo's life through all the obscurity of the years after he left Milan, when the duke's power was overthrown, and all his hopes of employment came to an untimely end. He returned to Florence with his friend Luca Pacioli, for whose book on perspective he had drawn the figures of the solids, and there, besides several easel pictures, among them his most famous existing work, the portrait of Mona Lisa, he executed the cartoon for the picture he was to paint on the wall of the council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. This cartoon is destroyed, like that of his great rival Michelangelo, intended for the same room. Leonardo's picture, the "Battle of Anghiari," was begun upon the wall, but owing to his having made some serious mistake in experimenting with the ground, the colors sunk in so irregularly that he abandoned the work in disgust.

It was while he was in Florence that he painted, in 1500–1504, the celebrated portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, the original of which is now in the Louvre (Fig. 31). This lady was the third wife of Francisco del Giocondo, and was married to her husband in 1495. Francesco does not appear to have commissioned the portrait; at all events, he did not own it when it was finished, and it passed directly from the artist's hands into those of Francis I., who paid for it the sum of four thousand gold crowns. So much eloquence, poetry, and rhetorical enthusiasm have been expended upon this famous picture, to say nothing of the "windy suspirations of forced breath," and mystic vaporings to which we are every now and then treated, that it is pleasant to turn to Vasari's description of the picture, and hear what was said of it by one who saw it when it was in its original beauty and freshness, before it had darkened with time. Vasari's description deals wholly with externals, and his enthusiasm vents itself in admiration at the miraculous painting of the eyes, with their lashes, and the eyebrows, "where fuller and where more thickly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from the skin, every turn being followed and all the pores exhibited in the most natural manner; the nose, with its beautiful and delicate roseate nostrils; the mouth, admirable in its outline, its lips uniting the rose-tints of their color with that of the face; and the carnation of the cheek which does not appear to be painted, but hints of flesh and blood; he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat, cannot but believe he sees the beating of the pulses," etc., etc. He tells us, too, that Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and that while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he had some one constantly near her to sing, or play on instruments, or to jest, or otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful, and that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they take. In this portrait of Leonardo's, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression and a smile so sweet, that while

looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it has ever been esteemed a wonderful work, since life itself could exhibit no other appearance.

To understand this eulogy, which must always have far exceeded the bounds of truth, it is necessary to remember that the portrait of Mona Lisa was the first great portrait in the noble series of such works created by the art of modern times. As in so many other things Leonardo here pointed out the way, and was himself the first to walk in it. Raphael was the first who greatly followed, and in his portrait of Madalena Strozzi, in the Pitti Palace, he is thought to have tried his hand in rivalry with the Mona Lisa.

The ecstatic interpretations to which this famous portrait has been subjected by English and French writers find little countenance in Leonardo's character, as revealed in his other works, in what we learn from his voluminous MSS. of the nature of his mind, as well as from the report of his biographers, and the few hints gathered from accidental sources. His art was essentially logical, and the methods he employed were the outcome, not of the imagination, but of the reason. To him, the surest way of expressing the personality of his sitter, was to let no point of his or her physical structure escape his observation. He believed that the painting of a human being should begin with the marrow of his bones, and he would be one of the weightiest authorities on the side of whoever should advocate the founding of the arts of figure-painting and sculpture on anatomy, in contradiction to those who teach the uselessness of studying anything below the skin. The reality and the vividness of the Mona Lisa, even in these days, when time has hurt it so, are the logical result of this long, prolonged microscopic study of the detail, united with a sleepless eye lest the largeness of the forms should be belittled or broken up by the minuteness of the finish.

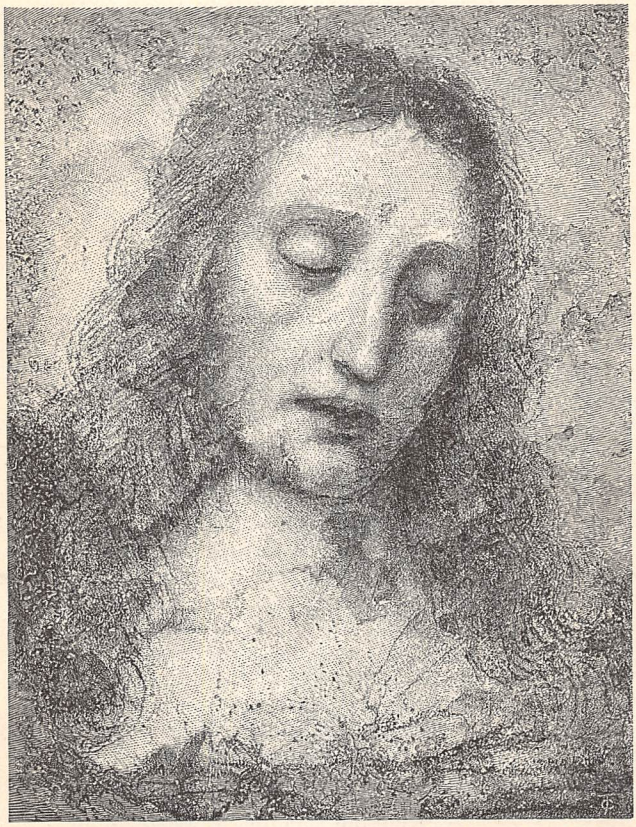


FIG. 30.—HEAD OF CHRIST. BY LEONARDO. SUPPOSED DRAWING FOR THE CHRIST OF THE LAST SUPPER. BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.

M. Clément thinks that a picture which formerly belonged to Louis Phillippe, but which is now in private hands, and which represents a woman reclining upon a couch and nearly nude, is a portrait of Mona Lisa. And he hints mysteriously at the explanation of the fact that Leonardo should have been allowed to paint the wife of Giocondo in such surroundings. He adduces the fact that, from the time he painted the portrait of this lady, all the paintings and all the drawings we possess by his hand bear a striking likeness to the original picture. Surely there is a simpler and less compromising explanation. Leonardo was essentially a mannerist, a man of rules and recipes; he imposed them upon others, he obeyed them himself. During the four years that he labored over the portrait of Mona Lisa, he was striving to lay hold on the secret of expression; and he found it, and fixed it upon that face in the look and the smile that mean such different things to different people. It is a trick,—a splendid trick, indeed, but still, at bottom, only a trick,—belonging to the same order with that by which a vulgar portrait-painter makes the eyes of his image follow the amazed spectator whichever way he turns.

The seven years of Leonardo's stay in Florence were not very eventful in the history of his life. They were interrupted by a tour through Urbino and the Romagna in 1502, made in company with Cæsar Borgia, the Duc de Valentino, who had appointed him his architect and military engineer. For his new master, as for his old one, Lodovico Sforza, he designed engines of war for offense and defense, and looked into the condition of the duke's strongholds, and recorded in his note-books the numerous projects of all sorts that were suggested to his untiring mind by every thing he saw on his journey. Here we find him devising a dove-cot, the symbol of peace, and here some machine to help on the horrors of war. At Pesaro, on the 1st of August, he makes designs for certain machines of this sort, and on the 8th we find him sitting by a fountain at Rimini, listening to the sound of its falling waters, and trying to learn the law of its music. On the 11th, at Cesena, he designs a wagon for carrying the grapes home from the vineyards, and on the 6th of September he makes a design for the port of Cesenatico. At Siena he studies and describes a curious clock, and at Piombino he is struck by the regular cadence of the waves beating on the sea-shore.*

In 1507 he returned to Milan, where he made a brief stay, renewing his engineering projects, finishing, among other things, the reservoir of the canal of San Cristofero, on the completion of which Louis XII. of France, then in possession of the city, gave him a right to twelve inches of water from the canal. His father had died in 1504, and in 1511 we find him again in Florence disputing at law with his brothers his right to the inheritance both of his father and his uncle. Again, in 1512, he was at Milan, but the times became so stormy that he determined to return once more to Florence, though he could hardly have hoped to find employment in a city which he had left with so little honor. Shortly after his arrival in Florence he was invited by Giuliano de'Medici to go with him to Rome, to assist at the coronation of his brother Giovanni as Pope under the title of Leo X.; but no employment awaited him from the Pontiff, who seems to have looked upon him with no favor, partly it may be from his knowledge of his conduct in Florence in the matter of the wall-painting in the Palazzo Vecchio, and partly perhaps as seeing in him the friend of the French, the enemies of his country, or at least a man wholly indifferent to the stirring political questions of his time. Nor was Leo X. content with ignoring Leonardo and his claims as an artist. He did give him a small commission, but finding that he was busy with distilling certain herbs for the varnish to be employed when it should be finished, he laughed and exclaimed "Oh, this man will never do any thing, for he is thinking of the end before he has made a beginning." He did paint several small easel pictures in Rome, but his life there was made uncomfortable, not merely by his disappointment at receiving no important employment, but by the perpetual discord between himself and Michelangelo, a sorry continuation of the feud so long ago begun in Florence. Tired out at last, Leonardo, learning now that Francis I. had entered Lombardy, hastened to join his court, and being cordially received by the pleasure-loving monarch, who named him a painter to the king, and gave him salary and appointments, he found himself once more in his element. It was while the king was at Pavia that Leonardo, punning on his own name, made the automatic lion of which Vasari tells us, which advanced to the king, rose on its hind feet, and opening

* Mrs. Heaton, "Leonardo da Vinci." London: 1875; pp. 52, 53.

its breast showed the fleur-de-lys loyally inscribed on his heart. Pope Leo came to Bologna while Francis was there, and Leonardo had his quiet revenge for the slight he had received in Rome, appearing among the other courtiers of the king, and amusing his comrades with caricatures of the followers of the Pontiff. When Francis returned to France he easily persuaded Leonardo to follow him, and he gave him as a residence a small chateau, with its garden and dependences, called the Château de Clou, near Amboise, where the French court at that time was often in residence. Whatever hopes Francis may have formed from the fame of Leonardo with regard to the enrichment of his palaces with pictures from his hand, he was destined to disappointment. From the time of his coming into France, Leonardo did no serious work, nor undertook any. During the three years and a half of his stay he employed himself on nothing more serious than the project for the canal of Romorentin, designs for which have been found among his papers.

Leonardo was now in his sixty-fifth year, and, though not really an old man, he was worn out with life-long labors that had ended only in disappointment. His health failed him, and he rapidly declined, until in 1519, on the 2d of May, he died serenely at Amboise in the possession of all his faculties, having distributed his small property by will, and having gone through with the, to him, unmeaning formulas of reconciliation with the church. Without such reconciliation in the Europe of that time, happily far removed in spirit from the Europe of to-day, his last hours would have been troubled with perfunctory importunities, the administration of his will would have been obstructed, and his body would hardly have been allowed burial

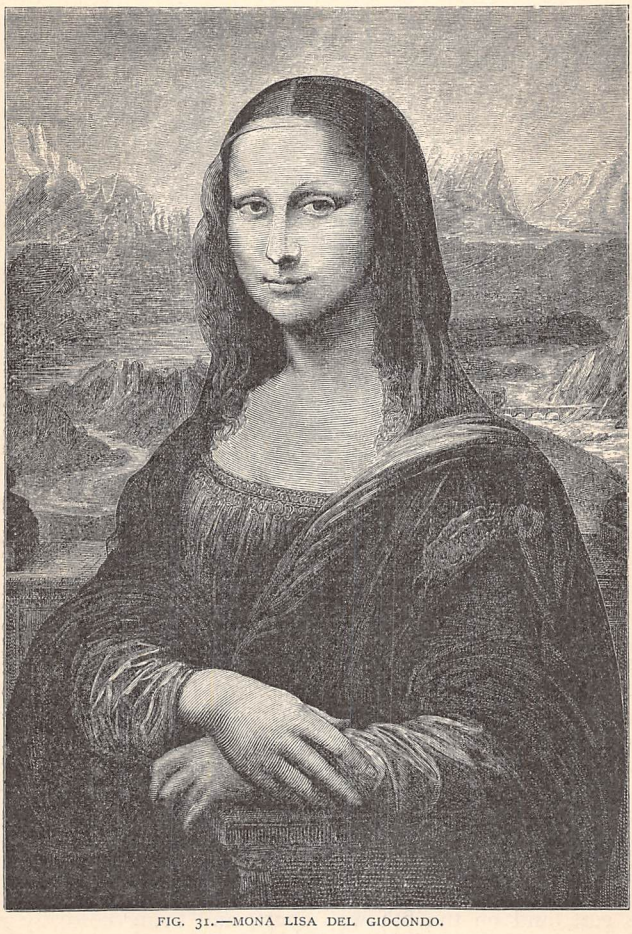


FIG. 31.—MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO.

in consecrated ground. Leonardo, always compliant, and who, throughout a long life, had shown a complete indifference to the dogmas of the church and to religious ideas, his mind easily resting in a refined Epicurianism, would make no more objection to this last complacency than he had to that which had made him kiss the hands of those earthly princes to whom he had looked for advantage.

Vasari's story that Leonardo died in the arms of Francis is not believed to-day, objections having been brought forward, founded on the supposed impossibility of the king being at Amboise on a day when the court was in residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, where Francis would himself think it necessary to be, as his queen was every day expecting her confinement; and as, moreover, Leonardo's friend Melzi, whom he made his executor, makes no mention of a circumstance so singular in the letters which he wrote to Leonardo's brothers announcing his death. But it is a legend, if legend we must allow it, which shows Francis in so amiable a light, and does his heart so much honor, that the world will always be unwilling to deprive him of the benefit of a doubt in a circumstance so much to his credit.

Leonardo was remarkable, both in youth and in his later years, for the beauty of his face and person, and for the mansuetude and dignity of his disposition and manners. He was accomplished in all social graces and in all manly arts, and with the same hand that could paint the eyelashes of a Mona Lisa, he was able to bend one of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horse-shoe, as if it were lead. We are told that he was left-handed, by which perhaps is rather meant that he was ambidexter, and while neither word would account for his peculiarity of writing backward, if we suppose he had the equal use of both hands, as several artists of modern times have had, it may help us to understand his indefatigable industry, since by this gift he could work uninterruptedly, one hand relieving the other. Though he himself has written a satiric verdict upon those who spend their time in dressing their bodies and curling their hair, yet, according to Michelet, who gives no authority for a statement the origin of which cannot be traced, "he was the object of such an idolatry in France that at the age of eighty* he changed the fashions, and in his dress, and in the cut of his hair and beard, he was copied by the king and by all the court." Yet one of the few anecdotes we have of him, outside of what is told us by Vasari, describes him as walking through the streets of Florence with a friend, wearing a short rose-colored cloak only reaching to the knee, the fashion being to wear them long, and with a magnificent head of hair, which fell in carefully dressed curls as far as his breast. He had no prudence, and valued money only for what it would bring; so that, in prosperous times, he indulged himself in a lordly habit of spending, and lived like a prince, with servants and horses; but when the wind blew adverse and employment failed, he was sometimes driven into corners and put to it for means to live. Yet these dark hours refuse to live in memory, and only the tradition of his splendor-loving nature remains, his beauty, his grace, and what Vasari calls the radiance of his countenance, lighting up his name from his own time down to ours.

He had, on the surface, much in common with Lord Bacon, who was reputed a great philosopher and discoverer on similar grounds, though in neither was there anything of the true philosophizing or scientific spirit. Lord Bacon, with all his fanciful guessing, made hardly a suggestion worth noting of something useful, although he knew so well "to make his English sweet upon the tongue" that the collection of the Silva, with all its futilities and commonplaces, is "as entertaining to read as a Persian tale." Leonardo, on the other hand, though he never dived to the bottom of any speculation, nor completed any invention of moment, yet made a thousand ingenious speculations, and suggested—from the wheelbarrow and the derrick, to optic glasses by which the moon may be made to look larger—a whole world of useful inventions. Both of these great men had the gift of tongues. Ben Jonson tells us that when Lord Bacon spoke, no one thought the time long, nor could any one turn aside or cough; and of Leonardo we read that his honeyed words and persuasive eloquence so bewitched his hearers that if he had said a certain tower could be lifted from its foundations and transported to the other side of the Arno without injury, everybody would have believed him. Both in Bacon and in Leonardo was inborn the love of luxury and splendid living, while in neither did the moral sense have that fineness of temper and splendor of polish which, by rights, belonged to the splendid sheath of faculties in which it was lodged in both.

* Even the old date of Leonardo's birth 1445, would only make him seventy-two years old in 1517.

"Flee from storms" was Leonardo's motto, and he followed the advice implicitly throughout a long life, not in obedience to his will, but in sympathy with the laws of his temperament. He has been reproached with want of patriotism, with coldness of heart toward his benefactors, recording the downfall of his friend, Duke Lodovico in a brief, unsympathetic note, and with the pliant knee that could bend in turn to Louis XII., who carried off that friend to a lingering death in cruel prison, to Cæsar Borgia, to Giuliano de' Medici, to Leo X. and to Francis I. But much of this criticism is unjust, forgetting the times, and the dependence of artists upon the princes and the prelates, through whom, for the most part, all commissions came, and forgetting, too, that in Leonardo's unhappy time Italians could not be said to have a country. He fled from storms, and, for himself, no doubt, he did wisely, since his life must have been on the whole a happy one, absorbed in his art, his studies, and the society of the amiable and accomplished young men he gathered about him as pupils, and who loved and served him not as a teacher and master but as a friend. Beautiful as his pictures must have been, from the united testimony of all who knew them in their prime, they hardly exist for us, since nothing that he did survives in perfection, and not one picture bearing his name that remains is of undisputed authenticity. His best legacy is to be found in the MS. books scattered over Italy, France, and England, in public and royal collections and in private hands. These are a delightful treasure, inexhaustible in interest, carrying the mind in every direction, over every field of human investigation in the material world, rich in suggestion, and leaving us, after every fresh perusal, more and more astonished at the independence, the originality, and the virginal freshness of the mind that has recorded in them its unwearied questioning of the spirit of the world.

AN EPITAPH.

THIS poet was very wealthy. If he missed
  Worlds' honors, and worlds' plaudits, and the wage
Of the worlds' deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
  Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the seërs. For he was
  Born unto singing, and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
  He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night. Yet oft would fall
  Swift Power upon him, and winged tongues of flame;
And blessings reached him from poor souls in thrall,
  And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's loves, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

INTERPRETATION.

A DREAMING Poet lay upon the ground.
  He plucked the grasses with his listless hands.
No voice was near him save the wishful sound
  Of the sea cooing to the unbosomed sands.

He leaned his heart upon the naked sod.
  He heard the audible pulse of nature beat.
He trembled greatly at the Word of God
  Spoken in the rushes rustling at his feet.

With inward vision his outward sight grew dim,
  He knew the rhythmic secret of the spheres,
He caught the cadence, and a noble hymn,
  Swam swan-like in upon the gliding years.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

NIGHT-WATCHERS.

An hour after midnight, while Amund was watching at the bedside where Einar was lying still apparently insensible, there came a light tap on the door and Helga entered. The white cambric *négligée* clung airily to her form, revealing its graceful undulations, the rich hair was twisted into a loose coil on the back of her head, and the agitation which burned in her face added a new luster to her usually calm eye. She advanced noiselessly to the bed, drew the curtain aside and gazed at the pale, motionless face which rested on the pillow.

"No change?" she inquired in a whisper, turning to Amund.

"No. He is alive, but that is all."

"Go to the guest-chamber and lie down for a couple of hours. I will watch in the meanwhile."

"No, Helga, I am not tired," remonstrated Amund. "I can stand it at least until morning."

Poor Amund had always gloried in the advantage he had over his rival in being permitted to call her by her baptismal name, and even now he was conscious of a feeble triumph as he pronounced it. And still I am not sure but that he would have renounced that dear privilege, if his self-sacrifice could have called Einar back to life and health.

"I wish to remain here," answered the girl with quiet determination. "I cannot sleep before I know whether he is to live or die. Go, and take your rest, as I tell you."

He was so accustomed to obey her that it hardly occurred to him to offer further resistance. So he arose and went toward the door, but he could not master the impulse to pause and catch another glimpse of her wonderful face. She had seated herself at the foot of the bed, resting her chin on her hand, and as the light of the lamp fell upon her, it imparted a strange marble pallor to her features; and with their clear massive cut, and the large lines of her flowing drapery she looked startlingly like one of the divine forms of antiquity invested with a sudden transient life.

Amund heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, are you not gone yet?" whispered she, motioning him away with her hand.

"I am going, I am going," murmured he apologetically, as the door closed softly behind him.

Helga sat long gazing absently before her, and in the intense hush of the sick-chamber the conflicting voices of her soul seemed to grow stronger and more audible. In the presence of a great misfortune, when the first stunning shock is over, the consciousness usually grows more painfully clear and active. Did she not know, although she had hardly dared confess it to herself, that this strong young life, which seemed to be ebbing away here at her side, had belonged to her—had been hers by right of that mysterious divine law which draws young lives irresistibly together? And during the two months which had passed since he had allowed her to read the hidden writing of his heart, how fiercely had she wrestled with herself to convince herself that it was all a delusion! Why did God, who is so good, send into a woman's life these stern, insoluble problems, these passionate conflicts, which could only bring suffering or brief guilty happiness? Why had he awakened that swift response in her heart to Einar's unspoken love, if it were merely to be the source of sorrow to him as well as to her? Ah, no, she knew these were wicked thoughts. She would try hard to conquer them. Her vision was clouded; she had proudly depended upon her own strength. She would pray God to help her, to give her wisdom to see, and meekness to bear, even that which seemed dark and inexplicable. She sank down on her knees before the bed, resting her forehead on her folded hands.

When she arose her sweet face shone with a serene radiance and her rebellion was quelled. Not that she received any direct response; but the action itself had lifted her into a serene atmosphere of peace and trust. Instead of vexation of spirit had come hope and strength of resignation, and as her gaze once more dwelt on the pallid features which lay in faint relief against the white

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pillow, her heart swelled with deep womanly pity. A tear trembled in her eye and coursed down over her cheek; then came another and another. The heavy, feverish spell was broken and the grateful current gushed forth, easing her oppressed heart. She drew the white bed-curtain aside and let the light fall upon the unconscious countenance. It was a beautiful face, of noble cast, exquisitely sensitive, refined, manly and generous.

"Ah," she whispered, "I was cold, and hard, and cruel to you. But I will make it all good again, if God will only restore you to life and to me."

With an overmastering impulse of tenderness she stooped down and kissed the white, bloodless lips. The curtains again resumed their wonted folds, and she sat long thinking with morbid pleasure how, if he should never recover his health, but remain feeble and helpless, she would nurse him and cherish him, and devote her whole life to him, in return for the life he would have devoted to her if it had been his to give. Ingrid would then willingly renounce him, and her empty life would be filled with a dear and undoubted duty.

The sources of affection lay deep in Helga's nature, and with that generous impetuosity, which was the mainspring of all her actions, she seldom thought of any other reward than the delight of the sacrifice itself—the eternal joy of eternal giving.

Her eyes fell by accident upon a piece of paper which lay on the table. It was a hasty direction written by the physician, as to the method of treatment. She merely read:

"If the temperature of the body does not rise within an hour rub the hands, etc."

She immediately took the listless hand which lay nearer and began to rub it between hers. Presently there was a slight twitching of the mouth, and as in her joyful surprise she sprang up and the chair fell backward with a crash, a sudden gleam of consciousness came into the blank eyes. A quick tremor ran through his frame, the lips moved nervously as if they wished to speak and a hand was lifted for an instant but fell again helplessly on the coverlid.

"I wished—to tell her all," she heard him murmur. "I did not care—what—would—become of me."

"Hush! hush, Mr. Finnson. You must not attempt to speak now," she said, in a soothing whisper. "You are too weak. Wait till you gain strength."

He evidently understood what she said. Her heart gave a great bound, but fearing that the emotion awakened by her presence might at this moment be injurious to him, she quietly retired behind the curtain, then ran lightly across the floor, and called Amund to take her place.

During the following week the color stole gradually back into Einar's cheeks, and life was beginning to regain its hold upon him. The intracranial inflammation which the doctor feared, did not occur, although slight fever symptoms caused some alarm during the third and fourth days. Doctor Van Flint and Amund watched over him in the night, and Helga was his companion during the day. It was touching to see how the joy kindled in his eyes as she entered, and again died out of them as soon as she departed. She was indeed the ideal of a nurse. There seemed to be healing in her warm, restful presence. Her light, noiseless tread, the soft brightness of her face, the touch of her hand, as she moved about performing all the gentle offices of the sick-room, all fell upon his hungry sense like the vivifying dew upon the parched flower. Whether she was cheerful or sad, whether there was peace in her mind or she labored with agitation, her face wore always, while she was with him, the same quiet smile of unperturbed contentment.

As with returning health his pleasure in external things revived, he began to note the many quaint objects in the room which breathed memories of its former occupant. In many a silent reverie he reconstructed his character, making his conclusions as to his personal habits, and from these again to his manner and his appearance. The faint perfume of the flask of jasmine on the toilet-table, and the rare brand of the few remaining cigars in the prettily carved cigar-holder, representing a grotesque figure of a dwarf carrying a huge basket, told of the fastidiousness which this heir to a complex civilization had carried with him into his exile in the wilderness. The fine-textured linen cambric handkerchief with the delicately embroidered initials in the corner, with which the sister had bathed his forehead, could only have been handled by white, aristocratic fingers; and the French novels in yellow paper covers and a few old numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" were fruitful in pathetic suggestions. Scattered here and there on the

walls were photographs and engravings, browned with age and dust, and soiled by the flies. Above the book-case opposite the bed, the new-born Venus rocked languidly on the foam of the sea, and in the tobacco corner and around the looking-glass forgotten enchantresses of the Parisian stage smiled in happy unconsciousness of their scanty attire. They made it perhaps doubtful whether the owner's conversion had been as complete as his posthumous reputation asserted. His cheerful worldly tastes and spendthrift habits had evidently clung to him even here, where their gratification was next to impossible; yet he presented a charmingly quaint picture to the imagination, Einar thought,—this elegant young rake with his pleasure-loving temper, his white hands and his airy manners, among the ponderous, toiling pioneers, to whom indulgence was a sin, and pleasure a snare of the devil.

What a puzzling phenomenon he must have been to them! How they must have stared when he sauntered up the church aisle, or vented his well-bred sarcasms on the effusions of the Reverend Marcus Falconberg! But all these offences death had covered with its cloak of charity, and the name which was once an abomination to pious ears, was now crowned every spring with fresh flowers, because he died the death of a hero.

"Do you remember your brother well?" asked Einar one morning, as Helga was propping him up in pillows while he was sitting up in bed to eat his breakfast.

"Oh yes," she answered, pouring the tea from the Japanese tea-pot. "I remember him very well. It seems only a short time since we lost him. He was always so bright, and witty, and pleasant; and then he was so good to mother."

"Have you ever read any of his books in the book-case over there?" continued he, after a moment. He hoped ardently, that she would say "no," but he strove to hide his anxiety under an outward show of indifference. It was incredible that this pure, serene Helga could have any knowledge of evil—that she could have read "Adolphe," or "Mademoiselle Maupin," or "Madame Bovary."

"Yes," she answered, innocently, seating herself on her stool at the bedside. "I have dipped into a few of them, because mother thought there was no use in buying new French books for me when we had so many already. But I don't think I understood them very well, and the doctor gave me some others which I liked better. My brother had been in France, and he knew a great deal more than I do."

Einar felt re-assured, but he became oblivious of his tea, and sat gazing at the dear face with radiant eyes.

"Take care!" she exclaimed, seizing the tea-cup as it was on the point of being upset. "What are you smiling at? Have I been saying anything stupid?"

"Not at all. You have been unknowingly wise, as you always are."

"I hardly know how to interpret that."

"You needn't interpret it. It isn't worth the trouble."

She rested her chin on her hand, and looked at him with a puzzled smile, but made no answer. The flowing sleeve of her loose morning-dress, with its dainty white frill along the border, fell in simple folds down to the elbow, showing a faintly flushed, rounded arm of perfect modeling. That a woman of her stately form, with her queenly simplicity of bearing could be at heart so child-like, so adorably unconscious, seemed well-nigh incomprehensible. It was one of those divine enigmas with which the Creator is apt to puzzle poor masculine hearts. And, like every enigma, it had a strange power of fascination. As she sat there silently before him, apparently absorbed in thought, Einar summoned all his philosophy to his aid, and tried, in a half æsthetic fashion, to analyze the impression she made upon him. That she was something vastly above the commonplace,—an absorbing phenomenon beside which every other presence became tame and insignificant,—it required no philosophy to detect. There was a largeness and singleness in the *ensemble* of her outline, a grandeur of form which we are apt to call statuesque, and which needs no small accessories of color to make it impressive. She must herself have been instinctively conscious of this, for she always chose simple objects for her adornment, and refused, either from necessity or from instinct, to wrap herself in the usual filigree of lace, or to hang savage trinkets of gold about her person. The large, pure-cut cameo, with the head of the young Augustus (a precious heirloom in her father's family) which clasped her dress in the throat, carried out this idea to perfection, and rested as lightly and as naturally upon her bosom as a water-lily on the surface of a lake.

There was something so inexpressibly

sweet in this subdued monotony of the sick-chamber,—the soft light which stole in through the translucent woof of the curtains, the uninterrupted ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the corner, the half-expressed tenderness implied in many a slight word and act, and Helga's warm presence lending a strange richness to all. I verily believe that there is an Olympus in every human soul, a serene region, high above the strata where struggle, and sorrow, and passion abide; a "region unshaken by storms, where rains never descend, and snow doth not fall." It was in this happy Olympus of their being where Helga and Einar met, as it were, soul to soul, without fear or restraint, only rejoicing like unreflecting children in each other's nearness. The busy turmoil and agitation of life, with its thousand small concerns, with its tyrannical laws cramping the free movement of the soul, reached them but dimly and from afar. To meet Helga's frank gaze, to hear her gentle voice and feel the touch of her hand, all heedless of what the world thought or said—it was one of those rare joys which refuse to be imprisoned in words, one of those absolute moments to which one would fain say with Faust: "Stay! thou art fair."

"Do you remember, Miss Helga," he said one afternoon, as his memory flitted back over the days of their intercourse, "how beautifully you snubbed me the first time I came to call upon you with the doctor?"

He spoke with happy confidence; somehow that time seemed so very remote, and he felt sure that her opinion of him must have undergone a great change since then.

"I remember it well," she answered, smiling. "I was wrong in blaming you because you did not choose to conform to my own idea of you. Your magnificent performance on the organ was still vibrating through my nerves, and somehow I had made up my mind that you must be a man exalted above the struggles and weaknesses of ordinary mortals. Then afterward it occurred to me that you might interpret my ungracious reception as vexation at having been defeated by you, and that of course irritated me still more. For I assure you I was almost happy at being defeated by you. Even now I am grateful to you for it."

He lay thinking for a moment, but her candor in admitting that he had disappointed her did not touch him unpleasantly.

"Tell me," he went on, "how I impressed you. You were not wrong in rebuking me as you did. It is so rarely one has the opportunity of seeing himself as others see him. And," he added, smiling, "your judgment of me as I was then might help me to a useful self-knowledge."

"I am afraid it is a difficult thing you ask of me," she said, coloring a little. "My judgments are not apt to be very accurate. I have seen very little of the world, you know, and had really no right to make up my mind about you in such haste."

"And still I should be grateful to you if you could have sufficient confidence in me to tell me even that which in your thought was not to my credit."

"Well, since you wish it," she answered, dropping her sewing in her lap and folding her hands, as if to prepare for a complete confidence. "But I shall have to be very candid, and I am still doubtful whether in the end you will thank me."

"Yes, yes. At all events, after what you have said you cannot very well stop, or I shall expect something terrible."

A shadow flitted athwart his transparent features; he turned away, then again faced her with a resolute smile.

"You know I have always had a liking for large things," she began. "And, above all, I thought that men ought to be free from all the pettiness which makes women so often intolerable. I believed that the life of a man—that is, my type of a man—must be a continual march of conquest; that he must take a kind of fierce joy in subduing obstinate circumstances, and compel everything to conform to his own strong purpose."

She was hardly aware that she was in part echoing the doctor's phrases; this had been a constant theme of discussion between them, and he had unknowingly supplied the outward form for her own fervid but dimly shaped yearnings.

"Now, that evening, when we sat together out on the piazza," she continued, after a pause, "you frankly confessed that life was as yet an unsolved problem to you; you said that men were no less controlled by circumstances than women, and that made me impatient with you. I thought that you were a man who on some occasion had been guilty of an unpardonable weakness, and that, instead of blaming yourself for it, you found comfort in the reflection that the world was made all wrong,—very much as a woman might have done. But these were all hasty conclusions, and I know now that I was

mistaken, for you have shown more strength here in Hardanger——"

Einar's gaze had steadily been gathering intensity as she spoke; he breathed heavily, and great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead. Helga, who in the earnestness of her confession had been too absorbed in her own words to note the change in him, now suddenly saw the feverish anxiety of his look. She sprang up, leaned over him, and cried out, in a voice of impetuous self-accusation:

"Oh, what have I done? I was very foolish to talk as I did. Dear Mr. Finnson, do not heed my idle words. Forgive me. I know I was wrong. I have known it all the while."

"No, no," he murmured, answering faintly the pressure of her hand. "You were not wrong. It is all true. Ah, you have been my good angel, Helga!"

All the pent-up passion that had been gathering volume within him since the first moment he saw her, was quivering on his lips. A vague dread seized her, and with an instinctive movement, prompted as much by her solicitude for his welfare as for her own, she put her hand upon his lips and whispered beseechingly:

"Hush! hush! You are too weak yet to talk so much. Now be good, and lie quiet. The doctor said you must be very careful. It was all my fault. I forgot that you were not strong yet, only because it was so pleasant to talk with you."

"Ah, no," he whispered painfully, as she removed her hand. "I had neither courage enough to act nor to be wholly inactive. I was miserably weak, and you were right to despise me."

"I did not despise you," she pleaded despairingly. "I know well all that you have done here, and I honor you for it—I honor you—and—I shall always honor you for it," she ended tremblingly.

"Yes, honor me," he sighed mournfully, and closed his eyes.

The door was gently opened and Van Flint entered.

"My dear boy, you are not as well as you were yesterday," said he, placing his hand on Einar's brow. "Miss Helga," he added, with a glance at her agitated face, "allow me to take your place for the rest of to-day."

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. NORDERUD'S GARDEN.

JULY had been tolerably even-tempered that year—bright and full of genial strength at first; but as it drew toward its end, from sheer excess of good humor somewhat languid and inclined to doze. I believe this amiable languor of the month,—this warm, golden monotony, made Einar's gradual recovery of health less perceptible to himself and his friends, and made him linger in Mrs. Raven's cottage longer than was strictly necessary. At the end of the third week, however, he obtained the physician's permission to return home, and when Van Flint, although he was, like all good Americans, by nature undemonstrative, saw him standing once more "clothed and in his right mind" in the Icelandic study, he felt a strong impulse to embrace him. His sense of humor, however,—or, rather, his fear of appearing ridiculous,—anticipated the act, and he contented himself with shaking his friend's hands in a slow and emphatic fashion; and afterward, for several days to come, the eccentric doctor would, with the most irrational abruptness, spring up and slap his knee, exclaiming, with beaming countenance, "Well, well, old boy, I am glad you have come back!"

August was even more lavish of her splendor that year than usual. It dashed the doctor's Arctic flower-beds with glowing patches of scarlet and crimson and yellow, investing the hoary, bloomless Saga-isle with a fervid brilliancy, as if the passionate drama of its history had found a fleeting expression in the tender language of flowers. Along Skarpheddin's war-path his vengeful thoughts had shot up in fiercely flaming gladioles; the sage, cool-headed Njal found his judgments considerably biased by the ardent beauty of phlox and carnations; and the stern Halgerda's wrath was completely smothered in the delicious odors of mignonettes and verbenas. The morning-glories, which had to support their fragile existence on steel wires, were this year seized by a loftier aspiration than usual, and seemed determined to shut the doctor out from all intercourse with outside humanity; but the doctor had happily divined their purpose, and had trailed his wires so as to leave a narrow portal for exit and entrance; and, although it cut him to the heart and was really opposed to his principles, he sometimes at evening, when the young blossoms were curled up softly in rest upon the warm air, pinched off the too luxuriant tendrils about the portal with his fingers, or by dint of much coaxing gave a new bent to their aspirations.

In this shady bower Einar spent the long August days, dozing over the songs of some

lotus-eating bard, watching the labor of the humming-birds, as with cheerful unconcern they drank the life-blood of the flowers, or pondering on some device by which he might, without any violent jar, reveal the sad secret of his past to the two beings who, during his sojourn here, had become so dear to him. Many a time, when the doctor returned from the office (for he had been having the sole management of "The Citizen" during his friend's illness) his overcharged heart would cry out for the relief of confession; but somehow the doctor's unsuspecting confidence seemed a precious boon to Einar, and the very possibility of forfeiting it made him shudder.

But Helga—had not she, too, her secret? Not a very dark one, you would say, yet still one fruitful in unrest and misery. With Einar's departure it was as if the light had gone out of her life—it lay so pale and empty before her now, so purposeless and devoid of meaning. As long as he was with her, and his presence filled the winged hours with a strange, palpitating restlessness which was not joy, but rather a kind of delicious pain, she had drifted along heedlessly, and, in a truly womanly fashion, dreaded to hear the word which, nevertheless, in the depth of her soul she yearned to hear. She had even dreaded to admit to herself that she loved him, and had scrupulously closed her ears to those swift, impetuous whispers which in unguarded moments rise from the hidden chamber of the heart. But the whispers grew louder, and with wild flutterings of joy and fear she began to cherish the wondrous thought. The timid apathy which at first she had courted was irrevocably gone; all the forces of her being were roused, and she walked about amid her daily duties in a kind of "tumultuous silence," doing even the most trivial things with a certain dreamy, unseeing ardor, and answering commonplace questions with an intensity which often startled her interlocutor. To a nature like hers, imbued with all the solemn simplicity of the northern blood, a great love was a direct gift from God—something mysterious and sacred, the presence of which she felt with a mingling of tremulous joy and awe. She knew that the great moment of her life had come, and this life itself, which had hitherto appeared so superfluous, accidental in its origin, and in its destinies dark and perplexing, gained suddenly a deeper significance, and found, as by a miracle, its place in the economy of the world.

Many an evening, when the house was silent, Helga paced restlessly up and down in her room with her hands clasped outward, startling herself by abrupt whispers, which seemed to rise to her lips without any will or purpose of her own. She felt tired, and still intensely awake. She pressed her forehead against the window-pane, and gazed with dimmed vision at the familiar landscape, which lay shrouded in the soft mists of the night. Often the touch of her own hand would feel cold and strange, like that of some other person; and singular, unmeaning fancies would flit through her brain, as if whispered into her ear by some unknown voice. The thought of Ingrid would come to her, at such times, with a warm sense of pity, without bitterness or grief. Her own passion seemed so absolute, that the innocent, girlish enthusiasm of her friend could have no rights beside it. Her former scruples faded away. It was as if the transformation she had undergone had even changed her ideas of right and wrong. But when the daylight came, and Ingrid's eager confidences wrought their way through her intense preoccupation, the old dread returned, and she often shrank back into a rigid, guilty reserve which was very puzzling to her garrulous little admirer. She would fain have clasped Ingrid in her arms, kissed her and caressed her as in times of old; but that unbending sincerity of hers always restrained her. And what was still more unaccountable, there were moments when Ingrid's guileless prattle jarred cruelly upon her highly strung nerves—moments when her former full-flowing sympathy seemed to have grown torpid, and refused to flow; and then the airy chat of her friend would seem annoyingly light and frivolous, and a feeling akin to repulsion would overmaster all the tender impulses of her heart. With what vehement self-accusations would she then torture herself, when her little girl was gone! How guilty and fierce and unhappy would she feel, and how hopelessly dark and remote seemed the way out of all these perplexing difficulties!

During the first month, while the passionate struggle was raging within her, Helga looked with a kind of contemptuous impatience at the dull, prosy concerns of the village, whose slowly-pulsing life persisted in its old drowsy routine, as if on purpose to mock her own vain self-consuming intensity. But when that month was at an end, she began once more to

yearn for some larger outward activity, and with an avidity peculiar to strong and impulsive souls, she plunged again into her long-neglected charities. It appeared almost like a godsend to her that old Magnus Fisherman, about the middle of August, had a severe attack of pneumonia, and stood greatly in need of her nursing and care.

Saving had never been Magnus's *forte*, and whenever he was ailing, as he usually was, he accepted, from the force of habit, his neighbors', and especially Norderud's, bounty with a cheery indifference, very much as a matter of course, or perhaps even as a right. If the Almighty saw fit to bring him down with the fever, he reasoned it was His lookout how he was to keep soul and body together while the affliction lasted. Helga tried her best to impress upon him that God was not responsible for the ailments which were the results of carelessness and neglect of sanitary rules, but her arguments on such occasions were usually too deep for her auditor's unphilosophical mind, and she would often discover that she left him, after hours of patient exposition, exactly where she had found him. On one occasion, he had even shocked her seriously when she was endeavoring to solve that knotty problem of the origin of evil, which has indeed baffled the ingenuity of more skilled philosophers than she. She had just reached the point that God, although he was omnipotent and could prevent evil, still allowed it to exist; when the old man, seriously grappling with the novel thought, remarked:

"Pretty darned tough, that is, aint it?"

He was indeed the most hopeless pupil she had ever had. She often despaired of imparting a single religious idea to him, for his droll criticisms were evidently both unconscious and sincere, and he had not the remotest suspicion himself that he was irreverent, and still less that his remarks were capable of a humorous interpretation. He had for many years been in the habit of slipping into church after the service had commenced, and slumbering peacefully in the pew nearest the door; and when the pastor had requested him to enroll himself as a member, he had looked up with a puzzled smile, as if a dark riddle had been propounded to him, and promised to think about it. The request had, on the pastor's part, been repeated annually, and always with the same result. To attend church was, to Magnus's mind, a respectable thing to do, but as for paying anything for the privilege, he would rather be excused. In Norway nobody ever paid for church-going, and folks in Norway were certainly better Christians than their countrymen in Hardanger, "by a darned sight." It is needless to say that such reasoning was exceedingly irritating to Mr. Falconberg, who, aside from the question of discipline, took very much the same pride in the numerical growth of his church as a farmer in the increase of his stock, or a merchant in the extension of his trade. In Norway it had been very different. There, Evangelical Lutheranism was an old and established thing, and exalted high above the need of individual patronage. Worldly ambition, there, as far as it entered at all into the mind of the clerical devotee, conceived of the church as a kind of ladder, by which he might mount into eminence. But here, as Mr. Falconberg once remarked in confidence to a clerical brother, you had to hold on to your ladder and support it, while you attempted to mount. And no one will deny that that is rather a difficult feat.

In this question of Magnus's church-membership, Norderud had once been appealed to, as the man whose voice would be likely to have the greatest weight with the delinquent. But, from Norderud's secular point of view, the case assumed rather a ludicrous aspect, and he could not be persuaded that a soul of Magnus's caliber was of much account, one way or another.

"Let us rather attend to the wants of his body, Mr. Pastor," said he, with that amused air which was habitual with him whenever he spoke of Magnus, "and leave to God the care of his soul. Somehow God did not endow him any too plentifully, and He cannot in all fairness demand much in return. If the old man likes to drop into church of a Sunday, and doze for an hour behind the door, why, very likely that is a sort of worship to him, and may benefit him. And as it certainly does no harm to anybody, I don't see that it is worth our while to make any disturbance about it."

Any one who knows the structure of the ecclesiastical mind will admit that "this lukewarm indifference, hidden under the cloak of charity," must have been peculiarly exasperating to Mr. Falconberg. No wonder that he swore in his heart never to consult Norderud's opinion in church questions again! The farmer, on the other hand, who had never been much addicted to

analyzing other people's feelings, and, like every healthy nature, judged the world fearlessly by his own standard, departed from this interview in an agreeable glow of self-satisfaction. Had he not, in spite of the pastor's supercilious brusqueness, met him with amiability and in a spirit of Christian forbearance. Possibly there was still a path-way open to mutual forgiveness.

But years went by, and the hoped-for reconciliation seemed more remote than ever. In fact, you might as well have attempted to reconcile the North and the South winds. They were made to blow in opposite directions, and when they meet, they cover the earth with disaster. It was the world-old struggle between a rising and a decaying civilization, fought within the narrow arena of two human breasts. If the pastor and Norderud had themselves been capable of taking this lofty view of their animosities, they might, with philosophic coolness, have agreed to differ, and Hardanger would have been spared that grievous scandal which I am soon to relate.

It was perhaps not to be wondered at, that in the course of time the pastor came to look upon Magnus as a living reminder of his hatred of Norderud, and that he took a spiteful pleasure in administering a kick to him, metaphorically speaking, whenever a chance was at hand. Every one, except the victim himself, was well aware for whom these frequent snubs and rebukes were intended, and Mr. Falconberg's popularity suffered much in consequence. In Nils Nyhus's parlance, he flogged the cart, but meant the mare, and, with their innate love of fair play, the Norsemen all agreed that that was a cowardly proceeding.

When the month of September, without bringing coolness, still had taken the sting out of the heat, Helga might have been seen daily ascending and descending the slope from the town to Magnus's cottage among the decaying stumps of what had once been a majestic forest. There was an eager, heedless grace in her movements as she walked rapidly onward, usually with a basket of food on her arm, and her face shaded by a broad sun-hat tied down with a ribbon over the ears. She was not one of those who, because they are conscious of higher aspirations, look upon the smaller duties of a woman's life as frivolous and beneath their notice. Her instinct in matters of dress was unerring, and Ida Ramsdale used to come and hold solemn consultations with her, both when a new silk dress was to be "plotted" and during the various stages of its progress. Then they measured and tried on, eyed each other critically, tested effects of color, laughed indefinable little laughs of fluttering joy, and indulged in vivid imaginings of the future. It was naturally Ida who took the more active part during these interviews; but Helga was at least sufficiently sympathetic to encourage her in her frivolities; she was, happily, still girlish enough to be startled into an exclamation of delight by a fine combination of colors, by the pearly sheen of satin, or the picturesque complexity of a new bonnet. Now, however, those times seemed far away, and I am afraid that if Miss Ramsdale had now appealed to her presumable enthusiasm for millinery, she would have found an unanswering void.

Magnus had been growing visibly worse during the last week; the fever increased, and the congestions became more frequent. Helga had wrought herself up into a state of nervous uneasiness which she sincerely believed to be all for her patient, and she had at last concluded to call upon Mrs. Norderud for assistance. During the early days of the settlement, before the advent of doctors and the more complex diseases, Mrs. Norderud had earned a just fame by her "house-remedies"—that is, simple decoctions of familiar herbs, which were warranted to cure fever, dropsy, and other common ailments. Helga had herself once had occasion to test her skill, and would henceforth far rather have trusted her life to her than to the American doctors, whose antecedents no one knew, and whose unpolished appearance made their medical pretensions appear more than problematic.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in September that Helga started for the Norderud mansion, having left Annie Lisbeth in charge of the invalid. The moist meadows along the road-side lay glistening in the sun; light vapors drifted lazily over the unmown rowen, and the air was filled with a damp, earthy odor which affected the sense gratefully. She walked rapidly along the grassy edge of the road, and climbed the slope to the town, quite heedless of the bright-eyed wild flowers which nodded behind her, as the hem of her dress swept over their heads. She crossed the square and hurried up Elm street, being all the while haunted by a vague possibility, half a hope, perhaps, and half a fear. If she met Einar, now, what should she say to him? How should she behave toward him?

It seemed incredible that he would not at once feel the great change which had taken place in her,—that he would not read in her face all the passionate struggle which had filled her life since he had left her. She knew she had a tell-tale face, and she trembled lest it might betray her.

As she passed the doctor's cottage she could not master the desire to look up over the low hedges. There the doctor, clad in a linen coat of immaculate whiteness, was squatting among his flowers, his countenance distorted with an earnest grin of intense preoccupation. He was digging with a stick about the root of a rose-tree, and was too intent upon his work to notice the fair young face that was gazing at him over the close-trimmed tops of the hawthorn. Up on the piazza, Helga discerned another figure, dimly outlined through the sparse-leafed woof of the morning-glories. Her heart gave a great leap, and she paused abruptly, as if the vision had burst upon her by surprise. Einar was sitting in a large rocking-chair; the book which he had been reading lay unheeded in his lap, and his head was resting wearily in his palm. There was something in this listless attitude which spoke directly to her heart; a quiver stole over her, and her whole soul went forward with a great yearning toward him. Then the consciousness of her strange position suddenly returned to her, and she was about to hurry on, when the doctor's genial voice came floating toward her, as it were, from far away, soaring above the heads of the flowers.

"Ah, *nobilissima donna*," cried the doctor, rising and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Pardon my rustic attire. As you see, I was indulging my horticultural propensities, and if you will do me the honor to step in through this gate which leadeth to my kingdom, I shall be happy to place my whole flowery domain at your disposal. Now tell me honestly, did you ever see castor-beans which rivaled these? They are the great event of the season. Mr. Norderud—who is, by the way, turning yellow and green with envy—pays me a visit every morning before I get up, and has a quiet little rage all to himself down here in the garden. I happened to catch him at it this morning, and he had to admit that his castor-beans were hardly five feet tall yet. But come in, and you may judge for yourself."

"Thank you, Doctor," answered the girl, pausing at the gate, which he had hospitably opened before her; "but I really cannot stop. Magnus is a great deal worse, and I dare not leave him any longer than is absolutely necessary."

"Vain subterfuges, if it please your grace," retorted he. "Magnus will feel all the better for the breath of summer which will cling to your garments after a stroll among my flower-beds. Really, I cannot allow you to depart," he added imploringly. "Now be a good girl, and listen for once to the voice of wisdom."

Helga hesitated for a moment.

"No, no, Doctor," she said at last hurriedly, "not this time. You ought not to tempt me."

"Well, then, since you are so obstinate," he answered reproachfully. "But you must at all events listen to this. A most extraordinary thing has happened. The Arctic Færoe Isles have been invaded by a hostile army of—caterpillars! Finnson and I have had our hands full during the last week in protecting the helpless inhabitants against the greed and violence of the enemy. And, as Finnson is not at all in a combative mood at present, I have had to do all the murdering single-handed. Now, if you were the same Helga I used to know in times of old, you would volunteer to come and help me."

"Yes, if I was the same young lady of elegant leisure that I was then," answered she, with an attempt at gayety which sounded strange to her own ears, "you certainly should not have to ask me twice. But now I must bid you good-bye. My patient will miss me."

"If you cannot wait to get your bouquet, you will find it on the gate-post on your return," cried the doctor after her.

Einar had been watching this little scene with excited interest, from behind his leafy shelter. He was not aware that he had been observed. His first impulse was to rush forward and speak to her. But there was Van Flint. It would not do to meet her in his presence, for the emotion which was palpitating so strongly within him, made him feel certain that he would betray himself. Moreover, had he not made a solemn vow to himself that he would not see her until he had gathered courage to lift the veil from his heart, and show her all that dwelt therein? He had risen for a moment. Now he fell back into the arm-chair, and with a movement of despair, pressed his hand against his forehead. It was well that no one saw him, at least, no one except the morning-glories; but they,

like the innocent things that they were, went early to sleep, and probably they did not see him.

The little interview with the doctor had left a subdued, quivering agitation in Helga's mind. She hurried on to her destination, and found Mrs. Norderud in the kitchen garden behind the house. She was standing half hidden among the tall clambering bean-stalks, cutting the long green pods with a pair of scissors, and dropping them into a tin pail which hung on her arm.

(To be continued.)

NINON.

It was an August day in New Orleans, and the white inhabitants were, as far as possible, under shelter somewhere; not only in the business streets, but all through the dark, quaint thoroughfares of the old French quarter, prevailed a death-like stillness. Every now and then some mechanic, in the blouse of his class, shuffled along under the balconies which project from the shabby stuccoed houses, and form a sort of covered way, —an arcade without arches, on either side of the street; or, at still longer intervals, a heavy dray, slowly driven and lightly freighted, rumbled aimlessly down the track of the street-cars; but these were rare occurrences, and only made the silence more impressive.

In the suburbs, however, it was different, and the shimmering, fiery air seemed to be as welcome and animating as the freshest of spring breezes. Everybody was out-of-doors, and every *maisonette*, with green shutters, rickety balcony, and pointed roof was thrown wide open to the burning air. From the one upper window of some, projected mattresses, blankets, or wearing apparel; but whether for cleansing purposes or not, the sunlight was evidently approved of and enjoyed by all. To a stranger the smells from the open gutters, heaps of garbage and undrained yards, would have added another terror to the heat; but to these women with loose calico garments, huge ear-rings, and carefully combed black hair, who are sauntering slowly about, or sitting on door-steps with arms folded, to the children playing tag among the tomb-stones of the white-walled cemetery opposite, neither odors nor sun-light come amiss.

They are a handsome race, these easy-going salamanders who glory in the August noon. There is not a purely white face among them all, yet how few not "to the manner born" would recognize in their pliant, graceful figures, liquid eyes, and shining black hair, any other origin than that of Spain. But no affinity with Spain have these gentle, languid, fire-warmed beauties. The abounding blood of Africa flows in their veins, mingled with some cooler stream, and fair quadroons and bright mulattoes meet your gaze wherever you turn. This is the quadroons' quarter, and he who wishes to become acquainted with the meek, simple ways and frugal habits of that much-maligned race, need only come here to see what a quiet, peace-loving people they are.

It was the Feast of the Assumption, and most of the women having been to mass in the dewy summer dawn, were full of admiration and wonder over the flowers, and the general decoration of the little Spanish church, whose ungainly outline rises not far off. An air of pleasant, well-earned enjoyment breathed over the whole scene, and no sound was heard but the soft, primeval voices rapidly speaking their fluent, yet broken French. One especially neat and gay-looking house had white curtains at the small windows, roses climbing over the inevitable balcony, and a beautiful banana-tree laden with half-ripe fruit, leaning against the wall. A tiny front door on one side, opening directly into the principal and highly ornamented bedroom, was supplemented by a small green one in the adjoining wall, which led, first, into a minute and brick-paved alley, then into a small court or garden where two large mespilus-trees made a welcome and delicious shade. It was evidently the home of some one rather more refined and perhaps a little better off than her neighbors,—of some one who had time to train her roses, and look after her geraniums, and above all space to cultivate quite a variety of *salades*. There on one little bed was a row of *mâche* carefully protected from the sun, while here boldly rollicking in the light which would soon be its death, was a bed of late *roquette*. Some *estragon* and cucumbers, under the chicken-coops in the corner, and a long line of eschallots just set out, completed the

picture. No, not quite, for a couple of Muscovy ducks were waddling about by the round wooden cistern, and a snappish yellow dog lay, expectant, just inside the gate. A little group of three people was sitting under the great lovely mespilus, whose fruit was all gone, but whose leaves were still broad and lustrous; and every now and then one who was evidently the mistress of the house, would disappear into the little kitchen for a few minutes, and come back fanning herself with a broad palmetto fan. Ninon Mandesson was a tall, shapely mulattress, about fifty years old, but not looking more than thirty-five; she was eminently handsome still, though by no means a fair-skinned specimen of her race, for she was quite dark and her hair unusually *crêpé* but her outlines were so free and noble, the flexible lips which closed over her magnificent teeth were so capable of expression, and above all, her large eyes were so full of serious, honest thought that no one could pass her without a second look. She was dressed like most of her class and color—for there is a distinction between mulattoes and quadroons—in a colored cotton gown, a white apron, and an immense Madras handkerchief, artistically arranged upon her stately head, her whole appearance being one of composed dignity and reserved simplicity. The girl sitting by her was of another type altogether; she was three, perhaps four shades lighter, to begin with, and her hair, which was a soft light brown, hung in straight heavy braids below her waist. Her eyes were a clear, near-sighted blue, with large black pupils, and the color came and went in her dimpled, flower-like face with every breath she drew.

Yet she was Ninon's own daughter's only child, and, looking more closely, there was a likeness, though what little Thérèse gained in delicacy and refinement by her approximation to the white race, she lost in vigor and expansion. She was excessively pretty, however, and in her simple print dress and little straw hat, no wonder Ninon's gaze rested on her with as much admiration as love.

But she was by no means the first in Ninon's heart, which, though it had only two occupants, placed the other immeasurably above Thérèse; nor was the latter jealous, for indeed Ninon had plenty of love and plenty of care for both.

She had loved the girl's father in the blind, unreasoning, idolatrous fashion in which slaves and women sometimes do love, nor had there been any tale of desertion or cruelty in this case. Achille Meissonier was as indolent, pleasure-loving, and uneducated as any other Creole gentleman of his day to be found in Louisiana, but he was a "good-hearted," and, according to his lights, an honorable man. And it was not till his young French wife was sleeping quietly in St. Louis grave-yard, that Ninon, who adored them both, proudly assumed the position which to her was the summit of human happiness, and to him a perfectly justifiable means of making himself and his little son comfortable.

To have considered the woman, who, besides being a slave, was quite incapable of considering herself, would in those days not have been thought Quixotic, simply because the idea could by no possibility have been driven into Monsieur Meissonier's mind. Nor would Ninon have consented to anything on earth which could have separated her from him, or from little Achille, who, since the day of his birth, had been her especial care, and after her mistress's death became the very apple of her eye, or, as she taught him to say, "*Ninon, je suis le cœur de ton âme, n'est-ce-pas?*" When little Thérèse was born, Achille was delighted with the pretty plaything only five years younger than himself, and Ninon, who had dreaded and resented the thought of anything which must interfere in the slightest degree with her devotion to him, reconciled herself to the sight of her own baby, and allowed her natural affection to have its way when she saw how pleased the boy was. The children grew up together, of course, but the relation between them, though kindly and intimate, was always that of slave and master. And the understood, but never expressed, tie of blood, made no difference in the respect paid by Thérèse to her brother.

He loved her, and she was his constant playmate, therefore they were really like brother and sister, and her deference to him seemed only natural from a young girl to an older man, but had he been of a different nature, and Thérèse ignored, neither she nor her mother would have felt aggrieved. Monsieur Achille was their hero, their demi-god, and on the particular midsummer morning of which I write, it was he who sat on the other side of Thérèse, and looked with the complacent, half-laughing, half-affectionate smile of an elder brother at the girl's growing beauty.

He was a slight, pale, effeminate-looking man, with a good deal of nerve and muscle concealed under his Creole slimness and laziness, and in spite of his exaggerated mustache and tiny patent-leather boots, not a bad-looking fellow, by any means. His eyes were only half-open, but a kindly soul shone through them, and the swagger with which he reproduced the airs of a Parisian "lion," as described by his father to have existed some thirty years before, did not hide his natural easy, indolent country manners. He was very,very poor now, and even the small salary which he got by hard work in a cotton-press was uncertain; but he had still that ineffaceable "grand seigneur" air of one born to prosperity and power, which is as little susceptible to change as the color of the skin, and less frequently modified by misfortune.

He did not often find time to visit Ninon in broad daylight, but to-day was an especial occasion, and he had a whole holiday, which he was spending in the following way: First, at eight o'clock that morning, being a pious young fellow, he went to mass in the old cathedral down in the other part of the town, then back to his own little room over a cigar shop in Bourbon street, where he had a thimbleful of black coffee, and one small French roll, on which to begin the day. After that, he strolled into a neighboring billiard saloon and, early as it was, found a number of kindred spirits freed from their usual avocations, who willingly joined him in a game. By the time he had finished, and Achille had won a few half-dollars, it was eleven o'clock, and, partly from love, partly from a vivid remembrance of the delicious dinners with which he was always greeted at Ninon's, he sauntered slowly down to Claiborne street, where he was met by the two women with expectant and delighted smiles, and, once comfortably seated, wondered why he had not come before.

"Well, Thérèse," he said, watching the girl's nimble fingers as she sat at his feet, rolling his cigarettes: "Well, *petite*, what is this I hear about Armand?"

"Ah!" she cried, dropping her work for a moment, and a passionate look coming into her blue eyes, "he has been so ill, so ill, away off there in Mexico, all by himself. I wanted to go to him, but *Maman*——"

"Would not hear of such a thing," interrupted Ninon, composedly. "No, no; Mexico is no place for young girls, and my bird shall never venture alone into that land of hawks. I would have gone myself," she went on sadly, "but it would have taken a great deal of money, and we have been saving all of ours to send to Armand. Poor fellow, he has been counting the hours till he can come back to us!"

"Then his whole trip has been a failure?"

"Yes, just as he had signed his contract, and thought his fortune made, came this dreadful accident, and now he has many debts to pay before he can get away. Ah, our poor Armand, he has suffered terribly!"

"But, I suppose you will be married as soon as he returns; eh, Thérèse?" the young fellow murmured, rather sleepily.

"*Oui, Monsieur*," said the girl, plaintively; "he will not be back so soon, of course, but, when once he is here, there will be no more waiting; his wife can work for him as well as his *fiancée*."

"Well, all I can say is, you are a lucky girl to see marriage ahead of you at all. I wish I had as good a chance." And he heaved a sigh, so gigantic for such a small body that any one must have laughed except his two loving listeners, who were, however, all devoted attention.

"What is it, *mon enfant?*" said the elder woman, laying her hand tenderly on the lad's shoulder. "Has Mademoiselle been unkind?"

No; Mademoiselle had not been unkind; it was only the old story. Mademoiselle would be only too glad to form such a brilliant alliance, but she was already many months past the age when her sisters had married, and had frankly told her lover that she would do anything except wait for him.

"And, O, Ninon!" he cried, as the tears, of which his emotional French nature was in no wise ashamed, began to chase each other down his cheeks; "what am I to do? Old Le Févre spoke to her father last night, and I am sure I shall be asked my intentions this evening."

"Le Févre! Monsieur Achille!" cried Thérèse, angrily; "*comment! le vieux pharmacien?* He is old, and fat, and his children are all grown up. Ah, *mon Dieu!* is it possible Mademoiselle Corinne will look at him, while you——" and the girl's voice died away in speechless indignation.

"He is rich," began Achille, dolefully, when Ninon stopped him with a quiet gesture of command.

"*Tiens, mon enfant*," she said anxiously; "let me understand. Mademoiselle Corinne will marry Monsieur Le Févre, unless you can propose to her father at once?"

Achille nodded, and, in spite of his gloomy prospects, began to brighten; he had all his life known his difficulties to be smoothed away when Ninon took them in hand.

"And it is only the want of money that hinders you?"

"Only the want of the money! I have been over and over it all, and it will take more than I can ever scrape together. *After* the wedding, of course, I could get along on my salary, for then I should have no house-rent."

"There is room for you with all those other children? You can go home to live with Monsieur Habert?"

"I should think so!" indignantly replied Achille. "Young Delatour, Pierre Mansard, and old Caspaille have all gone there to live; why should not I? One son-in-law is as good as another, isn't he?"

Ninon did not answer this; but sat motionless, gazing out into the dusty street, and remained so, unheeding the conversation of the other two, till roused by an anxious remark of Achille's in reference to the dinner; then she rose and went in, with a cloud on her handsome face.

The noon-day meal was ended, and the spoilt boy was taking a comfortable siesta on the hard, black, horse-hair sofa within, while the two women were in the kitchen, washing up the dishes. Thérèse stood in the door-way, and, though her pretty blue eyes were dimmed with tears, she never dreamed of laying her cloth down, never raised her flushed, distressed face from her work. Her mother spoke low and hurriedly, words which did not disturb the two little birds that were fighting on the edge of the roof, nor the persistent chickens at their feet, nor the lazy cat stretched before the fire, though they were blighting forever the tenderest heart among them all.

"I can easily make Achille believe that his father left it with me for his use, and remember, Thérèse, it is a secret that must always be kept."

"Yes, *maman*," the gentle voice said tremblingly; "Monsieur Achille must have the money, *je le vois bien*; and I—I can still pray for my poor Armand." Her voice broke, and she ended with a sob, which, however, did not waken the slumbering Achille.

It was two months later, and if growing barricades of cotton-bales on the levee and dense clouds of smoke from hurrying steamboats on the river had not sufficiently indicated the arrival of autumn, the delicious air, full of life and softness, and sweet with mysterious perfumes, would have done so.

But there was one person who did not feel the healing touch of that soft, warm October evening, as she glided quickly along in the short-lived twilight, with that erect, swaying step which seems to be the peculiar heritage of the burden-bearing races of the world. Ninon Mandesson had aged wonderfully in two months, and the cloud that had settled upon her face that bright August day seemed never to have lifted; even the bright colors that she loved were gone, dress and head-handkerchief were alike of black; and, as she stood before the gate of a large white house gazing intently up at the open windows, the most casual passer-by could have read something of the sorrow and disappointment upon her face.

A few moments later, a woman's voice in that house was lazily calling "*Entrez!*" to the same figure, in one of the rooms of the third story. Ninon opened and closed the door, and stood in the presence of her who had lately been Mademoiselle Corinne Habert, but was now Monsieur Achille's wife, though—according to an immemorial Creole custom—she still lived in the paternal mansion, and in fact occupied the very bedroom of her girlhood, the only change in her position being a little more freedom to do nothing all day long, and a little less temptation to dance all night. She was lying now, in a position of some grace and infinite laziness, on a comfortable sofa, carelessly dressed in a loose white wrapper, and fanning herself with the "Journal des Modes"; her heavy black hair was tucked under a lace cap, and mules of red leather adorned her pretty feet.

The room was large, covered with matting, and carefully shaded from the light. A huge bedstead with a blue counterpane, a couple of rocking-chairs, and a tall bureau with gilt handles, were all the furniture; but one corner was occupied by a highly ornamented shrine to the Blessed Virgin, surmounted by a large plaster-of-paris image of the Mother and Child, and flanked by two flame-colored lithographs of Saint Joseph and Saint Joachim. A little receptacle for holy water hung over the bed, and a *prie-dieu* was employed at present in supporting a ball-dress, which had evidently hung there for some time.

The instant Madame Achille caught sight of Ninon, she began, in a high, angry key:

"Tell Madame La Bar that I will not stand being dunned in this way. Does the

woman think, *par example*, that I am made of money?"

"I am Ninon Mandesson, mademoiselle."

"Oh, Achille's old nurse! Why didn't you say so at once? Come in and sit down," and she sank languidly back on her cushions, and tapped her mouth with her pretty little white hand, to cover a yawn.

"Mademoiselle," said the negro woman, drawing nearer to the sofa, and gazing earnestly at its occupant, "you must have thought it strange that one so devoted to your husband should not have sooner come to pay her respects to you."

This was carrying things with a very high hand, Mademoiselle Corinne thought, so she replied hastily:

"*Mon Dieu, non*; I have seen too much of the ingratitude of old family servants to have expected anything from Achille's."

"No doubt," said Ninon with some bitterness, "there were slaves and slaves. But you would have seen me many weeks ago, had it not been for the illness of my daughter."

Mademoiselle Corinne had by no means a bad heart, and seeing the sad face before her and the black dress, said compassionately:

"Poor Ninon! is she dead?"

"No, Mademoiselle, she is not dead. I am in mourning for her *fiancé* who died a few weeks ago in Mexico."

"*Tiens!* how very unusual! In Mexico! of what, *par example*, does one die in Mexico?"

"Of a broken heart, I fear, Mademoiselle, or home-sickness, *le bon Dieu* only knows which. He was expecting money to bring him home, and it did not come, and he died of disappointment."

"*Mon Dieu, que c'est triste!* Ah, there is that tiresome bell, and I must dress for dinner. I wish you would hand me my slippers—there they are, just beyond you. What were we talking about?—oh, your daughter. Why did she not come with you?"

"Thérèse began her noviciate yesterday, Madame, at the convent of the Holy Family."

"With the colored sisters! How very romantic! She must have had a real vocation. I will always take her work to do when I have any; it will help her, and I am sure she will do it as cheaply for me as she can. Ah! here is Achille."

No need to tell it to that loving heart. Had not her ears caught the sound of his footsteps through the open window long ago? Had not her face been softening more and more as each one brought him nearer to her?

"*Mon ange*, I am not late?" he cried breathlessly, as he entered. "Ah, Ninon, where have you been this long while? I thought you had forgotten me."

But before Ninon could be listened to, peace must be made with the wife to whom it suddenly occurred to be aggrieved, and the old woman felt a strange tightening about the heart as she listened to her boy's despairing self-abasement. And had the young lady seen then what was passing in the breast of her quiet visitor, her sleep would have been troubled for many a night to come; but she did not notice Ninon's expression any more than she had noticed the sudden lapse from the familiar "Mademoiselle," which an attached servant never thinks of changing because of marriage, into the cold and formal "Madame" of a stranger.

Tenderly, gently Ninon told her news to Achille; not one word was there which would have betrayed to the most sensitive nature that this tale of sorrow was in any way connected with him. But it was an unnecessary trouble. Achille had only a "Poor Thérèse, poor Armand," for her, as he hurried on to claim her sympathy in his present happiness.

"Is she not lovely, Ninon?" he said, earnestly. "Am I not supremely blessed?"

"If Madame's beauty pleases you, she will care nothing for my admiration," replied the old woman, coldly, when Achille's repeated inquiries obliged her to say something.

Corinne glanced at her from under her long lashes and said languidly:

"She is right, *mon ami*. It is foolish in you to be singing your wife's praises to Ninon as if she were a judge of beauty. I am glad to see she knows her place too well to answer."

Achille looked hopelessly from one to the other.

"But, Corinne, you do not know——" he began, when she interrupted him.

"I know one thing; it is too dark to see the back of my head without a light. Run and get me a lamp, there's a good boy."

Achille flew to obey, and the instant he was gone Corinne turned to Ninon.

"If you think I am going to have you coming here to make trouble between my husband and me, you are mistaken," she said quickly. "You have completely blinded poor Achille, but you cannot blind me; and I am not going to have him under the

thumb of an old negro woman, I can tell you. There," she added, stamping her foot pettishly, "you have made me angry, and I hate to get angry this warm weather. Here is a little locket to remember me by," and, as she held out the trinket, Achille entered with the lamp.

"What is that, *ma belle?*" he cried gayly. "A keepsake? Take it Ninon, and we will each give you a lock of hair to put in it."

"I do not need any gift from Madame, I shall remember her always without it. Good-night, Monsieur Achille, I must be going home," and Ninon put out her hand as if she had grown suddenly blind and were feeling her way.

"Home, Ninon!" exclaimed the young man. "Why you are all alone. Whom is there to go home to?"

"No one," she cried, with a sudden deep sob; then controlling herself, "no one; as Monsieur says I shall be quite alone." She was groping about for the door-knob now, and in another instant had left the room.

"Wait a minute," shouted Achille running out into the entry. "I will go down with you."

But his wife's voice called after him imperiously:

"*Viens vite*, Achille, I want to speak to you at once; come back!"

The young man obeyed, promising to see poor old Ninon again before long, and with the thought dismissed from his mind the very recollection of her who stood an instant wringing her desolate hands before his gate, and then made her way back to the home destroyed for him, saying only to her broken heart:

"*Tout perdu, tout perdu!*"

CENTURY PLANTS.

REVOLUTIONARY, the Arnsden house? Did not every gray, mortar-bedded stone in its walls say so, most distinctly? And if anything more were needed to rouse a patriotic thrill, was there not the Catharine-wheel window, filling the clear-cut space where a British cannon-ball once struck the south end, just level with the eaves? And had not the north end its chimney running up outside, wide enough for a barbecue at the base, and then suddenly narrowing, sharp-hipped, for the rest of its way, while a picket-guard of dormer-windows still crouched sentry on the roof, and the curving stone gate-way still wore blocks from Ticonderoga as caps for its lichened posts?

And what difference had a century made with the mile-wide breast of blue that lay before the mullioned windows almost like another sky? It gleamed through the tossing arms of the old oaks like blue facings through the slashings of a green silk sleeve; it made dusky Cleopatra-needles of the tall sharp cedars on the lawn, it touched the shelly strip at the foot of the slope, and then passed on in the same deep calm as when it went to meet the cable sunk to keep British sail from coming higher than West Point.

But once a year the oaks grew tired of green, and now for the hundredth time in their lives they were slipping on a motley suit. How could they wear green any longer when, night by night, mile after mile of woods were joining in gay masquerade, until up and down the river shore far as the eye could reach, scarlet and russet and gold glowed and burned as if some mighty palette had been spread to paint a world!

Armies, with flaunting banners, Miss Penelope Arnsden thought as she glanced through the mullioned pane, and at that instant, as the wind swept over them and they bent toward her till their glitter seemed to draw a step more near, it was not strange that a rapping at the front door gave her an odd little feeling and a start. For it was the same sharp rap of brazen fist on brazen griffin's head that had summoned the Arnsdens when Washington's shadow deigned to fall across the sill.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Penelope, however; "only the door-bell really is in plain sight," and rising from the window-seat, she swept with the true Arnsden rustle of her gown into the hall.

The upper half of the broad old door stood quietly swung inward on its hinges—all generations of Arnsdens had liked to have it so—and against the lower half a swaying little figure leaned, framed by the garnet and gold that glowed behind.

"Forgive me," said a voice that spite of a half laugh like a child's, roused some mysteriously ancient echo in Miss Penelope's ear. "I'm not Revolutionary at all, but my great-great-grandmother was."

Miss Arnsden's elegant black eyes had flashed at first, but that was only because she got them from her Grandfather Schuylkill, and his had done a quarter century of flashing in review of troops; and they melted now with the genuine Grandmother Arnsden melt.

"Why, you dear child! Are you here all alone? Did no one meet you at the train?"

"No one," was the answer, as swinging back the lower half of the door Miss Penelope drew her guest inside.

"Then Philip——" but no, she would not confess what kind of company must have made him forget all about it, so she led her in, with only one more flash, toward a closed door just across the hall.

It was a grim, high-backed chair in which she seated her, with claw-feet that seemed cousins-german to the griffin's head outside, and somehow for an instant Miss Penelope couldn't help thinking of a sweet-violet she had dropped one day, fresh with the morning dew, into one of the lichen cups on the gray old gate-way post. But she only stooped for one rather stately little kiss, and then began unwinding the wraps from the girlish form before her; for the row of antique diamonds that flashed on her finger as she did so had been her Great-great-grandmother Arnsden's in their day, the very same great-great-grandmother whose name had just been a shibboleth over the half-open door.

It was a white, well-formed hand of Miss Penelope's, and knew how to do the handsome thing at all times, and she had no sooner heard that Sibyl Arnsden, a distant sprig of the family tree,—but a sprig for all that,—chanced to be near, than it dispatched a graceful invitation to visit the ground over which the proudest branches had waved.

"And nothing could happen more fortunately," the note had said as the diamonds ran over the page; "for, though I have plenty of summer friends, so long as the skies are blue and the grass is green, yet this is the time when they all vanish away and I should be quite alone, only that Philip says that must never be, and so chooses this season for his own stay every year."

"And Philip," she began again, taking up the thread of her note as Sibyl took up a crochet needle and some scarlet wool, after a dainty lunch (any lunch would have seemed dainty served on one of Grandmother Schuylkill's Sèvres plates, with a tiny three-legged silver pitcher of Great-grandmother Arnsden's, hardly larger than a bumble-bee, for the cream),—"Philip is the best company in the world when he can take his thoughts off those hoary old creatures he is always closeting in his room. There was a fresh queen brought in last night—if a gray old thing, older than Abraham, can be called fresh—and that is what made him forget all about you this morning, I don't doubt. It's an odd taste, but a very fortunate one for Philip, poor fellow, since he lost his arm in the war."

The Grandmother Arnsden melt and the whole-family patriotic pride crept into Miss Penelope's eyes together as she spoke of the arm, and then the real Grandmother Schuylkill smile shone through them both as she remembered that, after all, no taste could be really so pure and lofty as a Revolutionary taste, and she knew Philip gave that the true place in his heart all the time.

"But he must have his own way, of course, for he really belongs here almost as much as I do, even if we had not grown up together as brother and sister in the house. Our great-grandmother,—my great-grandmother and your great-grandmother, I mean, my dear,—died very young, you remember, and when our grandfather married the widow of General Kalb, her son, you know, took the name of Arnsden, so that when he married Grandmother Cadwellington's adopted daughter and took the old Cadwellington place, and when his son, Philip's father, married so close a family connection again, why all that, you know, makes Philip seem really the same thing as——"

"But I don't know! I don't remember!" cried Sibyl, springing from her seat while the scarlet ball rolled away and hid under the hollow of another griffin's foot across the room. "So many grandmothers smother me, and I never heard of Philip, and I don't know anything about gray-haired queens. I must have one minute's grace! Tell me what this is, please," and she lighted like a bird on a ragged bit of gray stone at the other side of the room.

Miss Arnsden's eyes opened wide—Grandfather Schuylkill's eyes this time. Was there an Arnsden who did not know or wish to know the Arnsden tree, root and branch? But Miss Penelope was a perfect hostess, and the flash was gone as quickly as it came.

"That, my dear? That is an Assyrian slab; one of the most ancient ever found. Even Philip cannot make it out."

"And why should Philip make it out?" asked Sibyl, with the quietest little interrogation mark in her gaze.

"Why should he? Because he is one of

the first Assyrian scholars in the country," answered Miss Penelope, with a bewildered feeling that here was Egyptian darkness enough to make work both for Philip and herself.

But at that instant the closed door opened, and a tall, erect figure, with one empty coat sleeve, and a face as clear cut as Miss Arnsden's own, stepped across. Philip had just remembered that though Nineveh had been all very well in its day, it was neither Arnsden nor Revolutionary, and that Miss Penelope liked him quite as well to keep it on his own side of the hall.

But what? Why? How? Had somebody cloven his grim old Assyrian's skull, and had that very graceful, misty-haired, hazel-eyed young woman sprung out of the crack? Or,—good gracious,—was it time for that train to be in?

"Yes, exactly," said Miss Penelope. "She has forgiven you, though, but you must drive us over to the Van Ransackers, as penance, by and by. I promised to go there to tea."

The Van Ransacker house was not very far away; only a two or three miles' drive along the ridge that rose like a green helmet-crest on the brow of the lordly stream. It had stood firm in the dignity of years when the first sprinkling of raindrops fell on the Arnsden roof, and the shadows of vanishing days had lain gathering on its timbers ever since, until Sibyl thought, as she stepped inside, there was but one solitary ray of light to be seen. Deep oak wainscoting and oak panels dark with time divided the low walls between them; a lofty carved chimney-piece, black with the century's smoke, glowered its welcome down; a row of Van Ransacker ancestors, invisible through a gloaming of by-gone paint, hung on the walls, and a cluster of Miss Van Ransackers, alive and well, stood in the middle of the floor. "Four or five berries in the topmost fruitful bough," of the family tree, but within reach of Sibyl's hand for all that, as they extended their own with rather a solemn grace. It made no difference about the porringers that Sibyl had come to supper unannounced. There was still one for every plate on the grim old table that stood grinding a lion's head into the dust under each relentless foot.

"Oh yes, in the *Mayflower;* almost all our silver came in that way," said Miss Brandywine Van Ransacker, as she ladled oysters into Sibyl's from the great *repoussé* bowl before her.

"Not the tankards, however," added Miss Saratoga, "though they certainly were in the family before my great-grandmother's day; for she was so small at her birth that the nurse put her in this one and shut the lid."

"Is there any tradition that she was taken out again?" asked Philip gravely, but with a glint in his eye that Sibyl happened to catch.

But there was no great-grandmother there now, at least, for Miss Saratoga raised the cover as he spoke, and quietly filled her neighbor's glass; only spring water, it is true, but Sibyl felt as if she were tasting from a goblin well, and then Miss Nantasket remarked that she hoped Sibyl was fond of ancient things.

"Of course she is, being an Arnsden," replied the fourth Miss Van Ransacker, whose flambeau of Aurora-tinted hair had seemed the one glimmer of dawn in the dusk of the other room. Sibyl had failed to catch her name, but she wondered if it were not Valley Forge!

But no one said *Mayflower* or tankard after that, until they were seated under the dim watch of the row of ancestors again, when Sibyl remarked that the house was quite different from anything she had seen before.

"Yes, a gambrel roof," said Miss Brandywine, smoothing a fold of her old brocade and looking at the back of Miss Penelope's neck. She had heard some one tell Miss Penelope years ago, that if she wanted specially to fascinate, she must turn her back, and she had never forgotten it. "The Arnsden roof, you know, my dear, is long and low."

"And a square house, too. The Arnsden house is hardly more than a cottage, though Revolutionary, it is true," added the Aurora-haired Miss Van Ransacker, who knew very well that it was the perfect setting of Miss Penelope's raven hair, with just one small curl at the base that made part of the fascination of the neck.

"Oh yes, Revolutionary certainly, though the ceiling has but one transverse beam, while ours has four," said Miss Saratoga, glancing up at the gridiron of oak timbers over her head, almost as black as if St. Lawrence had been a Revolutionary hero, and had met his fate just there.

"And there *is* a tradition that the floor is laid of planks from the deck of a British ship," she added, pressing her buckled shoe closer upon it as she remembered the Catherine-wheel window with a little twinge. Why need she be always remembering that that cannon ball went in search of two famous generals quartered in that house, and

that though there were four of themselves, all Van Ransackers pure, Miss Penelope was the last centering receptacle of Schuylkill, Cadwellington, Oldthorpe and Arnsden blood.

"New dresses ought to sweep such a floor very respectfully," said Sibyl, trying to hide from the pursuit of a cloudy Van Ransacker eye on the wall.

"We never buy new dresses,—very seldom at least. We prefer those in the family so much," said Miss Saratoga, straightening herself in her high-shouldered satin of ancient cut.

"Not even when the wedding outfits come in?" laughed Sibyl.

"Oh, we never marry; we are waiting to find men of soul enough to take the Van Ransacker name," replied Miss Nantasket, with a stately slowness that made grandeur of itself.

"And are they so very hard to find?" asked Sibyl with becoming wonder in her hazel eyes.

"Only Brandywine found one," whispered the Aurora-haired sister, drawing confidentially closer until dawn seemed to be breaking very near; "but there has been the greatest mystery about it from that very day. It is ten years now since he disappeared; but Brandywine will not believe that such a man could die. She is sure he will escape and find her again, and she has everything prepared."

Sibyl tore herself away from the ancestor and stole a glance at Miss Brandywine where she sat. Was she weaving a spell to bind them together after all? Her left hand held a quartette of black threads hanging from between finger and thumb, and a rounded ebony spade, with a reservoir of thread around its neck, dangled from every one, while by mysterious swayings of twos and threes her right hand was spinning a cord from the tangled maze.

"Bobbins," whispered Miss Van Ransacker again, following Sibyl's eyes. "She never lets the anniversary go by without some little gift prepared, and she is making him a watch-guard now. Perhaps you never saw bobbins before. These came over in the *Mayflower*, and we have made watch-guards with them almost ever since."

But Miss Brandywine did not seem to be thinking of anniversaries just now; there was indignation in her finger-tips, and the bobbins rattled sharply with what she had to tell.

"Enthusiasm for old things! I should think so!" she was saying to Miss Penelope. "Why, what do you think some perfect strangers rang the door-bell to ask here this very day? They wanted to know if we would sell them our flax-wheel. Sell the very Ransacker flax-wheel indeed! It's a wonder they did not try to buy the knocker they saw on the door, or the Van Ransacker title-deed off the wall," and she glanced at a cracking yellow parchment, scrawled with black-letter hieroglyphics, and hung in an ancient framing near her head.

How like a good deed in a naughty world the candles in Miss Arnsden's parlor shone as the three reached home! But Sibyl turned with a despairing little gesture that Philip thought the prettiest thing he had ever seen in his life.

"Isn't there something—anything—new in this house, that I can look at before I go to bed? If it's only a kitten that hasn't opened its eyes! I hate old things! And what is a flax-wheel! Is it a thing that any canny human being ever beheld?"

"There is one in the attic, shall I show it to you, if the candlestick is not too old?" asked Philip, demurely, taking one in his hand, while Miss Penelope held her breath at such words from an Arnsden lip.

But a silvery laugh came following after them that even stole the place the gesture had made in Philip's heart, and settled everything with Miss Penelope. Sibyl was to do and say what she pleased, and be captivating, whatever that might happen to prove.

"Oh, thank you, the morning will do," was all she said just then; but, when morning came, with petticoats daintily gathered in one hand, she was following Miss Arnsden across the attic floor.

But was this a flax-wheel? This queer, quaint, bewitching little brown thing,—a picture in itself, standing silent in the prim little stillness of long ago, and yet as ready for a whir and a flutter as when far-vanished fingers gave the rein to its curving neck!

With a wondering cry of delight, Sibyl seated herself beside it, and the touch of her light foot on the treadle sent a thrill to its forsaken heart. A low murmur broke the silence of fifty years; it stirred, it moved; faster, then faster still, till the fretted spokes flew mistily round, as if, after all, Sibyl were only bringing back a dream.

A pretty bright dream to Miss Penelope, though, as she looked down through the mist and thought that no lace-worker at her frame, touched by the hand of a De Vos, ever made one half so fair,—and then wondered if a family-tree always looked so much

brighter for letting a young sprig blossom out as it liked.

"But, I thought you hated old things; this is a hundred, unquestionably,—very possibly more," she said aloud, at last.

"Did I? Do I?" answered Sibyl, her hazel eyes still shining behind the wheel; "then it must be only because they ought to have been in a new place. How could you ever leave this in this dismal corner so long?"

"I have dusted it twice a year."

"Dusted it! Dear Penelope! I'll show you what to do with it, if you'll call Philip away from Merodach-Baladan and his troop long enough to help it down-stairs. And what's this? Is this an old thing, too?"

"Revolutionary," answered Miss Penelope, with grandeur in her tone, as Sibyl drew something skillfully down from its half-century's nap in the crotch of a beam.

"I believe it's the very reed that Pan made music with," she exclaimed, as she held her new mystery in her hand,—two inch-wide brown bars, bound in parallel, and a finger's width apart, by a narrow cross-piece of the same light bar at their ends, while filling the narrow space, so hedged about, a thousand tiny Chinese-yellow splints ran closely side by side; pipes, if pipes at all, fit for far daintier lips than Pan's.

"It's the reed your great-great-grandmother wove her white cambric dresses with," said Miss Penelope. "Ninety-five years ago without doubt,—possibly more. It hung across the loom by a little hinge, and the fine threads of the warp passed between these splints. Do you see any other old thing you would like to put in a new place? You shall have *carte blanche*."

It was Philip's turn to see pictures and dream a little dream the next day, for a griffin-footed chair had slipped out of a parlor niche, and the flax-wheel stood in its place with a cord of scarlet silk for its band, the water-gourd hung from its arm by scarlet threads, a bright ribbon knotting the distaff bow and the white flax wound softly round about. But this was not all. A form fit for a Saint Catharine sat on the other side and a pair of hazel eyes looked up at him through the whirring wheel.

"Do you believe the Ninevites had flax-wheels?" laughed Sibyl, and Philip said he did not know, but added something to the effect that if their potter's wheels and potters had looked like that no one could have complained of being potter's clay, and then turned suddenly round on his heel. He had better go back to Merodach-Baladan, he thought.

But the next time he came across the hall Saint Catharine stood on an ancient stool at the china closet, shaking her head doubtfully over a pair of real mandarin-china tea-pots, with dumpy forms, bamboo handles and most exquisite workmanship, and each with a piece nicked off from its nose.

"Revolutionary, Penelope?" she asked.

"Great-grandmother Schuylkill's early housekeeping, my dear. Eighty-four years, without doubt,—very possibly more."

But Sibyl was tenderly though firmly putting the tea-pots back in their place.

"It is too bad," she said, "but I'll only take their saucers from under them. I do so hate anything with a nick in it."

"But not a friend in the nick of time, I hope," said Philip, as at that moment a strong arm caught Saint Catharine, saucer and all, midway to the floor, for the ancient stool had given way. "Can I help you carry those plates?"

What a reckless, relentless way the burnished autumn days have of slipping past, while asters and golden-rod are blossoming themselves out, and every one knows that in a few nights more the frost will find nothing but rustling leaves to fall upon! But for every flower that dropped outside a new bit of brightness seemed to come glowing out under the *carte blanche* Miss Penelope had given within; some old thing was shining in a new place every day.

The saucers, stolen from Grandmother Schuylkill's tea-pots, hung one above the other in a tripod of bamboo, stood on the table blossoming over with sprays of fern; and a sliding shelf on each side of the proud old brass-handled secretary, where Schuylkill candles used to burn, was drawn out now to hold two round, wide-mouthed sugar-bowls of genuine Dutch ware,—the last of Grandmother Cadwellington's wedding set,—bowers of light-blue flowers and leaves parted under each handle to let a Paul and Virginia step through. The covers had both been broken long ago, but they were to be vases now, and stood glowing with hot-house asters of every hue.

Quite at the other side of the room, a tiny book-case, with carved eagles and inlaid vines of satin-wood, and with mullioned little windows for its doors, had become a hanging cabinet upon the wall. Sibyl had lined the shelves with blue and filled it with relics of every shape, down to Indian arrow-heads, plowed up on Arnsden ground.

The scarlet-bound flax-wheel stood near by, and just outside, against the panels of the hall, the polished yellow spokes of its monstrous step-mother rested in bright relief.

"Oh, whose *was* this?" Sibyl had cried, as she found it in a deserted room.

"Our Grandmother Oldthorpe's wool-wheel, dear. Not *quite* Revolutionary," said Miss Penelope with a tinge of regret, "but seventy-five years at the least, and possibly more. This is the reel that belongs with it, do you see?" and she drew out what looked like a patient little saddled steed with a wind-mill of four crossed arms where its head should be. "You must wind off your yarn round these arms when your spindle is full. Forty times round is a knot and the cog-wheel will snap out a little click to let you know; and forty knots is a day's work, my maiden fair. Are you ready to begin?"

But Sibyl had other threads to spin, and the reel followed its wheel over the square landings and past the fretted balustrade of the old stairs and took its place in the hall holding Sibyl's gay autumn wraps in the crotch of its yellow arms.

"But don't you see, Penelope, if Philip's hats are to hang over this they must hang on something to match. Where is that Arnsden coat-of-arms?"

Whether the Arnsden coat-of-arms felt humiliated or not, its escutcheon was speedily copied in a broad shield of oak with a carved distaff of flax for its "middle base point," a hand throwing a shuttle for its "middle chief," and the mystical reed, either Pan's or Great-grandmother Arnsden's, laid across for its bar. A row of oaken flax-pods peeped out from under the bar, and Philip's hats could hang there and look down on the reel with no one to say them nay.

"And can a man of common clay venture to sit down here?" asked Philip as he turned from trying the flax-pods to a stately chair that stood close by, lighter by far than the griffin-footed ones, but stately still,—a chair that Sibyl had found degraded under a half-worn coat of paint with a coarse rush seat and a broken toe, patiently waiting to crumble in a lonely loft. But crumbling had not proved easy, and now with the last vestiges of its convict dress scraped away, the elegant veinings of its own wood brought out by Sibyl's varnish brush and a lacing of broad scarlet webbing woven across for a seat, it lighted up its corner as the first splash of frost-work had fallen on the old trees outside, while a silver-bound hunting-horn, crowded with golden-rod, hung close by.

"Is there any other spot you can think of where a flower might lodge?" he went on, for Sibyl's touches about the house were always reminding him of a breezy day when scarlet whiffs of poppy-leaves kept flitting through his blind and dropping here and there about his room. Somehow the world had seemed warmer for every gleam, and he had half a mind now to set his door open, and see if she wouldn't let some bright thought blow over to his side. But he didn't quite dare to try; he had better be contented to warm himself at her poppies wherever she chose they should grow.

"Yes," answered Sibyl, laughing; "there is just one more. Do you see that dark old chimney-piece in there? I know it's very fine, with the Arnsden heraldry carved, and all that; but it's dark, and my fingers ache to run a trail of wild roses up through the fret-work of each of those brown old jambs! Only give me leave, Penelope! There are roses on the Arnsden shield, you know; Lancastrian, I suppose, but I promise you these sha'n't be too gay. They shall hide behind their leaves with the veriest Puritanic grace."

The next day Sibyl stood at her work, palette in hand, and with Philip looking on at her side.

"Do you like wild roses?" she asked as the first blossom peeped out from under her brush. "What stem would you choose as the divining rod of your life?" she added, as she raised her eyes to his.

"Witch-hazel," said Philip, stooping to shoot back a quick look, till the misty hair almost brushed his empty sleeve. Then Sibyl looked down, Philip looked down and Miss Penelope looked up; and then neither of them moved or stirred while a separate thrill, followed by a separate thought, ran through every one of the three.

"Forty years old, at least,—very possibly more," said Sibyl to herself.

"But she hates old things," was Philip's thought, rousing him, like a little shake, out of a dream.

"But she hates anything with a nick in it," was Miss Penelope's, as she glanced, half triumphant, half wrathful, at the empty sleeve. But the next moment Philip started suddenly, looked at the sofa where Miss Penelope was sitting, walked hastily over to it and sat down.

There was nothing especially like Robinson Crusoe's island about that sofa, but they both felt that a great wave had for one moment almost swallowed them up, and that they were thrown back again now, hand in hand, on their mother earth once more, a

little shocked and bewildered, but flat and safe, and never to drift out to sea again.

Then Sibyl looked up, and swept a swift glance over the sofa for herself. She had read "Robinson Crusoe," too, and one look was enough to show her the lay of the land. "Were there ever three such blind moles under one roof at once?" she exclaimed under her breath, as she turned quietly back to her work.

On swept the days, recklessly still, till the fires the frost had kindled in the woods had burned themselves out, and the ashes, strewn to the winds, lay cold and dead under foot, with only a red spark glancing here and there. But the fields were cleared, the harvests were reaped, and it was time to make merry in the house, with thanks for the year that was gone.

"Next week?" said Miss Penelope. "Yes, Thanksgiving-day comes next week. I did not think it was so soon. Sibyl, how would you like to have been at the ball our Great-grandmother Arnsden gave in this house, on the night of the most famous Thanksgiving-day ever ordered for the States? Revolutionary, remember, dear,—people, and costumes, and all; there is a record somewhere of all the officers and great folk who were here. If we had but some sorcerer's spell to bring back a vision of that dance for us next week! Though that day was really so near Christmas that we might put it over to Christmas Eve if we preferred."

"What do we want of a spell?" cried Sibyl, starting up with shining in her eyes. "There is one Blue-Beard trunk upstairs you have never opened for me yet, and I'm sure half the dresses of that very night are lying in it still. Why shouldn't we choose what would suit us best, send for the Van Ransackers, and scour half the country beside, and see if the ghosts of that very hour can't flit about here again, when the time comes, in real, warm flesh and blood? Only give me the key of that trunk! There'll be no red stain, if I happen to drop it, I hope!"

But the key did not drop; the lock flew back, and there lay the gay procession of the past,—damasks and satins and silks, petticoats, knee-breeches and high-heeled shoes, paste-buckles and yellowed lace; it was a reveling hour for Sibyl's white hands as they shook them, one after another, out of their overlong naps, without the slightest ado.

"But what is this?" she cried, as a broad sheet of net-work, heavy with goblin flowers and frost, fell open in one uncut fold.

"Neapolitan lace," answered Miss Penelope; "the Countess of Somewhere gave it to a great-uncle of ours, when he was a young man abroad, to make his bride a dress. But the fair bride died, poor thing! and it has lain folded away here ever since."

"And has not that been long enough?" asked Sibyl, with a tender touch in her tone for the long-dead bride; "it is just what I want to make a drapery for that old window down-stairs!"

The last red spark had died out from the ashes in the woods, and the first light whirl of snow had flown across the sky, not as if it were anything that meant to stay, but only as if some white, migratory flock were hurrying past; and so the centennial day had come. A gray, lowery day outside, but merry with crackling fires within; and now there was to be a real Revolutionary little tea in the parlor, before it was time to think of such a thing as evening guests. But the evening dress was to appear in full, and there was to be only "antiquayted speeche,"—Sibyl had decreed that,—and the tiny, three-legged stand, with its carved stem and its top ready to tilt upright whenever it was not in use, stood where the lights and shadows from the old chimney could rollic over it best.

"It pleases good Master Philip to tarry rather late. I wonder if he has right excuse?" said Sibyl, as with her hair drawn back over a cushion of monstrous height, she stood tapping the hearth-rug with one of Grandmother Schuylkill's tiny slippers, that peeped out from under her brocaded petticoat, a perfect fit. "And this is not the first character in which it hath pleased him to defer somewhat overlong!" she added silently, with a little frown of the impatience that had been gathering ever since her discovery on Robinson Crusoe's land. "I know well that Penelope hath placed fresh candles in his room for the one readiness; but for the other, I think he hath surely most strange and total need of light. I am well purposed to set it suddenly before him, as opportunity may first appear; and, indeed, my cousin Penelope's eyes seem set with equal strangeness from perceiving her true estate," and the tiny Schuylkill slipper tapped the rug again spicily with the suddenness of her resolve.

Miss Penelope glanced up at her where she stood, as the fire-light just touched her rose-colored damask gown, with its long bodice, its looped tournure, and its lace-ruffled sleeves that fell back from the elbow with a dainty grace, while more of the same priceless lace turned the corners of its Pompadour front and lay shyly on her breast.

"Truly, sweet cousin, I cannot say," she answered; "but the placing of the bee upon your cheek is altogether well chosen, and adds much to your dignity, as I think."

"More than the star above my eyebrow? It is always a delicate matter to decide; but I am well pleased if you can praise it, though I believe if Master Philip—or Colonel Philip, as I suppose his dignity behooves me to say—would grant us leave, I am quite as much minded to think on a cup of tea."

Miss Penelope wore her patches, too,—a minute carriage and pair resting on her cheek, just where its jetty blackness made the most striking contrast to her faultless skin; while her dark hair, powdered with a sudden snow, had even a statelier building than Sibyl's own, and her cream-colored silk, heavy with bright brocaded flowers and sprigs, fell over its petticoat in noiseless folds. Old lace was as becoming to Miss Penelope as to Sibyl, too, and rose and fell on her breast as it might on a queen's; while the short drapery of her sleeve let a fan of enormous length hang from her elegant arm, and a diamond buckle flashed from her high-heeled satin shoe.

"I suppose an officer of so high a rank must be granted fair excuse, even though there be scant pleading to contrive it from," said Miss Penelope; but at that instant the door opened, and Philip was there to answer for himself—tall, erect, and his dark eyes shining strangely under his heavily powdered hair.

"I hope I have not need to entreat your grace, fair cousins," he said, with a stately bow that scarcely stirred the ribboned cue from the monstrous collar of his gold-laced coat, and stepping across the floor, he raised Miss Penelope's hand to his lips, while his diamond-hilted sword rattled at his side, a medal of colonial stamp shone on his long-lapelled waistcoat of flowered white silk, and jeweled buckles flashed from his knees and shoes.

It was a merry little tea-drinking, spite of its stately grace; and the bumble-bee cream-pitcher was there again, and such tiny cups that Miss Penelope begged Colonel Philip to feel no "prickings or compunctions" if she filled his many times, for had not good Mistress Thrale often poured thirty-seven such for a certain famous guest? And when it was over, Miss Penelope rose and stood at one corner of the fire, Philip leaned against the chimney-piece at the other side, and Penelope swept a glance around the room. The Naples lace, draped on two crossed swords with gleaming hilts, lighted and shaded the deep old window at once, the sliding shelves held the Dutch sugar-bowls crowded with asters still, the bamboo-hung saucers were dripping with scarlet vines, and the cabinet was crowned with a Schuylkill flagon, brilliant with hot-house flowers. Great logs burned on Cadwellington andirons rescued from long neglect, and the wild roses climbed shyly up toward the Arnsden shield, while a peep into the hall showed the wind-mill arms of the old reel holding a pearl-colored satin cloak Penelope had thrown aside, the red-seated chair contrasted with a stately gleam, and through the half-open dining-room door the long, spindle-legged side-board was seen holding the Oldthorpe punch-bowl, heaped up with purple grapes.

"Sweet Cousin Sibyl," said Miss Penelope, unfolding her vast fan with a queenly smile,—only a genuine Cadwellington smile, however, after all,—"how may it seem to your imagining? Does there yet continue any old thing that your fair fingers might, to so great advantage, bestow in a new place? I am minded to think not."

"Yea, truly, Penelope!" answered Sibyl, with a sudden leaping of her eyes quite over to where Miss Penelope stood, "there remains, verily, one more; and yet, so far from being counted the last, it might, indeed, long ago have been first and most honorably placed." And, springing from her chair, she stepped lightly to where Philip stood, took his right hand in hers, and leading him across the room, joined it in Penelope's own.

"Nay, what!" said Miss Penelope, but Sibyl had vanished from the room, and then the two stood speechless with a far deeper thrill than that of the other day, for no torch, flaming in a Robinson Crusoe cave, ever flashed longer darkness into more sudden and bewildering light. But the shock of the first glare abated, and the thrill, deep as it was, began to go strangely deeper still, till it settled into a glow that left the Cadwellington andirons and the fire altogether out of sight.

"Gentle cousin—Penelope," said Philip, stooping his powdered wig for a closer look, "how would your sweet heart answer, if, to my entreating, it might be even so?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Penelope spoke:

"Truly, I should be forced to confess it—Revolutionary, at least!" she said, with a quick smile flashing out of her eyes, and there was no need of anything more. Was there any other word that could mean so much as that?

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

"YO'RE TH' VERY MORAL ON HIM."

CHAPTER XII.

GRANNY DIXON.

THE next time Janey brought her father's dinner to the Yard she sought out Murdoch in a dejected mood. She found him reading over his lunch in the sunshine, and she sat down opposite to him, folding her arms on her lap.

"We're i' trouble again at our house," she said. "We're allus i' trouble. If it is na one thing, it's another."

Murdoch shut his book and leaned back upon his pile of lumber to listen. He always listened.

"What is it this time?" he asked.

"This toime?" querulously. "This is th' worst o' th' lot. Granny Dixon's come back."

"Granny Dixon?"

Janey shook her head.

"Tha knows nowt about her," she said. "I nivver towd thee nowt. She's my feyther's grandmother an' she's ower ninety years owd, an' she's getten money. If it wur na fur that no one ud stand her, but"—with a sigh—"foak conna turn away brass."

Having relieved herself of this sentiment she plunged into the subject with fresh asperity.

"Theer's no knowin' how to tak' her," she said. "Yo' mun shout at th' top o' yore voice to mak' her hear. An' she wunnot let nowt go by. She mun hear aw as is goin'. She's out wi' Mester Hixon at th' chapel because she says she conna hear him an' he does it a-purpose. When she wur out wi' ivverybody else she used to say she wur goin' to leave her brass to him, an' she invited him to tea ivvery neet fur a week, an' had him set by her chair an' talk. It wur summer toime an' I've seed him set an' shout wi' th' sweat a-pourin' down his face an' his neck-tie aw o' one soide, an' at

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th' eend o' a week he had a quinsy, as wur nigh bein' th' eend o' him. An' she nivver forgive him. She said as he wur an impident chap as thowt hissen too good fur his betters."

Murdoch expressed his sympathy promptly.

"I wish tha'd coom up an' talk to her some day thysen," said Janey. "It ud rest us a bit," candidly. "Yo're getten th' kind o' voice to mak' folk hear, though yo' dunnot speak so loud, an' if yo' get close up to her ear an' say things slow, yo'd get used to it i' toime."

"I'll come some day," answered Murdoch, speculating with some doubt as to the possible result of the visit.

Her mind relieved, Janey rose to take her departure. Suddenly, however, a new idea presented itself to her active mind.

"Has tha seen Miss Ffrench yet?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"What does tha think on her?"

He picked up his book and re-opened it.

"I only saw her for an instant," he said. "I hadn't time to think anything."

On his way from his work a few days later, he stopped at the Briarley cottage. It was swept and garnished; there were no traces of the children about. Before he reached the house, there had been borne to him the sound of a voice reading at its highest and shrillest pitch, and he had recognized it as Janey's.

As he entered, that young person rose panting from her seat, in her eagerness almost dropping the graphically illustrated paper she held in her hand.

"Eh!" she exclaimed. "I *am* glad to see thee! I could na ha' stood it mich longer. She would ha' me read the 'To-be-continyerd' one, an' I've bin at it nigh an hour."

Granny Dixon turned on her sharply.

"What art tha stoppin' fur?" she demanded. "What's th' matter wi' thee?"

Murdoch gave a slight start. The sound was so tremendous that it seemed almost impossible that it should proceed from the small and shriveled figure in the arm-chair.

"What art tha stoppin' fur?" she repeated. "Get on wi' thee."

Janey drew near and spoke in her ear.

"It's Mester Murdoch," she proclaimed; "him as I towd yo' on."

The little bent figure turned slowly and Murdoch felt himself transfixed by the gaze of a pair of large keen eyes. They had been handsome eyes half a century before, and the wrinkled and seamed face had had its comeliness too.

"Tha said he wur a workin' mon," she cried, after a pause. "What did tha tell me that theer fur?"

"He *is* a workin' mon," said Janey. "He's getten his work-cloas on now. Does na tha see 'em?"

"Cloas!" announced the Voice again. "Cloas i'deed! A mon is na made out o' cloas. I've seed workin' men afore i' my day, an' I know 'em."

Then she extended her hand, crooking the forefinger like a claw, in a beckoning gesture.

"Coom tha here," she commanded, "an set thysen down to talk to me."

She gave the order in the manner of a female potentate, and Murdoch obeyed her with a sense of overpowering fascination.

"Wheer art tha fro'?" she demanded.

He made his reply, "From America," as distinct as possible, and was relieved to find that it reached her at once.

"'Merica?" she repeated. "I've heerd o' 'Merica often enow. That's wheer th' blacks live, an' th' Indians. I knowed a young chap as went theer, an' th' Indians scalped him. He went theer because I would na ha' him. It wur when I wur a lass."

She paused a moment and then said the last words over again, nodding her head with a touch of grim satisfaction.

"He went theer because I would na ha' him. It wur when I wur a lass."

He was watching her so intently that he was quite startled a second time when she turned her eyes upon him and spoke again, still nodding.

"I wur a han'some lass," she said. "I wur a han'some lass—seventy year' ago."

It was quite plain that she had been. The thing which was least pleasant about her now was a certain dead and withered suggestion of a beauty of a not altogether sinless order.

The recollection of the fact seemed to enliven her so far that she was inspired to conducting the greater part of the conversation herself. Her voice grew louder and louder, a dull red began to show itself on her cheeks and her eyes sparkled. She had been "a han'some lass, seventy year' ago, an' had had her day—as theer wur dead folk could tell."

"She'll go on i' that rood aw neet, if summat dunnot tak' her off it," said Janey. "She loikes to talk about that theer better than owt else."

But something did happen "to tak' her off it."

"Tha'st getten some reason i' thee," she announced. "Tha does na oppen tha mouth as if tha wanted to swally folk when tha says what tha'st getten to say. Theer's no workin' men's ways about thee—cloas or no cloas."

"That's th' way she goes on," said Janey. "She canna bide folk to look soft when they'se shoutin' to her. That was one o' th' things she had agen Mester Hixon. She said he getten so red i' th' face it put her out o' patience."

"I loike a mon as is na a foo'," proclaimed Granny Dixon. But there her voice changed and grew sharp and tremulous. "Wheer's that flower?" she cried. "Who's getten it?"

Janey turned toward the door and uttered a shrill little cry of excitement.

"It's Miss Ffrench," she said. "She's —she's standin' at th' door."

It would have been impossible to judge from her expression how long she had been there. She stood upon the threshold with a faint smile on her lips, and spoke to Janey.

"I want to see your mother," she said.

"I'll—I'll go and tell her," the child faltered. "Will yo' coom in?"

She hesitated a second and then came in. Murdoch had arisen. She did not seem to see him as she passed before him to reach the chair in which she sat down. In fact she expressed scarcely a shadow of recognition of her surroundings. But upon Granny Dixon had fallen a sudden feverish tremor.

"Who did she say yo' wur?" she cried. "I did na hear her."

The visitor turned and confronted her.

"I am Rachel Ffrench," she answered in a clear, high voice.

The dull red deepened upon the old woman's cheeks, and her eyes gained new fire.

"Yo're a good un to mak' a body hear," she said. "An' I know yo'."

Miss Ffrench made no reply. She smiled incredulously at the fire.

The old woman moved restlessly.

"Ay, but I do," she cried. "I know yo'. Yo're Ffrench fro' head to foot. Wheer did yo' get that?"

She was pointing at a flower at Miss Ffrench's throat—a white, strongly fragrant, hot-house flower. Miss Ffrench cast a downward glance at it.

"There are plenty to be had," she said. "I got it from home."

"I've seen 'em before," said Granny Dixon. "*He* used to wear 'em i' his button-hole."

Miss Ffrench made no reply and she went on, her tones increasing in volume with her excitement.

"I'm talkin' o' Will Ffrench," she said. "He wur thy gran'feyther. He wur dead afore yo' wur born."

Miss Ffrench seemed scarcely interested, but Granny Dixon had not finished.

"He wur a bad un!" she cried. "He wur a devil! He wur a devil out an' out. I knowed him an' he knowed me."

Then she bent forward and touched Miss Ffrench's arm.

"Theer wur na a worse un nor a bigger devil nowheer," she said. "An' yo're th' very moral on him."

Miss Ffrench got up and turned toward the door to speak to Mrs. Briarley, who that moment arrived in great haste carrying the baby, out of breath, and stumbling in her tremor at receiving gentlefolk company.

"Your visitor has been talking to me," she remarked, her little smile showing itself again. "She says my grandfather was a devil."

She answered all Mrs. Briarley's terrified apologies with the same little smile. She had been passing by and had remembered that the housekeeper needed assistance in some matter and it had occurred to her to come in. That was all, and having explained herself, she went away as she had come.

"Eh!" fretted Mrs. Briarley, "to think o' that theer owd besom talkin' i' that rood to a lady. That's allus th' way wi' her. She'd mak' trouble anywheer. She made trouble enow when she wur young. She wur na no better than she should be then, an' she's nowt so mich better now."

"What's that tha'rt sayin'?" demanded the Voice. "A noice way that wur fur a lady to go out wi'out so mich as sayin' good-day to a body. She's as loike him as two peas—an' he *wur* a devil. Here," to Murdoch, "pick up that theer flower she's dropped."

Murdoch turned to the place she pointed out. The white flower lay upon the flagged floor. He picked it up and handed it to her with a vague recognition of the powerfulness of its fragrance. She took it and sat mumbling over it.

"It's th' very same," she muttered. "He

used to wear 'em i' his button-hole when he coom. An' she's the very moral on him."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. FFRENCH VISITS THE WORKS.

THERE were few men in Broxton or the country surrounding it who were better known than Gerard Ffrench. In the first place, he belonged, as it were, to Broxton, and his family for several generations back had belonged to it. His great-grandfather had come to the place a rich man and had built a huge house outside the village, and as the village had become a town the Ffrenchs had held their heads high. They had confined themselves to Broxton until Gerard Ffrench took his place. They had spent their lives there and their money. Those who lived to remember the youth and manhood of the present Ffrench's father had, like Granny Dixon, their stories to tell. His son, however, was a man of different mold. There were no evil stories of him. He was a well-bred and agreeable person and lived a refined life. But he was a man with tastes which scarcely belonged to his degree.

"I ought to have been born in the lower classes and have had my way to make," he had been heard to say.

Unfortunately, however, he had been born a gentleman of leisure and educated as one. But this did not prevent him from indulging in his proclivities. He had made more than one wild business venture which had electrified his neighbors. Once he had been on the verge of a great success and again he had overstepped the verge of a great loss. He had lost money, but he had never lost confidence in his business ability.

"I have gained experience," he said. "I shall know better next time."

His wife had died early and his daughter had spent her girlhood with a relative abroad. She had developed into beauty so faultless that it had been said that its order belonged rather to the world of pedestals and catalogues than to ordinary young womanhood.

"IT WAS SCARCELY THE WORK OF A SECOND."

But the truth was that she was not an ordinary young woman at all.

"I suppose," she said at dinner on the evening of her visit to the Briarley cottage,—"I suppose these work-people are very radical in their views."

"Why?" asked her father.

"I went into a cottage this afternoon and

found a young workman there in his working clothes, and instead of leaving the room he remained in it as if that was the most natural thing to do. It struck me that he must belong to the class of people we read of."

"I don't know much of the political state of affairs now," said Mr. Ffrench. "Some of these fellows are always bad enough, and this Haworth rose from the ranks. He was a foundry lad himself."

"I met Mr. Haworth, too," said Miss Ffrench. "He stopped in the street to stand looking after the carriage. He is a very big person."

"He is a very successful fellow," with something like a sigh. "A man who has made of himself what he has through sheer power of will and business capacity is a genius."

"What has he made of himself?" inquired Miss Ffrench.

"Well," replied her father, "the man is actually a millionaire. He is at the head of his branch of the trade; he leads the other manufacturers; he is a kind of king in the place. People may ignore him if they choose. He does not care, and there is no reason why he should."

Mr. Ffrench became rather excited. He flushed and spoke uneasily.

"There are plenty of gentlemen," he said. "We have gentlemen enough and to spare, but we have few men who can make a path through the world for themselves as he has done. For my part, I admire the man. He has the kind of face which moves me to admiration."

"I WONDER THA'RT NA SHAM'T O' THY FACE."

"I dare say," said Miss Ffrench, slowly, "that you would have admired the young workman I saw. It struck me at the time that you would."

"By the bye," her father asked with a new interest, "what kind of a young fellow was he? Perhaps it was the young fellow who is half American and ——"

"He did not look like an Englishman," she interrupted. "He was too dark and tall and unconscious of himself, in spite of his awkwardness. He did not know that he was out of place."

"I have no doubt it was this Murdoch. He is a peculiar fellow, and I am as much interested in him as in Haworth. His father was a Lancashire man,—a half-crazy inventor who died leaving an unfinished model which was to have made his fortune. I have heard a great deal of the son. I wish I had seen him."

Rachel Ffrench made no reply. She had heard this kind of thing before. There had

been a young man from Cumberland who had been on the point of inventing a new propelling power, but had, somehow or other, not done it; there had been a machinist from Manchester who had created an entirely new order of loom—which had not worked; and there had been half a dozen smaller lights whose inventions, though less involved, would still have made fortunes—if they had been quite practical. But Mr. Ffrench had mounted his hobby, which always stood saddled and bridled. He talked of Haworth and Haworth's success, the Works and their machinery. He calculated the expenses and the returns of the business. He even took out his tablets to get at the profits more accurately, and got down the possible cost of various improvements which had suggested themselves.

"He has done so much," he said, "that it would be easy for him to do more. He could accomplish anything if he were a better educated man—or had an educated man as partner. They say," he remarked afterward, "that this Murdoch is not an ignoramus by any means. I hear that he has a positive passion for books and that he has made several quite remarkable improvements and additions to the machinery at the Works. It would be an odd thing," biting the end of his pencil with a thoughtful air, "it would be a *dramatic* sort of thing if he should make a success of the idea the poor fellow, his father, left incomplete."

Indeed Miss Ffrench was quite prepared for his after-statement that he intended to pay a visit to the Works and their owner the next morning, though she could not altogether account for the slight hint of secret embarrassment which she fancied displayed itself when he made the announcement.

"It's true the man is rough and high-handed enough," he said. "He has not been too civil in his behavior to me in times gone by, but I should like to know more of him in spite of it. He is worth cultivating."

He appeared at the Works the following morning, awakening thereby some interest among the shrewder spirits who knew him of old.

"What's he up to now?" they said to each other. "He's getten some crank i' his yed or he would na be here."

Not being at any time specially shrewd in the study of human nature, it must be confessed that Mr. Ffrench was not prepared for the reception he met with in the owner's room. In his previous rare interviews with Jem Haworth he had been accorded but slight respect. His advances had been met in a manner savoring of rough contempt, his ephemeral hobbies disposed of with the amiable candor of the practical and not too polished mind; he knew he had been jeered at openly at times, and now the man who had regarded him lightly and as if he felt that he held the upper hand, received him almost with a confused, self-conscious air. He even flushed when he got up and awkwardly shook hands. "Perhaps," said his visitor to himself, "events have taught him to feel the lack in himself after all."

"I looked forward, before my return, to calling upon you," he said aloud. "And I am glad to have the opportunity at last."

Haworth reseated himself after giving him a chair, and answered with a nod and a somewhat incoherent welcome.

Ffrench settled himself with an agreeable consciousness of being less at a loss before the man than he had ever been in his life.

"What I have seen abroad," he said, "has added to the interest I have always felt in our own manufactures. You know that is a thing I have always cared for most. People have called it my hobby, though I don't think that is quite the right name for it. You have done a great deal since I went away."

"I shall do more yet," said Haworth with effort, "before I've done with the thing."

"You've done a good deal for Broxton. The place has grown wonderfully. Those cottages of yours are good work."

Haworth warmed up. His hand fell upon the table before him heavily.

"It's not Broxton I'm aimin' at," he said. "Broxton's naught to me. I'll have good work or none. It's this place here I'm at work on. I've said I'd set 'Haworth's' above 'em all, and I'll do it."

"You have done it already," answered Ffrench.

"Ay, but I tell you I'll set it higher yet. I've got the money and I've got the will. There's none on 'em can back down Jem Haworth."

"No," said Ffrench, suddenly and unaccountably conscious of a weakness in himself and his position. He did not quite understand the man. His heat was a little confusing.

"This," he decided mentally, "is *his* hobby."

He sat and listened with real excitement

as Haworth launched out more freely and with a stronger touch of braggadocio.

He had set out in his own line and he meant to follow it in spite of all the gentlemen manufacturers in England. He had asked help from none of them, and they had given him none. He'd brought up the trade and he'd made money. There wasn't a bigger place in the country than "Haworth's," nor a place that did the work it did. He'd have naught cheap and he'd have no fancy prices. The chaps that worked for him knew their business and knew they'd lose naught by sticking to it. They knew, too, they'd got a master who looked sharp after 'em and stood no cheek nor no slack dodges.

"I've got the best lot in the trade under me," he said. "I've got a young chap in the engine-room as knows more about machinery than half the top-sawyers in England. By George! I wish I knew as much. He's a quiet chap and he's young; but if he knew how to look a bit sharper after himself, he'd make his fortune. The trouble is he's too quiet and a bit too much of a gentleman without knowing it. By George! he *is* a gentleman, if he is naught but Jem Haworth's engineer."

"He is proud of the fellow," thought Ffrench. "*Proud* of him, because he *is* a gentleman."

"He knows what's worth knowing," Haworth went on. "And he keeps it to himself till the time comes to use it. He's a chap that keeps his mouth shut. He comes up to my house and reads my books. I've not been brought up to books myself, but there's none of 'em *he* can't tackle. He's welcome to use aught I've got. I'm not such a fool as to grudge him what all my brass wont buy me."

"I think I've heard of him," said Ffrench. "You mean Murdoch."

"Ay," Haworth answered, "I mean Murdoch; and there's not many chaps like him. He's the only one of the sort I ever run up against."

"I should like to see him," said Ffrench. "My daughter saw him yesterday in one of the workmen's cottages and," with a faint smile, "he struck her as having rather the air of a radical. It was one of her feminine fancies."

There was a moment's halt and then Haworth made his reply as forcibly as ever.

"Radical be hanged," he said. "He's got work o' his own to attend to. He's one of the kind as leaves th' radicals alone. He's a straightforward chap that cares more for his books than aught else. I wont say," a trifle grudgingly, "that he's not a bit too straight in some things."

There was a halt again here which Ffrench rather wondered at; then Haworth spoke again, bluntly and yet lagging a little.

"I—I saw her, Miss Ffrench, myself yesterday. I was walking down the street when her carriage passed."

Ffrench looked at him with an inward start. It was his turn to flush now.

"I think," he said, "that she mentioned it to me."

He even appeared a trifle pre-occupied for some minutes afterward and when he roused himself laughed and spoke nervously. The color did not die out of his face during the remainder of his visit; even after he had made the tour of the Works and looked at the machinery and given a good deal of information concerning the manner in which they were done on the Continent, it was still there and perhaps it deepened slightly as he spoke his parting words.

"Then," he said, "I—we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner to-morrow evening?"

"Yes," Haworth answered, "I'll be there."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT.

It was Rachel Ffrench who received her father's guest the following evening. Mr. Ffrench had been delayed in his return from town and was still in his dressing-room, and accordingly when Haworth was announced, the doors of the drawing-room being flung open revealed to him only the figure of his host's daughter.

The room was long and stately, and after she had risen from her seat it took Miss Ffrench some little time to make her way from one end to the other. Haworth had unconsciously halted after crossing the threshold, and it was not until she was half-way down the room that he bestirred himself to advance to meet her. He did not know why he had paused at first, and his sudden knowledge that he had done so roused him to a momentary savage anger.

"Dang it!" he said to himself, "Why did I stand there like a fool?"

The reason could not be explained briefly. His own house was a far more splendid affair than Ffrench's, and among his visitors from London and Manchester there were

costumes far more gorgeous than that of Miss Ffrench. He was used to the flash of jewels and the gloss of brilliant colors. Miss Ffrench wore no ornaments at all, and her dark purple dress was simple and close-clinging.

A couple of paces from him she stopped and held out her hand.

"My father will be glad to see you," she said. "He was, unfortunately, detained this evening by business. He will be down stairs in a few moments."

His sense of being at a disadvantage when, after she had led him back to the fire, they were seated, was overwhelming. A great heat rushed over him; the hush of the room, broken only by the light ticking of the clock, was misery. His eye traveled stealthily from the hem of her dark purple gown to the crowning waves of her fair hair, but he had not a word to utter. It made him feel almost brutal.

"But the day'll come *yet*," he protested inwardly, and feeling his weakness as he thought it, "when I'll hold my own. I've done it before, and I'll do it again."

Miss Ffrench regarded him with a clear, and direct gaze. She did not look away from him at all; she was not at all embarrassed, and though she did not smile, the calmness of her face was quite as perfect in expression.

"My father told me of his visit to your place," she said. "He interested me very much. I should like to see the Works, if you admit visitors. I know nothing of such things."

"Any time you choose to come," he answered, "I'll show you round—and be glad to do it. It's a pretty big place of the kind."

He was glad she had chosen this subject. If she would only go on, it would not be so bad. He would be in his own groove. And she did go on.

"I've seen very little of Broxton," she proceeded. "I spent a few weeks here before going abroad again with my father, and I cannot say I have been very fond of it. I do not like England, and on the Continent one hears unpleasant things of English manufacturing towns. I think,"

"SHE PICKED IT UP BUT, INSTEAD OF REPLACING IT, LAID IT CARELESSLY UPON THE TABLE AT MURDOCH'S SIDE."

smiling a little for the first time, "that one always associates them with 'strikes' and squalid people."

"There is not much danger of strikes here," he replied. "I give my chaps fair play and let 'em know who's master."

"But they have radical clubs," she said, "and talk politics and get angry when they are not sober. I've heard that much already."

"They don't talk 'em in *my* place," he answered, dogmatically.

He was not quite sure whether it relieved him or not when Ffrench entered at this moment and interrupted them. He was more at his ease with Ffrench, and yet he felt himself at a disadvantage still. He scarcely knew how the night passed. A feverish unrest was upon him. Sometimes he hardly heard what his entertainer said, and Mr. Ffrench was in one of his most voluble and diffuse moods. He displayed his knowledge of trade and mechanics with gentlemanly ostentation; he talked of "Trades' Unions" and the master's difficulties; he introduced manufacturers' politics and expatiated on Continental weakness. He weighed the question of demand and supply and touched on "protective tariff."

"Blast him," said Haworth, growing bitter mentally, "he thinks I'm up to naught else, and he's right."

As her father talked Miss Ffrench joined in but seldom. She listened and looked on in a manner of which Haworth was conscious from first to last. The thought made its way into his mind, finally, that she looked on as if these matters did not touch her at all and she was only faintly curious about them. Her eyes rested on himself with a secret air of watchful interest; he met them more than once as he looked up and she did not turn them away. He sat through it all, full of vengeful resentment, and was at once wretched and happy, in spite of it and himself.

When, at her father's request, she played and sang, he sat apart moody and yet full of clumsy rapture. He knew nothing of the music, but his passion found a tongue in it, nevertheless. If she had played badly he would have taken the lack of harmony for granted, but as she played well he experienced a pleasure, while he did not comprehend.

When it was all over and he found himself out alone in the road in the dark, he was feverish still and his throat was dry.

"I don't seem to have made naught," he said, "at th' first sight." Then he added with dogged exultation, "But I don't look for smooth sailing. I know enough for that. I've seen her and been nigh her, and that's worth setting down—with a chap like me."

At the end of the week a carriage drove up to the gate-way of the Works, and Mr. Ffrench and his daughter descended from it. Mr. Ffrench was in the best of humors; he was in his element as he expatiated upon the size and appointments of the place. He had been expatiating upon them during the whole of the drive.

On their being joined by Haworth himself, Miss Ffrench decided inwardly that here upon his own domain he was not so wholly objectionable as she had fancied at first—even that he was deserving of a certain degree of approval. Despite the signs of elated excitement, her quick eye detected at once that he was more at his ease. His big frame did not look out of place; he moved as if he was at home, and upon the whole his rough air of authority and the promptness with which his commands were obeyed did not displease her.

"He is master," she said to herself.

She was fond of power and liked the evidence of it in others. She did not object to the looks the men, who were at work, cast upon her as she went from one department to another. Her beauty had never yet failed to command masculine homage from all ranks. The great black fellows at the furnaces exchanged comments as she passed. They would have paused in their work to look at her if they had dared, but they did not dare. The object of their admiration bore it calmly; it neither confounded nor touched her; it did not move her at all.

Mr. Ffrench commented, examined and explained with delightful eloquence.

"We are fortunate in timing our visit so well," he said to his daughter. "They are filling an immense order for the most important railroad in the country. On my honor, I would rather be at the head of such a gigantic establishment than sit on the throne of England! But where is this *protégé* of yours?" he said to Haworth at last. "I should like above all things to see him."

"Murdoch?" answered Haworth. "Oh, we're coming to *him* after a bit. He's in among the engines."

When they reached the engine-rooms Haworth presented him with little ceremony,

and explained the purpose of their visit. They wanted to see the engines and he was the man to make the most of them.

Mr. Ffrench's interest was awakened readily. The mechanic from Cumberland had been a pretentious ignoramus; the young man from Manchester had dropped his aspirates and worn loud plaids and flaming neck-ties, but this was a less objectionable form of genius.

Mr. Ffrench began to ask questions and make himself agreeable, and in a short time was very well entertained indeed.

Miss Ffrench listened with but slight demonstrations of interest. She did not understand the conversation which was being carried on between her father and Murdoch, and she made no pretense of doing so.

"It is all very clear to *them*," she said to Haworth as they stood near each other.

"It's all clear enough to him," said Haworth, signifying Murdoch with a gesture.

Upon which Miss Ffrench smiled a little. She was not sensitive upon the subject of her father's hobbies, and the coarse frankness of the remark amused her.

But notwithstanding her lack of interest she drew nearer to the engine finally and stood looking at it, feeling at once fascinated and unpleasantly over-powered by its heavy, invariable motion.

It was as she stood in this way a little later that Murdoch's glance fell upon her. The next instant, with the simultaneous cry of terror which broke from the others, he had thrown himself forward and dragged her back by main force, and among the thunderous wheels and rods and shafts there was slowly twisted and torn and ground into shreds a fragment of the delicate fabric of her dress. It was scarcely the work of a second. Her father staggered toward them white and trembling.

"Good God!" he cried. "Good God! What——" the words died upon his bloodless lips.

She freed herself from Murdoch's grasp and stood upright. She did not look at him at all, she looked at her father and lightly brushed with her hand her sleeve at the wrist. Despite her pallor it was difficult to realize that she only held herself erect by a terrible effort of self-control.

"Why"—she said—"why did he touch me—in that manner?"

Haworth uttered a smothered oath; Murdoch turned about and strode out of the room. He did not care to remain to hear the explanation.

As he went out into the open air a fellow-workman, passing by, stopped to stare at him.

"What's up wi' thee?" he asked. "Has tha been punsin Haworth o'er again?" The incident referred to being always remembered as a savory and delectable piece of humor.

Murdoch turned to him with a dazed look.

"I—" he stammered. "We—have very nearly had an accident." And went on his way without further explanation.

CHAPTER XV.

"IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING."

EXCITING events were not so common in Broxton and its vicinity that this one could remain in the background. It furnished a topic of conversation for the dinner and tea-tables of every family within ten miles of the place. On Murdoch's next visit to the Briarleys', Granny Dixon insisted on having the matter explained for the fortieth time and was manifestly disgusted by the lack of dramatic incident connected with it.

"Tha seed her dress catch i' th' wheel an' dragged her back," she shouted. "Was na theer nowt else? Did na she swound away, nor nothin'?"

"No," he answered. "She did not know what had happened at first."

Granny Dixon gave him a shrewd glance of examination and then favored him with a confidential remark, presented at the top of her voice.

"I conna bide her," she said.

"What did Mr. Ffrench say to thee?" asked Janey. "Does tha think he'll gie thee owt fur it?"

"No," answered Murdoch. "He wont do that."

"He owt to," said Janey fretfully. "An' tha owt to tak' it, if he does. Tha does na think enow o' money an' th' loike. Yo'll nivver get on i' th' world if yo' mak' light o' money an' let it slip by yo'."

Floxham had told the story somewhat surlily to his friends, and his friends had retailed it over their beer, and the particulars had thus become common property.

"What did she say?" Floxham had remarked at the first relation. "She said nowt, that's what she said. She did na quoite mak' th' thing out at first, an' she stood theer brushin' th' black off her sleeve. Happen," sardonically, "she did na loike

th' notion o' a working chap catchin' howd on her wi'out apologizin'."

Haworth asked Murdoch to spend an evening with him, and sat moody and silent through the greater part of it. At last he said:

"You think you've been devilish badly treated," he said. "But, by the Lord! I wish I was in your place."

"You wish," repeated Murdoch, "that you were in my place? I don't know that it's a particularly pleasant place to be in."

Haworth leaned forward upon the table and stared across at him gloomily.

"Look here," he said. "You know naught about her. She's hard to get at; but she'll remember what's happened; cool as she took it, she'll remember it."

"I don't want her to remember it," returned Murdoch. "Why should it matter? It's a thing of yesterday. It was nothing but chance. Let it go."

"Confound it!" said Haworth, with a restive moroseness. "I tell you I wish I'd been in your place—at twice the risk."

The same day Mr. Ffrench had made a pilgrimage to the Works for the purpose of setting his mind at rest and expressing his gratitude in a graceful manner. In fact he was rather glad of the opportunity to present himself upon the ground so soon again. But on confronting the hero of the hour, he found that somehow the affair dwindled and assumed an altogether incidental and unheroic aspect. His rather high-flown phrases modified themselves and took a different tone.

"He is either very reserved or very shy," he said afterward to his daughter. "It is not easy to reach him at the outset. There seems a lack of enthusiasm about him, so to speak."

"Will he come to the house?" asked Miss Ffrench.

"Oh yes. I suppose he will come, but it was very plain that he would rather have stayed away. He had too much good taste to refuse point-blank to let you speak to him."

"Good taste!" repeated Miss Ffrench.

Her father turned upon her with manifest irritation.

"Good taste!" he repeated petulantly. "Cannot you see that the poor fellow is a gentleman? I wish you would show less of this nonsensical caste prejudice, Rachel."

"I suppose one necessarily dispenses with a good deal of it in a place like this," she answered. "In making friends with Mr. Haworth, for instance——"

Mr. Ffrench drew nearer to her and rested his elbow upon the mantel with rather an embarrassed expression.

"I wish you to—to behave well to Haworth," he said faltering. "I—a great deal may—may depend upon it."

She looked up at him at once, lifting her eyes in a serene glance.

"Do you want to go in the iron trade?" she asked relentlessly.

He blushed scarlet, but she did not move her eyes from his face on that account.

"What—what Haworth needs," he stammered, "is a—a man of education to—to assist him. A man who had studied the scientific features of—of things, might suggest valuable ideas to him. There is an—an immense field open to a rich, enterprising fellow such as he is—a man who is fearless and—and who has the means to carry out his ventures."

"You mean a man who will try to do new things," she remarked. "Do you think he would?"

"The trouble has been," floundering more hopelessly than ever, "that his lack of cultivation has—well, has forced him to act in a single groove. If—if he had a—a partner who—knew the ropes, so to speak—his business would be doubled—trebled."

She repeated aloud one of his words.

"A partner," she said.

He ran his hand through his hair and stared at her, wishing that he could think of something decided to say.

"Does he know you would like to be his partner?" she asked next.

"N—no," he faltered, "not exactly."

She sat a moment looking at the fire.

"I do not believe he would do it," she said at last. "He is too proud of having done everything single-handed."

Then she looked at her father again.

"If he would," she said, "and there were no rash ventures made, it would be a good thing."

CHAPTER XVI.

"A POOR CHAP AS IS ALLUS I' TROUBLE."

"It was nothing but a chance, after all," Murdoch said to Miss Ffrench, just as he had said to Haworth. "It happened that I was the first to see the danger."

She stood opposite to him upon the hearth in her father's house. Neither of them had sat down. She rested her arm

upon the low mantel and played with a flower she held in her hand. She looked at the flower as she made her reply.

"You think of it very lightly," she said with rather cold deliberateness. He did not regard her furtively as Haworth had done. Raising her eyes suddenly, after she had said this, she met his, which were fixed upon her.

"No," he answered. "Not lightly at all. It was a horrible thing. I shall never forget it."

She shuddered.

"Nor I," she said.

Then she added, rather in the tone of one reluctantly making a confession:

"I have not slept easily through one night since."

"That is very natural," he returned; "but the feeling will wear away."

He would have left her then, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait a moment," she said. "There is something else."

He paused as she bade him. A slight color rose to her cheek.

"When I spoke," she said, "I did not understand at all what had happened—not at all. I was stunned and angry. I thought that if I was too near you, you might have spoken instead of doing as you did." Then with studied coldness and meeting his gaze fully, "It would have been a vile thing to have said—if I had understood."

"Yes," he answered. "It would have been a vile thing, if you had understood; but you did not, and I realized that when I had time to think over it coolly."

"Then at first," she put it to him, "it made you angry?"

"Yes. I had run some risk, you know, and had had the luck to save your life."

The interview ended here, and it was some time before they met again.

But Murdoch heard of her often; so often indeed that she was kept pretty constantly before him. He heard of her from Haworth, from the Briarleys, from numberless sources indeed.

It became her caprice to make a kind of study of the people around her and to find entertainment in it. When she drove through the streets of the little town, past the workmen's cottages, and the Works themselves, she was stared at and commented upon. Her beauty, her dress, her manners roused the beholders either to lavish or grudging acknowledgment. Dirty children sometimes followed her carriage, and on its stopping at any point a small crowd gathered about it.

"She's been here again," shouted Granny Dixon one evening as Murdoch took a seat near her chair.

"Who?" he asked.

"Her. That lass o' Ffrench's—th' one I conna bide. She mak's out she's ta'en a fancy to our Janey. I dunnot believe her," at a louder pitch and with vigorous nods.

"Tha nasty tempert owd body!" cried Mrs. Briarley *sotto voce*. "Get out wi' thee!"

"What art tha sayin'?" demanded her guest. "Dunnot tell me tha wur sayin' nowt. I saw thee."

"I—I wur sayin' it wur a bad day fur th' wash," faltered the criminal, "an' fur them as had rheumatiz. How's—how's thine, Misses?"

"Tha'rt tellin' a lee," was the rejoinder. "Tha wert sayin' summat ill o' me. I caught thee at it."

Then going back to the subject and turning to Murdoch:

"I dunnot believe her! She cares nowt fur nowt at th' top o' th' earth but hersen. She set here to-day gettin' 'em to mak' foo's o' theersens because it happen't to suit her. She's getten nowt better to do an' she wants to pass th' toime—if theer's nowt else at th' back on it. She's Will Ffrench ower again. She conna mak' a foo' o' me."

"He made foo' enow o' thee i' his day," commented Mrs. Briarley, cautiously.

Granny Dixon favored her with a sharper glance than before.

"Tha'rt sayin' summat ill again," she cried. "Howd thy tongue!"

"Eh!" whimpered the poor woman. "A body dare na say theer soul's theer own when hoo's about—hoo's that sharp an' ill-farrant."

A few minutes after, Briarley came in. Janey piloted him and he entered with a smile at once apologetic and encouraging.

"He wur theer," said Janey. "But he had na had nowt."

Briarley sidled forward and seated himself upon the edge of a chair; his smile broadened steadily, but he was in a tremendous minority. Granny Dixon transfixed him with her baleful eye, and under its influence the smile was graduated from exhilarated friendliness to gravity, from gravity to gentle melancholy, from melancholy to deepest gloom. But at this stage a happy thought struck him and he beamed again.

"How—how art tha doin', Misses?" he quavered. "I hope tha'rt makin' thysen comfortable."

The reception this polite anxiety met with was not encouraging. Granny Dixon's eye assumed an expression still more baleful.

"Tha'st been at it again," she shouted. "Tha'st been at it again. Tha'll neer git none o' my brass to spend at th' ale-house. Mak' sure o' that."

Mr. Briarley turned his attention to the fire again. Melancholy was upon the point of marking him for her own, when the most delicate of tact came to his rescue.

"It is na thy brass we want, Misses," he proclaimed. "It's—it's thy comp'ny." And then clenched the matter by adding still more feebly, "Ay, to be sure it's thy comp'ny, is na it, Sararann?"

"Ay," faltered Mrs. Briarley, "*to* be sure."

"It's nowt o' th' soart," answered Granny Dixon, in the tone of the last trump. "An' dunnot yo' threep me down as it is."

Mr. Briarley's countenance fell. Mrs. Briarley shed a few natural tears under cover of the baby; discretion and delicacy forbade either to retort. Their venerable guest having badgered them into submission glared at the fire with the air of one who detected its feeble cunning and defied it.

It was Mr. Briarley who first attempted to recover cheerfulness.

"Tha'st had quality to see thee, Sararann," he ventured. "Our Jane towd me."

"Ay," answered Mrs. Briarley, tearfully.

Mr. Briarley fell into indiscreet reverie.

"The chap as gets her," he said, "'ll get a han'some lass. I would na moind," modestly, "I would na moind bein' i' his shoes mysen."

Mrs. Briarley's smothered wrongs broke forth.

"Thee!" she cried out. "Tha brazant nowt! I wonder tha'rt na sham't o' thy face—talkin' i' that rood about a lady, an' afore thy own wife! I wonder tha art na sham't."

Mr. Briarley's courage forsook him. He sought refuge in submissive penitence almost lachrymose.

"I did na mean nowt, Sararann," he protested meekly. "It wur a slip o' th' tongue, lass. I'm—I'm not th' build as a young woman o' that soart ud be loike to tak' up wi."

"Yo' wur good enow fur me onct," replied Mrs. Briarley, sharply. "A noice un yo' are settin' yore wedded wife below other people—as if she wur dirt."

"Ay, Sararann," the criminal faltered, "I wur good enow fur yo' but—but—yo——"

But at this point he dropped his head upon his hand, shaking it in mournful contrition.

"I'm a poor chap," he said. "I'm nowt but a poor chap as is allus i' trouble. I'm not th' man yo' ought to ha' had, Sararann."

"Nay," retorted Mrs. Briarley, "That tha'rt not, an' it's a pity tha did na foind that theer out twelve year ago."

Mr. Briarley shook his head with a still deeper depression.

"Ay, Sararann," he answered, "seems loike it is."

He did not recover himself until Murdoch took his departure, and then he followed him deprecatingly to the door.

"Does tha think," he asked, "as that theer's true?"

"That what is true?"

"That theer th' chaps has been talkin' ower."

"I don't know," answered Murdoch, "what they have been talking over."

"They're gettin' it goin' among 'em as Haworth's goin' to tak' Ffrench in partner."

Murdoch looked up the road for a few seconds before he replied. He was thinking over the events of the past week.

"I do not think it is true," he said, after this pause. "I don't think it can be. Haworth is not the man to do it."

But the idea was such a startling one, presented in this form, that it gave him a kind of shock; and as he went on his way naturally thinking over the matter, he derived some consolation from repeating aloud his last words:

"No, it is not likely. Haworth is not the man to do it."

CHAPTER XVII.

A FLOWER.

BUT at last it was evident that the acquaintance between Haworth and Ffrench had advanced with great rapidity. Ffrench appeared at the Works, on an average, three or four times a week, and it had become a common affair for Haworth to spend an evening with him and his daughter. He was more comfortable in his position of guest in these days. Custom had given him greater ease and self-possession. After two visits he had begun to give himself up to feverish enjoyment of the hour. His glances

were no longer furtive and embarrassed. At times he reached a desperate boldness.

"There's something about her," he said to Murdoch, "that draws a fellow on and holds him off both at the same time. Sometimes I nigh lose my head when I'm with her."

He was moody and resentful at times, but he went again and again, and held his own after a manner. On the occasion of the first dinner Mr. Ffrench gave to his old friends, no small excitement was created by Haworth's presence among the guests. The first man who, entering the room with his wife and daughters, caught sight of his brawny frame and rather dogged face, faltered and grew nervous, and would have turned back if he had possessed the courage to be the first to protest. Everybody else lacked the same courage, it appeared, for nobody did protest openly, though there were comments enough made in private, and as much coldness of manner as good breeding would allow.

Miss Ffrench herself was neither depressed nor ill at ease. It was reluctantly admitted that she had never appeared to a greater advantage nor in better spirits.

Before the evening was half over it was evident to all that she was not resenting the presence of her father's new found friend. She listened to his attempts at conversation with an attentive and suave little smile. If she was amusing herself at his expense, she was at the same time amusing herself at the expense of those who looked on, and was delicately defying their opinion.

Jem Haworth went home that night excited and exultant. He lay awake through the night, and went down to the Works early.

"I didn't get the worst of it, after all," he said to Murdoch. "Let 'em grin and sert if they will—'them laughs that wins.' She—she never was as handsome in her life as she was last night, and she never treated me as well. She never says much. She only *lets* a fellow come nigh and talk; but she treated me well—in her way."

"I'm going to send for my mother," he said afterward, somewhat shamefacedly. "I'm goin' to begin a straight life; I want naught to stand agin me. And if she's here they'll come to see her. I want all the chances I can get."

He wrote the letter to his mother the same day.

"The old lady will be glad enough to come," he said, when he had finished it. "The finery about her will trouble her a bit at first, but she'll get over it."

His day's work over, Murdoch did not return home at once. His restless habit of taking long rambles across the country had asserted itself with unusual strength, of late. He spent little time in the house. To-night he was later than usual. He came in fagged and mud-splashed. Christian was leaving the room as he entered it, but she stopped with her hand upon the door.

"We have had visitors," she said.

"Who?" he asked.

"Mr. Ffrench and his daughter. Mr. Ffrench wanted to see you. *She* did not come in, but sat in the carriage outside."

She shut the door and came back to the hearth.

"She despises us all!" she said. "She despises us all!"

He had flung himself into a chair and lay back, clasping his hands behind his head and looking gloomily before him.

"Sometimes I think she does," he said. "But what of that?"

She answered without looking at him.

"To be sure," she said. "What of that?"

After a little she spoke again.

"There is something I have thought of saying to you," she said. "This is it. I am happier here than I ever was before."

"I am very glad," he answered.

"I never thought of being happy," she went on, "or like other women in anything. I—I was different."

She said the words with perfect coldness.

"I was different."

"Different!" he echoed absently, and then checked himself. "Don't say that," he said. "Don't think it. It wont do. Why shouldn't you be as good and happy a woman as any who ever lived?"

She remained silent. But her silence only stirred him afresh.

"It is a bad beginning," he said. "I know it is because I have tried it. I have said to myself that I was different from other men, too."

He ended with an impatient movement and a sound half like a groan.

"Here I am," he cried, "telling myself it is better to battle against the strongest feeling of my life because I am 'different'—because there is a kind of taint in my blood. I don't begin as other men do by hoping. I begin by despairing, and yet I can't give up. How it will end, God knows!"

"I understand you better than you think," she said.

Something in her voice startled him.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Has my mother——"

He stopped and gazed at her, wondering. Some powerful emotion he could not comprehend expressed itself in her face.

"She does not speak of it often," she said. "She thinks of it always."

"Yes," he answered. "I know that. She is afraid. She is haunted by her dread of it—and," his voice dropping, "so am I."

He felt it almost an unnatural thing that he should speak so freely. He had found it rather a difficult thing to accustom himself to her presence in the house, sometimes he had even been repelled by it, and yet, just at this moment, he felt somehow as if they stood upon the same platform and were near each other.

"It will break loose some day," he cried. "And the day is not far off. I shall run the risk and either win or lose. I fight hard for every day of dull quiet I gain. When I look back over the past I feel that perhaps I am holding a chained devil; but when I look forward I forget, and doubt seems folly."

"In your place," she said, "I would risk my *life* upon it!"

The passion in her voice amazed him. He comprehended even less clearly than before.

"*I* know what it has cost," she said. "No one better. I am afraid to pass the door of the room where it lies, in the dark. It is like a dead thing, always there. Sometimes I fancy it is not alone and that the door might open and show me some one with it."

"What do you mean?" he said. "You speak as if——"

"You would not understand if I should tell you," she answered a little bitterly. "We are not very good friends—perhaps we never shall be—but I will tell you this again, that in your place I would never give it up—never! I would be true to *him*, if all the world were against me!"

She went away and shortly afterward he left the room himself, intending to go upstairs.

As he reached the bottom of the staircase, a light from above fell upon his face and caused him to raise it. The narrow passage itself was dark, but on the topmost stair his mother stood holding a lamp whose light struck upon him. She did not advance, but waited as he came upward, looking down at him, not speaking. Then they passed each other, going their separate ways.

The next day Ffrench appeared in the engine-room itself. He had come to see Murdoch, and having seen him he went away in most excellent humor.

"What's he after?" inquired Floxham, when he was gone.

"He wants me at his house," said Murdoch. "He says he needs my opinion in some matter."

He went to the house the same evening, and gave his opinion upon the matter in question, and upon several others also. In fact, Mr. Ffrench took possession of him as he had taken possession of the young man from Manchester, and the Cumberland mechanic, though in this case he had different metal to work upon. He was amiable, generous and talkative. He exhibited his minerals, his plans for improved factories and workmen's dwelling-houses, his little collection of models which had proved impracticable, and his books on mechanics and manufactures. He was as generous as Haworth himself in the matter of his library; it was at his visitor's service whenever he chose.

As they talked Rachel Ffrench remained in the room. During the evening she went to the piano and sitting down played and sung softly as if for no other ears than her own. Once, on her father's leaving the room, she turned and spoke to Murdoch.

"You were right in saying I should outlive my terror of what happened to me," she said. "It has almost entirely worn away."

"I am glad," he answered.

She held in her belt a flower like the one which had attracted Granny Dixon's attention. As she crossed the room shortly afterward it fell upon the floor. She picked it up but, instead of replacing it, laid it carelessly upon the table at Murdoch's side.

After he had risen from his chair, when on the point of leaving, he stood near this table and almost unconsciously took the flower up, and when he went out of the house he held it in his fingers.

The night was dark and his mood was pre-occupied. He scarcely thought of the path before him at all, and on passing through the gate he came without any warning upon a figure standing before it. He drew back and would have spoken had he been given the time.

"Hush," said Haworth's voice. "It's me, lad."

"What are you doing here?" asked Murdoch. "Are you going in?"

"No," surlily, "I'm not."

Murdock said no more. Haworth turned with him and strode along by his side. But he got over his ill-temper sufficiently to speak after a few minutes.

"It's the old tale," he said. "I'm making a fool of myself. I can't keep away. I was there last night, and to-night the fit came upon me so strong that I was bound to go. But when I got there I'd had time to think it over and I couldn't make up my mind to go in. I knew I'd better give her a rest. What did Ffrench want of you?"

Murdoch explained.

"Did you see—her?"

"Yes."

"Well," restlessly, "have you naught to say about her?"

"No," coldly. "What should I have to say of her? It is no business of mine to talk her over."

"You'd talk her over if you were in my place," said Haworth. "You'd be glad enow to do it. You'd think of her night and day, and grow hot and cold at the thought of her. You—you don't know her as I do—if you did——"

They had reached the turn of the lane, and the light of the lamp which stood there fell upon them. Haworth broke off his words and stopped under the blaze. Murdoch saw his face darken with bitter passion.

"Curse you!" he said. "Where did you get it?"

Without comprehending him Murdoch looked down at his own hand at which the man was pointing, and saw in it the flower he had forgotten he held.

"This?" he said, and though he did not know why, the blood leaped to his face.

"Ay," said Haworth. "You know well enow what I mean. Where did you get it? Do think I don't know the look on it?"

"You may, or you may not," answered Murdoch. "That is nothing to me. I took it up without thinking of it. If I had thought of it I should have left it where it was. I have no right to it—nor you either."

Haworth drew near to him.

"Give it here!" he demanded, hoarsely.

They stood and looked each other in the eye. Externally Murdoch was the calmer of the two, but he held in check a fiercer heat than he had felt for many a day.

"No," he answered. "Not I. Think over what you are doing. You will not like to remember it to-morrow. It is not mine to give nor yours to take. I have done with my share of it—there it is." And he crushed it in his hand, and flinging it, exhaling its fragrance, upon the ground, turned and went his way. He had not intended to glance backward, but he was not as strong as he thought. He did look backward before he had gone ten yards, and doing so saw Haworth bending down and gathering the bruised petals from the earth.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS Á KEMPIS: DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI.

TURN with me from the city's clamorous street,
Where throng and push passions and lusts and hate,
And enter, through this age-browned, ivied gate,
For many summers' birds a sure retreat,
The place of perfect peace. And here, most meet
For meditation, where no idle prate
Of the world's ways may come, rest thee and wait.
'Tis very quiet. Thus doth still Heaven entreat.

With rev'rent feet, his face so worn, so fair,
Walks one who bears the cross, who waits the crown.
Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see
The image of the Master, Christ, alone.
And from those patient lips I hear one prayer:
"Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like Thee!"

THE TILE CLUB AT WORK.

TILES FOR A MANTELPIECE.

"THIS is a decorative age," said an artist. "We should do something decorative, if we would not be behind the times."

"Stuff!" said another. "It will all be over soon. It is only a temporary craze, a phase of popular insanity that will wear itself out as soon as a new hobby is presented to take its place. Of course it has interfered with the sale of our pictures. I don't dispute that; but would you have us make old brass fenders and andirons, or paste paper jimcracks on old ginger-jars?"

"Or turn carpenter," added a third, "and make Eastlakey things?"

"Your allusions to brass," said the first speaker, gravely, "are irrelevant, and that remark about ginger-jars is an uncalled-for aspersion upon the crude, incipient struggles of the female of our species to be decorative. The popular interest in all matters that pertain to decoration, domestic and otherwise, is a healthy outgrowth of the artistic tendency of our time, and an encouraging evidence of the growing influence of our methods of art education and of the public disposition to take an active, practical interest in things that are more or less nearly allied to art itself."

"Admirable!" said a person of an ironical turn. "Spoken like a furniture man, keenly alive to a sense of the beautiful in his 'umble profession, but 'opeful of its future helevation to a 'igher plane ——"

"Silence!" said the advocate of modern principles, with a becoming glance of reproof. "It is just this disposition to shallow, ignorant, and captious criticism among persons who call themselves artists that misleads people of ordinarily wholesome tendencies. If those who in the nature of things, should be artists by instinct and edu-

cation, withhold their example and advice, it is not to be wondered at that the uncultivated should proceed blindly to ridiculous extremes."

This proposition was susceptible to a variety of argument, apart from any consideration of how much of a logical deduction it contained, but it fell upon those to whom it was addressed like a withering reproach. Silence ensued for a moment or two, and was broken by an apologetic suggestion from a small artist.

"Let us be decorative!" he said, and as if conscious of his own sincerity, he removed his legs from the table and deposited his feet upon the floor.

"But how?" asked one that was disputatious.

"Fresco?" said one, timidly.

"Designs for textile fabrics?" queried a third.

"Wall-paper!" said a disciple of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Alma Tadema, with great emphasis. "Wall-paper! That's where the whole country is astray to-day. I tell you that in that branch of mural decoration there is more that is vitiating, more that is perverse in its ——"

"Pshaw!" broke in a large artist of architectural proclivities. "Who cares about wall-paper? Tiles are what we need. The element of color and variety is lost in the decorative details of our structures. There is no object that so readily supplies this deficiency, or that tells so on all its surroundings as the tile. Let us do tiles!"

"A good idea!" said the first speaker. "Let us all do tiles!"

"Yes," said the ironical person, "and when you've done them, what'll you do with them?"

"Why, just what you do with the pictures you paint."

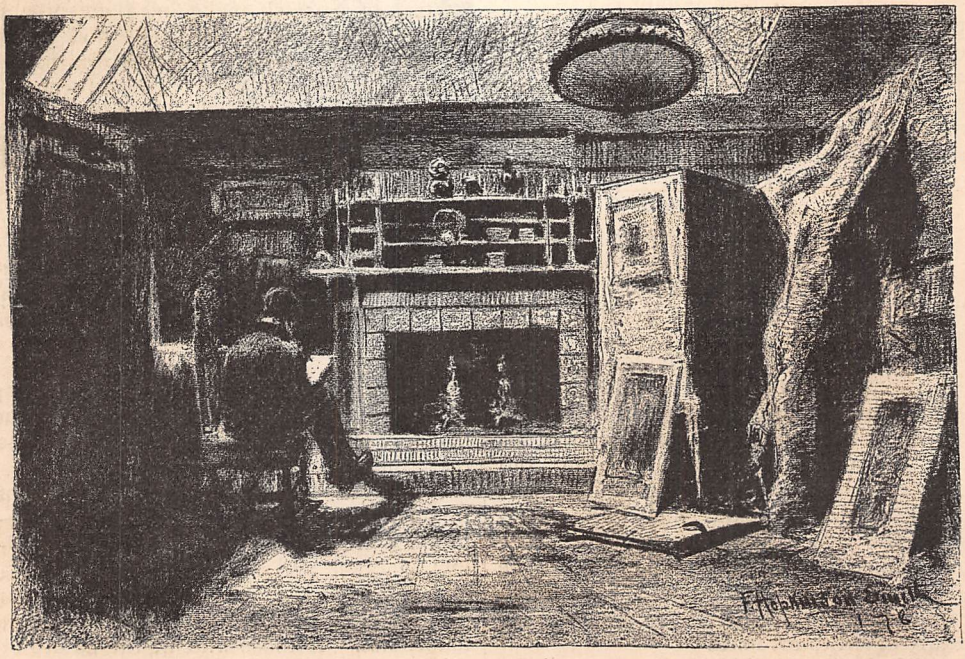
"What do you mean?"

"Why,—keep them."

The ironical person snorted scornfully, but the author of the tile suggestion interposed with a discourse upon tiles and the uses to which they could be put, and he told so much that was interesting about the experience of our English neighbors, and described so many pleasant things that could be done with tiles that a really serious consideration of the question ensued. Finally some one suggested:

"Why should we not all meet once a week and each man do a tile?"

This was early in the autumn of 1877, when studios were being dusted out and men were going around and smoking fraternal pipes with one another and comparing notes about the results of the summer work out-



STUDIO OF A TILE MAN.

of-doors. There was more or less preliminary talk on the subject, and it was finally agreed that meetings should be held in one another's studios, every Wednesday evening, and that those participating should possess each in turn the results of one evening's work. It was determined, in an informal sort of fashion, to adopt the title of the "Tile Club," and to maintain it as a body without officers, limited in the number of its members to twelve, and to dispense altogether with entrance fees or dues of any description.

It was understood that the tiles for each evening were to be supplied by the person to whom when done they would accrue; and the same person was permitted to supply some other things, but under rigorous restrictions. Cheese and certain familiar species of crackers were admissible. Sardines were not prohibited. Clay or corn-cob pipes and tobacco, and stone bottles of cider, and a variety of German ink not unknown to commerce completed the list. Upon one occasion, when a rash member ventured to produce hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, he was visited with a reprimand —after they had all been eaten—that he will remember to the last day of his life.

THINGS.

The tiles that it was decided to use were those of Spanish make, of a cream-white color, glazed upon one side and in size eight inches square. Designs drawn upon them in mineral colors are subsequently "fired" in an oven and permanently glazed in. This process changes some colors entirely and it greatly improves the design by the brilliancy it imparts to the color and the manner in which it softens the outlines.

The first meeting of the Tile Club was called and was attended by two persons, whose feelings may be imagined. They painted two tiles, but as there is no record of those objects of art their authors are supposed to have relieved themselves by throwing them at each other. These two primeval tilers were known respectively as the "Gaul" and the "Grasshopper," titles which have in them more of pertinence than it is the purpose of this writing to disclose. Both have preserved a severe reticence upon the subject of the meeting in question, but, with a persistency that did equal credit to

A LITTORAL TILE.

A TILE IN RELIEF.

their heads and their hearts, they tried a second. To this, possibly from no nobler motive than curiosity, came doubtfully two more, the "Chestnut" and "Sirius."

Subsequently there appeared and handed in their allegiance the "Obtuse Bard" (whose birthplace was rendered obscure by a bad habit he had of promiscuously begging his bread, for purposes of erasure), the "O'Donoghue," the "Bone," the "Owl,"

COCKATOO TILE.

"Polyphemus" (so called from his somewhat obscure resemblance to a gentleman of antiquity who is mentioned in connection with the crude experiments of the oculist, Ulysses), "Cadmium," and the "Marine" and the "Griffin." A certain enthusiasm declared itself, the attendance became regular and the club settled down into a solid, hard-working and self-respecting body. A wise and discriminating spirit seemed to actuate it, and if there ever were any perilous shallows or menacing rocks in its path, it certainly steered clear of them all. There was, to be sure, a dangerous member who desired to change its title to

A "MOTIVE" FOR A TILE.

that of the "Anglo-American-Hibernian Association of Painters on Tiles, limited;" but he was snubbed and suppressed and a title suggestive of an unwholesome ambition and otherwise of a generally inflammatory character was avoided. Another member

AN IDEA BY "CADMIUM."

A WEDNESDAY EVENING TRIO.

who suggested that the club should appear in evening dress of Wednesdays only escaped expulsion by an abject apology and the payment of a fine of twelve bottles of ink.

It was not at any time prescribed what manner of tiles should be produced. Each member of the club proceeded just as his fancy dictated, and it was very seldom that any one did anything that was premeditated or studied in its character. To this fact may probably with justice be ascribed a certain freshness and simplicity of design, and an original and speculative quality, which gave to the products of each evening's labor a charm which was none the less distinctive and real for being more apparent to its individual authors than to any one else. Keenly alive to a sense of modesty as the writer undoubtedly is, yet should it be far from his purpose to say aught that even the most jealous or designing reader could construe into a reflection upon the tiles of the Tile Club, or their artistic quality. What it is sought to convey is merely that this artistic quality is so difficult of definition or accurate description that it had best be left to a discriminating and judicious public to discover and to admire. If the club could speak for itself, it would hasten to declare that such a proceeding on the part of the aforesaid public would secure its lasting gratitude.

The fact that there occur in these pages what purport to be presentments of some of the tiles of the Tile Club might, at the first glance, appear to conflict with the spirit and tenor of the preceding remarks. It is, however, only necessary that the discerning reader should bestow upon each a proper consideration and scrutiny, when he shall at once arrive at an adequate estimate of its true character and merit.

There had not been many meetings of the club before it had become apparent that, with the decorative disposition of its members, there was mingled, more or less, a tendency to drop into music. In the studio in which the meetings had been held, there was a piano that had gained a fair reputation as a side-board. It had done duty as such, in an apologetic fashion, and it had not occurred to any one to question if there were any further direction of its utility. One evening, however, the "Chestnut," in an unguarded moment, opened it, and

sat him down thoughtlessly and played. This he did in an artless and simple style, so free from the conventionality of the schools and so fresh, original, and unhackneyed in its quality, that the club was

tone," and with all of these enrolled as honorary members, the club became a strong musical body, and "went in" for nothing but the best, and has continued to do so ever since.

TILERS TILING.

delighted, and the "Gaul" left the apartment. To correct any false impression which this latter statement might create, it should be stated at once that he presently returned with a case, from which he took a cherished violin. Nimbly attuning the same, while across his amiable features there expanded a prodigious smile, he made it to discourse, most prettily, a choice and pleasing ballad, where to the "Chestnut" afforded a discriminating accompaniment. From that evening music became a feature of the meetings of the Tile Club. Upon the very next occasion there appeared a gentleman known as the "Husk," a master of the side-board —or rather piano; and then followed him shortly, the "Horse-hair" and the "Catgut," two violinists of rare merit, and indeed reputation. Finally there came the "Bary-

Studios, at night, are apt to be dark and awkward places, where even the accustomed denizen stumbles painfully and where the least untoward step may send an easel crashing over on the head of some mute, appealing lay-figure or cause any amount of havoc among the standing canvases and frames. Comparatively few are ever lighted up at night, even where the artist makes his studio his home. At night there are art classes and reunions; there are delightful little preliminary performances that the dear judicious men of trade make so wisely to precede the coming of the severe and unemotional auctioneer, and to which they invite artists, Heaven only knows why; there are the clubs; there are artist coteries of all the way from two or three to a dozen of men who rendezvous in some

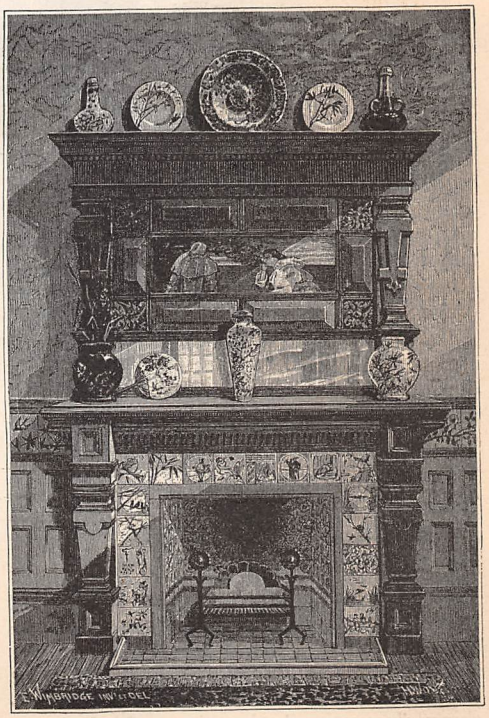
fragrant haunt of Gambrinus and pay each with rigor for what he himself consumes,—there are all these things and many others

A TILE OF A TILE MAN.

to allure the gentleman whom *Mr. Punch* alludes to as "Stodge" to keep him away from his studio and cause him to rise, in the dismal, familiar morning, with either an improved mind or a headache, or both. But there are studios that are never so gay as at night, and in which Mr. Stodge may regale himself with such a rational flow of soul as too few of us, alas! are ever admitted to. These are the places where the right men meet each other; where the "motive" of the occasion is stimulating and inspiring, and where the moral attrition takes off the rust and reveals quickly what there may be in one; they are wholesome associations that have in them no elements of merely social emulation or ambition, but which afford the opportunities of constant and profitable discussion, and for the interchange of opinions that are new and valuable; they are places where one may learn.

The members of the Tile Club are nothing if not loyal to that worthy institution, and it is unusual to find one missing of a Wednesday evening, no matter if it hails, rains or snows. A cheery, jolly fire burns brightly under the tiled chimney-piece, and everything looks ruddy and warm and comfortable. The beneficiary of the evening has arranged a long table in the middle of the room. He has composed it with great skill from some small tables and a series of large drawing boards superposed. On it he arranges the tiles, the small palettes, the "turps" *(vulg.* for *spt. terebinthiæ)* the boxes of brushes, pencils, rags and color-tubes, and places his "student lamps." There are plenty of chairs of various patterns; there is a big Japanese screen; there are numerous pictures finished and unfinished, and frames for them old and new; there are countless odds and ends from the workshops of the "moon-eyed lepers" and their more civilized neighbors, the Japs; and there is no end of the interesting litter and confusion necessary in every well-regulated studio.

At about eight o'clock the "Owl" drops in and, having taken off his ulster, assumes decent dimensions. "Polyphemus" and the "Bone" follow in a few minutes, and then the "Grasshopper" stalks up the stairs and emerging from his outer casing, extends his antennæ. Every one is in his place by half-past eight, cleaning off his tile with "turps" and a rag, or sketching in his design with a lead-pencil or a bit of lithographic crayon. Some get an idea or a drawing out of an old sketch-book, but the majority evolve their subjects out of their inner consciousnesses. Sometimes drawing after drawing is made and as quickly obliterated before one is hit upon that is thought good enough to be allowed to live. Occasionally it happens that an unhappy tiler ends up his work when all the rest are done by declaring that he "has nothing in his head"; and cleaning

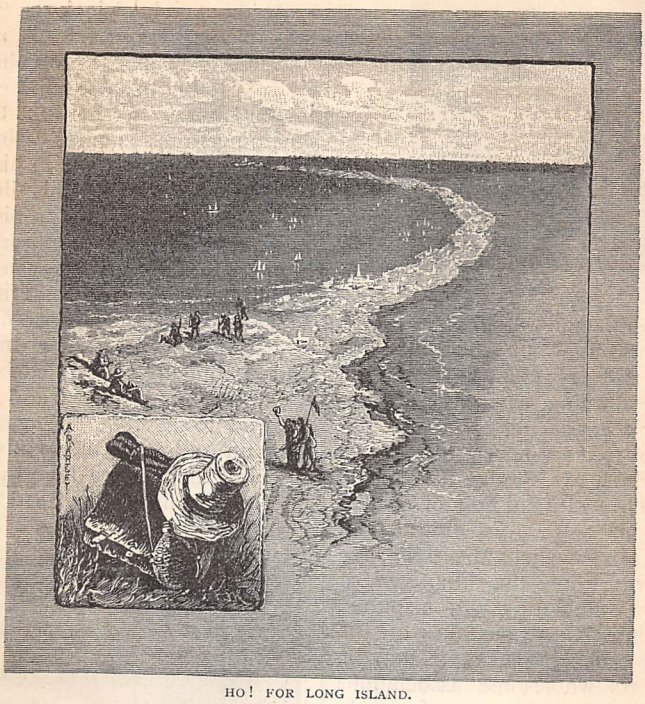


A TILE MAN'S DESIGN FOR A MANTEL-PIECE.

off his tile, he takes it home to execute it under more felicitous conditions. Of course it will be understood that this revelation is confidential.

Nearly all the tiles are done in monochrome, "Victoria blue" being the color chiefly affected. It is extremely difficult to use colors at night; in fact, no satisfactory work can be done with them by lamp-light. Some tilers do not sketch in the design at all, but go to work experimentally on the tile at once, gradually evolving something coherent and partially rational out of some probationary and capricious "dabbling." This, too, must be regarded as confidential; and while in this mood, at the risk of being considered reckless, it may be admitted that some frightfully bad tiles are known to ensue. These the beneficiary tries to receive with as good a grace as possible; being aided thereto by the author, who explains his motive, and cloaks the utter depravity of design and execution in choice terms of art, such as one reads in the newspapers when some eminent enthusiast is dwelling upon the vague transcendentalism of something "attributed to Corot."

Of course all the work began with the notion that it was expedient to "do something decorative"; but it would be very difficult to determine from a survey of it, or from a knowledge of the general spirit and behavior of the tilers, how far this idea was kept in view. It could not be said that any theory or theories of decorative art were worked out, or discovered, or even sought. There were discussions of these that were simply superb. Indeed, as far as the discussion of the art—of its condition in this country, its tendency and its purposes—was concerned, the subject was as nearly exhausted as could be. The "Bone" had it at his fingers' ends; and there were others who, in addition to being generally well informed about it, had the advantage of entertaining opinions of their own that were so strong as to qualify them to go into a dispute. This they seldom failed to do when the conversation afforded an opening, and as the "Bone" nearly always carried a decorative chip on his shoulder, and the "O'Donoghue" was perpetually trailing his garment of theory through the maze of every discussion that arose, there were frequent occasions when delightful rows occurred. Then the other tilers would fill their pipes,—for these things always occurred after the tiles were done,—and sit about and possess themselves with the sweetest satisfaction; occasionally giving the fire a friendly poke,



HO! FOR LONG ISLAND.

by throwing in a lively suggestion, if there were any suspicion that either or both of the combatants were showing signs of flagging. Fortified with cheese, crackers, etc., these disputations progressed with great spirit, and were only interrupted when the master of ceremonies tapped the back of his violin with his bow and announced a quartette, a solo or a ballad from the "Barytone."

It was after the first annual dinner, which took place in the studio of the "Obtuse Bard," and which was one of the most crisp and toasty affairs that ever took place since the time of Lucullus, involving as it did, too, a singularly small consideration in cash *per capita*,—it was after this memorable affair that the "Owl" spake out suddenly as one inspired and said: "Let us all take a tramp!"

"And kill him?" asked the "Chestnut."

"No! stupid!" said the offended bird. "Let us all go on a journey in search of the picturesque. Let us each contribute of his substance so many ducats to a common fund. And then, armed with sketch-book, easel, umbrella, tooth-brush and ——"

He was interrupted by a barely audible expression of emotion that was more eloquent than words:

"Where shall we go?" said the usually unimpassioned "Grasshopper," with a gust of eagerness.

"To the Catskills!" said the "Chestnut."

"To the Adirondacks?" suggested the Griffin.

"How about the Isles of Shoals?" queried the "Marine."

"Or the coast of Maine?" said "Sirius."

"Why not go to Long Island?" asked "Polyphemus."

"That sand place?" said the "Gaul."

"There's nothing there," said the "Bone" with scorn.

"How do you know?" said "Polyphemus."

"Why," said the "Grasshopper" conclusively, "nobody ever was known to go there!"

A POMOLOGICAL TILE.

"What!" said the "Owl." "Nobody ever went there! Then that's the place of all others to go to!"

"All right!" said the club, with emphasis.

"And look here!" added the "Owl." "Let us make an article about the journey and illustrate it ourselves."

"Splendid!" said the club.

"And sell it to a grasping publisher!" said "Sirius."

"Not much of a grasp!" said "Polyphemus," who appeared to know.

"Think they wouldn't have it?" asked the "Bone."

"We could try," said the "Marine."

"We shall," said the "Griffin."

"We shall!" echoed the club. And with many apologies to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY that is precisely what the Tile Club proposes to do.

A TILEY ABSTRACTION.

THESE THREE.

I.

I SAID of Love: "She hath no dwelling-place,
On earth or in the air;
Or near or far, no man hath seen her face,
That he should name it fair.
The lion hath his lair
Among the olive-thickets, cool and green;
The glittering serpent hath his balmy screen;
And they who lightly bear
The weight of floods—those murderous creatures—sleep
Within the mossy forests of the deep:
But as for Love, she is not here nor there."

II.

I said of Life: "Too well I know that queen,
Who bathes in blood her feet:
Hard by the pit of Hell her gate-ways lean;
Her hate is fiery-fleet;
Her love is like the sleet
That pierces to the heart with bitter cold;
The timbers of her palace burn with gold,—
But she is all unsweet.
Haply she hath not been, she shall not be:
Full to her throne-room creeps the crafty sea,
And secret waters weave her winding-sheet."

III.

I said of Death: "She is not young nor old:
She treads the starry floor
As one whom times and countless times make bold,
Yet enters at my door.
Her lifted hands out-pour
Vials of odors—precious oil that drips
Upon the eyes, till seals of soft eclipse
Their olden sleep restore.
I have not seen her face, if she be fair;
If she be sweet I do not know or care:
But what she is, she shall be evermore."

Death took me by the hand and kissed my lips:
Thereafter I was still.
"Is there no wine," she said, "in all my crypts,
That thou shouldst drink thy fill?"
Did ever voice so thrill?
I turned to see if that was Death who spake;—
Sun-like she smiled: "Thou, who hast slept, awake!
See thou my grapes distill
Their sweets from out the purple!" Then I knew
Life's blood-bathed feet; but named her Love, and drew
Within her banquet-house to feast at will.

TO MODJESKA.

THERE are four sisters known to mortals well,
Whose names are Joy and Sorrow, Death, and Love:
This last it was who did my footsteps move
To where the other deep-eyed sisters dwell.
To-night, or ere yon painted curtain fell,
These, one by one, before my eyes did rove
Through the brave mimic world that Shakspere wove.
Lady! thy art, thy passion were the spell
That held me, and still holds; for thou dost show,
With those most high each in his sovereign art,—
Shakspere supreme, Beethoven and Angelo,—
Great art and passion are one. Thine too the part
To prove that still for him the laurels grow
Who reaches through the mind to pluck the heart.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKES OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG all the unlooked-for treasures bound up and hidden away in the depths of the Alpine solitudes of the Sierra, none so surely charm and surprise all kinds of travelers as the glacier-lakes. The belted forests and the glaciers and snow make a telling appearance, even to the distant plains; but not a single stream is visible, nor a hollow, where one might hope for a lake. Nevertheless, wild rivers are falling and sounding in every cañon, and all their upper branches are fairly laden with lakes, like orchard trees with fruit. They lie embosomed in the deep woods, down in the grovy bottoms of cañons, high on bald table-lands, and around the feet of the icy Alps, mirroring back their wild beauty over and over again. Some conception of their lavish abundance may be made from the fact that, from one stand-point on the summit of Red Mountain, a day's journey to the east of Yosemite Valley, no less than forty-two are displayed within a radius of ten miles. The whole number in the California Alps can hardly be less than fifteen hundred, not counting the smaller pools and tarns, which are innumerable. Perhaps two-thirds or more lie on the western flank of the range, and all are restricted to the Alpine and sub-Alpine regions. At the close of the last glacial period, the middle and foot-hill regions also abounded in lakes, all of which have long since vanished as completely as the glaciers that brought them into existence.

The eastern flank of the range is excessively steep; nevertheless, we find lakes pretty regularly distributed throughout even the most precipitous portions. They are mostly found in the upper branches of the cañons, and ample glacier wombs around the peaks.

Occasionally long narrow specimens occur upon the steep sides of dividing ridges, their basins swung lengthwise like hammocks, and very rarely one is found lying so exactly on the summit of the range at the head of some pass that its waters are discharged down both flanks,—east, to be lost in the torrid sage plains of the Great Basin; west, to escape through the Golden Gate to the sea.

But, however situated, they soon cease to form surprises to the studious mountaineer; for, like all the love-work of nature, they are harmoniously related to one another, and to all the other features of the mountains. It is easy therefore to find the bright lake eyes in the roughest and most ungovernable looking topography of any landscape countenance. Even in the lower regions, where they have been closed for many a century, their rocky orbits are still discernible, filled in with flood and avalanche detritus. A beautiful system of grouping is very soon perceived in twos and threes or more in correspondence with the glacial fountains; also their extension in the

direction of the trends of the ancient glaciers; and in general their dependence as to form, size, and position, upon the character of the rock in which their basins have been eroded, and the quantity and direction of application of the glacial force expended upon each basin.

In the upper cañons we usually find them in pretty regular succession, strung together like beads on the bright ribbons of their feeding streams which pour white from one to the other, their perfect mirror stillness making impressive contrasts with the grand blare and glare of the connecting cataracts. In Lake Hollow, on the north side of the Hoffman spur, immediately above the great Tuolumne cañon, there are ten lovely lakelets lying near together in one general hollow like eggs in a nest. Seen from above in one general view, feathered with Williamson spruce, and fringed with sedge, they seem to me the most singularly beautiful and interestingly located lake-cluster I have ever yet discovered.

Lake Tahoe, twenty-two miles long by about ten wide, and from five hundred to over one thousand six hundred feet in depth, is the largest of all the Sierra lakes. It lies just beyond the northern limit of the true Alps, between the main axis of the range and a spur that puts out on the east side from near the head of the Carson. Its forested shores go curving in and out around many an emerald bay and pine-crowned promontory, and its waters are everywhere as intensely pure as any to be found in the icy Alps. It seems to lie separate from all others,—a kind of heaven to which all the dead lakes of the lowlands had come with their best beauty spiritualized.

Donner Lake, rendered memorable by the terrible fate of the Donner party, is about three miles long, and lies about ten miles to the north of Tahoe, at the head of one of the tributaries of the Truckee. A few miles farther north lies Lake Independence, about the same size as Donner. But by far the greater number of the high Alpine lakes are quite small, few of them exceeding a mile in length, most of them less than half a mile.

Along the lower edge of the lake-belt, the smallest have disappeared by the filling in of their basins, leaving only those of considerable size. But all along the upper freshly glaciated margin of the lake-bearing zone, every cup-hollow, however small, lying within reach of any portion of the close network of streams, contains a bright brimming pool; so that the landscape seems from the mountain-tops to be sown broadcast with them. Many of the larger lakes are seen encircled with smaller ones like large central gems inzoned with sparkling brilliants. In general, however, there is no marked dividing-line as to size, the smallest graduating directly into the largest. In order, therefore, to prevent confusion, I would state here that, in giving numbers, I include none less than five hundred yards in circumference.

On the Merced alone, I counted a hundred and thirty-one, of which a hundred and eleven are upon the tributaries that fall so grandly into Yosemite Valley. The Pohono, which forms the fall of that name, takes its rise in a beautiful lake, lying beneath the shadow of a lofty granite spur that puts out from Buena Vista peak. This is now the only lake left in the whole Pohono basin. The Illillouette has sixteen, the Nevada no less than sixty-seven, the Tenaya eight, Hoffmann Creek five, and Yosemite Creek fourteen. There are but two other lake-bearing affluents of the Merced, viz., the South Fork with fifteen, and Cascade Creek with five, both of which unite with the main trunk below Yosemite.

The Merced River, as a whole, is remarkably like an elm-tree, and it requires but little effort on the part of the imagination to picture it standing upright, with all its lakes hanging upon its spreading branches, the topmost eighty miles in height. Now add all the other lake-bearing rivers of the Sierra, each in its place, and you will have a truly glorious spectacle,—an avenue the length and width of the range; the long, slender, gray shafts, the milky-way of arching branches, and the moon-like lakes all clearly defined and shining on the blue sky. How excitedly such an addition to astronomy would be gazed at! Yet these lakeful rivers are still more excitingly beautiful and impressive in their natural positions to those who have the eyes to see them as they lie imbedded in their meadows and forests and glacier-sculptured rocks.

When a mountain-lake is born—when, like a young eye, it first opens to the light—it is an irregular, expressionless crescent, inclosed in banks of rock and ice,—bare, glaciated rock on the lower side, the rugged snout of a glacier on the upper. In this condition it remains for many a year, until at length, toward the end of some auspicious cluster of seasons, the glacier recedes beyond the upper margin, leaving it open from shore to shore for the first time thou-

sands of years after its conception beneath the glacier that scooped its basin. The landscape, cold and bare, is reflected in its pure depths; the winds ruffle its glassy surface, and the sun fills it with throbbing spangles, while its waves begin to lap and murmur around its leafless shores,—sun-spangles and stars its only flowers, the winds and the snow its only visitors. Meanwhile the glacier continues to recede, and numerous rills, still younger than the lake itself, bring down glacier-mud, sand-grains and pebbles, giving rise to margin-rings and plats of soil. To these fresh soil-beds come many a waiting plant. First, a hardy carex, with arching leaves and a spike of brown flowers; then, as the seasons grow warmer, and the soil-beds deeper and wider, other sedges take their appointed places, and these are joined by blue gentians, daisies, dodecatheons, violets, honeyworts and many a lowly moss. Shrubs also hasten in time to the new gardens,—kalmia, with its glossy leaves and purple flowers, the Arctic willow, making soft woven carpets, together with the heathy bryanthus and cassiope—the fairest and dearest of them all. Insects now enrich the air, frogs pipe cheerily in the shallows, soon followed by the ouzel, which is the first bird to visit a glacier lake, as the sedge is the first of plants.

So the young lake grows in beauty, becoming more and more humanly lovable from century to century. Groves of aspen spring up, and hardy pines, and the Williamson spruce, until richly overshadowed and embowered. But while its shores are being enriched, the soil-beds creep out with incessant growth, contracting its area, while the lighter mud particles deposited on the bottom cause it to grow constantly shallower, until at length the last remnant of the lake vanishes,—closed forever in ripe and natural old age. And now its feeding stream goes winding on through the new gardens and groves that have taken its place without halting for a moment.

The length of the life of any lake depends ordinarily upon the capacity of its basin, as compared with the carrying power of the streams that flow into it, the character of the rocks over which they flow, and the relative position of the lake toward other lakes. In a series whose basins lie in the same cañon, and are fed by one and the same stream, the uppermost will, of course, vanish first unless some other lake-filling agent comes in to modify the result; because it receives nearly all of the sediments that the stream brings down, only the finest of the mud-particles being carried through the highest of the series to the next below. Then the next higher, and the next would be successively filled, and the lowest would be the last to vanish. But this simplicity as to duration is broken in upon in various ways, chiefly through the action of side-streams that enter the lower lakes direct. For, notwithstanding many of these side tributaries are quite short, and, during late summer, quite feeble, they all become powerful torrents in spring-time when the snow is melting, and carry not only sand and pine needles, but large trunks and bowlders tons in weight, sweeping them down their steeply inclined channels and into the lake-basins with astounding energy. Many of these side affluents also have the advantage of access to the main lateral moraines of the vanished glacier that occupied the cañon, and upon these they draw for lake-filling material, while the main trunk stream flows mostly over clean glacier pavements, where but little moraine matter is ever left. Thus a small stream with abundance of loose transportable material within its reach may fill up an extensive basin in a few centuries, while a large perennial trunk stream, flowing over clean enduring pavements, though ordinarily a hundred times more powerful, may not fill a smaller basin in thousands of years.

The comparative influence of great and small streams as lake-fillers is strikingly illustrated in Yosemite Valley, through which the Merced flows. The bottom of the valley is now composed of level meadow-lands and dry, sloping soil-beds, planted with oak and pine, but it was once a lake stretching from wall to wall and from one end of the valley to the other, forming one of the most beautiful cliff-bound sheets of water that ever existed in the Sierra. And though never perhaps seen by human eye, it was but yesterday, geologically speaking, since it disappeared, and the traces of its existence are still so fresh, it may easily be restored, and viewed in all its grandeur, about as truly and vividly as if actually before us. Now we find that the detritus which fills this magnificent basin was not brought down from the distant mountains by the main streams that converge here to form the river, however powerful and available for the purpose at first sight they appear; but almost wholly by the small local tributaries, such as those of Indian Cañon, the Sentinel, and Three Brothers.

Had the glaciers that once covered the range been melted at once, leaving the entire surface bare from top to bottom simultaneously, then of course all the lakes would have come into existence at the same time, and the highest, other circumstances being equal, would, as we have seen, be the first to vanish. But because they melted gradually from the foot of the range upward, the lower lakes were the first to see the light and the first to be obliterated. Therefore, instead of finding the lakes of the present day at the foot of the range, we find them at the top. Most of the lower lakes were dead thousands of years before those now brightening the Alpine landscapes were born. And in general, owing to the deliberation of the upward retreat of the glaciers, the lowest of the existing lakes are also the oldest, a gradual transition being apparent throughout the entire belt, from the older forested and contracted forms all the way up to those that are new-born, lying bare and meadowless among the highest peaks.

The lake-line is of course rising, its present elevation being about 8,000 feet above sea-level; somewhat higher than this toward the southern extremity of the range, and lower toward the northern, on account of the difference in time of the withdrawal of the glaciers from difference in climate. Specimens occur here and there considerably below this limit, in basins specially protected from inwashing detritus, or exceptional in size. These however are not sufficiently numerous to make any marked irregularity in the line. The highest I have yet found lies at an elevation of about 12,000, in a glacier womb, at the foot of one of the highest of the Alps, a few miles to the north of Mount Ritter. The basins of perhaps twenty-five or thirty are still in process of formation beneath the few lingering glaciers, but by the time they are born an equal or greater number will probably have died. Since the beginning of the close of the ice-period the whole number in the range has perhaps never been greater than at present.

A few lakes unfortunately situated are extinguished suddenly by a single swoop of an avalanche, carrying down immense numbers of trees, together with the soil they were growing upon. Others are obliterated by land-slips, earthquake taluses, etc., but these lake-deaths compared with those resulting from the deliberate and incessant deposition of sediments, may be termed accidental. Their fate is like that of trees struck by lightning.

A rough approximation to the average duration of these mountain lakes may be made from data already suggested, but we cannot stop here to present the subject in detail. We must also forego, in the meantime, the pleasure of a full discussion of the interesting question of lake-basin formation, fine, clear, demonstrative material for which abounds in these mountains. In addition to what has been already given on the subject, we will only make this one statement. Every lake in the California Alps is a glacier lake. Their basins were not merely remodeled and scoured out by this mighty agent, but eroded from the solid in the first place.

I must now make haste in this little article to give some nearer views of representative specimens lying at different elevations on the main lake-belt, confining myself to descriptions of the features most characteristic of each.

SHADOW LAKE.

THIS is a fine specimen of the oldest and lowest of the lakes. It lies about eight miles above Yosemite Valley, on the main branch of the Merced, at an elevation of about seven thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the sea; and is everywhere so securely cliff-bound, that without artificial trails, only the wild animals can get down to its rocky shores from any direction. Its original length was about a mile and a half, now it is only half a mile, by about a fourth of a mile in width, and over the lowest portion of the basin ninety-eight feet deep. Its crystal waters are clasped around on the north and south by majestic granite walls sculptured in true Yosemitic style into domes, gables, and battlemented head-lands, which on the south come plunging down sheer into deep water, from a height of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. The South Lyell glacier eroded this magnificent basin out of hard porphyritic granite, while forcing its way westward from the summit fountains toward Yosemite, and the exposed rocks around the shores, and the projecting bosses of the walls ground and burnished beneath the vast ice-flood, still glow with silvery radiance in the light, notwithstanding the innumerable corroding storms that have fallen upon them. The general conformation of the basin, as well as the moraines laid along the top of the walls, and the grooves and scratches on the bottom and sides, indicate

in the most unmistakable manner the depth and direction pursued by this mighty ice-river, and the tremendous energy it exerted in thrusting itself into and out of the basin, bearing down with superior pressure upon this portion of its channel because of the greater declivity, consequently eroding it deeper, and producing the lake-bowl as the necessary result.

With these magnificent ice-characters so vividly before us it is not easy to realize that the old glacier that made them vanished centuries of centuries ago; for excepting the vegetation that has sprung up, and the changes effected by an earthquake that hurled rock-avalanches from the weaker headlands, the basin as a whole presents the same appearance that it did when first brought to light. The lake itself, however, has undergone very marked changes; one sees at a glance that it is growing old. More than two-thirds of its original area is now dry land covered with meadow grasses and groves of pine and fir, and the level bed of alluvium, stretching across from wall to wall at the head, is growing out all along its lake-ward margin, and will at length close the lake forever.

Every lover of fine wildness would delight to saunter on a summer day through the flowery groves now occupying the filled-up portion of the old lake. The curving shore is clearly traced by a ribbon of white sand upon which the ripples play; then comes a belt of broad-leafed sedges, interrupted here and there by impenetrable tangles of tall willows; beyond this, groves of trembling aspen; then a dark shadowy belt of two-leafed pine, with here and there a round carex meadow ensconced nest-like in its midst; and lastly, a narrow outer margin of majestic silver fir 200 feet high. The ground beneath the trees is covered with a luxuriant crop of grasses, triticum, bromus, and calamagrostis, with purple spikes and panicles arching to one's shoulders, while the open meadow patches glow throughout the summer with showy flowers,—heleniums, golden-rods, erigerons, lupines, castilleias, and lilies; forming favorite hiding and feeding grounds for bears and deer.

The rugged south wall is feathered darkly along the top with an imposing array of spirey silver firs, while the rifted precipices all the way down to the water's edge are adorned with picturesque old junipers, their cinnamon-colored bark showing finely upon the neutral gray of the granite. These, with a few venturesome dwarf pines and spruces, lean out over fissured ribs and tablets, or stand erect back in shadowy niches, in an indescribably wild and fearless manner. Moreover, the white-flowered Douglass spiræa and dwarf evergreen oak form graceful fringes along the narrower seams, wherever the slightest hold can be effected. Rock-ferns, too, are here, such as allosorus, pellæa, and cheilanthes, making handsome rosettes on the drier fissures; and the delicate maidenhair, cistoperis, and woodsia hide back in mossy grottoes, moistened by some trickling rill; and then the orange wall-flower holds up its showy panicles here and there in the sunshine, and bahia makes bosses of gold. But, notwithstanding all that, the general impression in looking across the lake is stern, unflinching rockiness; the ferns and flowers are scarce seen, and not one-fiftieth of the whole surface is screened with plant life.

The sunnier north wall is more varied in sculpture, but the general tone is the same. A few headlands, flat-topped and soil-covered, support clumps of cedar and pine; and up-curving tangles of chinquapin and live-oak, growing on rough earthquake taluses, girdle their bases. Small streams come cascading down between them, their foaming margins brightened with gay primulas, gilias, and mimuluses. And close along the shore on this side there is a strip of rocky meadow enameled with buttercups, daisies, and white violets, and the purple-topped grasses out on its beveled border dip their leaves into the water.

The lower edge of the basin is a dam-like swell of solid granite, heavily abraded by the old glacier, but scarce at all cut into by the outflowing stream, though it has flowed on unceasingly since the lake was born.

As soon as the stream is fairly over the lake-lip, it breaks into blooming cascades, never for a moment halting, and scarce abating one jot its glad energy, until it reaches the next filled-up basin, a mile below. Then, swirling and curving drowsily through meadow and grove, it soon breaks forth anew into gray rapids and falls, leaping and gliding, in glorious exuberance of wild bounce and dance, down into another, and yet another dead lake. Then, after a long rest in the levels of Little Yosemite, it makes its grandest display in the famous Nevada Fall. Then more cascades, into Emerald Pool and down Vernal Fall. Then, dashing through earthquake bowlders, it finally gains the tranquil reaches of the main Yosemite.

The color-beauty of the lake surroundings

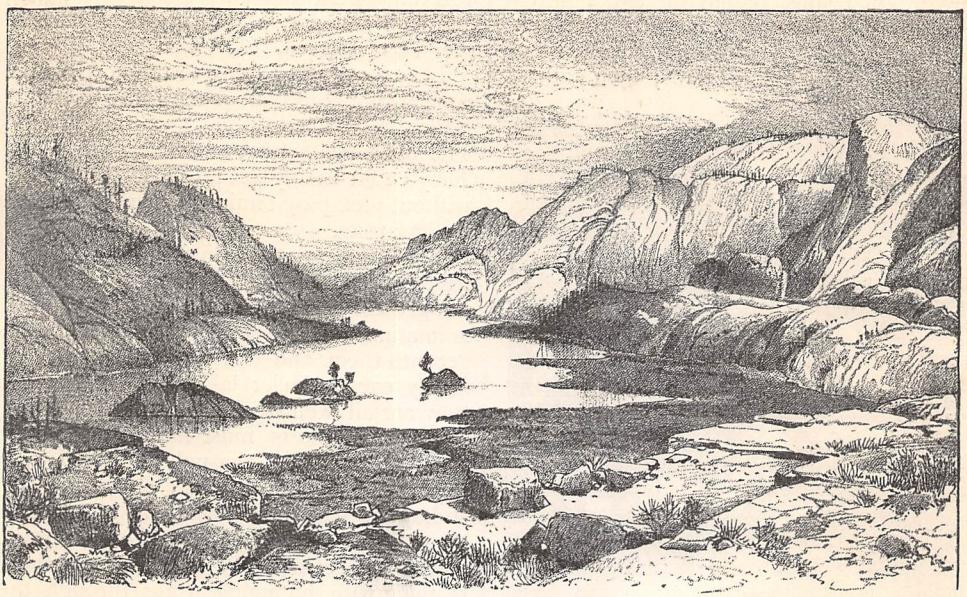
during the Indian summer is much richer than one could hope to find in so young and so glacial a wilderness. Almost every leaf is tinted then, and the golden-rods are in bloom; but most of the color is given by the ripe grasses, willows and aspens. At the foot of the lake you stand in a trembling aspen grove, every leaf painted like a butterfly, and away to right and left round the shores sweeps a curving ribbon of meadow, red and brown dotted with pale yellow, shading off here and there into hazy purple. The walls, too, are dashed with bits of bright color that gleam out on the neutral granite gray. But neither the walls, nor the margin meadow, nor yet the gay, fluttering grove in which you stand, nor the lake itself, flashing with spangles, can long hold your attention; for at the head of the lake there is a gorgeous mass of orange yellow, belonging to the main aspen belt of the basin, which seems the very fountain whence all the color below it had flowed, and here your eye is filled and fixed. This glorious mass is about thirty feet high, and extends across the basin nearly from wall to wall. Rich bosses of willow flame in front of it, and from the base of these the brown meadow comes forward to the water's edge, the whole relieved against the unyielding green of the coniferæ, while thick sun-gold is poured over all.

During these blessed color-days no cloud darkens the sky, the winds are gentle, and the landscape rests, hushed everywhere, and indescribably impressive. A few ducks are usually seen sailing the lake, apparently more for pleasure than anything else, and the ouzels at the head of the rapids sing always; while robins, grosbeaks, and the Douglass squirrels are busy in the groves, giving delightful animation, and intensifying the feeling of grateful sequestration without ruffling the deep, hushed calm.

This autumnal mellowness usually lasts until the end of November. Then come days of quite another kind. The winter clouds grow and bloom, shedding their starry crystals on every leaf and rock, and all the colors vanish like a sunset. The deer gather and hasten down their well-known trails, fearful of being snow-bound. Storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on the cliffs and meadows, and bending the slender pines to the ground in wide arches, one over the other, clustering and interlacing like lodged wheat. Avalanches rush and boom from the shelving heights, piling immense heaps upon the frozen lake, and all the summer glory is buried and lost. Yet in the midst of this hearty winter the sun shines warm at times, calling the Douglass squirrel to frisk in the snowy pines and seek out his hidden stores, and the weather is never so severe as to drive away the grouse and little nut-hatches and chickadees.

Toward May, the lake begins to open. The hot sun sends down innumerable streams over the cliffs, streaking them round and round with foam. The snow slowly vanishes, and the meadows show tintings of green. Then spring comes on apace; flowers and flies enrich the air and the sod, and the deer come back to the upper groves like birds to an old nest.

I first discovered this charming lake in the autumn of 1872, while on my way to the Alps at the head of the river. It was rejoicing then in its gayest colors, untrodden, hidden in the glorious wilderness like unmined gold. Year after year I walked its shores without discovering any other trace of humanity than the remains of an Indian camp-fire, and the thigh-bones of a deer that had been broken to get at the marrow. But it lies out of the regular ways of Indians, who love to hunt in more accessible fields adjacent to trails. Their knowledge of deer-haunts had probably enticed them here some hunger-time when they wished to make sure of a feast; for hunting in this lake-hollow is like hunting in a fenced park. I had told the beauty of Shadow Lake only to a few friends, fearing it might come to be trampled and improved like Yosemite. On my last visit, as I was sauntering along the shore on the strip of sand between the water and sod, reading the tracks of the wild animals that live here, I was startled by a human track, which I at once saw belonged to some shepherd; for each step was turned out 35° or 40° from the general course pursued, and was also run over in an uncertain sprawling fashion at the heel, while a row of round dots on the right indicated the staff that shepherds alway carry. None but a shepherd could make such a track, and after tracing it a few minutes I began to fear that he might be seeking pasturage, for what else could he be seeking: certainly not scenery. Returning from the glaciers shortly afterward, my worst fears were realized. A trail had been cut down the mountain-side from the north, and all the gardens and meadows were destroyed by a hoard of hooped locusts, as if swept by a fire. The money-changers were in the temple.



A MIDDLE-AGED LAKE, ON HEAD OF SOUTH FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN, SHOWING OUTGROWING MEADOWS.

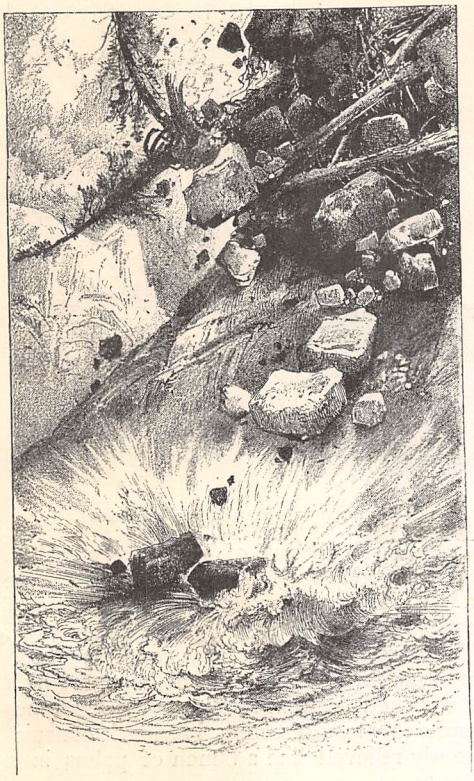
ORANGE LAKE.

BESIDES these larger cañon-lakes, fed by the main cañon streams, there are many smaller ones lying aloft on the top of rock benches, entirely independent of the general drainage channels, and of course drawing their supplies from a very limited area. Notwithstanding they are mostly small and shallow, owing to their immunity from avalanche debritus and the in-washings of powerful streams, they often endure far longer than others many times larger but less favorably situated. When very shallow they become dry toward the end of summer; but because their basins are ground out of seamless stone they suffer no loss save from evaporation alone; and the great depth of snow that falls, lasting into June, makes their dry season short in any case. Many of them maintain a fair level all the summer, but little below the outlet when they have one;—most have, but occasionally a basin is found sufficiently large to contain all the snow and rain that falls without overflowing at all.

Orange Lake is a fair illustration of this species, lying in the middle of a broad glacial pavement near the lower margin of the lake-line, about a mile and a half to the north-west of Shadow Lake. It is only about a hundred yards in circumference. Next the water there is first, a girdle of carices with wide overarching leaves, then comes a shaggy ruff of huckleberry bushes, then a zone of willows with here and there a bush of the mountain-ash, then a zone of aspens with a few pines around the outside. These zones are regularly concentric, and together form a perfect wall beyond which the naked ice-burnished granite stretches away in every direction, leaving it conspicuously relieved like a bunch of palms in a desert.

In autumn, when the colors are ripe, the whole circular grove, at a little distance, looks like a big handful of flowers set in a cup to be kept fresh—a tuft of blooming golden-rods. Its feeding streams are exceedingly beautiful, notwithstanding their inconstancy and extreme shallowness. They have no channel whatever, and consequently are left free to spread themselves out in thin sheets upon the shining granite and wander at will. In many places the current is less than a fourth of an inch deep, and flows with so little friction it is scarce visible. Sometimes there is not a single foam-bell, or drifting pine-needle, or irregularity of any sort, to manifest its motion. Yet when observed narrowly it is seen to form a web of swift-gliding lace-work exquisitely woven, given beautiful reflections from its minute curving ripples and eddies, and differing from the water-laces of large cascades in being everywhere transparent. In spring when the snow is melting, the lake-bowl is brimming full, and sends forth quite a large

stream, that slips glassily for two hundred yards or so, until it comes to an almost vertical precipice 800 feet high, down which it plunges in a fine cataract; then gathers,



THE DEATH OF A LAKE.

and goes smoothly over folds of gently dipping granite to its confluence with the main cañon stream. During the greater portion of the year, however, not a single water sound will you hear either at head or foot of the lake, not even the whispered lappings of ripple-waves along the shore; for the winds are fenced out. But the deep mountain silence is sweetened now and then by birds that stop here to rest and drink on their way across the cañon.

LAKE STARR KING.

A BEAUTIFUL variety of the bench-top lakes occurs just where the great lateral moraines have been shoved forward in outswelling concentric rings, by small residual glaciers that moved generally at right angles to the main trunk glaciers that filled the cañons below them. Instead of being encompassed by a narrow ring of trees like Orange Lake, these lie embosomed in dense moraine woods, so dense that in seeking them you may pass them by again and again, although you may know very nearly where they lie concealed.

Lake Starr King, lying to the north of the cone of that name, above the Little Yosemite Valley, is a fine specimen of this variety. The ouzels pass it by, and so do the ducks. They could hardly get into it if they would, without plumping straight down inside the circling trees.

Yet these isolated gems, lying like fallen fruit detached from the branches, are not altogether without inhabitants and joyous animating visitors. Of course fishes cannot get into them, and this is generally true of nearly every glacier lake in the range, but they are all well stocked with happy frogs, whose progenitors must have made some exciting excursions through the woods and up the sides of the cañons. Down in their still, pure depths you may also find the larvæ of innumerable insects and a great variety of beetles, while the air above them is thick with humming wings through the midst of which fly-catchers are constantly darting. And in autumn when the huckleberries are ripe, bands of robins and grosbeaks come to feast, forming altogether very delightful little by-worlds for the naturalist.

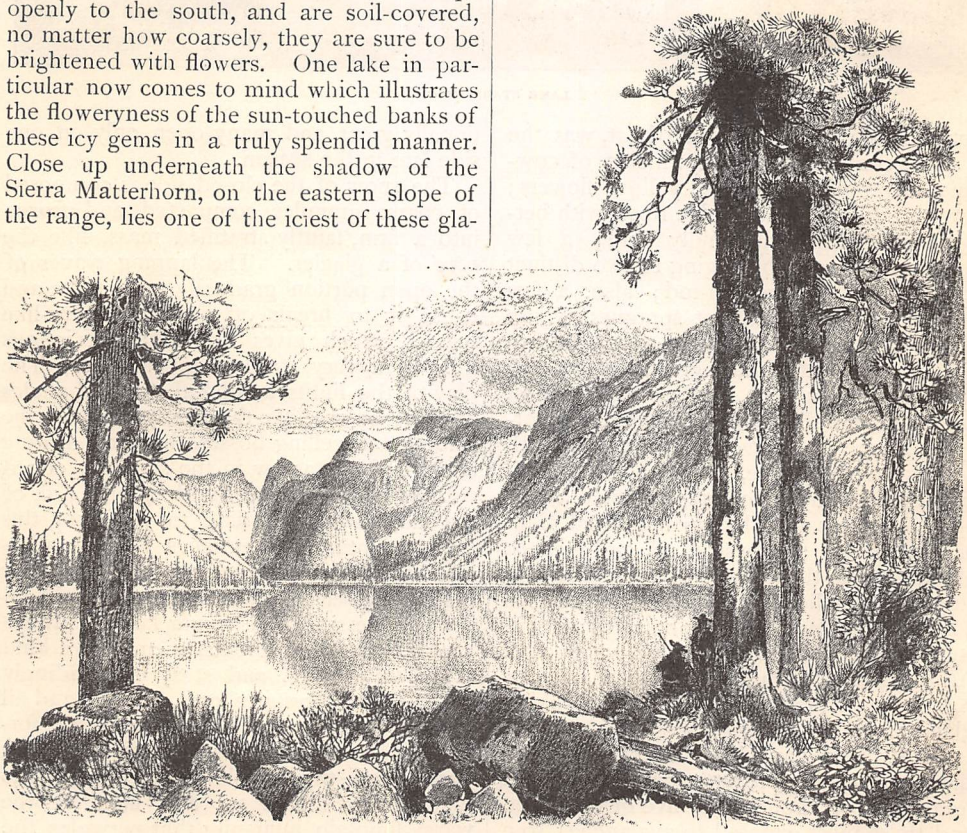
Pushing our way upward toward the axis of the range, we find lakes in greater and greater abundance, and more youthful in aspect. At an elevation of about 9,000 feet above sea-level they seem to have arrived at middle age,—that is their basins seem to be about half filled with alluvium. Broad sheets of meadow-land are seen growing out into the water, which are often boggy and more nearly level than the meadows of older lakes below them. The vegetation of their shores is of course more Alpine. Kalmia, ledum and cassiope fringe the meadow rocks, and the luxuriant waving groves, so characteristic of the lower lakes, are represented only by clumps of dwarf pine and Williamson spruce. These, however, are oftentimes very picturesquely grouped on rocky headlands around the outer rim of the meadows, or with still more striking effect crown some rocky islet.

And, from causes that we cannot stop here to explain, the cliffs about these middle-aged lakes are seldom of the massive Yosemitic type, but more broken, and less sheer, and they usually stand back, leaving the shores comparatively free; while the few precipitous rocks that do come forward and plunge directly into deep water are

seldom more than three or four hundred feet high.

I have never yet met ducks in any of the lakes of this kind, but the ouzel is never wanting where the feeding streams are perennial. Wild sheep and deer may occasionally be seen on the meadows, and very rarely a bear. One might camp on the rugged shore of these bright fountains for weeks, without meeting any animal larger than the marmots that burrow beneath glacier bowlders along the edges of the meadows.

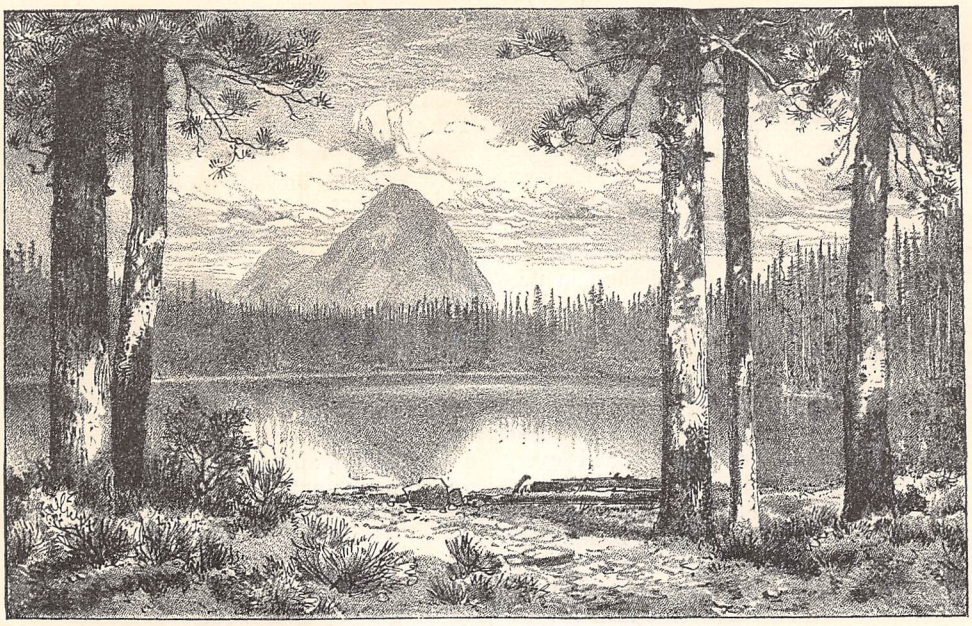
The highest and youngest of all the lakes lie nestled in glacier wombs. At first sight, they seem pictures of pure bloodless desolation, miniature Arctic seas, bound in perpetual ice and snow, and overshadowed by harsh, gloomy, crumbling precipices. Their waters are keen ultramarine blue in the deepest parts, lively grass-green toward the shore shallows and around the edges of the small bergs usually floating about in them. A few hardy sedges, frost-pinched every night, are occasionally found making soft sods along the sun-touched portions of their shores, and when their northern banks slope openly to the south, and are soil-covered, no matter how coarsely, they are sure to be brightened with flowers. One lake in particular now comes to mind which illustrates the floweryness of the sun-touched banks of these icy gems in a truly splendid manner. Close up underneath the shadow of the Sierra Matterhorn, on the eastern slope of the range, lies one of the iciest of these glacier lakes at an elevation of about twelve thousand feet. A short, ragged-edged glacier crawls into it from the south, and on the opposite side it is embanked and dammed by a series of concentric terminal moraines, made by the glacier when it entirely filled the basin. Half a mile below lies a second lake, at a height of 11,500 feet, about as cold and as pure as a snow-crystal. The waters of the first come gurgling down into it over and through the moraine dam, while a second stream pours into it direct from a glacier that lies to the south-east. Sheer precipices of crystalline snow rise out of deep water on the south, keeping perpetual winter on that side, but there is a fine summery spot on the other, notwithstanding the lake is only about three hundred yards wide. Here, on the 25th of August, 1873, I found a charming company of flowers, not pinched, crouching dwarfs, scarce able to look up, but warm and juicy, standing erect in rich cherry bloom, and high color. On a narrow strip of shingle, close to the water's edge, there were a few tufts of carex gone to seed;



LAKE TENAYA, ONE OF THE YOSEMITE FOUNTAINS.

and a little way back up the rocky bank at the foot of a crumbling wall, so inclined as to absorb and radiate as well as reflect a considerable quantity of sun heat, was the garden, containing a thrifty thicket of cowania covered with large yellow flowers; several bushes of the Alpine ribes, with berries nearly ripe and wildly acid; a few handsome grasses belonging to two distinct species, and one golden-rod; also, a few hairy lupines and radiant spragues, whose blue and rose-colored flowers were set off to fine advantage amid dark green carices; and along a narrow seam in the very warmest angle of the wall, there was a perfectly gorgeous fringe of *Epilobium obcordatum*, with flowers an inch wide, crowded together in lavish profusion, and colored as royal a purple as ever was worn by any high-bred plant of the tropics; and best of all, and greatest of all, a noble thistle in full bloom, standing strongly erect, head and shoulders above his companions, and thrusting out his lances in sturdy vigor as if growing on a Scottish brae. All this brave warm bloom among the raw stones, right in the face of the onlooking glaciers.

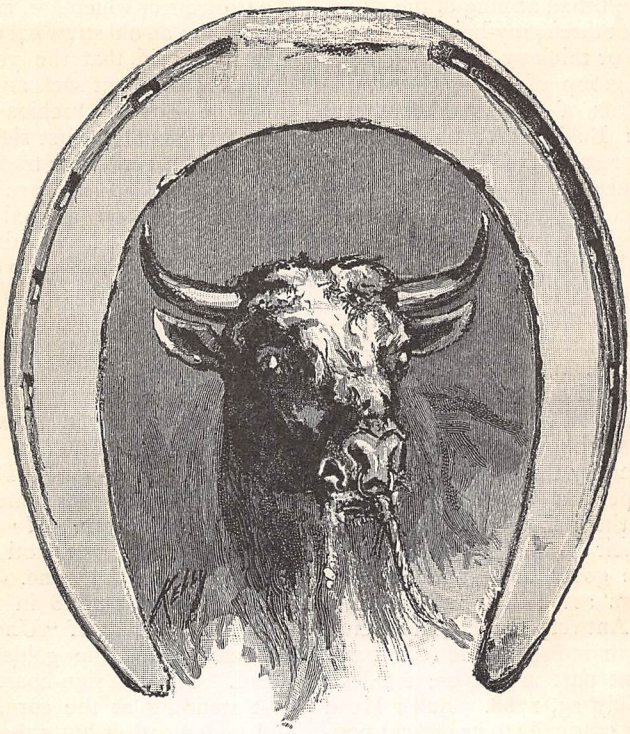
As far as I have been able to find out, these upper lakes are snow-buried in winter to a depth of about thirty-five or forty feet, and those most exposed to avalanches, to a depth of even a hundred feet or more. These last are, of course, nearly lost to the landscape. Some remain buried for several years at a time, when the snow-fall is exceptionally great, and many open only on one side late in the season.



LAKE STARR KING.

The snow of the closed side is composed of coarse granules compacted and frozen into a firm, faintly stratified mass, like the *névé* of a glacier. The lapping waves of the open portion gradually undermine and cause it to break off in large berg-like masses, which gives rise to a precipitous front of a very striking appearance. The play of the lights among the crystal angles of these snow-cliffs, the pearly white of the smooth outswelling bosses, the bergs drifting along in front, aglow in the sun and edged with green water, and the deep blue disk of the lake itself extending to your feet, this forms a picture that enriches all your after-life, and is never forgotten. But however perfect the season and the day, the cold incompleteness of these young lakes is always keenly felt. We approach them with a kind of mean caution, and steal unconfidingly around their crystal shores, dashed and ill at ease, as if expecting to hear some forbidding voice. But the love-songs of the ouzels and the love-looks of the daisies gradually re-assure us, and manifest the warm fountain humanity that pervades the coldest and most solitary of them all.

AT THE OLD BULL'S HEAD.



NEW YORKERS who were of the rising generation twenty-five and thirty years ago, recall a burly phrase, now obsolete, then passing current in the gossip of their elders; as when some retailer of scandal would say: "But you mayn't tell So-and-so of it, or it will be known before night from Bull's Head to the Battery." Many, whose ears were wonted to this phrase in childhood, never understood its local origin and literal meaning. Yet, for a hundred and fifty years, Bull's Head Tavern, with its cattle-market, had been one of the institutions of Manhattan,—the main outpost of the city in its steady march northward to the Harlem River.

Respect for the pleading relics of the past is growing in New York, if even one out of a thousand journeying every quarter hour on Third avenue, sees anything to awaken a pleasant thought at Twenty-fourth street, where, looking westward, the eye is arrested by two long rows of mostly mean, low stables, bordering a badly paved and littered street, before it can reach a charming background picture formed of the foliage and stately edifices of Madison square. Turning eastward, more stables form an unpleasant foreground to the sail-studded waters of the East River. There, on the north-west corner, stands the presiding genius of this unkempt scene: Old Bull's Head tavern, brown, angular and homely. Only an etching could catch the elusive charm of this weather-beaten structure. The more minutely it is described, the homelier it will appear. In style it rivals a coal-box; the avenue front is of brick, and the bluntest possible gable-end is of wood; and the three rows of windows on each side, above the first story, are too characterless for description. No æsthetic comfort can be drawn from its chimney. Even to look above the ground-floor is to feel rancorous toward the host, who, more fashionable than wise, took down the old sign-board,—with its grim bull's head that had butted against many a gale,—and, with a paint-brush, transformed the tavern into a new-fangled "hotel."

Barren as the prospect seems, these dingy

walls, and their associations, past and present, appeal most kindly to the inquiring visitor. A pleasant resting-place on a sunny autumn afternoon is a chair on the flagstones under the broad awning of the gable-end, where two or three gray-haired men will be seen talking or thinking of "by-gones," and perhaps a group of younger men, discussing the merits of the last phenomenal trotter. While Bull's Head market has maintained its prestige, the tavern has abdicated its influence. Its bustling days were those when butchers and drovers thronged the tap-room and the yard, and seven hundred cattle "with rural pictures in their great mirror-eyes," waited patiently outside for their executioner. It finds but little compensation, now, in being the center of the greatest horse-market in the world. With ancient sign-board lost, walls, floor and ceiling plead for a new device,—a bull's head in a horse-shoe frame, the symbol of stubborn conservatism left hopelessly behind by the swift feet of Time.

In the early periods of new communities, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and their kind, stand next in importance to the governor and magistrates. The old butchers' association had the pompous airs of an Antwerp guild. In all civic festivals it was an indispensable factor, and took a prominent part in the great federal procession of July 23, 1788. Bull's Head tavern advanced gradually to its present position in Twenty-fourth street. A little more than two hundred years ago, when Peter Stuyvesant's wooden-leg thumped across the floors of the Stadt Huys in Whitehall, the live-stock market adjoined Trinity churchyard. Years afterward, a drover's inn was built at the gates of the city, on the present site of the Astor House, where, from 1720 till 1740, Adam Van Der Bergh, a genial host, discussed cattle and small ale with the drovers. Bull's Head in the Bowery, with Stephen Carpenter as host, and standing where the Bowery Theater now is, was the last halting station for the stages, before the gallant six were whipped down Chatham square and up Chatham street, entering the city with that dash and clatter which were the charm of travel before the invention of the steam-engine reduced life to a mathematical formula. Richard Varian began a long proprietorship in 1776. Bull and bear baiting and dog fights were common, the brutal spectacle usually taking place in or near the public slaughter-house.

Daniel Drew, the farmer's lad of Putnam County, born July 29, 1797, when about nineteen years of age first brought a few lambs to market. Down the Bowery Lane he guided his bleating flock, himself barefooted and clad in an unbleached linen suit, the trowsers of which had climbed up above the ankles; an old straw hat covered his head, and it is said that the youthful purveyor of spring lamb cut such an awkward figure, that the Bowery urchins made him the butt of ridicule at first sight. But Daniel Drew had a genius for trading, and the gift of prophecy. He drove his lambs and throve, and soon aspired to sheep and calves. Once, when a drover refused to trust him for a bullock, young Drew contemptuously replied: "Who wants your bullock; I'll live to buy out your whole farm."

About the year 1825, the butchers' association purchased two blocks of ground on Twenty-fourth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, and converted the space into cattle-yards, Thomas Swift of Poughkeepsie at the same time building Bull's Head tavern. He was not a successful tavern-keeper, and rented the hostelry to Peter Valentine. The latter also abdicated about 1828 in favor of Daniel Drew. The reign of "Uncle Dan'l," as he was called, was the golden age at Bull's Head. The old sign-board swung from a post standing at the corner of the street, and underneath it hung the cheerful dinner-bell. A low Dutch stable stood beyond, and in front of this a wooden pump and trough. Cattle-pens filled the remaining space to Lexington avenue, and occupied also the opposite side of the street. The Sign of the Black Swan was a rival hostelry on the opposite corner fronting Third avenue, and between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-third streets was soon established a small tavern called Bull's Head Junior. Behind the Black Swan, in a cluster of apple-trees, stood the venerable farm-mansion of General Gates.

Two hundred years ago, four hundred head of cattle were enough to keep the burghers of New York in roasts and steaks for a whole year. In Daniel Drew's day, seven hundred cattle made a fair weekly market. These, with sheep, calves, and hogs in proportion, were driven into the pens, usually on Sunday evening. If too many cattle arrived, a meeting of drovers was called, and each one sent a quota of cattle to pasture, to await Thursday, the next market day. "Uncle Dan'l" set himself up as a "collector," cashing for the drovers their

bills on the butchers who had thirty days' credit, but retaining one per cent. for his trouble.

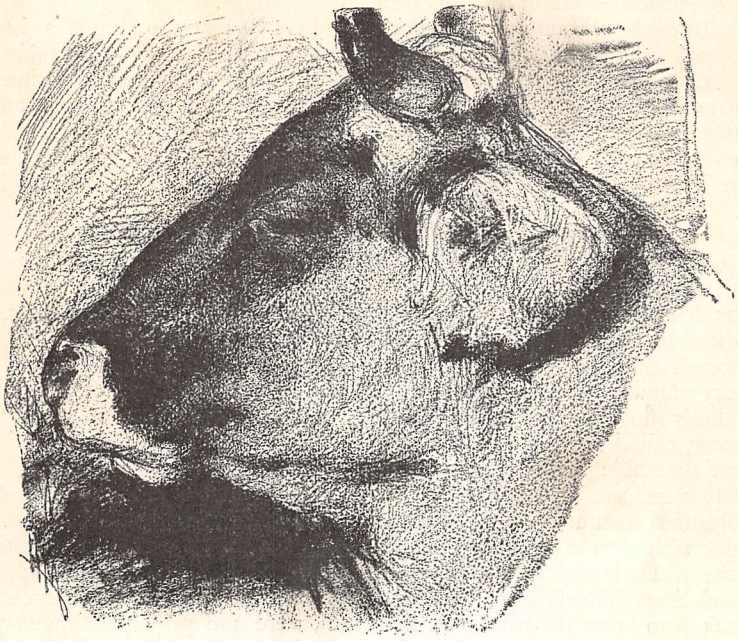
The pastures of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey were the principal tributaries to Bull's Head market till, about 1825, Felix Renick brought the pioneer herd of Ohio cattle through to the East. It was a bold undertaking and proved successful. Corn in Ohio was worth only ten cents a bushel, and since there were no railroads, to take advantage of the Eastern market the farmer was obliged to convert his produce into property that could transport itself. Early in March, herds of one hundred or more were set in motion for the East, and jogged along, for seven weeks, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day. A bullock was led in advance, a drover followed the herd to whip in stragglers, and a third, on horseback, rode alongside to punish refractory animals with the black-snake thong he deftly flourished. Before noon, the proprietor, called the "boss," rode forward to find a suitable resting-place for the night, and to purchase feed. The drovers wore the frontier costume,—linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts with narrow capes, and fringed on the seams. Their way led over the old national road from Wheeling to Baltimore. Care was taken to bring the herd into New York Sunday afternoon, or early Monday morning. After disposing of his cattle and one or two horses, the "boss" returned home by stage, while his drovers retraced their footsteps. It was not considered an extraordinary feat, if they walked from New York to Columbus, Ohio, six hundred miles, in twelve days.

Daniel Drew was not a hearty, genial host; but he kept a comfortable, economical house, and introduced business methods that conduced to his profit and promoted the interests of the drover. When, in the dim light of the bar-room, he was seen solemnly pacing back and forth, with his hands folded beneath the tails of his blue swallow-tail coat with the brass buttons, and his introspective eyes partly shaded by the rim of a tall, bell-crowned hat, people understood that he was planning business. He could drive the hardest kind of a bargain if he happened to be in the mood for it, and during the last years of his proprietorship, he occasionally indulged in a "corner" in cattle, going to Philadelphia to intercept and buy up entire herds.

Various types of men mingled in the bar-room of the Bull's Head, from the rough countryman to the speculative citizen, butcher and horse-fancier. Plain apple-jack and brandy and water, at a sixpence the tumbler-ful, were the principal liquors passed over the bar. Guests were so numerous that at

BY-GONES.

the first peal of the dinner-bell, it was necessary to rush for the table or fare miserably after those first served. A long table in the bar-room was frequently surrounded at night by men throwing dice for small stakes. Every evening crowds assembled in the ten-pin galleries of the Black Swan and Bull's Head Junior. A game, memorable to those who frequented the market, was bowled at the "Junior" between "Ike" Gardner, a noted character among cattle-dealers, and an Ohio drover. The contest began at night-fall and raged till day-break in the presence of a sleepless crowd. Gardner won a thousand dollars. Well-dressed thimble-riggers were always hovering about the market to prey on the unsophisticated.



A PRIZE BULL. (DRAWN BY MUHRMAN.)

At that time Third avenue was macadamized from Eighth street to Spark's Four-mile House at Sixtieth street, the two miles between the latter and Bull's Head being the finest drive on Manhattan Island. Horse-racing was a common sport, the motley crowd gathering either at the tavern or at the Willow Grove, near Thirtieth street. Occasionally a drover would bring from the West some sleepy old nag, with a wonderful amount of "go" in him, and succeed in victimizing the city sharpers who were always watching for an opportunity to fleece the drover. Alfred Abrams, the present landlord at the tavern, bought a bony horse with saddle and bridle for $60, and the same summer, "Mouser," as the horse was called, made himself famous by trotting a mile in 2:44.

One reckless exploit among many that made sport for the loungers at the tavern is told of two young butchers, "Jim" Eastwood and Charley Cooper, both of whom were noted for their frolicsome enterprise. One evening Eastwood was riding a bay horse, while Cooper was driving a smart gray to a sulky. After several trials of trotting-speed, Cooper boasted that he could drive his gray and sulky anywhere that Eastwood could ride. Whereupon the latter rode at the half-dozen steps leading up to the door-way of the Black Swan, and, cheered by the crowd, horse and rider disappeared through the bar-room door. Cooper, not to be outdone, whipped his unwilling gray up the stairs, till head and withers entered the door-way. But the sulky was not made for climbing stairs, and wheels and axle separating from the sulky, Cooper and his gray fell in a heap at the foot of the steps, from which they were safely extricated, amid the raillery of the spectators.

Daniel Drew was already wealthy when, about 1835, he followed Commodore Van-

derbilt and Commodore Garrison into the steamboat business. In 1844 he entered Wall street with a fortune, and at the turning point of his success as the boldest operator on the street, his wealth was variously estimated at ten and fifteen millions. His tactics were successful till they were fully found out. Then the tables were turned on him and his little exploit of "going short of North-western" in November, 1872, probably cost him a million. In 1876, after repeated ill-luck, he went into voluntary bankruptcy, and now, at the age of eighty-one, divides his leisure between the city and Brewster's Station on the Harlem Railroad.

George Clinch—a jovial host, who is said to have been much addicted to apple-jack and story-telling—succeeded Daniel Drew at Bull's Head. While he was there the tavern caught fire, but was

RINGING THE DINNER-BELL.

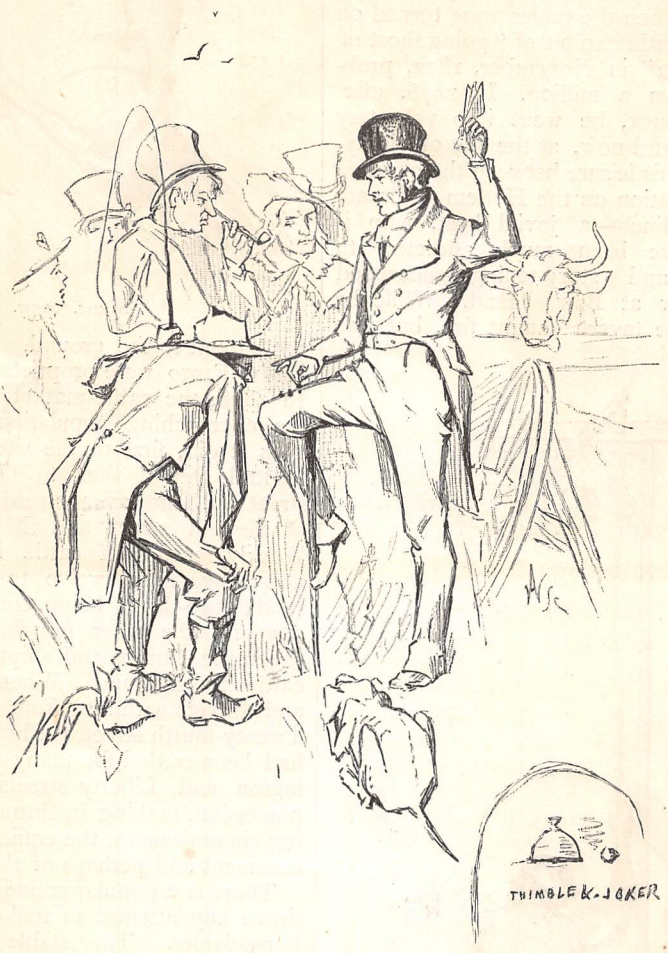
DANIEL DREW.

not burned to the ground. John Wise and Elisha Fargo were proprietors after Clinch. In 1848, the cattle-market was warned by the encroaching population to move on. This it did, first to the site of the Grand Central Depot, then to One Hundredth street and Third avenue, settling down finally at Sixtieth street and Eleventh avenue. Weekly receipts of cattle in this market now range from twelve to fourteen thousand; two-thirds being consumed by the city and the other one-third divided between the suburbs and shipments of picked cattle to England. When the butchers and drovers withdrew from Bull's Head in Twenty-fourth street, the horse-dealers, who had been settled for many years in Washington and Liberty streets, eagerly took possession, making it, through many favoring circumstances, the equine capital of this continent and perhaps of the world.

There is a popular prejudice which laughs down any attempt to make a hero of the horse-dealer. The stable that makes a docile slave of "man's best friend," does not exert an elevating influence on the human being who passes half his waking hours in its society; yet many excellent men are engaged in the horse trade in Twenty-fourth street. The horse-dealer, from the uncertain character of his merchandise, is a diplomatist in mental processes and moral weaknesses; and it is unfortunate for his reputation that his diplomatic affairs are of the stable instead of the state. The old story of the Irish jockey, who tricked a gentleman into buying a blind horse, reads like recent European diplomacy. "Didn't you tell me, Pat," expostulated the

victim, "that the horse was without fault?" "Faith I did," replied the quick wit of Erin. "An' it's not his fault, sir. It's his misfortune."

One may walk through "the street," as the horse-dealer denominates the market, on a pleasant afternoon and find it as sleepy as a row of gentlemen's stables. At another visit one may see knots of purchasers and dealers encumbering each stable door-way. Here, a groom stands at the head of a horse, whose "points" are being leisurely discussed by a group of men seated on chairs, inverted pails and boxes; there, three or four coach horses are successively raced up and down the long stable floor, for the benefit of two elderly gentlemen who have driven up in a barouche. Madame evidently wants a *coupé* horse. One of the gentlemen indicates which horse shall be sent to his private stable for trial, and if the animal does not precisely suit Madame's ideas of color and style, the dealer sends several other horses, one by one, for trial. An elegant youth with a party of critical friends is examining a saddle-horse, or watching a stable-boy show off a cob, or an Indian pony that by a little judicious use of the boy's heels is made to rear and caracole. A brewer wants a heavy draught-horse, and a noble Percheron or Norman is led out for inspection. He is too large to be shown to advantage on the stable floor, and, with curving neck, flowing mane, and ponderous sloping step, he moves along the curb-stone with the majesty of physical force. Four or five horses are being driven singly, under stiff rein and whip, back and forth, between Lexington and Third avenues. Occasionally, some dashing dealer drives a



TRICKING THE DROVERS.

"THE STREET."

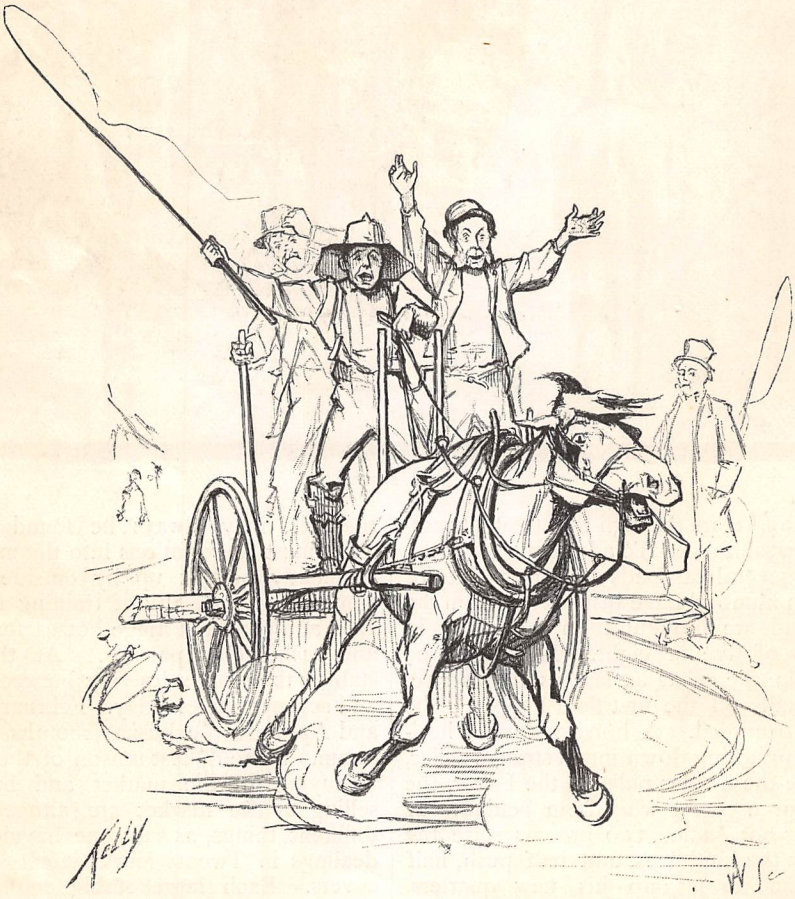
"spanking" team through the street, attracting universal notice. To add to the life of the picture, several car-loads of horses (sixty or eighty in number) have just arrived from the West, and are brought from the depot in bunches of five or eight. They must be stalled in the cellar as fast as they arrive, if the stalls on the first floor happen to be already occupied. A horse naturally hesitates about going down into a strange cellar, so, while the hostler pulls on the halter, the proprietor uses the whip from behind. If this does not suffice, two grooms seize the horse by the hind legs, and half push, half carry him down into his new quarters. Those ten or twenty well-conditioned horses that are being brought from the stalls, each with a number freshly chalked on the rump, are about to be sent to some livery or horse-railway stable for trial.

Five or six wealthy dealers control the larger part of the business of the street, each one always having two or three hundred horses in the stable. There are fifteen or twenty dealers who do a moderate business or have a specialty. From eight to fifteen hundred horses (including all varieties), from an ordinary stage-horse to a gentleman's roadster, may always be found on sale. The finest importations into the market are frequently bought up by outside dealers, who make a specialty of training fast roadsters and stylish carriage horses for wealthy and fashionable patrons. At the larger stables, the daily sales vary between twenty and seventy horses a day. February, March and April are the busiest months, and late autumn is the dullest season of the year.

Buying for the market and buying or selling in the market are altogether two different things, as any one having various dealings in Twenty-fourth street soon discovers. Each large stable employs from ten to fourteen professional buyers, who travel from Maine to Minnesota and Texas. Their mission is difficult and requires great shrewdness, good sense, and acquaintance with all the ills that horse-flesh is heir to. "I never change my opinion of the value of a horse," says an experienced buyer. "If a farmer has one to sell, I look the animal over, form an opinion of what he will bring in the New York market, and make an offer. If the farmer doesn't accept, that's the end of it; or, frequently it isn't. For instance, I was re-

cently purchasing in Maine; a farmer had what he thought was a thousand-dollar roadster. I offered $350; he refused. I traveled on; but when I came that way again, a month later, the farmer accepted my first offer." Indifference and persistency in having his own way serve the professional buyer many a good turn. Nevertheless, he is frequently deceived, and bad bargains in the country lead to sharp dealing in the market. To offset the bad bargains, the shrewd buyer picks up many a scrawny young beast, in which he sees great possibilities. If the colt has a good frame and is naturally intelligent and honest, he frequently needs only an education and good living to become fitted for fashionable equine society. In the dullest times a really good horse is always salable.

Buying in the market is easy enough if one goes to a reputable dealer and doesn't higgle much over the price. Driving a sharp bargain, however, is a game in which the horse-dealer recognizes no superior. Three or four trustworthy and experienced men in the street, for a commission, make purchases on the order of gentlemen who seldom come near the market and find this the safest and cheapest way of procuring valuable horses. No reputable dealer ever asks a customer to buy a horse. But numerous men of doubtful character are always on the lookout for buyers. They are called "cappers," in street parlance, receive a small commission for service rendered, and do not hesitate to whisper in the ear of a prospective customer that a much better bargain is waiting across the way. Draught horses are put to the brake test. For this they are harnessed to a dray; a bar of wood is placed between the spokes of the wheels to block them; then seven or ten men jump



THE BRAKE TEST.

on the dray, and, incited by whip and yells, the horse tries to move the load. The weight of a man of average size is equivalent, in the brake test, to about seven hundred pounds. A brewer's wagon with a full load frequently weighs six and a half tons, for which reason the brewers use the heaviest Norman and Percheron horses. Driving horses are put to the test on the race-course or the road, but trials are sometimes deceptive.

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything, any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay, there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head,—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well, I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of swing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phrenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had nothing but the gentlest caresses for a tall, docile, sleek-limbed sorrel, that pricked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jowl, with jawbones broad, and wide apart under the throttle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-leg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind-leg with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be sightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, taste differs. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A

great many grays and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate, under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus-horse behind you is what many people call a calico-horse; now, I call him a genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature, and may happen anywhere."

In the larger stables of the market, horses will be found from every important breeding locality in the country. Kentucky horses were at one time very popular at Bull's Head. But so many buyers visit Kentucky that, as a rule, blue-grass stock is worth more, to sell, on its native turf than in the East. Kentucky is noted mainly for superb running, trotting and gentlemen's saddle-horses; but the opinion is held by some dealers that this stock deteriorates in the climate of the Atlantic coast. Ordinary grades of horses come largely from Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania. They are a medium-sized, hardy, serviceable animal, and bring from $125 to $200. The largest draught-horses are procured in Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and sell anywhere from $280 to $350. They are bred mostly from imported Norman and Percheron stock. Brewers occasionally pay as high as $800 or $1,000 for an exceptionally well-matched and heavy team. The compact and tough Percherons have met with great favor in this country. They are easily kept, have plenty of spirit and action as well as courage, but are not so strong-boned as the Norman. As a dealer expresses it, "Draught and coach horses, to be serviceable, must have strong pillars." The experiment is being tried of crossing the thoroughbred with Norman and Percheron mares for coach-horses. It promises great success, the cross being a stocky, stylish animal, sufficiently fiery, with high knee action, and an abundance of bone. New York State Royal George stock was long regarded as the model coach-horse. But this strain has been crossed with trotters till nothing remains of it—so dealers say—but a weedy, ill-grained animal bearing little resemblance to the fine, stately Royal George of old. Over-breeding to trotters is said to have had a pernicious effect on the native stock. The coach-horses of to-day are thought to be no improvement on those of thirty years ago. Indiana and Michigan supply excellent coach-horses, one-half to three-quarters thoroughbred, crossed with ordinary stock. A fine span of high steppers are worth from $600 to $1,200, and it is now fashionable not to have the horses match in color if they are alike in size and action.

Good driving-horses are now very common. Fairly fast trotters are easily obtained at Bull's Head, and have greatly depreciated in value. Maine, Vermont, West Virginia and Kentucky breed the best trotters. Phenomenal trotters seldom pass into the hands of the general dealer. At one stable, at least, in Twenty-fourth street, may always be found from ten to thirty roadsters with three-minute records and purchasable for $300 to $500. Ten years ago they would have been worth nearly twice as much. Occasionally a horse with a 2:30 record may be bought for $800. "2:40 nags," once the wonder and admiration of the world, are very ordinary roadsters in this fast age. Still a good, sure, three-minute horse is not despised by men who know what horses can do by the watch. New Jersey and Long Island are becoming more celebrated than Kentucky or Maryland for running or race horses.

Fine saddle-horses are hard to find. Good cobs, worth from $140 to $180 are bought in all parts of the country. French-Canadians make serviceable cobs. Polo ponies are brought from Kansas, Missouri and Texas. They are the ordinary Indian ponies, and, though very small, are tough, and often of beautiful shape. They are possessed of more than ordinary horse-sense, and intelligence and courage in a horse are said to go together. A good polo pony must possess almost the agility of a dog, the intelligence of a trick-horse, and the courage of a warrior-barb to endure the thumpings and shocks of that dashing mallet and ball game.

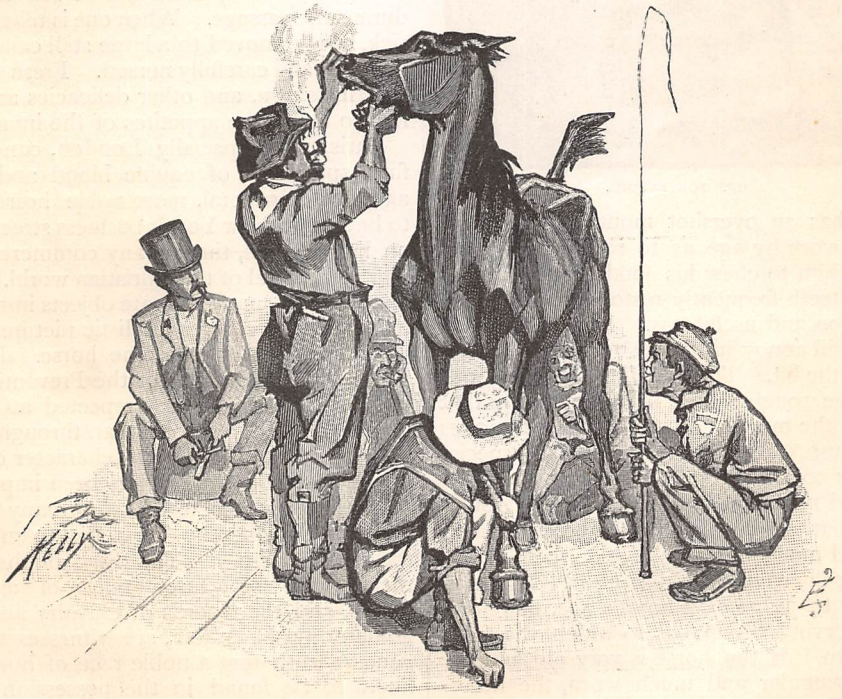
A prejudice exists in Twenty-fourth street against the tough and modest mule. He is not fashionable, and would probably kick against any attempt to drag him into vain society. A few are to be found on Long Island, and two or three thousand are sent annually to the West Indies and Central America. It is a popular superstition at Bull's Head that the mule was made exclusively for the negro. Also that, in general, mules are more intelligent than horses, "because they can be taught more things," and that men of small brains are solely chargeable with making this obstinate quadruped ugly in disposition.

Stage and car horses last on an average only four years, after which they are unable to sustain the great strain to which they are constantly subjected without rapidly deteri-

orating. It is for the interest of the owners to dispose of them just before the critical point is turned. Such horses find their way back to market, but seldom fall into the hands of the best dealers, who do not keep inferior or broken-down animals, known in the slang phrase of the street as "knackers." What with arsenic to give the poor beast frisky spirits and plumpness, and filing of the teeth, the knacker dealer often succeeds in selling a half-broken-down horse, twelve or sixteen years of age, for an eight-year-old. Dealers deny that arsenic is much used in this country, but affirm that English grooms, across the water, make extensive use of it to improve the appearance of overworked coach-horses. Given to horses, arsenic for a time imparts a gloss to their coat, makes them froth at the bit, and otherwise develops a false appearance of mettle. But the effect is only temporary. The doses must be steadily increased, and when the drug is withheld there is rapid and hopeless collapse.

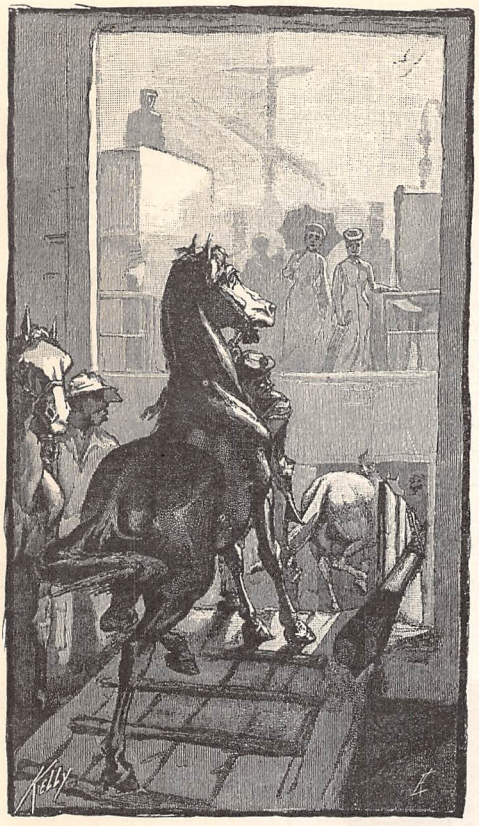
Some curious characters are known about the market as "knacker dealers." Conspicuous among them are five gypsy brothers who pretend to be rag-merchants, but gain a living mainly by dealing in broken-down horses. They are connoisseurs in their line, and in examining a "knacker," are particular to take an inventory of every blemish. An English jockey frequents Bull's Head, who buys "knackers" for the London market. He dotes on horses that look well to the eye, but have some disease or blemish not easily detected. In England he takes advantage of the reasonable supposition that a dealer would not be to the expense of importing an inferior American horse. One day he was driving a fine-looking span of horses through the street. "Them horses are cheap," said an honest dealer, "and just what that rascal would want, if they wasn't too good for him. If they had something real bad the matter with them, he'd buy them at the same price." A horse has some value so long as he is able to stand on his legs; and even afterward, when he will no longer bring forty or fifty dollars at a fair bargain, he is sent to the market in Sixty-eighth street, near the East River, and knocked down to the "knacker" dealer, or the glue manufacturer, for anything between three and fifty dollars.

The salable condition of a horse may be improved in many legitimate ways. If he comes into the market thin and lifeless, he may be the victim of some transitory disor-



THE CONNOISSEURS.

der. Care is taken to discover the kind of food which he most relishes. The horse dentist is a very important person about the market, and lends himself frequently to deceitful as well as sanitary measures. If a



OFF FOR EUROPE.

horse has an overshot mouth, or his teeth are so worn by age as to render it impossible for him to chew his food properly, filing of the teeth frequently restores him to good condition and usefulness. Now and then a horse will annoy his driver by pulling on one side of the bit. This is a sign that his grinders have rough edges, and are chafing that side of the mouth. A little filing removes the cause. But the horse-dentist's special glory is to be able to transform a fourteen-year-old nag into a six-year-old. A young horse has cavities in his teeth which, with age and much chewing of hay, wear down, causing the cavities to disappear. It is customary to judge of a horse's age, therefore, by observing the extent to which the teeth are worn. If the horse is very old and the teeth irregular and much worn, the horse-dentist knows how to file them down even, and on the cutting surfaces of the teeth to dig cavities that are colored black, as in nature, by the application of caustic.

After a steady decrease of business at Bull's Head since the panic of 1873, there are now indications of a return of old-time prosperity. Shipments to Europe have met with encouraging success. Since this foreign trade opened, about a year ago, some five dealers have sent a thousand horses each to London, Paris, and cities in Ireland and Germany. Only superb horses of good size are shipped, and so far they have met with ready sale. Five or six steamships have stalls fitted up forward, between decks, for the reception of sixty or more horses. They are taken aboard two or three hours before the steamship sails, being whipped and pulled over a gang-plank. Occasionally a horse shows no timidity, and walks the plank with all the courage of Young America embarking for Paris. Altogether, the embarkation makes a spirited picture. One by one the horses are boarded in, or pigeon-holed, so closely that they cannot lie down. Saw-dust cushions in front and behind afford them some protection against the pitching of the vessel. When all are in their berths, a double row of inquisitive heads is seen protruding into the middle aisle of the deck. Two or three horses frequently die of sea-sickness during the passage. When one is taken very sick, he is removed to a large stall called the hospital, and carefully nursed. Fresh clover hay, in season, and other delicacies are carried to tempt the appetites of the invalids.

Paris, and especially London, can show finer specimens of equine blood and lineage, but, in general, more noble horses are to be seen in New York's business streets and on her avenues, than in any commercial or political capital of the Christian world. And there are not many animate objects in nature more attractive, for a realistic picture, than a finely shaped, mettlesome horse. Henry Bergh and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are respected at Bull's Head, for it is believed that, through their humane work, the general character of the horses of the metropolis has been improved thirty per cent., at least. In many ways society is benefited by every effort to improve the national stock. The frieze of the Parthenon, the sculptured relics of ancient Rome, and the records of chivalry and the golden days of Arabia, are witnesses to the general truth that a noble race of horses is likely to be found in the possession of a noble race of men.

THE AMENDMENT OF THE PATENT LAW.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD ASSOCIATION.

AN article in the November number of this magazine (p. 99) under the title "Our Patent-System and what we Owe to it," having special reference to the amendments of the patent law now pending in Congress, set forth objections to the patent-system which have been heretofore erroneously attributed to the friends of those amendments; stated one or two of the objections to the present law which they have themselves suggested; utterly (though it is fair to presume unintentionally) misrepresented the work of the Western Railroad Association, and the purposes of its members in the premises; indulged in many able encomiums upon inventions and their results; proceeded upon the supposition that all progress in science and the useful arts was due indirectly to the patent or property right conferred by the government, that is, that all invention was due primarily to the incentives of the patent law; treated rather collaterally of the right of property which an inventor has in his invention and of "the labor-saving machinery question"; and devoted the most of its space to opposing a desire to repeal the *whole* patent-system with which the article wrongfully charged the promoters of the proposed amendments to the present law.

As a demonstration of the sound policy of having *a* patent-system, and as opposing those individuals who would like to see the whole patent-system demolished, the arguments of the writer referred to were ably put and determinative, though in the opinion of the present writer they were, in view of the questions really at issue before the public, ill-timed and uncalled for, and, in view of the accompanying misstatements of facts, very misleading.

No one who now commands in this connection any degree of public attention in this country, and none of the accredited friends of the proposed amendments either desires the repeal of the patent law, or entertains any considerable number of the objections thereto set forth in the article.

Mr. Richardson unfortunately exposes great ignorance alike of the character of the provisions pending before Congress and of the character and ability of the members of Congress, when he says, "Very few are aware how seriously the integrity of the system was assailed in Congress last winter, or how nearly the assault came to success owing to the ignorance of many members from the West and South with regard to its nature, purpose and influence."

The writer hereof fairly and correctly stated the convictions and desires of the friends of the proposed amendments to the law when before the Senate Committee in the first consideration (November 17, 1877) of the pending bill, he said: "I desire the committee to take my most solemn and earnest assurance that there is nothing in my personal ambition and convictions, in my professional or business connections, or in the purposes of those I represent, which would knowingly militate against the efficient and honest administration of a wise and equitable patent-system."

The object of this paper is to correct many of the misstatements of facts in the article alluded to, and to give the public a true and authoritative statement of these matters; to exhibit the plans and purposes of the association referred to; to explain the movement, the success of which will result in a somewhat radical amendment of the patent law; and, as space shall permit, to offer some general suggestions in point.

It would be silly to reproduce here many of the foolish and absurd objections to the patent-system and the present laws to which, it is believed, dignity is for the first time given by our author. The article contained however, in addition to the above quotation, the following misleading statements: "The opponents of the patent-system assert that it is no part of the duty of the state to advance the arts; * * * that patents do not encourage inventors either to make or to publish their inventions." Of course this is arrant nonsense. It may be entertained by a few people, for there are many who have no competent understanding of the principles of the patent law. But to charge the promotors of the movement for amending the law with such sentiments is a flagrant example of ignorance and injustice.

In the same connection we read: "Many large users of patented inventions—railway

companies, for example—find it unprofitable to do without, and very burdensome to pay for, the inventions they need." This contains a grain of truth, yet is in spirit contrary to the manifest interest and to the actions of all large users of inventions—railway companies included, and is strangely inconsistent with their uniform practice of encouraging inventions. The President of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, in a sworn statement to the Illinois Commissioners (their report 1874, p. 30), says that the amount of patent royalties paid by his company is *at least* seventy-five thousand dollars *per annum*. It is in one sense burdensome to pay any such sum even for a railroad company; yet this cannot be truthfully contradicted that all large users of patents are willing at all times to pay *reasonable* royalties for valuable improvements.

Our author further says, "In justice to our inventors and manufacturers it must be said that opposition to the patent-system very rarely comes from them. That ungrateful work is almost entirely monopolized by the railway companies, or rather by a few of them." *Per contra*, inventors, manufacturers or railway companies neither make opposition nor desire to have opposition made to the patent-system. What they each and all desire is simply just and carefully considered amendments to some pernicious provisions of the present law; and the movement now near its successful end to secure the same by Congress was in fact commenced, and for months conducted alone by the inventors and manufacturers of agricultural implements.

In the same connection we read: "Not satisfied with boldly invading inventors' rights, they have the assurance to appeal to Congress for an amendment of the patent law which *shall put inventors completely under their thumbs*. Foremost in this effort has been the Western Railroad Association, the temper of which is *fairly* illustrated by the cool avowal of one of its prominent members that 'whenever our attention is called to a patent of value we use it, and in a few cases we are made to pay by plucky inventors, but in the aggregrate we pay much less than if we took licenses at first.'" (The italics are mine.)

This statement is utterly, unqualifiedly, and absolutely false in every particular. That a writer of the acknowledged ability and integrity of Mr. Richardson should be led into such a statement is, perhaps, the fault of the manufacturers and railroad officials, in that they have not thought it necessary to refute the slanders which have appeared in the public prints now for a considerable time. A fair sample of these slanders is the one quoted by Mr. Richardson as above. That statement was charged upon the "prominent member," etc., by name, by Mr. A. H. Walker, the representative of the Tanner Brake speculation, in his speech before the House committee. That official gives the present writer an unqualified denial that he ever entertained or gave utterance to any such "avowal," and Mr. Walker admits to the present writer that he never saw the official or a written word from him, but made the statement on hearsay information.

There is, doubtless, a strong public sentiment against the "whole patent-system," which has excusably grown out of the administration of some unjust provisions of the present law. Some of those who have suffered by such provisions petition Congress for amendments thereto. Those who are taking advantage thereof characteristically respond with willful misrepresentations of the purposes and propositions of the petitioners, and by easy means fill the press and the air with such false statements. They go for a time uncontradicted, and are believed by members of the bench, bar, and press, and by others. The petitioners, however, are confident of the justice of their propositions, and that, as enacted law, these amendments will not only prove their own justice, but will absorb and destroy the public sentiment above referred to, and thus do to the patent-system a very great service, instead of injury, as charged. Notwithstanding this, an association for any purpose of more than eighty railroad companies, operating more than thirty-three thousand miles of road, is a matter of public interest, and, under these circumstances, its objects should, perhaps, be fully explained; and like all other proper institutions of any public concern, it will profit by the explanation.

The questions arising under the patent law every time an improvement is presented for introduction or a claim is presented for past use, are *sui generis* and of great difficulty, with which the general solicitors and other officers of railroad companies are not always competent to deal, on account of the lack of special experience and study in that direction. The Western Railroad Association was re-organized in 1874, prior to

which time its members had paid millions of dollars for claims which had no real foundation, either in law or in fact, and had been in the habit of paying reasonable royalties for improvements without any reference as to whether they infringed other patents. The members perceived the importance of having the patent relations of any new improvement thoroughly investigated, when, after years of use of a device upon which patent a royalty had once been paid, one, two, three, and, in some instances, four or five other claims were presented for the infringement by the same device of other patents than those under which the device had been introduced.

Out of about fifty million dollars of litigated claims which the Association, through its officers and attorneys, is now defending, hardly one dollar is based upon any device upon which the defendants have not paid at least one patent royalty.

The objects of the association are twofold: namely, first, to examine the patent relations of any device desired to be used, that the full liability of the member may be settled at once and in advance; and, second, to pass upon any claim that may be presented for the past infringement of a patent.

One of the rules of the association—the one most earnestly insisted upon—is that no new device, whether invented on the road or presented by others, shall even be experimented with until its patent relations shall have been first, as far as possible, ascertained.

It is necessary that railroad companies should make settlements for the use of patents in advance, for three reasons; first, the prices that under the law are charged after the infringement (independent of plenary damages and of costs) are such that the use of the improvement would not only be of no advantage to the infringer, but prove to be of great loss and disadvantage; second, if settlements are made with the owners of patents, with little regard to the rules of law and simply upon commercial principles, a settlement before the infringement can be made more satisfactorily than one after the claim has accrued. Third, it is an unfortunate fact that some in authority consider railroad property as not at all sacred, and not even analogous to private property in its rights, but simply a public crib to be plundered by any who can safely do so under the form of law; and that in controversies a corporation, and especially a railroad corporation, wages an unequal warfare, having to contend with strong opposing prejudices. This is especially true of patent litigation against railroad companies.

The railroad companies have suffered severely on account of these general and special prejudices which always work against them, and even now, with the most efficient means possible for examining these claims, are forced to give the claimants the benefit of every possible doubt, and to pay thousands and thousands annually to escape the grasp of the law.

It is a matter of congratulation both to patentees and to railroads, that in five years when an improvement has been by this association recommended to be used upon settlement under this, that, or the other patent or patents, so far as the writer can learn the recommendation has, with one single exception, been acted upon in every instance, and in no single instance has a claim been subsequently presented for such use. Only four new subject matters have been in those years put into litigation, and the cause of action in them arose prior to the reorganization of the association.

When a claim for past infringement is referred by a member, it is thoroughly examined, its weak points ascertained and if without foundation settlement is refused; and in every instance save one (in which prudential reasons prevented) the *main reasons* for the refusal have been given frankly to the claimant. These reasons have been so conclusive that out of the hundreds of claims that have been so refused, not one claimant has yet found any one to commence suit under his claim. When the claim is a doubtful one or clear, compromises or settlements are effected accordingly. The writer hereof paid for one such claim about forty-five thousand dollars.

Lack of space excludes further details. In concluding this part of our paper we appeal with the greatest confidence to each and every practitioner before our association (excepting only the representatives of the Tanner Brake patent) to sustain fully the assertion of one of our Federal judges to the effect that the association is of as great benefit to the owners of valid patents as to the railroad companies.

Concerning the specific provisions of the bill, which will probably be enacted by the present Congress, the most thorough examination by every one competent therefor is earnestly desired. A review of them in this connection must be but cursory.

I. A large number of suits were commenced in 1876, the cause of action in which accrued about 1855. A reasonable statute of limitations is desired.

II. A decree has been entered against the Chicago and North Western Railway Company for the infringement of a patent (the principle of which is alleged to have been infringed by the use of another subsequently patented device upon which a royalty had already been paid), which decree fixes, if fully sustained, the liability of that company therefor at *about twelve hundred thousand dollars*. The rule of recovery in equity patent litigation as now understood is confessedly absurd and unjust. The rule substituted is that the commercial value of the invention is to be determined by a reasonable number of applicable business transactions under the patent, plenary damages and expenses of suit to be added at the discretion of the Court.

III. The provisions of the law allowing re-issues of patents on account of accidents or mistakes in the original issue are much broadened and a reasonable limitation of time within which such re-issue may be had is added, in order partially to prevent re-issuing patents, so as to cover subsequent inventions; and the retroactive character, in two respects, of re-issues is taken away.

IV. A provision for taking testimony *in perpetuam*, most carefully guarded, is introduced. The provisions of the general law in this regard are not applicable in patent cases.

V. Proceedings to annul invalid patents are provided for.

VI. A very large proportion of the patents now alive are useless as practical devices, and are useful only as the basis of infringement suits. Two fees, one at the end of four years of $50, and the other at the end of nine years of $100, are provided for, non-payment working a forfeiture in order to get rid of the many patents whose lives are not worth these amounts.

VII. The writer paid over $40,000 for patent licenses destroyed in the Chicago fire, the existence of which was admitted but the contents of which could not be proved, because the law, although allowing all other patent grants to be recorded in the Patent Office, did not admit licenses. The bill corrects this.

Many of the provisions of the bill are purely in the interest of additional facilities to the inventor, and all the provisions not enumerated above are unquestionably as much in the interest of patent owners as of infringers. It is a significant fact that while each one of the twenty-five sections of the bill was bitterly opposed when first suggested (they have since been modified and improved in form), the able representatives of a pool of patent owners, organized for the purpose of opposing this bill, have since acceded to the justice and propriety of each of these provisions, with some verbal alterations agreed upon since the bill was reported.

Space remains briefly to notice but two of the general matters in the article so often herein referred to. In discussing the right of property in the intellectual production of the inventor, our author says: "The inventor's monopoly infringes no man's rights; it diminishes in no wise the world's store of common possessions; it simply recognizes the patentee's exclusive right to control something which he has discovered or created—something which the world had not before him, and might never have had, except for him." This has a shadow of truth in it, and for one out of say twenty thousand patents, is literally true. Yet, as applied to the generality of inventions, these statements are almost unmixed errors. The host of minor improvements would be made if the inventor did not receive the arbitrary protection of the constitution and the law, and would be common possessions. The fallacy of all such statements is apparent in the fact that in every line of invention the important, as well as the unimportant improvements are very frequently made by different separated persons at about the same time. The art demands the improvement and the supply is simply a question of the ingenuity of the artisans. It is only so far as the patent law fosters and develops the natural ingenuity of the people to supply the wants of our growing civilization, that it has any foundation in right, reason or public policy; and the patent law is not based upon any natural or ethical right on the part of the citizen to the selfish exclusive enjoyment of the products of his brain.

A patent *does* create rights which the inventor otherwise would not have. It is *primâ facie* evidence that its owner has an exclusive property right to all that is claimed therein, and it shifts on to the public a heavy burden of proof to destroy beyond a reasonable doubt the claim upon which the government has put its broad seal.

It is a matter of difficulty to treat with

the respect which their source demands the strictures of Mr. Richardson upon large uses of patented appliances, as, for example, farmers, manufacturers, and railroad companies. His ignorance of the facts should be the excuse for his intemperate language. Given the facts that you cannot lift up your foot and put it down again, or buy the simplest tools the market affords for tilling an acre of ground, or for making the simplest articles of consumption, or drive a nail into a railroad car, without coming against patents and patents; that at least eighty per cent. of all the patents issued are of value to the patentee only as they are used by others; and that more than ninety per-centum of the infringements of patents for which claims have been made have been innocent by reason of ignorance on the part of the infringer:—yet you find that when, after such ignorant use the claim is made, if the alleged infringer has the ability and the disposition to investigate the claim, and under advice of counsel refuses to entertain it, he is classed as a "chicken thief" or a "pickpocket."

The writer gives this public and authoritative statement that the facts in the above case are mild in comparison to those which have characterized each and every one of the claims which have been refused by the members of the Western Railroad Association. It is deeply to be regretted that the people at large, by reason of the great variety in avocations and trades, are not enabled by associations and otherwise to give these claims a just investigation, but are obliged so frequently to be subjected to the blackmailing of "patent sharks," who present frivolous and invalid claims.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Religion in These Days.

MAN'S place in nature has never been so sharply and profoundly questioned as it has been during the past ten years. The answer which science presumes to give, when it presumes to give any, is not one which pleases or in any way satisfies itself. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Matter and force have manifested themselves in man, in form and phenomena, and the matter and force which have made man shall at last all be refunded into the common stock, to be used over and over and over again, in other forms and phenomena. There is a body, but there is no such thing as mind, independent of body. The dualism of constitution in which we have believed, and which lies at the basis of all our religion and philosophy, is a delusion. Out of all the enormous expenditure of ingenuity, or of what appears to be, or seems like, ingenuity, nothing is saved. The great field of star-mist out of which our solar system was made has been hardened into planets, set in motion and filled with life, to go on for untold ages, and then to come to an end—possibly to become a field of star-mist again; and nothing is to be saved out of the common fund of matter and force that can go on in an independent, immortal life. Man is simply a higher form of animal. God as a personality does not exist. Immortality is a dream, and the Christian religion, of course, is a delusion.

These conclusions seem to be the best that science can give us. Science believes nothing that it cannot prove. There may be a personal God, who takes cognizance of the personal affairs of men, but science cannot prove it; therefore a belief in a personal God is "unscientific." There may be such a thing as the human soul—a spirit that has a life, or the possibilities of a life, independent of the body; but it cannot be proved. Indeed, it seems to be proved that all the phenomena of what we call mind are attributable to changes that take place among the molecules of the brain. Therefore, a belief in the human soul is unscientific. Of course, if there is no human soul, there is nothing to save, and if there be nothing to save, Christ was, consciously or unconsciously, an impostor; and the hopes and expectations of all Christendom are vain. And this is the highest conclusion to which science seems to be able to lead us. Can anything be imagined to be more lame and impotent? We should think that every laboratory and every scientific school, and every library and study of a man of science, would seem like a tomb!

That this attitude of prominent men of science toward the great questions that relate to God, immortality, the nature of the human soul and the Christian religion, has sadly shaken the faith of a great multitude, there is no doubt. Society is honeycombed with infidelity. Men stagger in their pulpits with their burden of difficulties and doubts. The theological seminaries have become shaky places, and faith has taken its flight from an uncounted number of souls, leaving them in a darkness and sadness that no words can describe. All this is true. It is so true that tears may well mingle in one's ink as he writes it; but, after all, we have everything left that we have ever possessed. Nothing is proved against our faith. Science has never proved that there is no personal God, no soul, no

immortality, no Christ, and these are matters that we have always taken on faith. Not only this, but they are matters which science is utterly incompetent to handle. They are outside of the domain of science. Science can no more touch them than it can touch anything that it confesses to be "unknowable."

Now, there are several important things that are to be got out of the way before thoughtful Christendom can be induced to give up its faith in a personal God. First, there is the moral nature of man which infallibly recognizes a personal God. A sensitive moral nature and a quickened conscience, whose outcome is a sense of moral responsibility, would be lost in the marvel of their own existence without the certainty of the personal God to whom they owe allegiance. They would have no meaning, no authority, no object, without this certainty. There is also the religious nature of man. Reverence for God, love to God, devotion to God,—all these, actually or potentially, exist in man's nature. They underlie character. They are potent among motives; and if there be no personal God who exists as their legitimate object, what, in the economy of nature, do they mean? There is a question for science to answer that is quite worth its while. Why! a man cannot admit the evidence of design in creation without admitting the existence of a personal God, and when men get so far bankrupt in common sense as to deny the existence of design, are they worth minding?

When we admit the existence of a personal God, the rest all comes. This doctrine lies at the basis of all faith. If there is a great, conscious, spiritual personality in existence, there are likely to be smaller spiritual personalities. If there is a personal God who has begotten a family of children capable of recognizing and loving him, is it probable that he has destined them to annihilation? Is he to get nothing out of this great experiment—to carry nothing over into a higher life? What are the probabilities? And why has he planted this desire for immortality in all nations and races of men—not only the desire but the expectation? The truth is that every unsophisticated man, looking into himself, knows, with the highest degree of moral certainty, that he is a living soul, and that the mind acts upon the brain as often and as powerfully as the brain upon the mind. How often has the brain been paralyzed and the body been killed by a purely mental impression! Common sense that recognizes all the facts of being and consciousness is a great deal better than science that only recognizes what it can prove.

Admitting the existence of a personal God, and the relations of man to him as they are shown in his moral and religious nature, a revelation in some form becomes probable. Man naturally yearns for this recognition and this light, and is supremely happy when he believes he possesses it. A great number of people, through a great many centuries, have believed in this revelation. They have hugged it to their hearts through days of toil and sorrow, and rested their heads upon it through nights of weariness and pain. The revelation of God in Christ has done too much for the world to be put aside at the behest of science. If science is right, then Christianity is a falsehood; but did ever falsehood do such work as true Christianity has done? Can a lie transform a base and cruel life into one that is pure and brotherly? Can a lie inspire the heroisms and the sacrifices of self which have illustrated the path and progress of Christianity from the earliest times? Can a lie sweeten sorrow, strengthen weakness, make soft the pillow of death, and irradiate the spirit shutting its eyes upon this world with a joy too great for utterance? This is what Christianity has done in millions and millions of instances. It is busy in its beneficent work of transforming character all over the world to-day. Man of science, what have you to put in its place? The doctrine of a world without a personal God, and a man without a soul! God pity the man of science who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods! We cannot imagine a sadder or more unfortunate man in the world. God pity him, we say, for if ever a human being needed divine pity he does. An intelligent man, standing in the presence of the Everlasting Father, studying and endeavoring to interpret his works, and refusing to see him, because he cannot bring him into the field of his telescope, or into the range of a "scientific method," is certainly an object to be pitied of angels and of men. The marvel is that in his darkness and his sadness men turn to him for light—turn to a man for light who denies not only God, but the existence of the human soul! Alas! that there should be fools more eminent in their foolishness than he!

Art as a Steady Diet.

THE spread of art and art ideas in this country has been accepted as a sort of new gospel. A new and advanced religion could hardly be welcomed more cordially or hopefully. A fresh significance has been given to life, and in everything—in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in pottery, in home decoration, in embroidery, and in all the multitudinous ways in which the æsthetic in men and women (especially in women) expresses itself—there has been a great revival, or an absolutely new birth. Partly, this is the result of the Centennial Exhibition, and partly it is the result of a contagion that seems to swim in the universal air. The whole world is growing artistic. The nations are stimulating one another, and exchanging ideas. Our own country, though it has been the last to awaken out of sleep, bids fair to run its new enthusiasm into a craze.

We were about to write that this new enthusiasm had spared neither age nor sex. It has spared no age among women; but where men have felt the new impetus in a considerable degree, women have felt it in a supreme degree. Distinct from the great mass, there are two classes of women who have seized upon the new ideas and new influences to help them out of trouble, viz., those who have nothing to do because they have no physical wants to provide

for, and those who, since the war and the hard times, have been obliged in some way to provide for themselves. The multitudes who are now "decorating" porcelain, learning "the Kensington stitch" in embroidery, painting on satin, illuminating panels, designing and putting together curtains, making lace, drawing from the antique, sketching, daubing, etc., etc., are surprising. Some will undoubtedly find agreeable employment in this, and kill their superfluous time in a graceful way. Some who need it will find remunerative employment in it, and all will get a kind of culture by it that America has sadly needed. In the future, American homes will be better individualized than they have been. The work of decoration everywhere will be modified. We shall have better public and domestic architecture. The public stock of art ideas will be so greatly enlarged that the country will be comparatively safe from the outrages upon good taste that confront the eye in both city and country. People will at least know enough to see their own ignorance, and to be careful about expressing it.

Now, while we rejoice in this development, and in all the pleasure and comfort and culture it brings, we warn all against expecting too much from it. Art is a very thin diet for any human soul. There is no new gospel in it. There is no religion in it, and there is nothing in it to take the place of religion. It has to do with but few of the great verities and vitalities that most concern mankind. Form, configuration, color, construction, all the dainty secrets and devices of presentment, inventions of phrase and tint to excite the imagination, organic proportion, internal harmony and external beauty,—these constitute art, as a vehicle. Art is simply a carrier of divine things. It is only the servant of supreme values. Art is no leader and no king; and the soul that undertakes to live by being the servant of this servant, will certainly win inadequate wages and die of starvation. For art, it should be remembered, adds nothing to morality, nothing to religion, nothing to science, nothing to knowledge except a knowledge of itself, nothing to social or political wisdom, theoretically or practically. It may have a vehicular office with regard to all these; but the vital values are in them, and not at all in it.

It is not at all necessary to go to the old and familiar fields of Roman and Grecian civilization for illustrations of the powerlessness of art to conserve and to develop a national life. Rome and Athens went to sleep with all the marvels of their art around them, and the eye of To-day, prepared for vision by the survey of other fields than those of art, greets those marvels with the first appreciation they have had through long centuries. We have only to turn to the living China and Japan to see how little art can do toward civilization, and how insignificant an element it is in civilization. Japan, in many matters of art, can teach the world, and the same may be said of China. We will take the familiar matter of decorating porcelain. There is no decoration of porcelain in Europe that can compare for a moment with the best of that executed in China and Japan. English decoration is crude and coarse, and French is feeble and conventional, compared with that. Sèvres porcelain has been shamed into poverty and commonplaceness by the rich and altogether original combinations of color that illustrate the best Oriental art. The Japanese, especially, seem to have learned everything there is to be known about color, so far as it relates to the familiar varieties of decoration, and the English attempts to imitate their work are equally sad and laughable. We mean simply to assert that, in every department of art to which they have specially turned their attention, they have surpassed the civilized world.

And what does all this prove? What but that art may be born of a people very imperfectly civilized? What but that art is a very thin and innutritious diet for any person or any people to live upon? China and Japan are trying to learn everything else of us. They knew little or nothing of science; they had no machinery; their literature was childish; they were bound up in their own self-conceit and their own exclusive policy, and the word progress was an unknown wordin both those vast realms, until daylight shone in upon them from Europe and America. Now they are sending their boys to us to learn what they find will be vastly for their advantage to know.

We trust that our people, in the new interest that has been awakened in all matters relating to art, will be very moderate in their expectations of results. Art is an excellent servant, and a very poor master. When a man is supremely absorbed in it—when he has no thought for anything else—he is degraded by it. It is simply not the supreme thing, and cannot be treated as such without damage. It is most likely that, as China and Japan get more knowledge and a better hold of the practically productive arts, and of new social and political ideas, the arts that now distinguish them will decay. The new interest in art here is all right, and very much to be encouraged; only it does not come anywhere near being the principal thing, and cannot be treated as such, for any length of time, by any man or woman, without incurring mental and spiritual poverty.

Popular Despotism.

THERE is a popular theory that a despotism always consists of the arbitrary and oppressive rule of the many by one, or a few; and it seems hard for the people to realize that the only despotisms or tyrannies that we have in this country are popular.

We have had recent occasion to observe an instance of this. A gentleman employed, through the head of a Broadway establishment, a paper-hanger, for three or four weeks. Now, a paper-hanger does not need to be a man of genius. His papers are selected for him, and he has simply to put them on so that they will remain. There can be, of course, such a thing as a poor paper-hanger, but nobody would ever dream of placing the calling very high in the realm of what is denominated "skilled labor." When the gentleman was called upon to pay the bill, he found that his paper-hanger had been making ten dollars a day. Inquiring into the matter, he ascertained that the man was a "society man."

Protesting against the injustice of paying to a paper-hanger three or four times as much per diem as he was paying his carpenters and painters, the answer was, that it could not be helped, that the men were bound together and pledged to each other, and nobody could be had to do the work more cheaply. The gentleman, of course, submitted to the robbery, for such it essentially was. There was not the value of ten dollars a day in the work, and every penny taken over and above the value was an extortion, an abuse of power, an essential outrage and theft.

Now, if capital were to combine to fix the unjust price of a barrel of flour, or, if any one man could monopolize a market and arbitrarily raise the price of the necessaries of life, and should do this relentlessly, without the slightest reference to intrinsic values, our paper-hanger and his brother paper-hangers would very readily understand the nature of the case. It is precisely like their own. One has labor to sell; the other has flour and sugar, and both are guilty of immoral and despotic conduct. Practically, however, there are no combinations of capital for oppressing consumers. Coal companies and railroad corporations, in their competitions with each other, make arrangements which they never loyally adhere to and are always breaking; and speculators, in their struggles with each other, get up "corners" in wheat, and other necessaries of life; but they are always short-lived, and all honorable business men denounce them. The principle that lies at the basis of all organized attempts to raise the price either of labor or merchandise above that which, in a perfectly free competition, is fixed by the laws of demand and supply, is a principle of despotism, and essential robbery and wrong. This is a despotism or a tyranny practiced by the many upon the few—a popular despotism.

Of course, all tyrannies are wrong in their nature, and all tyrannies, being founded in wrong, must be supported by wrong. Tyranny must have its laws and regulations. If a high price for a certain kind of work is to be maintained by a society, then that society must keep itself small. The number of apprentices must be limited. The competition must not be free. The wants and interests of the public and the rights of the public are never to be considered. All that is to be considered is the interest, or what seems to be the interest, of the organization. The number of workmen must be kept small, so that the supply can meet the demand with the power to dictate its own arbitrary price. In all this action and attitude of the trade-union the public is the sufferer, but there comes a time when the society becomes despotic upon its own members, and even upon those of the same craft who do not choose to be society men. We have just passed through, or are now passing through, a period of business depression. There has been no profit in doing business, and men have been glad to get work at any price. But they have not been permitted to work at any price. The laws of the society have forbidden them. They have been driven from their work, forced into strikes that were more foolish and arbitrary and brutal than we can describe, and made to contribute for the support of men who were quite willing to work and earn their living at the market price. Begun in wrong, —based in wrong,—what wonder that the end has often been riot, and violence, and bloodshed! The simple truth is, that it is all wrong from beginning to end. No body of men, no guild, no handicraft, has the moral or social right to erect itself into a despotism, and by a set of rules, shut itself off from the operation of those laws which govern all trade under the rights of a perfectly free competition. Of the effects of that despotism which reduces all excellence to the level of all ignorance and unskillfulness, we do not need to speak. To fix the wages of all men within a society at one figure, is to offer a premium for imbecility, and to strike a crushing blow upon the self-respect and the *amour propre* of those who have thought it worth while to become better workmen than their fellows.

It is a hard word to say, but the trade-union is a nursery of that monster whose shadow sometimes darkens the earth with menace, and which men call "The Commune." Now, nothing so foul, nothing so disgusting, nothing so base, nothing so iniquitous and outrageous, was ever conceived in the womb of time—begotten of the devil—as "The Commune." It can never live in this country for a day. It can never live in any country that has three million landholders. Its brief reign in France was confined to Paris. It made no more progress among its five million land-owners than fire would make upon the waves of the ocean. Communism in France is dead, and all that we mean to say about it in this connection is, that the trade societies are the natural nurseries of the Commune, and, we say this, to show the rottenness of their basis. At Pittsburgh, the strikers took possession and engaged in the destruction of property not their own, and the materials of the Commune mingled with them as naturally as one stream of water mingles with another. The whole system that leads to violence like this, is necessarily a system of demoralization. This undertaking to control the labor of a class against the competitions and interests of a whole country, to regulate that labor and its prices in all their details, to reduce and to raise to one standard of reward all the varied degrees of skill and excellence, and to order everything for the benefit of the society as against all other society, even to the exercise of hardship upon the members, and violence upon all opposing or non-consenting forces, is a most efficient training for the Commune. It tends toward it. It prepares and educates, or sophisticates the mind for it; and, if these hard times have in any degree—and we believe they have in a great degree, —weakened the hold of these societies upon the different trades, let us thank God for at least one great and good result of their coming, and take courage.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.—III.

SERVANTS.

I LEARNED much on the subject of servants from an English book on domestic duties, published early in this century, which I picked up in England nearly fifty years ago, and from which I made some memoranda. I trust these suggestions may be as useful to my readers as this book was to me.

THE CHOICE OF SERVANTS.

YOU cannot always have as wide a range in the choice of servants as you could desire, but you may adhere to certain rules. You may at first view satisfy yourself on looking at one who applies to you for employment that she is not the person you want, and can reject her without hurting her self-love. Unless they have grown old in your service, it is better that servants should not be over forty, for many reasons. Cooks, housemaids and laundresses should be strong and active, wholesome and honest looking, with clean hands and no long backs. Look for decent and quiet manners, and reject finery or untidiness of dress. The better educated are more likely to understand their responsibilities and do their duty. For a waitress, you want good looks, active and neat person, and quick motion; for a nurse, something superior to all other positions. All that can be done is to know at first sight the kind of person you want, and to decide which is most likely to fill your requirements. Having decided upon these points, take the names of those chosen and inquire about them.

ENGAGEMENT OF SERVANTS.

TAKE no servant into your house without making thorough inquiry as to respectability and former service. Never accept a written character from an unknown quarter. See the former mistress, ask questions, and, in a degree, judge by herself and her house what the servant's habits are. If those are untidy, the servants are, probably, untidy too. I am sorry to say there is sometimes a want of principle among employers in the recommendation of servants, and there is nothing more prejudicial to both servants and employers. Servants are careless from the belief that whatever may be their conduct no one would be unkind enough to "spoil their prospects." It is an absolute duty to give a just character, and, were this duty observed, the influence would soon be felt in the improvement of the employés. After making all inquiries, take the servant upon a week's trial; if not satisfied, extend it to a month, unless she is recommended by some one upon whose word you can depend. When you are called upon for a character, recommend no servant whom you would not be willing to keep in your own service. I need hardly caution you against angry feelings toward a servant from whom you have parted. She has the same right to choose a place that you have to choose a servant. No servant has a right, however, to throw a household into disorder by leaving without due notice. Make an agreement with the one you are engaging—in writing, if possible—that she must give you due notice of her departure, or forfeit a week's wages. Much disorder is prevented by this. She should claim the same notice if dismissed unless for absolute misconduct. After making every inquiry and taking every precaution, don't expect excellence.

Never send for a servant who is in place, or allow any person to apply to you who has not given due notice to her former mistress. I have known several instances of servants being offered higher wages to leave their "present employer." It is a kind of burglary, and should be punished.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

TREAT your servants with confidence and consideration, and do not suspect them of doing wrong. They must be trusted more or less by the whole household, and trust, in most cases, begets a sense of responsibility. Require careful performance of their duties, strict obedience to your orders, tidiness and cleanliness in their persons, respectful manners and willing service, and make them understand how much their good conduct adds to the comfort of the whole household. They must have time to do their washing and keep their clothes in order, or they cannot be clean and tidy. Treat them with kindness, but never with familiarity. Don't ask unnecessary questions. If they are sad and moody, take no further notice of it, than to suggest (if practicable), that the usual holiday hours should be taken on that day, rather than on the one appropriated to them. Without wholesome intervals of amusement, uninterrupted work becomes intolerable. If they are ill, take the best care of them. Allow them to see their friends in the evening, not in the day-time, for it interrupts work. If you deny them the privilege of companionship, you establish an unnatural condition, which is a premium for deceit and worse than deceit. Servants will have friends, even lovers. Do not compel them to hide in areas, or to make appointments, but let everything be honest and aboveboard. There are and must be differences in the modes of pleasure and enjoyment, and in the gratification of wants and wishes, but there is a common womanhood. Let us remember this gratefully and feel how much it is in the power of every mistress of a household to elevate those she employs.

The habit of breaking up households every six or eight months, when families go to the country, is much against the improvement of servants and their desire to do their duty. Too many servants is a greater evil than too few. They had better be fully employed than not have enough to do.

Let your servants look for your presence as an aid and assistance toward seeing their work more

clearly. Never lose your temper with a servant. If she cannot be reasonably dealt with, dismiss her. But, with proper precaution, you are not likely to engage such a person.

Appoint a time for the holiday of each servant, and, if possible, do not allow arrangements to interfere with this appropriated time. If necessary to defer it, have no question about it. I have never known an instance of unwilling assent. "Good mistresses make good servants" is an old adage and usually true. Servants are influenced by example. If they see that your conduct is governed by principle they will respect you. If they see that your temper is well regulated, and that you desire to do your duty to them, while you expect a steady performance of their duty to you, their respect will be mingled with affection, and a desire to deserve your favor.

A good and faithful servant may be one of the best friends of a family. In sickness, her services are sometimes invaluable. I have known, personally, three instances of devotion in servants rarely equaled by friend or relation out of the immediate family.

DUTIES OF A COOK.

I HAVE written, in "The Choice of Servants," that a cook should be clean, strong, active and healthy; she must be honest and sober, careful and economical. If a cook could be persuaded to wear short clothes, short sleeves, strong shoes, a large apron and a clean collar, she would add much to her comfort and yours. A clean kitchen and a tidy cook are pleasant objects when one remembers how much the comfort and even the health of the family depend upon them. You can aid your cook in her economy and honesty by knowing how much is required, and how long each thing should last. Nothing should be misused, such as knives for prying, cleavers for hammering, etc., and nothing should be wasted. Sixpence a day is nearly twenty-three dollars a year. All so-called "perquisites" are a great mistake. Give your servants such wages as repay them for their work, but do not allow anything to be sold by them, for their sakes as well as yours; it is a great temptation to peculation. Let your servants have as little to do with tradespeople as possible. Give to the cook what is necessary for the consumption of the kitchen. She will soon understand that you expect her to do what is right, and will respect you the more for it.

A quarter of a pound of tea is sufficient for each person for the week, unless you give coffee, too, when, one pound of coffee, and half the quantity of tea will be sufficient. A pound of sugar is enough for each servant, a candle a week for each servant's bedroom, and one for the cook for cellar and closets (a small lantern in which the candle can be placed is best for this purpose).

The cook must take charge of meat, bread, butter, eggs, and all articles of daily consumption, and it is the duty of the mistress to know how much should be consumed. If you keep books with tradespeople, enter every order in your own handwriting. It prevents all question. Make it understood by the people with whom you deal that you will mark out any charge not written by yourself. If the tradesman thinks anything has been omitted, let him write it on a piece of paper, and send the paper for you to enter the omission.

Weekly accounts are best for all households. This enables the mistress to understand at once if she has exceeded the limits laid down for herself, and to make any comments and question any prices.

A cook should be up at an early hour; she should clean out the range and flues, and lay the fire. While it is kindling the tea-kettles can be filled with fresh water, and the servants' breakfast-table be prepared. The fire should be kept low during the day, a little coal being added from time to time, till the larger fire is required for dinner. The fire should be let down at night at as early an hour as convenient, to give the range time to cool, or it will soon be good for nothing but repairs. The flues under and around the ovens should be cleaned out at least once a week, and the ovens brushed and wiped out daily.

The order of the cook's duties depends upon the breakfast hour. If you do not breakfast at an early hour, the servants' breakfast can be over, and the sweeping of the areas and hall can be done before; but she must prepare and have ready whatever is ordered for breakfast. After breakfast, she should clean the pantries and stairs, wash and put away all utensils and sweep the kitchen early, so as not to interfere with other work. Orders for the day should be given early, and a little *carte* written and given to the cook for the servants' dinner, the lunch, the dinner, and the next morning's breakfast. No matter how simple your fare, it leaves no doubt on the cook's mind, and gives little trouble to you. Go into the store-room, and oblige your servants to come and ask for what they want, and answer no requests later. If there is anything for dinner requiring preparation, like crumbed chops, croquettes, veal cutlets, etc., it should be prepared in the morning, covered, and put away in a suitable place, that there may be no careless haste at dinner-time. A cook should have a basin and towel always near for her hands, or she will flavor one dish with another.

If your servants dine in the middle of the day, it is the duty of the cook to see that the meal is well cooked and well served, at the hour appointed, punctually, that they may adapt their work to this hour.

Everything should be ready for dinner at the hour appointed. Care, neatness, and attention are necessary. With these qualities, an intelligent cook may rise to excellence. If she is not intelligent, she is not fitted to be a cook.

After dinner comes the washing of dishes and the clearing up of the kitchen. Every vessel that has been used must be washed, dried, and put away, upside down if possible, to keep out the dust.

The washing of plates and dishes is a rare art. There should be two tubs: one of warm water and soap (if your service is not gilt, soda is best), and one of cold water, in which they should be thoroughly

washed, with a clean wash-cloth, in the hot water, and rinsed in cold, and then placed in the draining-rack to drain. Fine china should not be put into very hot water; it cracks the enamel. With a rack no wiping is requisite, and the contamination of a soiled towel is thus avoided. I am told that a rack is unusual. It is simply four upright bars, bound together with cross-bars in front and behind, and at the two ends wide enough to allow of small round bars to be put through them. Perhaps I can better describe it by saying, Place two short ladders on their sides, the rounds very close, and joined at the two ends by two bars about ten inches long. Between these rounds the dishes and plates are placed vertically to drain. There may be two or three tiers, according to the number of plates and dishes.

The grate, hearth and floor should also now be swept and made clean, and the kitchen put into perfect order.

Every part of the kitchen should be cleaned thoroughly once a week. This can easily be done by taking one closet on Monday, others on Tuesday, the dresser on Wednesday, etc.

If the cook is required to wash bed-linen, let it be done on Saturday, so as not to interfere with the laundress.

A cook should not allow her refuse pail to stand for more than a day. When the ash-man takes it, let her see that the place where it stood is clean, and that the pail is scalded immediately. Carelessness on this point may infect the air of a house.

If you have servants, let them do their own work, for which you employ and pay them. There is no reason why a mistress should do anything herself, but she must give her directions clearly, and—with a cook (if any new dish is to be prepared)—stand by to see them executed—the directions being given, one by one. Two such lessons will enable any intelligent woman to understand what she is to do. Then write the directions clearly (if the woman can read, a most desirable accomplishment), and let her carry them out herself. Repeat the dish very soon, that the details may be impressed upon her memory.

DUTIES OF A HOUSEMAID.

A HOUSEMAID should be active, clean, and neat in her person, and good-tempered, for she will often find her work increased by the carelessness of others.

Her first duty is to open the windows in the parlors, remove the fender and rug, and put a coarse cloth over the carpet while she takes away the ashes and cinders, cleans the grate and fire-irons, and lays the fire. If of steel, they should be rubbed with a bit of flannel wet with alcohol and dipped in emery powder and polished with a chamois leather; if of iron, with black lead, applied with a bit of cotton or flannel, and well polished with a brush. The fire should be laid with the wood crosswise, to let the draft through; the cinders which have been taken from the ashes laid on the wood; then the coal. The ashes should be taken away, the hearth washed, the fender wiped, the rug (after shaking) replaced, scraps removed from the carpet with whisk-broom and dust pan, and the room thoroughly dusted, including window-sashes. The stairs should then be swept down and balusters carefully dusted before the family leave their rooms.

As soon as the family are at breakfast, the housemaid should go to her bedroom work; open the windows, and throw off the bedclothes on chairs at the head and foot of the bed, that the bedding may be well aired, though it is better for each member of the family to do this after dressing, to allow more time for airing. The maid should bring her chamber bucket, empty the baths and dry the tubs thoroughly, and wipe out the bath pails; then bring a pail of hot water to wash out basins, pitchers, etc., and dry them with appropriate towels; then rinse out the bucket and expose it to the air, and when dry put it back into the housemaid's closet. She should fill the pails with fresh water, dry and fold the towels on the towel-rack, or change them. The beds can now be made. After they are made, she should see that the carpet is free from scraps, and dust the room thoroughly, and close the windows, according to the season. If fires are used in the bedrooms, the grate, fire-irons and hearth should be attended to first, and the scuttle left full. The servants should strip their beds when they rise in the morning, and open the windows and shut the doors, that they may be aired when the housemaid comes to them. I think it very important that servants who are at work down-stairs should not be expected to take care of their own bedrooms; for it is important, not only to them as a matter of health, but *to the whole household*, that their rooms should be kept perfectly clean and well aired. If necessary for them to do this themselves, on account of the small number of servants, let a time in the day be appointed for it.

The rooms under the housemaid's care should be cleaned once a week, each in turn, on such days as may be appointed,—attic on Monday, highest bedroom floor on Tuesday, and so on. The furniture should be thoroughly dusted and rubbed, and, if possible, removed into an adjoining room; if not, covered with one of the large cotton cloths. The window curtains should be turned up as high as possible, out of the dust, and the carpet should be swept with tea-leaves, or, if of very light color, with Indian meal. After sweeping, the dust should be removed from the tops of the doors, window-frames, surbases and doors with a soft, clean cloth duster, and the duster frequently shaken out of the window. The frames of pictures, looking-glasses, and mirrors should be dusted with a painter's brush, a feather duster, or a fox's-tail. If the wood of the furniture is spotted, a tea-spoonful of linseed oil in a little cold water will remove the spots. Chimney ornaments, candlesticks, etc., should be carefully removed while washing the mantel-piece; but no clock should be moved. The window-curtains should be dusted with a feather duster, and the windows cleaned with newspaper wet and wrung out in cold water, and polished dry with clean, soft linen cloths.

The bedrooms should be treated in the same order, and the mattresses whisked with a broom. A small and a slightly damped mop should be passed under any piece of furniture that cannot be moved. The

fires should be laid ready for lighting, the mirrors cleaned (with newspaper and cold water), and a candle, free from sperm, should be left, whether gas is used or not. While the family are at dinner the housemaid must answer the door-bell, see that the fire is kept up in the parlor, drop the curtains, light the gas and turn it low. She should then go to the bedrooms, turn down the bedclothes, put anything in order which has been disturbed in dressing, set out the tubs, light the gas and turn it low. A good housemaid, as she leaves a room, will look to see that nothing has been omitted.

When there are but three servants kept, the bedroom work devolves upon the laundress. I shall try in a later paper to suggest the best arrangement of work where but two servants are kept, and when but one, or none. A time should be appointed for each servant's washing of her own clothes.

PLACARD FOR THE HOUSEMAID'S CLOSET DOOR.

Open windows; grates and fire-places.
Floors; dusting; stairs.
Bedroom work.
Cleaning appropriated to each day.
Arrange your dress.
Door-bell; fire, curtains, and gas in drawing-room.
Attend to the bedroom work.
Tubs, pails, basins, etc., and gas.
Help the laundress up with her clothes, while the family are at dinner.
Monday—Clean attic.
Tuesday—Highest bedroom floor.
Etc., etc.

On Tuesday afternoon, while the waitress is doing her own washing, the housemaid should answer the door-bell.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Second Loan Exhibition.

THE second Loan Exhibition of works of art, held at the Academy of Design, by the Society of Decorative Art, is open as we write, but will be closed before we are read. From the first of October till the middle of December, or thereabout, this interesting and instructive collection is to be accessible to the public. It appears that its pecuniary success is decided, perhaps as great as that of last winter, though the first exhibition had the charm of novelty to recommend it. The friends of the Society are not to be blamed for thinking that consideration the most important. They are enlisted in the service of what is a distinctly artistic enterprise; so that even the most unworldly of them—even the most ardent lover of art and despiser of money-making—may consistently aid in filling *that* treasury.

But what, in this Exhibition, are the short-comings which we pardon, in view of the above considerations? What is there that might be better if more money were spent and more time given? There will be plenty of loan exhibitions held in the land during the next few years, and they may as well be studied out beforehand and carefully prepared. Perhaps smaller cities cannot vie with New York in the number and variety of objects of art owned by private persons, any more than New York can be compared in that respect to a great European city; but there is one thing in which many towns have the advantage over us—the possession of a building that can be secured for such a purpose at a moderate expense. The heavy weekly rent of the Academy galleries hurries everything; no time can be given to proper and thorough arrangement, because every day so spent depletes the treasury. Glass cases and tables have to be procured at the lowest rate, because that initial expense of rent is so formidable. And then the Exhibition may have to be held—as this year—at a very bad season, because at the best time of year the galleries cannot be had at all for a six weeks' term. New York is poorly off for large halls and suites of rooms, in fitting neighborhoods, and in central locations. And then, the Academy is a place where people are accustomed to go, and you cannot count upon all the town hearing of the Exhibition in Gotham, as you might in another place; it is not safe to take a vacant church, or factory, in an out-of-the-way street, if you desire a crowd of visitors and innumerable quarter-dollars. So there are ways in which some towns of thirty thousand people are better off than the big city. If in mere size the loan collection should be inferior, it will be easier to house it advantageously and display it properly. And there is no reason why such collections should not be made here to-day and there to-morrow, astonishing the neighborhood by the number and variety of interesting things that will be brought to light, once it is made the fashion. The mistake that is too often made is in unwillingness to lend for exhibition objects considered not first-rate of their kind, or of too simple a kind. One might not readily imagine it, but actually that uneasy modesty interferes more with success in these undertakings than even the opposite error of ranking one's treasures unduly high. The owner of a brass *lustre* may be quite sure that it has been in his family for 150 years, and that it is of the time of Louis XIV., while the connoisseur who is arranging the cases may be perfectly aware that it is of the time of the First Empire, and never saw any century other than the nineteenth; still, the piece is exhibited, and even if catalogue and label are complaisant, and defer to the owner's preconceptions, yet the gossip of the visitors spreads the unbelief of the few better informed among those who are interested in such inquiries. This sort of error does little harm. After all, the great thing which the public needs is familiarity with the sight of artistic design freely applied to objects of utility; that is what is lacking, not accuracy of chronological criticism. It is the other error, the undue contempt

bred by familiarity, that is the mischief. The owner fails to realize how much interest will be excited by his worn old blue Nanking plates, once they are put alongside of other such for the comparison of pattern and color; by his three or four teacups and saucers, which were his grandmother's, and were supposed to be English, though he is now in doubt whether to call them Lowestoft or India; by the Rouen dish he was charmed with and bought in Paris, in 1850, for ten francs (worth about ten times the money now, if he but knew it); by his curious little silver *étui*, with scissors and bodkins, complete, which once belonged to a family in his neighborhood, who "sold out" and "went West." None of these things are very precious, separately and severally. The owner is right in not wishing to make a fuss about them, or to thrust them prominently forward. He does right in not insisting that they be all kept together, and one case allotted exclusively to his "collection." But perhaps he is not aware how admirably they mingle with other people's possessions, in cases each of which is devoted to one especial kind of thing. The old watches and snuff-boxes and vinaigrettes together, all dating from a time when such things were made showy and handsome, if not in the purest taste, with enamel and *repoussé* work and chasing, with some seals and mourning rings, and a wrought gold bouquet-holder said to have belonged to Madame de Pompadour, and a large, old-fashioned brooch or two, each with a portrait in it, like Miss Ledbrook's at Miss Petowker's wedding. If that were all, the case would draw a crowd around it hard to penetrate and full of appreciative enjoyment, partly of the old-time associations, partly of the supposed value of the things as works of ornamental art. This is only in part imaginary. In the Exhibition we are considering is a case full of peasant jewelry from the Mediterranean,—thin silver-gilt Damascus jewelry with Turkish *paras* for pendants, silver brooches and buckles and outlandish ear-drops of great size, Roman coins mounted and set for wearing, and the like. No part of the exhibition is more popular. Indeed, if the object is to draw as many people as possible, it must not be forgotten that historical or poetical association interests many more persons in our community than purely artistic excellence, or than even the modern taste for collecting and collections. Pure love of beauty is about the rarest of the sentiments. Desire to know about China, or about Japanese legendary art, or about Buhl and Chippendale may come next, and is certainly more common. But most universal of all, as Barnum knows, is the love of visible and tangible associations with so much of the historic and traditionary past as has become popular and familiar. The key of the Bastile, which used to hang in the hall at Mount Vernon,—if that could be procured for a loan exhibition hereabout, and if it were properly announced and alluded to in the papers, and described, with squabbles as to its coming to this country, and as to what door of the Bastile it helped open and shut,—would simply make the fortune of the enterprising society which might secure it; and that is a perfect type of the most profitable sort of acquisition for any such purpose.

But we must take a somewhat higher view of the matter; and we were speaking just now of the new value given to objects by being brought together and put side by side, so as to allow of comparison. One of the most interesting cases at the Academy is filled with majolica of the inferior sort, pieces which have little money value, plates and medicine-jars and pitchers such as became common in Italy a few years ago, after the suppression of the convents. Twenty such pieces together are fascinating. If it had been thought of in time, and if a hundred such pieces had been put in a group, labeled and described and made easy to see, it would have been a sight worth seeing. For, observe, it is very nearly as interesting and instructive to examine into the secrets of the decoration of coarse, cheap peasant-wares, as into those of Sèvres gilding or Dieppe ivory-carving. One cheap earthern jar decorated in an off-hand, simple, unconscious style, will not and perhaps ought not, to excite as much curiosity as a Chelsea porcelain vase far inferior in good taste, considered as a piece of decoration, and about forty times as valuable in money. But a case full of the cheap jars would be a delightful collection, while a hundred varieties of costly old English vases would be no more instructive to the student of pottery, and far less so to the student of art.

The exhibition this year is far superior to that of last winter in the matter of classification and arrangement. It will be observed that what we have said about the value and interest of pieces other than the rarest and most costly is based upon an assumed similar thoroughness of arrangement. If you propose to huddle your things together, as was done last winter, Crown Derby and Oriental porcelain and modern silver all on the same shelf, you must needs get the finest things you can, for you abandon the appeal to studious curiosity and artistic admiration and ask for nothing but wonder at your unwonted splendors. No doubt that wonder will pay—for once, at least. The crown-jewels of France in the Exhibition this year were always surrounded by crowds, though a stupider exhibition to a lover of fine stones could hardly be imagined. The visitor was kept six feet away and could see nothing of form, cutting or size of the separate stones, while their lying at rest on their velvet couch prevented them from showing their true brilliancy; paste would have done as well—perhaps they were all paste! That is no show of diamonds. The way to exhibit stones is to hold up each one in a little holder like a *porte-crayon*, close under the plate-glass so that the eye and the lens of the visitor can approach it near—as is done in the British Museum, and at Tiffany's sometimes, with a five-thousand dollar stone. Shown in that way your gems don't need to be crown-jewels to be delightful. The student soon plunges into self-forgetfulness in considering shades of color and varieties of form, natural crystals and stones cut in the Indian way for weight and in the European patterns for spark, and in wondering whether he can tell blue diamonds from sapphires—which he certainly cannot do.

But all this business of close examination and com-

parison and study makes necessary very good glass-cases in which to arrange your treasures. And this brings us back, after a circuitous journey, to where we started; for the worst defect in these two Exhibitions of the Decorative Art Society has been the very poor show-cases, of which the front only is glass, while the top, the sides and each separate shelf throw deep shadows on all within. The ideal case is all of glass because the ideal arrangement of articles for exhibition is that each article shall be seen, top and bottom, inside and out. The best cases that we have ever seen or heard of were those used at the Trocadéro Retrospective Exhibition this past summer. They seem to us far better than the famous South Kensington cases. The frame was iron (or steel), of the slightest and lightest upright corner-bars and sash-bars, and top, sides and shelves were plate-glass. Now, these are very expensive, but there are two ways of avoiding this difficulty: first, common glass will do if each case is not too large, as is seen in the instance of the case in the Oriental room, where Mr. Hoe's carved Jades are placed. Second, cases can be roughly made of wood and the plate-glass bought of an importer with a stipulation for selling it back to him at a moderate discount. With such invisible cases as these the whole controversy about arrangement disappears, for picturesque grouping becomes obviously undesirable, even impracticable, and the one thing left to do is to bring the minutest work and the most delicate manipulation nearest to the eye. It should be remembered that one-third of the visitors are more or less near-sighted, and that many are so who do not know it and who never use glasses. Then it should be remembered that the visitors best worth encouraging are those who wish to study minutiæ of workmanship, and see just how the brush or the graver has been handled. Anybody who wants general effects is at liberty to stand off and get them; but he should not deny others the privilege of seeing how the general effects are produced; to some people that is meat and drink. Those people ought to have the chance to take the admired object in the hand and turn it over and over and hold it to all lights; but as this cannot be, the duty of the committee of arrangement is just to eliminate the necessary glass and sash-bars as far as possible, at least in feeling, and not remind the student of them sooner than needs must be.

The matter of description is the next in importance, and it is in this that our New York Exhibitions fall short of excellence nearly as far as in the matter of cases. It is a troublesome business. The organizers and managers of such a show are hardly to be blamed if they let it go by default. To fill the cases with labels is in part to hide the objects and to disfigure the collection extremely. To make a good catalogue is a long task. The custom at the Academy and at most American art exhibitions has been to sell a pamphlet for twenty-five cents, containing a mere unclassified list of the objects; and more than that can hardly be attempted. We are inclined to advise that no more than this be attempted; that all the time and strength there is to spare be devoted to making the titles or descriptions of the pieces rather full, and to giving occasional brief descriptive essays, or else references to books. The custom is to fill up and attach to each object a card containing the number and description and the owner's name; these are gathered up, arranged numerically and the catalogue is printed directly from them. Now what can be simpler than to make the description full and detailed? There is, indeed, great difficulty in finding somebody to do it. That will continue for some time to be the case; the few competent persons are unable to give away their time and knowledge to such an extent, and it is not the fashion with us, as yet, to pay for professional or skilled services where it can possibly be avoided.

It may be a comfort to all would-be getters up of such exhibitions to be told, what is true, that the picture-gallery is still always the most crowded. Pictures require no cases, little care, a simple catalogue; any carpenter can hang them, and any five ladies can direct a tolerably good arrangement of them, provided a gallery with top light is to be had. For a long time to come oil-paintings will remain the one kind of art which is known as art to the average citizen. Let no exhibition with a financial object be without the largest practicable collection of oil-paintings.

Mayer's "Sound."*

THIS second volume of Appleton's Experimental Science Series quite sustains the character established by the first. As a practical guide in the study of the simpler phenomena of sound, it is singularly full, clear, and accurate. Though some reasonable doubt may be entertained in regard to the vaunted improvements in the educational systems of to-day, as compared with those of a century ago, there is no question that in the departments of natural and physical science the advance has been wonderful. Compare the dull, cold chemistry lesson of twenty years ago with its dry enumeration of equivalents, specific gravities, physical properties, etc., etc., with the clear, practical explanations to be found in our class-rooms of to-day, the simple and beautiful experiments, and the illumination which they throw upon the mysteries lying all around us. Again, compare the mere dry classification, which composed almost the whole of botany, with the marvelous revelations of our modern physiological botanists unfolded in hundreds of class-rooms the country over. The purely theoretical method of teaching the elements of these branches, which made them so inexpressibly dreary to the children of that day has been gradually yielding to the experimental method. A new life has crept into the wearisome classifications and dogmatic assertions of the past, and behold! even these dry bones live and are clothed upon with beauty.

* Experimental Science. Series for Beginners. II. Sound: A Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Sound, for the use of Students of every Age. By Alfred Marshall Mayer, Professor of Physics in the Stevens Institute of Technology, etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Hand-books of experimental science are springing up in each department, manuals which contain simple, clear, and accurate explanations of the truths of theoretical science, to which are added explicit and full directions how these truths may be verified and these principles illustrated. The work of popularization and instruction is no longer left to charlatans and tyros: now, in our more favored days, it is the master minds, the independent thinkers, the experimental investigators who have assumed this work as one of the highest dignity and importance. And this is done in many cases by men who have supplemented the experience won in the laboratory by the no less important experience gained in the class-room.

Professor Mayer, in this Experimental Science Series, is doing for physical science what Foster and Balfour, Huxley and Martin have done for natural science. A more valuable contribution to this class of scientific literature could scarcely have been made than is done in this little volume upon sound. The more abstruse portions of the subject are handled so simply that one feels inclined to doubt whether there ever was any difficulty to be mastered. The nature of sonorous vibrations is very happily illustrated by a consideration of larger undulations, visible to the unaided eye; and from these a gradual ascent is made to those delicate pulsations of melody which go beating through the air, to be translated by the brain into music.

The apparatus by which each theoretical point is to be verified is of the simplest kind, and its whole structure is so clearly explained that an intelligent boy of fifteen, with some mechanical skill and a small sum of money could construct almost every necessary instrument. The whole apparatus, made by an instrument maker, can be purchased for $27.50, if the student does not wish to construct it.

The simplicity and ingenuity of some of the experiments and apparatus, especially that by which the number of vibrations corresponding to a given pitch may be determined, are really quite delightful. The real freshness and beauty and simplicity of the whole exposition can be appreciated only by those who have reached the same end by the usual laborious means.

We know of no other book which will at all meet the same want that is so fully met by this little volume. By its aid any person of intelligence may master the fundamental truths of sound, prove its facts and verify its theories. It forms one of those efficient aids to self culture which is of infinitely more service than many teachers, because it not only imparts knowledge but it at the same time helps on that far nobler end of education,—it teaches how to think, and aids in building up the thew and sinew of the mind.

James's "The Europeans." *

AFTER "The American," Mr. James gives us "The Europeans," a story that was received with marked favor when the first chapters made their appearance in "The Atlantic." The situation was well calculated to show the best powers of a writer who is noted for the neatness and finish of his work, for the delicateness of his satire and the care with which he studies his characters. Eugenia, a woman half American by descent, and morganatically the wife of a German princeling, finds herself on a gloomy day in a Boston hotel, accompanied only by her brother, a joyous and talented youth. Both are still in doubt as to their reception by relatives named Wentworth. They have never seen them. The view of a church-yard from their window puts Eugenia into a despondent frame of mind,—Felix, however, is a very Mark Tapley of a youth; gloom and slush only make him more sure that the Wentworths are charming, and that the venture to America will be a success. And in the end it is a success for him; but the result, so far as Eugenia is concerned, tallies with her own presentiments. It all comes to nothing in her case, although she is the main character, the only heroine in a story without heroes. Mr. James seems to have aimed at consistency in finishing the story after such a method, just as the musician closes his piece by striking once more the note with which he began.

As the Wentworth family are slowly revealed in all the modern dilution of the ancient Puritan conscientiousness, the contrasts between the lively Bohemianism of the Europeans, and the solemn self-doubt of the New Englanders become still more piquant. We feel that here are the elements for something worth reading without intermission to the end. The unfolding is slow, but irritation at the slowness is rather pleasant than otherwise. Yet, after all is over, we become aware that something more was expected than the tame return to Europe of Eugenia, and the equally tame marriage of Felix with Gertrude Wentworth. It may be urged that Mr. James is highly consistent. The Baroness really could not be expected to stand the dullness of life in the suburbs of Boston. Robert Acton, whom she attracts, could not be expected to love her enough to keep her away from the fascinations of Europe, nor to excuse sufficiently the numerous small untruths of which, first and last, she is guilty. Nevertheless, the story lacks a strong satisfactory close. It has weakness at the end, as so many of this charming writer's stories have. It will neither please the main bulk of novel-readers, nor the fastidious few who demand to be stirred by an author. But its audience will be found in a highly respectable and well-read class, which may be termed the "upper middle cultured;" for they will be delighted throughout with its air of gentlemanliness, excellent diction, and fastidious turns of thought, while they will not miss the want of life and incident. On every page there is something to show how earnest and observant a literary artist Mr. James is. It is not his fault, if he does not strike a ringing note. Meanwhile, it is saying a great deal that he steadily improves in his style and methods. In certain points, he takes the lead among American writers; with such a foundation, there is no reason why he should not achieve far higher laurels.

* The Europeans. A Sketch. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Poems of Matthew Arnold.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD has the priceless gift of pleasing. His smallest work in verse or prose testifies to a charming character, a sweet disposition, a profound culture. It matters little that his poems have a distinctively amateur flavor, and may be said to be, in most cases, too gentlemanly to be great. However much he himself may regret the power to startle and thrill his readers, the latter will not miss it. For Matthew Arnold has a quality more universally liked and for which people are oftener grateful —that of being winning. The complete edition of his poems, which Macmillan & Co. have issued, harmonizes better with the spirit of the writer than the cheap reprints offered in the United States. Paper and type, binding and printing, are handsome without being dainty, just as the poems themselves, lumped together, may be called fine, but not finnikin. His verses are remarkably homogeneous. There are degrees among them,—wide degrees; "Sohrab and Rustum" is far superior to "The New Sirens"; nevertheless, each and all preserve the same individual stamp, the same elevation of tone, the same failure to strike the highest notes. He has great variety in his meters, and yet to metrical harmonies his ear is not always in tune. Even in "Sohrab and Rustum," that poem, beautiful enough to give him fame on its own merits alone, we see lines which cannot be distinguished from prose:

"But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—"
* * * * * * *
"One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside."
* * * * * * *
"So thou mightest live too, my son, my son."

Or again, in "Empedocles on Etna," a poem of lofty thought and beautifully handled, possibly second only to the last mentioned:

"Thou wilt earn my thanks sure, and perhaps his."

Hardly one reader in ten thousand will notice little blemishes like these, unless attention is called to them; but their presence indicates a lack of delicacy in the poet's ear. No English poet, however, has had better advantages than Matthew Arnold, and few have put them to better uses. The actual flavor of Greek poetry meets one at every turn. That is to be expected in a University man, and particularly in one so wedded to the University as he. But other influences less usual are present. There is the touch of Norse mythology, and the powerful impress of Goethe's hand. America is there, too, for Emerson has not failed to put some mark upon him. But none of these, unless we except Homer, becomes more than an influence,—we may say a healthy influence. Mr. Arnold has a healthy mind, and takes to healthy literary food by instinct. In sweetness and cleanliness he resembles the best writers of the more purely Germanic nations, the Swedes and Norwegians. But, like them, he lacks dramatic fire—the ability to throw his own self aside and merge himself in his characters; and, while this trait never becomes self-consciousness or in any way disagreeable, it effectually estops his progress to the highest peaks of Olympus.

"Sohrab and Rustum," without doubt, marked the highest tide of Mr. Arnold's poetical ventures, notwithstanding the great beauties, both in thought and rhythm, of that Shelley-like ode to the nightingale, "Philomela." The former must have been written under the spell of the "Iliad," not merely because many similes and turns of phrase recall that poem, but on account of its sustained beauty and magnificence of thought. So the passage where the Greeks pour forth from the camp upon the Scamandrian plain: "And as the many nations of winged birds—geese, cranes, and slim-necked swans—fly here and there about the streams of the Käyster, in the plains of Asia, exulting in their wings," etc., etc.,—this passage re-appears, not in plagiarized form, but legitimately taken and reconstructed, in the following lines of "Sohrab and Rustum":

"From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Asian estuaries,
Or some from Caspian reed-bed, southward bound,
For the warm Persian sea-board."

Peran-Wisa, with his "ruler's staff," is intensely Homeric, and *Rustum*, brooding apart in his tent, is a fine mediæval Achilles, whose friends spur him on by taunts to undertake the salvation of the Persian host.

All things considered, it may be doubted whether any of Tennyson's idyls will stand the wear and tear of coming criticism so well as "Sohrab and Rustum." Although an Oriental story, yet it is Germanic too, as those will recollect who have heard of the fragment of an epic preserved by Grimm, where Hildebrand and Hadubrand enact the part of the Persian heroes. The tale suits well the firm, short, nervous English in which Mr. Arnold has cast it. It is a tale of battle and a drama made to hand, therefore suited exactly to the exhibition of an Englishman's strength. There is quiet grandeur in the scene and great pathos in the conclusion of the story. In both particulars Mr. Arnold has known how to make his talents tell. The closing lines, where the Oxus is described floating on toward the great inland sea, and at last meeting its waves, form a wonderfully happy and refined epilogue.

To speak at length of "Sohrab and Rustum" leaves no space for mention of the other poems of Matthew Arnold which deserve high praise. "Tristram and Iseult" contends with Tennyson and Swinburne for the honor of a noble treatment of the old Celtic story. Perhaps Arnold surpasses both in real refinement. Well might a reader deny the superiority of all other poems of his to "The Scholar Gipsy," placed under the head of elegiac verses. To sum him up, Matthew Arnold appears to the writer an exquisite and charming poet, who just falls short of the title to genius.

* Poems of Matthew Arnold. New and Complete Edition. In one volume. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

Trench's "Lectures on Mediæval Church History."*

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH needs no introduction to American readers. His books have long since taken their place as necessities in the apparatus of all who deserve the name of Bible students. His vigor of thought, his accurate scholarship, his extensive learning, the fresh and suggestive treatment of his subjects, and his deep, manly religiousness, have made him a general favorite among readers of all denominations of Christians.

The present volume consists of a course of lectures originally delivered to a class of girls at Queen's College, London, and given here with some enlargement, but without change of their original form. The Archbishop anticipates the obvious criticism at this point by the remark that, according to his experience, "there is no need to break the bread of knowledge smaller for young women than for young men."

In dealing with a subject so vast as Church History, covering so much time and space, and "having its points of contact with so much of deepest interest in every other domain of human society," that writer is the real benefactor of his readers, who, in addition to his thorough knowledge of facts and principles, knows how to make his material manageable; how to strike the real lines of cleavage, and to select the right nuclei for grouping facts. To distribute the great story of the kingdom of God on earth into centuries, telling all which belongs to one century before entering upon the events of another, is to adopt a "purely arbitrary division," and one "to which the great movements of the church often do not adapt themselves at all; but, on the contrary, altogether traverse and ignore it." In the study of Church history, as of other history, one wants what the author calls "a total impression," and, consequently, points of view for taking in "those larger aspects of the subject which, more or less, determine and dominate the whole."

It is in this felicitous arrangement and grouping of material that the prominent merit of the book consists, as well as in the lesson which is thus incidentally conveyed, as to the true method of studying and of writing history. One might derive less clear ideas on this point from far more pretentious works than from the admirable introductory chapter of this unpretending volume.

A glance at the headings of the chapters shows that the topics have been selected no less with a view to their relative, than to their absolute, interest. Thus we have "The Conversion of Germany"; "Islamism"; the attempt to realize the conception of a "Holy Roman Empire," from which the clash of the temporal and spiritual swords goes echoing through a large part of the history of the Middle Ages; the story of the Iconoclasts, whose frenzy was really a late pulsation from the heart of Islamism, and forms an important chapter in the history of Christian art; the Crusades, which kindled the long accumulating, inflammable elements of Latin Christendom, and concentrated its enthusiasm, brought Western Europe into contact with the richer Greek and Saracenic civilizations, set Western laymen at inspecting the policy and motives of the Papal court, and gave a blow to the spirit of veneration and belief which was and is the stronghold of the Papacy; the scholastic theology, the inner expression of the same adventurous spirit of which the Crusades were the outer development; "The Great Councils of the West," "Wiclif and the Lollards," "Huss and Bohemia," "The Mystics," "The Revival of Learning,"—these topics represent points of historic convergence—crises, which gather up and interpret large masses of events.

The aim of the author is to avoid treating his theme exclusively in either its subjective or its objective aspect. In the history of the church of God he recognizes not only the development of a spiritual energy in human hearts, but also its embodiment in visible organization; so that the history is not, on the one hand, only the story of frames and feelings and inward operations of grace and growths of holy character; nor, on the other, only the story of councils and popes, and the bringing of kings and tribes within the pale of the visible church. Along with this goes the recognition of the fact that sacred history, while in one sense distinct from profane history, has, in another sense, a constant relation to it. The stream of sacred story cannot be like the waters of Arethusa in the midst of the ocean. As the Archbishop pithily puts it: "The church exists for the world quite as really as the world exists for the church; and the church's separation from the world is as much for the world's sake as for the church's own."

With its necessarily outlinear character, the book avoids in a remarkable degree the fault of meagerness, which is well-nigh inseparable from attempts of this nature. The sketches leave no impression of superficialness, and the brevity is the brevity of skillful condensation, and not of scanty knowledge. The chapters are illustrated with touches of graphic portraiture, and with forcible statements of the essence of great masses of facts. It is a book which flatters the ordinary reader into an exhilarating sense of his own ability to take broad outlooks and to see events in their remote connections, and which, by the masterly ease of its handling, will be apt to blind him in some degree to the power of the author, in putting so much at his command in such a manageable form.

The Archbishop never has been remarkable for elegance of diction, and does not redeem his reputation in this volume. In the realm of words he is a philologist and a grammarian, rather than a rhetorician. This, however, does not prevent the style of the book from being eminently nervous and clear. The book is thoroughly readable, and will be enjoyed by those who have no special interest in Church History; while, in younger students especially, it will tend to kindle a love for an intensely fascinating study, and to introduce them to right methods of pursuing it.

* Lectures on Mediæval Church History. By Richard Chevenix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Stanley in Africa.*

THE expedition which left Zanzibar, November 13, 1874, with the intention of piercing the mystery and gloom of Central Africa, has yielded rich results to geographical science. The perilous journey through the dark continent from sea to sea has solved the vexed question as to the veritable sources of the Nile; it has defined the borders of the great inland seas of Africa; it has filled the blank which represented on the map Western Equatorial Africa with a vast number of rivers and their tributary streams, with myriads of mountain peaks, and spurs, and ranges, and has dotted it over with multitudes of smaller lakes and native settlements.

Eighteen months before, Livingstone's last sad journey had ended. By the shores of a great lake which he had discovered, on the threshold of a mighty continent he had hoped to explore, on his knees before the God he had so earnestly served, in loneliness, weariness and anguish, the feeble flame of the great explorer's life had flickered and gone out. His thirty years of toil, nobly borne, had yielded noble fruit; but a wide field for research lay still untrodden. Who so fitting a follower as the man who had accompanied him through these vast untamed wilds, who had gone out to seek and find him when he was thought to be hopelessly lost?

The first word which reached Stanley of the death of his great predecessor, sounded as a call in his ears to complete the work which his friend had left unfinished. And henceforth, every thought, and purpose, and energy of his life was bent toward that end.

In the office of the London "Evening Telegraph," the subject was one day under discussion. Stanley had been speaking of the work done, and that which was waiting accomplishment. The prompt answer which he gave to the question put him: "Do you think you can settle all this if we commission you?" forms a sufficient commentary upon the fitness of the man for the place. "While I live there will be something done; if I survive the time required to perform all the work, all will be done."

A cable message asking for the co-operation of the New York "Herald," the laconic reply: "Yes, Bennett," and the enterprise was organized! By this journey of two years and eight months, at a cost of one hundred and fourteen lives and of suffering unspeakable, of starvation and pestilence, of perils by sea and perils by land to the survivors, the great *terra incognita* has been reclaimed from the unknown. The vast fresh-water lake in which the Nile takes rise, the Victoria Nyanza, as well as Lake Tanganika,—the one larger than Lake Ontario, and the other than Lake Erie,—have been circumnavigated, and the Livingstone or Congo River has been explored for fifteen hundred miles.

Not only have the facts gained by the expedition added greatly to geographical science, but the published synopsis of the languages, and the descriptions of the peoples will serve both to simplify and to complicate many an ethnological problem. The contrast is most striking between certain tall, slender-limbed, light-colored native tribes, with their delicate features, straight noses and thin lips, and, perhaps, their nearest neighbors,—heavy, swarthy, flat-nosed, thick-lipped Africans of the most repulsive type. These variations, striking as they are, seem, however, to be confined to the physical man, for mentally and morally, little difference is to be observed; and that,—where it does occur,—is quite as often in favor of those who show the traditional African type, as of the more nobly formed race.

In spite of the ill usage, the barbarous attacks, the treacherous desertions which the expedition suffered at the hands of both native friend and foe, the impression left upon the mind by the record of this journey is more favorable than that which prevailed previously. The people seem more kindly, more intelligent, more teachable, the life is more decent and cleanly and thrifty than that which prevails among many tribes which we have been used to rank above the barbarian of Central Africa. It is to be hoped that the new knowledge gained at such great cost may further the noble objects of Livingstone,—not only the extension of knowledge, but the suppression of the slave trade, and the final illumination of the people who have sat in great darkness, waiting for the light to come!

Two Volumes of "L'Art."

VOLS. II. and III. of the fourth year of "L'Art" have come to hand from the American agent, J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. Volume II. is particularly interesting in its pictures. When you ask a young American student just back from Paris who are the strong artists left since Millet, Rousseau, and the rest of that ilk have departed, he is likely to name among a few others, Daumier, the caricaturist. In this volume of "L'Art" a paper is devoted to Daumier, with a number of reproductions of his designs. If these reproductions do not fairly convey the better qualities of the artist, the letter-press does not fail in appreciation and praise. Among other illustrations of interest should be mentioned studies by Butin, Moreau and Watteau. But perhaps the most valuable features of the volume are the studies from Rubens and Constable, and full-page etchings after these masters (from Constable note especially the very effective etching of the "Romantic House"); though an impressive etching after Ribot should not be overlooked. In Volume III. there is a good deal of the work of contemporaneous painters in connection especially with the Salon of 1878, and the Universal Exposition, and both volumes devote space to plans, pictures and descriptions of the buildings of the Exposition. Albert Dürer is the "old master" of Volume III.

* Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. In two volumes. New York; Harper & Brothers. 1878.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Machine for Measuring Plane Surfaces.

AMONG the new appliances shown at the exhibition recently given by the Mechanics' Association in Boston, the most striking invention was an apparatus for measuring the area of plane surfaces. As the machine performs this work automatically, instantly and with absolute precision, careful personal examination was given to it, and in describing so entirely novel an apparatus, care will be taken to make its plan of action clear. The apparatus consists essentially of a wooden table, a weighing device resembling a platform scale and a platen or carrier supporting a great number of iron pins or bolts. It is practically a weighing machine; but with the unit of weight representing a unit of superficial area. The table is of wood supported on four iron legs, of a convenient height, and the entire surface of the table is perforated with holes placed at equal distances and in parallel lines in two directions. Above the table is a platen of the same size and supported by a system of compensated levers whereby it may be easily raised and lowered a short distance. The platen is also perforated with an equal number of holes, each one exactly corresponding with a hole on the table; each of these holes is bound with brass, and in each is placed an iron flat-headed bolt. The head prevents them from falling through, and yet leaves them free to play up and down in the hole. Beneath the table.is a platform scale having a platform equal to the whole size of the table. Behind the table is a dial having a hand or pointer connected with the weighing apparatus and recording the weights placed on the scale; when the platen is brought down on the table all the bolts pass through the holes in the table and rest on the platform of the scales below. Thus the weight of all the bolts is supported by the scale, independently of the table or the platen. The total weight of the bolts is then recorded on the dial and the apparatus becomes actually a device for weighing the bolts, and, at first sight, this is its only use. It is really all the machine can do; but by a most ingenious transformation, the measuring of weight is practically the measurement of surface. To understand this we may suppose the total weight of the bolts is twenty kilos, and that the dial records this weight. We may then lift the platen and place on the perforated table a sheet of paper that will cover just half of its surface. Draw the platen down upon the table and half of the bolts will strike the sheet of paper and be prevented from reaching the scale. The weight will then rest half on the table and half on the scale, and the hand on the dial will record only ten kilos.

It is now easy to understand that if the dial had been marked in meters instead of kilos, and that the highest figure had been four meters, the dial would now record not ten kilos, but two square meters. In this way the weighing of the bolts becomes a device for measuring the superficial area of the sheet of paper. In the apparatus inspected, the bolts are arranged in close lines so that sixty-four bolts cover one square foot of surface. This number is selected because it may be divided into four groups of sixteen each, or four parts equal to one quarter of a square foot. On placing a sheet of paper one foot square on the table, and bringing down the platen, sixty-four of the bolts are stopped by the paper and prevented from reaching the scale, and the dial gives the weight of all the bolts less sixty-four. This is the actual operation; but the hand rests over the mark "one square foot." Cut the square sheet of paper into four equal parts and lay them on any part of the table, and on drawing down the platen the dial still records one square foot. Cut a hole in the paper or tear it into a dozen ragged pieces and scatter the fragments over the table, and the dial will again record one square foot. Each piece supports more or less of the bolts, and the sixty-four are still stopped from bearing on the scale, the dial reports the weight of all the bolts, less sixty-four, or one square foot of surface. Throw a goat-skin, a dress pattern, or any other irregular piece of cloth or fabric on the table, and the dial will at once record the total area in square feet and quarters. There can be no mistake, whatever the shape of the fabric. If there are holes in the skin, the area of the holes will be left out and the machine will give only the actual surface. Place a number of skins on the table and the dial will give their combined area. Place all the patterns of a dress or cloak on the table and the machine will give the exact number of square feet of cloth needed to make the garment.

If it is desired to know the superficial contents of a farm, garden, house-lot or room, place a pattern of the farm, lot, etc., drawn to scale, on the table and the dial will give the area of the pattern and a little mental arithmetic will give the area of the lot or farm, however irregular its shape. Even the superficial area of a lake or bay can be given in miles, by testing a pattern or plan of the outline of the water drawn to scale. So far, the only use made of this singular invention has been found in the manufacture of shoes and shoe materials. In measuring the pattern used in making shoes and in measuring skins it has proved of great value,—one man assisted by two boys being able to measure ten skins a minute. The apparatus will doubtless prove of still greater value to the dress-making trade in giving the exact number of square inches in the patterns of a dress, and thus preventing the wasteful guess-work and allowance for mistakes now so common in this line of work. It may also prove of value in other arts and trades requiring quick and accurate measurements of superficial areas.

New Electric Lamp.

THE interest in the electric light tends steadily to increase and several new lamps are soon to be manufactured upon a commercial scale. One of these departs radically from the carbon pencil form of lamp and employs a large saucer-shaped mass of carbon combined with a very small and slender pencil. The lamp has a hollow stand supporting a bracket on one side and at the end of this bracket is suspended, with the rounded side down, the disk of carbon. A metal ring is bound round the disk and from this the connection with the line is made. In the hollow stand is placed a rod of carbon about one meter long and three millimeters thick. A spring collar clasps this rod just at the top of the stand and serves to raise it till the sharpened point just touches the bottom of the disk. Below and inside the stand is a cord running over a pulley and attached to a rest or support for the foot of the carbon and having at the other end a weight. This tends to keep the rod pressed up against the disk as fast as it is burned away. The connection with the line is made through the collar that clasps the rod, and on sending a current over the line the electricity passes over the few centimeters of the rod between the collar and disk and bringing this small section to a white heat. There is also a small voltaic arc just at the junction of the rod and disk and from these comes the light. This simple and inexpensive lamp is reported to give a perfectly steady light of moderate power. It is also claimed that the resistance offered by the lamp is low, thus making it practical to put, at least, sixty lamps on one circuit. Other new lamps will be reported upon as soon as they can be examined.

Hydraulic Fire-Escape.

THE familiar hydraulic elevator, using a nest or group of pipes telescoping one within the other, has been recently applied to fire-escapes. The apparatus belongs to the self-erecting ladder type of fire-escape, and consists essentially of a hydraulic elevator mounted on wheels. Two hydraulic cylinders are fitted upright on the frame of a four-wheeled carriage. The pistons of these cylinders support, by means of universal joints, the larger of the four pipes of the elevator. When not in use, all the tubes are pushed one within another, and the nest of pipes rests horizontally on the carriage. In addition to the elevator tubes are six shorter telescopic tubes, designed to serve as legs or struts to hold the elevator in position when erect. On bringing the apparatus to the fire and releasing the horses, it is connected with the street mains or with an engine or hydraulic pump and water is forced into it. The first action of the water is to extend all the telescopic legs till they touch the ground and lift the apparatus clear of the carriage. The legs may then be clamped firmly together, and the elevator is then secure on a wide and solid base. The next operation is to fill the cylinders, and as the pistons rise they lift the elevator tubes, and the lower end being weighted, the telescope rises and stands erect, and by means of clamps it may be secured in this position. Water is then forced into the elevator and it rises to its full height, and carrying a platform with a load of men and materials at the top. This platform is railed in, except on one side, where a short ladder is hung on hinges. By means of a windlass on the platform, this ladder may be placed at any desired angle to reach the roof or windows of the buildings above or below the level of the platform. The height of the elevator can also be regulated from the platform, and it may be raised or lowered by the men at the top at will. It will be observed that the apparatus gives a firm support at any desired point of its length, that the elevator may be raised or lowered even while heavily loaded, and that, as it is wholly of iron and filled with water, it will stand great exposure to heat without danger. An iron telescopic hose-pipe is fitted to the elevator, so that a stream may be turned on the fire from the platform, or an extra line of hose may be hung on the outside of the elevator. A fire-escape of this description can be extended to a height of 17.08 meters (56 feet), and lifting a load of 500 kilos in about nineteen seconds, and can be lowered in safety in seventeen seconds. When laid down on its carriage, the elevator is about 2.13 meters (7 feet) high, and perhaps twice as long, and may be drawn by two horses.

New Insulated Telegraph Wire.

THE objections raised against the unsightly telegraph poles used in our streets has called out a new telegraph wire, so perfectly insulated that it may be laid in the ground with safety and economy. Copper telegraph wire is cut into lengths of 3.05 meters (ten feet), and inserted in glass tubes of a slightly larger diameter, or just enough to fit loosely. The glass tube is then pushed into an iron pipe of the same length, and two pipes and inclosed wire are brought to a red heat in a furnace, and while hot are then drawn through rolls. This operation binds iron, glass and copper into a solid mass, and making an iron rod with a glass core inclosing the copper wire. The glass flows easily under the rolling, and when cold, makes a perfect insulation for the wire, while the iron skin gives strength and a durable covering. The ends of each length are then ground to a convex surface, so that when the pieces are coupled together with ordinary gas-pipe coupling, the copper core comes in contact first, thus securing a good electrical connection. The exterior pipe is designed to be enameled, and is then ready for laying in the ground.

Observing Underground Temperatures.

A SIMPLE thermo-electric apparatus for testing the temperatures of waters in deep bore-holes has recently been introduced. It consists of a copper and iron wire, each insulated and joined together at one end, where, for a short distance, the insulation is removed. To find the temperature of the water in a boring, the two wires are lowered into the bore-hole till the uncovered end rests in the water. The upper ends of the wires are then connected with a

galvometer, and placed loosely in a basin of water. Now, so long as there is a difference in the temperature of the water in the basin and the water in the ground, the galvometer will be affected, and by raising or lowering the temperature of the water in the basin till the galvometer comes to rest the temperature of the lower water can be found. A thermometer placed in the basin of water will give the temperature below, because the two temperatures are alike.

Burning Wet Peat.

THE extensive beds of peat found in the New England states have often been made the subject of experiment in the search for cheap fuel. Nearly all the efforts that have been made to utilize peat have proved abortive; the cost of cutting and drying being too great to enable peat to compete with coal. More recently. it has been found that a system of boiler setting already freely used in the Eastern states is capable of solving the peat fuel question in a satisfactory manner. This system is applied to horizontal tubular boilers, and consists essentially of a system of air ducts or pipes designed to convey the air needed for combustion, in a highly heated condition, to the rear of the fire. The boiler is set in brick in the usual manner, except that the fire-box is much deeper than the ordinary fire-box, the boiler being about 76 centimeters above the grate bars. In the brick walls on either side are open flues extending backward and forward several times the length of the boiler and next the fire. The entrances of these flues are placed in front beside the furnace doors, and the outlets are at the sides above the fire and across the furnace behind the fire. These outlets into the furnace are covered with cast-iron plates perforated with a great number of small holes. On starting a fire, these long air ducts are heated, and the air, that soon begins to flow through them, becomes intensely heated and enters the fire under considerable pressure. The result is a complete combustion of the gases from the fuel. By the ordinary method of making the fire-places, the air needed for combustion is supplied under the grate bars. A part of the gas is supplied with oxygen and is consumed, but a large part escapes up the chimney as unburnt fuel. By supplying hot air behind and above the fire, these fugitive gases are caught and burned. On looking into the furnace from the sides or rear the gases may be seen taking fire and burning in long streaming flames at every hole in the plates over the air ducts. Raw peat contains a large percentage of gas, and the experiment has been made of burning it in this furnace with entire success. Peat freshly dug from a marsh is mixed with one-fourth its bulk of small bituminous coal and thrown on the fire, and within a few minutes the gas flames begin to form on the flue openings, and presently the entire furnace is filled with flame, showing a practical gasification of the peat and a perfect combustion of the gases. No blower is needed, as the streams of hot air thrown on the fire create a good draught and effectively consume the peat and with good results in steam power. This system of boiler setting is already in extensive use, and in making it possible to burn peat with economy, will do much to utilize our vast stores of peaty fuel, and tend to cheapen the cost of steam power. A battery of boilers burning peat every day was exhibited at the recent exhibition in Boston, and this description was made from examination there.

Memoranda.

A CONVENIENT method of finding the temperature of pieces of hot metal has been introduced in several German rolling-mills. Dark-blue eye-glasses are tested by the foreman till he finds a glass of the proper degree of transparency to allow the light from hot rails to disappear from sight at a known temperature. Having secured the right glass he may look at red-hot rails and decide, by seeing the light fade out when the metal has cooled down to the desired temperature, when to cut the rails. By this method all the cutting will be performed at the same temperature, and the finished rails and other pieces of metal will be of the same length when cold. In using colored glasses for this purpose it will be essential that the same man uses the glasses, as any difference in vision would easily throw the observations out of proportion.

Plastilina.—This new material, designed to take the place of modeling clay, is described as consisting of 51.2 per cent. of fatty acids and fat, 5.2 per cent. of oxide of zinc, 30.2 per cent. of sulphur, and 13.4 per cent. of clay. To make a quantity, 300 parts of fatty acid (from olive oil) may be boiled in 43 parts of the oxide, and 130 parts of olive oil, and 60 parts of wax, and added, and the whole melted together. While still hot, 280 parts of sulphur and 118 parts of clay are stirred in till well mixed. The material is said to have a somewhat disagreeable odor, but to serve a good purpose in modeling, as it requires no moistening.

Test for Cotton.—To test linen fabrics mixed with cotton, it is recommended to dip the material in an alcoholic solution of aurine or yellow coral, and to then wash in a concentrated aqueous solution of carbonate of soda, when the linen threads will take a rose-red color, the cotton remaining unchanged.

Coloring Zinc Articles.—The free use of zinc for making vessels and utensils of all kinds has created a demand for coloring materials for decorating the zinc. Some of these processes give excellent results, both in white and mixed colors. In a new process for coloring zinc, the articles are first scoured till bright with sharp quartz sand moistened with dilute muriatic acid, dipped quickly in water and then dried with white blotting paper. The articles are then placed in a solution of alkaline tartrate of copper at a temperature of 50° Fahr. This bath is made by dissolving three parts of air-dried tartrate of copper in caustic soda-lye, containing four parts of hydrate of soda to forty-eight parts of water. In placing the zinc articles in the bath they rapidly change color from violet to dark brown, then to green, to golden yellow and finally to purple. By

watching the process till any one of these stages is reached and the desired color obtained, and then immediately removing the articles from the bath, and rinsing in water, the color may be made permanent. The metal must be at once dried carefully, and may then be varnished. The change from color to color in the bath is said to take place in less than eight minutes, and, unless the process is stopped inside of this time, the colors become confused and valueless for decoration.

New Use for the Sand-blast.—The sand-blast has been recently applied to the sharpening of files and edge-tools. In cutting the teeth of files a burr is formed on the top of the teeth, and by an ingenious application of the sand-blast it has been found possible to reduce this burr, thus making the teeth sharp and clean. A double blast is used, and the file is held between them, and given a slight motion from side to side, and is drawn backward through the united blasts at the same time. Worn-out files are also resharpened and cleaned in the same manner. In sharpening edge-tools a blast using water with a little fine sand is employed with the steam or air. The process is reported to give excellent results, and is now being applied in a number of file shops and cutlery works.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

BORROWED SKATES.

Mythological.

THE mindful gods once gave to men
A bird of plain but soaring wing,
Endowed with song so sweet, that when
The warbler did his best to sing,

All human sounds in wonder died,
All other birds were mute and still,
While the melodious vocal tide
O'erspread the list'ning vale and hill.

But, ah, vain thoughts this singer nursed;
He envied birds of brighter hue,
And grieved that he could not be first
In beauty's shining circle too.

So when the gods discerned this thing,
They gave the bird his heart's desire,—
Bright golden plumes and gorgeous wing,
All glowing like celestial fire.

Oh union rare of gifts divine!
What richer boon could gods devise?
The fairest bird on earth to shine,
The sweetest song below the skies?

Alas for pride and vain desire!
On joyful wing he grandly shone;
But lo, his wondrous notes expire,
His voice is changed, its music gone!

A humbled bird, of song bereft,
He sought a quiet dwelling-place
In forests dark; and, dying, left
His beauty to a songless race.

And ne'er could fallen man's device
The sylvan mutes to music wake;
Now these poor birds of paradise
Are hunted for their beauty's sake.

STEPHEN SMITH.

The Lazy Lover.

O BROOK, I suppose I ought to address you,
Since I'm in a sentimental mood.
I'm hardly up to it, really; but—bless you!—
I'd do the appropriate thing if I could.

But at least I can try. The adorable lady
Who reigns o'er my heart, dwells—no, *that's* wrong!—she boards
On your flowery marge, where it isn't so shady
As one would expect from the terms she affords.

O brooklet, carry her this little message
(Since you're going that way, you can save me the walk):
That I love her as much as I did at a less age,
But that cash isn't plenty—— Pshaw! That's not the talk!

I mean, please inform her (I'm short of ideas)—
That I'll try to call when it isn't so hot;
And if *I* had as large an income as she has,
I'd—well, it don't matter much—I forget what.

The fact is—but, brooklet, hold on! You're not going
The right way to find her; she lives up-stream,
And you in the opposite quarter are flowing.
So perhaps you'll do this: Since the heat is extreme,

And in summer I always favor "protection"—
Just oblige me by turning and going up hill!
It would emphasize neatly my strong predilection,
And I shall be greatly obliged, if you will.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

The Man who Doubted his own Eyes.

A Hindu Fable.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A BRAHMIN, going with a sheep,
His wonted sacrifice to keep,
Was followed by three rogues one day,
Who planned to get his sheep away.
They would not take the Brahmin's life,
Nor did they wish to win by strife;
And so this single stratagem
Was cunningly devised by them.

Placed far apart along his road,
He needs must pass them with his load,
When each agreed to say one thing
In comment on his offering.
As he approached, the first rogue said,
"Why bear that dog upon your head?"
"'Tis not a dog," the man replied,
"It is a sheep for sacrifice."

As nothing more was left to say,
The Brahmin plodded on his way,
But thought the stranger very queer—
When he the second knave drew near.
At once the rogue in wonder said,
"Who placed that dog upon your head?"
And now the Brahmin, looking round,
Threw off the sheep upon the ground;
But picked it up, and, blushing red,
With care replaced it on his head.
Except a smile thrown as he went,
The rogue seemed quite indifferent
Whether he cared the load to keep,
Or whether it was dog or sheep.
But when he neared his journey's end,
The third rogue hailed him as his friend:
"O, father, whither now I pray?
What dog is that you take away?"
The Brahmin could not doubt the three,
And thought: "Some witch bewitches me,"—
Then, throwing off the sheep for good,
Ran home as swiftly as he could.

But they who made him doubt his eyes
Grew jolly o'er the sacrifice,
And laughed and ate themselves to sleep,
And thought the dog a glorious sheep.

Leaves from a New Shorter Catechism.

(With Notes.)

What is God? The effectual cause of the phenomena of the universe; an entity whose existence it is scientifically unpleasant to assume, but logically impossible to deny.

NOTE.—Whereas, God was once very much of a man, now, man is very much of a God.

What is Man? The supreme product of the developmental forces acting on organic forms.

NOTE.—Originally man was simply a cell, now he is a complex one.

Of What is Man made? Of protoplasm.

NOTE.—Formerly organisms were supposed to be made of dust, now we know dust to be made of organisms.

At Death, to what does Man return? To gas.

NOTE.—Spiritualism would make this a verb in the infinitive. Science shows that this supremest product of cosmic forces drops at once into its first elements.

What is the Chief End of Man? To attain "sweetness and light."

NOTE.—This only applies to the upper classes.

What is true Morality? Complete adaptation to one's environment.

NOTE.—This rule makes up by its universality for the limitations of the previous one. It reaches from man to the polyp.

What is Religion? A form of sensibility, the expression of a class of emotions (affecting especially women) developed by the desire to know our origin, destiny and moral nature.

NOTE.—Religion is universal and will always be indispensable, except to those who have attained sweetness and light.

What is Faith? Faith is an emotion clinging to the high things which reason has not yet demonstrated.

NOTE.—There are two kinds: (*a*) Religious faith, the belief in an ennobling supernaturalism; (*b*) Scientific faith, the belief in an alluring hypothesis.

C. L. DANA.

A Ballad.

Containing and narrating strange and remarkable adventures, and a catastrophe too extraordinary for belief; the whole, somewhat suggestive of Robin Hood.

I.

In which the hero is described.

JACK JOHNSON was a farmer's lad,
As bright as bright could be;
He knew not what the sea was like,
And ran away to see.

II.

In which the previous occupation of the hero is dexterously contrasted with his new employment.

The ship puts out, its sails are set,
And soon they catch the breeze;
Jack, many times had seized a plow,
But ne'er had plowed the seas.

III.

In which there is a description of the fare of the hero, with a neat allusion to Egypt, most apropos to the Obelisk.

His bed was bad, his fare was worse,
His coffee naught but slops;
They lived on pork piled higher than
A pyramid of Ch'ops.

IV.

In which a peculiarity of the vessel is set forth.

Jack worked quite hard, he calked the ship,
That better she might swim;
Oft when he tried to pitch the ship,
The ship it did pitch him.

V.

In which a dreadful storm arises.

The life on board that ship was hard,
A cross without a crown;
And when a dreadful storm came up,
The ship it did go down.

VI.

In which the hero finds a coign of vantage—a chicken-coop of safety, so to speak—and is safely delivered of a sage reflection.

And Jack swam to a tiny skiff,
With many a thought of Molly;
He did not hesitate to say,
The boat was not so jolly.

A FLANK MOVEMENT ON THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

A simple device for seeing most of the best pictures at the Academy. (Invented by one of the "skied.")

VII.

In which a second and even more apt comparison is ventured on by the author, between the former occupation and present unfortunate situation of the hero.

And Jack soon saw to steer the boat,
Would cause to him much toil;
The tiller that he knows the best,
Is a tiller of the soil.

VIII.

In which the hero deserts the sea for the land.

At last on the rocks the boat did strike,
But Johnson did not drown;
On land he's cast up by the sea,
And is no more cast down.

IX.

In which the reader may reasonably expect to find something exciting, but is disappointed; for the effect of the stanza is, on the contrary, soothing.

On shore he toiled in the hot, hot sun,
Until his hands were brown;
Though he lay down upon his bed,
'Twas not a bed of down.

X.

In which relief arrives at last.

But one fine morn, Jack Johnson, brave,
The hero of my tale;
He, who so long had sailed the sea,
At last did see a sail.

XI.

In which the hero goes on a long voyage, and the reader begins to wonder to what end these adventures are related.

He hailed the ship, he got on board,
He had to take its trip;
The captain would not ship the man,
Unless he would man the ship.

XII.

In which the hero reaches port, and the probable conclusion of his heroic ventures is gently indicated—with the aid of an extra foot in one line.

At length. Jack Johnson reached his home,
His dangers then were past.
He found his Molly true, and he became
A union jack at last.

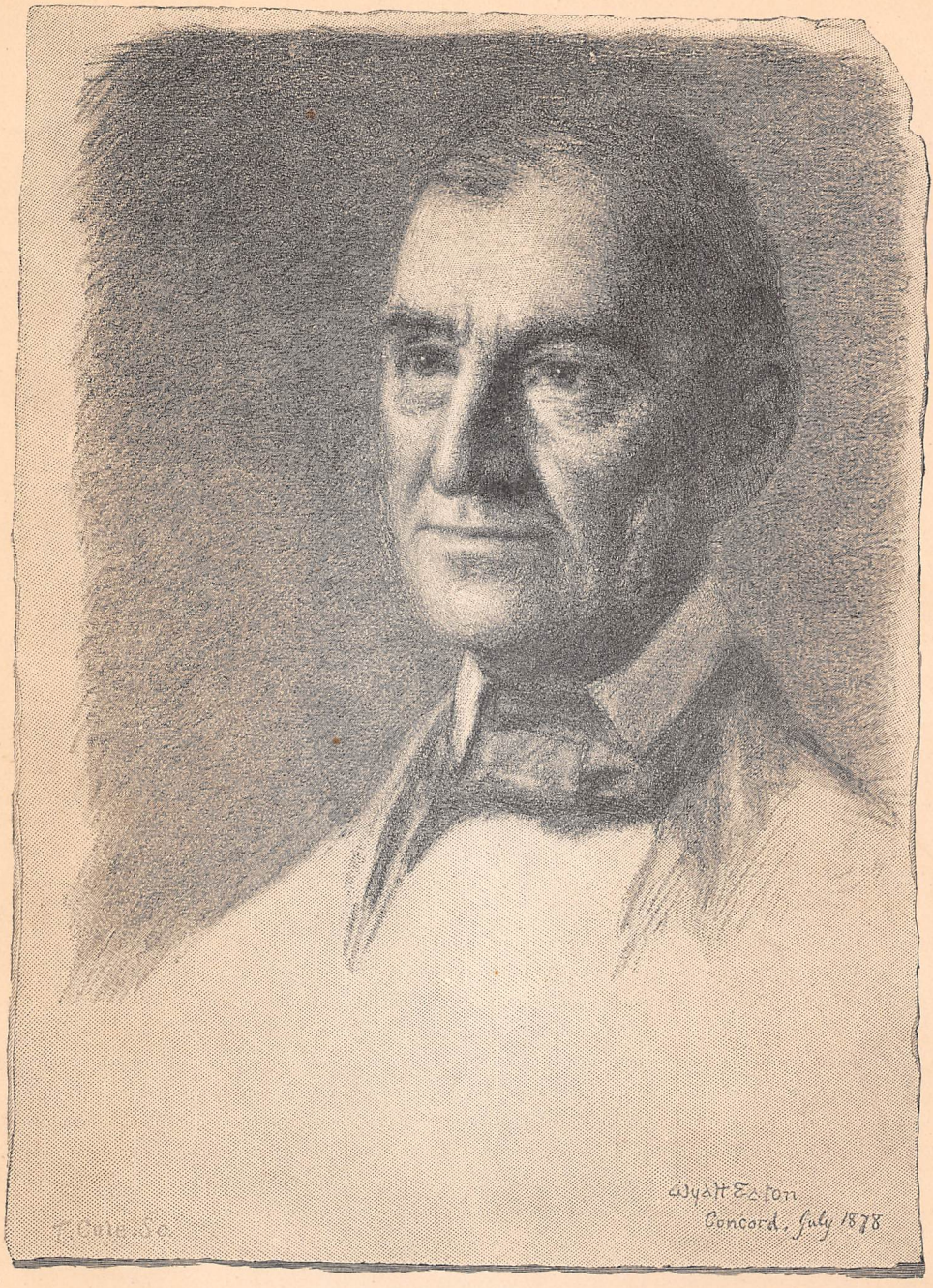
XIII.

In which the end is reached,—to the relief of the hero and the reader.

The wedding-day is quickly here,
—(How swiftly Time does fly!)—
And his, like many another match,
Resulted in a tie.

(And the reader is requested to pause and declare on his honor, if he sees wherein this ballad is suggestive of Robin Hood.)

A. Z.


Wyatt Eaton
Concord, July 1878

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through Nature
Through passion, thought,- through power and dream.

R. Waldo Emerson

Concord, Massachusetts -
December 10, 1878

MIDWINTER HOLIDAY NUMBER
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THE TILE CLUB AT PLAY.

THE TILE CLUB AND THE MILLINER OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

IN pursuance of a design already disclosed in these pages, an association of persons animated by a spirit of decoration and known as the Tile Club, met upon the afternoon of the tenth of June, at Hunter's Point, Long Island. It was cold, raining and extremely disagreeable; but the club appeared to be impervious to mere considerations of weather, and was as chirpy and as hilarious a body as ever was seen. Each member was attired in a fashion that suggested, somewhat incongruously, the purposes of the excursion, and each carried a small quantity of luggage that looked as if it might have belonged to an itinerant photographer or a book-canvasser. One decorative person who wore brown boots, woolen stockings (inside of which he stuffed the legs of his trowsers), a coat of a wholly depraved and inexplicable cut, and a whitey-gray hat with blue trimmings, was regarded with unconcealed envy by his fellows, and with the faintest suspicion of polite curiosity by the contiguous public. Another, in a suit of the material affected by English game-keepers, at least when they have their pictures taken, brought up faint recollections of Mr. Winkle, which were relieved, how-

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ever, by the fact that he carried nothing more dangerous than a sketch-book. All, in fact, presented a very satisfactory, or, as it was promptly expressed by the "O'Donoghue," who makes all the euphemisms that the club uses, "a very tiley appearance."

Being without officers, and being prohibited by the constitution, which it did not possess, and the by-laws, of which it had none, from having any, the club was without a captain. But "Polyphemus" having been intrusted with the common purse, and, besides, having once been seen looking at a map of Long Island, was tacitly invested by the club with a sort of leadership; probably because the first of the reasons just mentioned might have seemed to make it advisable to keep him in sight, while the second suggested a kind of misty guarantee that they would not get lost. Rather indifferently alive to the responsibilities he was undertaking, but with an eye single to economy and a beautiful faith in his geographical predestination, the worthy "Polyphemus" sallied forth, and announced that Cap Tree Island, in Great South Bay, would end the first stage of the trip.

At Babylon, so called, from the remarkable contrast which is apparent between it and a disreputable place of the same name that formerly existed in Asia Minor, there projects into Great South Bay a wharf. Upon this wharf, on the evening in question, stood the Tile Club, looking sadly through the thick driving mist of rain and spray that obscured the view across the waters. It was blowing stiffly from the east, and the captain of the *Tommy Dodd* refused flatly to go out in any such weather. He had a wife and children in Babylon, he said, and go he wouldn't. The club expostulated with him, pointed to its ridiculous attitude upon a remote and lonely wharf exposed to the fury of the damp elements, offered him additional ducats, muttered at him ominously and asked him if he knew Judge Lynch: but all in vain; the obdurate and cautious man of the sea would not budge. The club was beginning to despair and was talking gloomily of going up across the meadows to Babylon, to "put up" in dread conventionality, at a mere hotel, when, like a sea-bird's wing gleaming through a fog, there came through the mist a white sail, and presently a sloop dashing in under three reefs, with a bold buccaneer in yellow oil-skins and a big sou'-wester, standing undismayed at her helm. In the frantic gesticulations of the unusual group on the wharf the excellent mariner saw business in the twinkling of an eye, and rounding-to he came alongside with such a nice apprehension of his *vis momenti* that the impact of the *Amelia Corning* against the logs would not have crushed an egg-shell.

Would he take them to Uncle Jesse Conklin's, on Cap Tree Island?

Of course he would, and he roared "All aboard!" with a startling nautical heartiness that seemed to make the wind shift a point or two toward a more propitious quarter. Tilers, with easels, knapsacks and bags, tumbled into the cabin, one after another; and, in less than no time, the sloop was tearing over the water at a tremendous pace. It was a "three-reef" breeze, and no mistake; and, without any desire to appear nautically pedantic, it may be added that the *Amelia Corning* careened before it until her lee scuppers were under water. The mariner's dripping red face expanded into a jolly grin, as he saw some Tilers holding on to things.

"No 'casion to be scared," he said; "walking's good if she capsizes."

"How so?" said an incredulous Tiler.

"'Taint nowhere over six feet here," answered the captain.

"Ah!" said a small Tiler, with a re-assured air. "That's only three feet more than would do the business for me."

"Well, she wont capsize, anyhow. Look out for the boom!" and the *Amelia C.* went about so fast that the "Chestnut" dived head foremost into the "Gaul" and caused a look of temporary anguish to overspread the great man's countenance.

The driving mist cleared off, and the heavy sky broke up into great masses of dark clouds, that drifted rapidly after one another across the horizon, each trailing beneath it a dense curtain of rain. A gleam of faint orange sunlight struggled feebly through the gray veil, and fell in a pale yellow line upon the narrow strip of sand that marked Oak Island.

"This is a 'Payne's Gray' day on Great South Bay," said a Tiler with a water-color mind, and the "Griffin," heedless of the passing showers, went forward and sat on top of the cabin, to gloat upon a sky that was peculiarly his own.

Castle Conklin came in sight to the south-east, sitting up in the air, superior to all considerations of stability, after the common fashion of objects when viewed at a distance in the refractory atmosphere of Great South Bay. Beyond it on the west end of Great South Beach, stood "Fire Island Light," more picturesquely described by better writ-

ers as rearing its lofty shaft, like a warning finger, to the belated sailor; and otherwise, it may be presumed, fulfilling the office of a satisfactory and respectable light-house.

At this hour it might have been noted that the conversation took a gastronomic turn, and became more animated, as if it were concerned with a topic of more general interest.

"Oh, my wig, you know!" said the "Gaul." "I wonder if they have oysters down here?"

"Lots on 'em, and prime!" said the skipper.

Whereupon the club discussed the possibility of oysters being good in June, and gradually drifted into the more promising field of clams, of which the same authority said there were not less than one hundred thousand acres in Great South Bay. There was an easy transition from fish to meat, and somebody said "beefsteak" with a particularly unctuous intonation; whereat, it must be confessed, the club gave a collective howl, very much after the fashion of the animals in a menagerie at feeding-time.

But Castle Conklin had come down out of the air, and had assumed an aspect of comparative solidity on the level patch of sand and sea-grass meadow that is known as Cap Tree Island. A barrel on a pole presented itself as a sort of suggestive sign-post to mark the channel, and having rounded it, the remainder of the distance to the castle was speedily accomplished.

Down upon the end of his little wharf, waiting for our painter,—whereby is meant not a Tiler, but a rope,—stood one of the jolliest-looking old gentlemen in existence.

"Hullo!" he shouted, and his voice had a rich, merry crackle in it. "Hullo! Here you all are, in a gale of wind, and wet through!" And he shook hands with every one in the heartiest and cheeriest fashion as if he were a wealthy old uncle and each Tiler his favorite nephew, to whom he was going to leave an enormous fortune. This was Uncle Jesse Conklin, the proprietor of

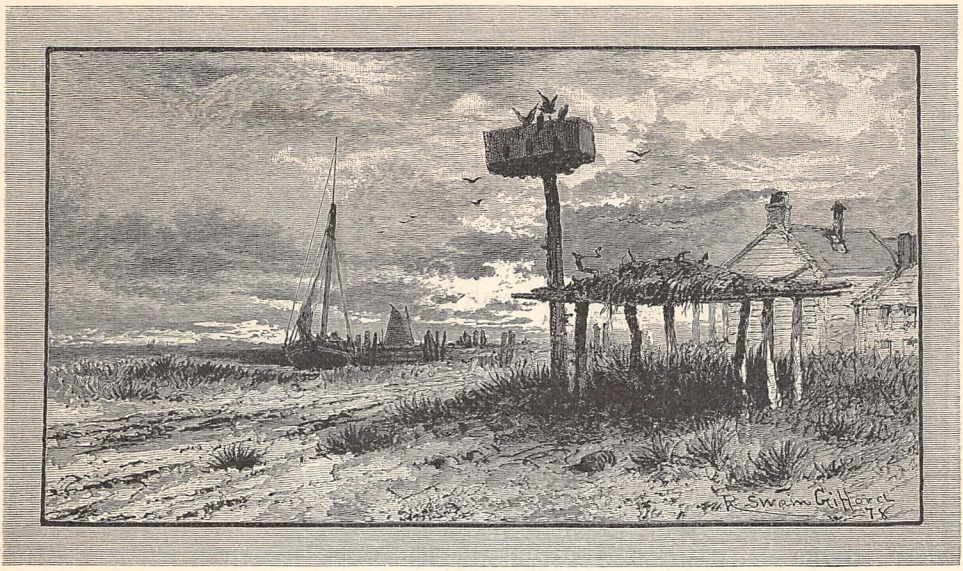
UNCLE JESSE CONKLIN.

Castle Conklin, upon Cap Tree Island; and the way that he welcomed the Tilers to that establishment, and bundled them into a bright, clean little room with a wood fire blazing and crackling in an enormous stove, with neat lamps burning on the clean, white-washed walls, and with plenty of clean, white, dry sand on the floor; and with the wickedest-looking old pirate, in a huge pair of boots and baggy breeches, and wearing a great grizzly beard, and with a tremendous voice that he kept down in the boots aforesaid, piling on more wood,—the way in which Uncle Jesse did this completely captivated those discriminating gentlemen, and they one and all fell in love with him on the spot. Coats were taken off and hung up to dry; "traps" were inspected and put away. And as they gathered about the stove, toasting first one side and then the other, it was conceded that never before, on this side of the Antarctic circle, had a fire in June appeared so entirely appropriate.

"Any gentleman like an oyster, to give him an appetite?"

It was the "Pirate" who spoke. He had put his head in the door to propound the question and he took it out again, just in time to save it from being taken off by the rush that ensued. Outside were two boys with a huge basket of oysters at a table upon which could be seen by the light of a large lantern, quartered lem-

CASTLE CONKLIN.



MORNING AT JESSE CONKLIN'S.

ons, pepper, salt and vinegar and forks. The oysters were prime. Kept in the cold salt water of Fire Island Inlet, they did not seem to pay the least attention to the absence of the letter r and were in a condition that could not be surpassed. They were Blue Points, than which there are none better, and the two boys were experts with the oyster-knife; but over the behavior of those Tilers during the ensuing ten minutes a due regard for decency requires that a veil should be drawn. They had reached a point at which to have further regarded the oysters in the light of something to impart an appetite would have been a mockery, when Uncle Jesse was heard to shout, "Solid men to the front!" and he led the way to the dining-room.

Persons ordinarily competent to discriminate properly, have been known to turn up their noses at the blue-fish and to affirm that it was an inferior if not a quite unworthy fish. It is herein affirmed, and not as by one whom his appetite had bereft of his judgment, that a greater error there could not be. Take a five-pound blue-fish, fresh from the line, split him, butter him and broil him, and serve him on a hot dish with sliced lemon and a sprinkling of parsley, and he is a most excellent, nay, a noble dish. Staled by transit in an ice-box, bruised and perhaps mutilated by the clumsy familiarities of the market, it must be confessed that in the metropolis he is a fish that the thrifty landlady favors as one of which a little will go a long way.

The "O'Donoghue" said it was a tiley fish, which was the highest compliment he could pay it, but he was convinced that language failed to characterize properly the clam-pie that succeeded it. It was nothing short of a work of art, and for deeds far less there have been titles conferred. But common charity, out of consideration for the too susceptible reader, suggests that here the subject should be dropped; and so, with a passing allusion to fried oysters and a mere hint of a porterhouse steak two inches thick and inconceivably juicy, dropped it is.

Taken all in all it was a very jolly evening, and the pelting rain without and the wind that howled around the old house added immensely to the cheeriness of the bright wood fire and the general sense of comfort that prevailed within. There was singing; there was a *pas seul* by the "Chestnut," an address by "Sirius" and some recitations by the "Owl." The "Gaul" furtively produced his violin and stole out upon the sheltered portion of the porch, whence presently there came plaintive measures mingling with the sounds of the elements. The Club listened respectfully for a little while but the persistently mournful strain which the "Gaul" indulged in jarred somewhat upon the prevailing temperament. His muse was pronounced dyspeptic and the worthy vio-

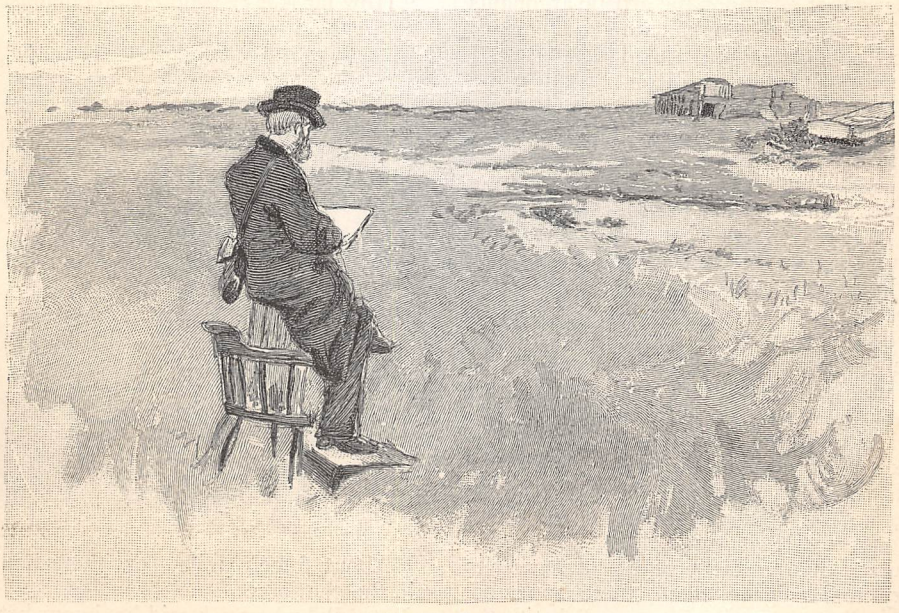
linist was incontinently pulled in-doors and compelled to play a jig.

They are nice comfortable beds at Castle Conklin, but at sunrise the industrious "Griffin" was out hunting for a sketch. He found a subject in a few minutes, and perched on an empty champagne case erected on end in a large green arm-chair, he went to work with a block of Whatman paper and a large water-color box. Presently the "Chestnut" emerged and being greatly struck with the "Griffin's" appearance sat down and "took" him. This he did on a large sheet of gray charcoal paper, sketching boldly with broad washes of thin body-color and producing a result which Mr. T. Cole has interpreted in the cut below with his usual fidelity.

The "Marine" climbed into a dismantled sloop and fell to a careful perusal of an old hut built of sticks and dried eel-grass, which had been used by some cod-fishers during the previous winter. The "Grasshopper" took an "elevation" in pencil of Castle Conklin and "Sirius" made copious "notes" in his sketch-book, including a small memorandum of Uncle Jesse himself. All around Castle Conklin were to be seen intent and studious persons, bending assiduously over blocks or sketch-books; some seated in chairs, others on the backs of them; some on sketching-stools, others on boxes or in holes in the sand; all momentarily glancing up at the objects in front of them and stooping down again to the paper, and all working away as eagerly and as absorbedly as if their very lives depended on it.

"And to think," mused "Polyphemus," partially arousing himself from a doze on the end of the wharf,—"to think that there are people who say that artists are lazy!"

There was not a great deal on the shore that came within the jurisdiction of the "Marine," so he and "Polyphemus" betook them to the sloop and sailed away in search of artistic flotsam or jetsam. The "moss-bunker" fleet was at work outside and toward them the sloop was headed. It may be proper to state, in a general way, what a moss-bunker is. The fact that the writer does not know it renders the derivation of the word moss-bunker of comparative unimportance. In some places the fish is known as the "alewife," in others as the "menhaden." It has yet other names at other places, but none of them appear to have any particularly obvious significance in connection with the fish itself. It is one of the most unhappy fish in the icthyological kingdom, and were it not so useful it would be a legitimate object of pity. In its own element it is pursued by hosts of wide-mouthed enemies, while above are the gulls and man perpetually lying in wait for it. The former eat it and the latter squeezes the



THE "GRIFFIN" AT WORK.

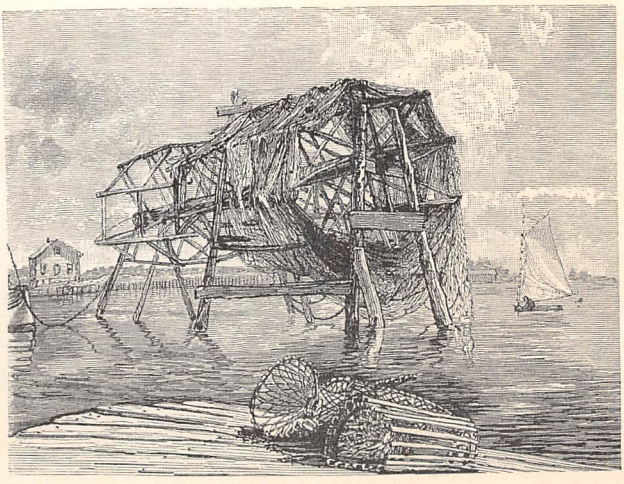
oil out of it wherewith to adulterate oils that are less cheap, or fertilizes his land with it, and makes, for the time being, one of the most abominable smells imaginable. The

COD-FISHER'S HUT ON CAP TREE ISLAND.

"Marine" and "Polyphemus" arrived just in time to see the boats surround a school with one of their long purse-nets, draw it close about them, and dip out the shining fish in thousands. It was a very pretty sight, and the "Marine" caught it joyfully against a wonderfully luminous gray sky, in which all the light broke through the rapidly drifting cloud and was concentrated a little above the horizon.

Early that afternoon the artistic argonauts bid Uncle Jesse Conklin an affectionate adieu and sailed away to Sayville. Lake Ronkonkoma was their destination, and it had been learned by inquiry that Sayville was due south of the lake, which is in the middle of the island. So, it was argued, that by going to Sayville and proceeding thence in a northerly direction, Ronkonkoma should in due course be reached. The wind was brisk and after a twelve-mile run across Great South Bay the club coasted anxiously along the beach looking for a place to land and penetrate through the trees to the village. Some serious misgivings were being indulged in over the prospect of having to carry the baggage when there appeared, proceeding along the shore parallel with the course of the boat, a wagon that looked singularly like an express-wagon and in it a remarkably stout person with one arm. Although the club had some doubts that it might prove to be a bucolic gentleman taking the air in his private carriage, it hailed him, and on his responding by a graceful gesture with his spare arm, the boat was brought to and the club went ashore in installments in a small-boat. The stout gentleman was quite affable, and responded promptly to overtures looking to the conveyance of the club's effects to Lake Ronkonkoma.

"How far is it?" said "Polyphemus."



MENHADEN NET-REELS.

"About fifteen miles or thereabouts," said the charioteer.

But "Polyphemus" said he knew better,

and that there wasn't a place on Long Island where one could walk fifteen miles due north or due south without stepping off the edge. He negotiated upon the financial aspect of the question, called the man an obese extortionist, which he seemed to like, and finally got at the exact distance, which was about six miles. Then the club started for Sayville, not quite a mile distant, the "Gaul" roaring loudly for a grocery store and cheese. The store was found, and while the unusual demand for cheese was being satisfied by the amazed proprietor, the "Owl" spied a pile of enormous hats of straw, with brims nearly six feet in circumference. He tried one on, gazed proudly around, and every Tiler bought one on the spot, at an outlay of twenty-five cents. Such a rushing hat trade never was done in Sayville before or since, and it is currently reported that the worthy grocer has never quite recovered from the mental shock that he sustained on the occasion. The "Gaul" had a large newspaper full of cheese, and a vast quantity of the commodity in his mouth, and the "Grasshopper" was carrying a wealth of crackers in a bag. The diet promising to be rather dry, the club inquired if it could not be introduced to some respectable pump; whereat a public-spirited aborigine who had the commercial prosperity of the place at heart, remarked that there was a man in town that could be seen relative to—ink. He pointed out a house. The Tilers entered a large room on the ground floor, in which there was a counter. There was no one to be seen. They called loudly for the landlord, but no one responded. The "Owl" went behind it as if he had done it every day for twenty years, and found there a box with one dozen compartments and in each compartment a bottle of—ink, secured by a patent stopper. The cheese and crackers were deposited on the counter, there were twelve very audible pops, and conversation was suspended. The proprietor entered and looked around for a moment as if about to get his shot-gun, but being saluted by the "Owl" from behind the counter and asked what he'd take, took in the situation and re-assured himself.

The walk subsequently to Ronkonkoma has been recorded with grievous fidelity by the "Chestnut," and in a manner which, strange to say, none of the club has as yet thought fit to resent. After supper at Mrs. Carpenter's hotel, the Tilers went out on the lake in boats, and made music to the full moon with a degree of sentiment and vigor that brought out the whole population of that beautiful neighborhood.

A rattle in hotel stages, a glide in railway carriages formed the outlet for the visitors of Ronkonkoma, which has no outlet for its waters. Arriving at Bridgehampton at noon, they bade a final adieu to the commonplace of railroading. The rest of their route eastwardly was pursued by the more romantic methods of the wagoner or the tramp.

It was at Bridgehampton, while waiting for dinner, that the "Owl" had an attack of acute decorative mania. He had been missed for some minutes and everybody was looking about for him when, suddenly, a noise was heard and he came tumbling headlong out of a pretty little frame house, on the front of which was a modest sign that told of millinery within. The "Owl" had a bonnet on his head, and two or three long crimson ribbons streamed behind him in the air as he came flying across the wide road. The Tilers yielded to the infection of the ribbons and in a few minutes all were in the shop of the pretty milliner, who was completely fluttered and discomposed at the irruption of such extraordinary customers. Nevertheless, she plied her busy needle actively and stitched all the broad crimson and blue ribbons she had on the immense hats that were showered around her. The "Barytone" sang her a love song, whereat she blushed, and "Sirius" went out on the stairs and made a sketch of the whole scene.

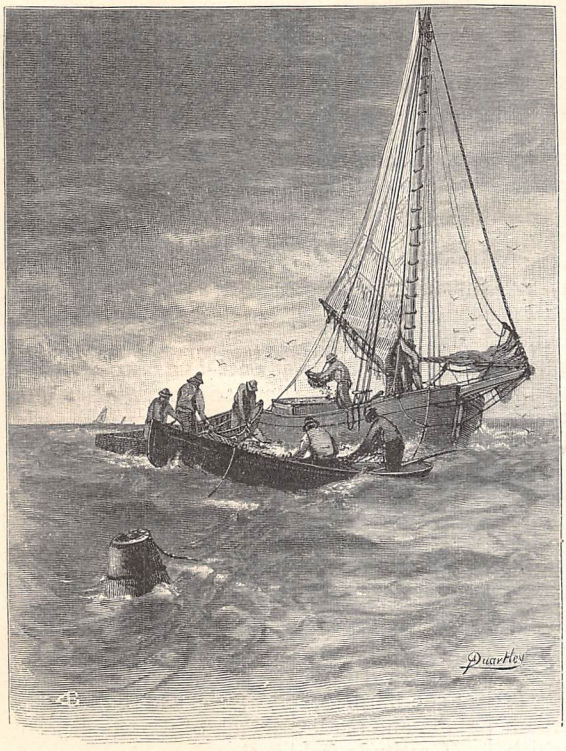
Gratitude forbids that the girl who waited on table at Bridgehampton should be forgotten by the artists. She was black-haired; she was a "lythe ladye," with a face of Zingara-like distinction.

THE "OWL" IN MASQUERADE.

"I cannot eat for looking at her," sighed "Sirius" to the "Chestnut." And he passed his plate (the third time) for roast beef, not too rare.

"One thinks of higher matters than meat and drink in such a presence," assented the "Chestnut." And while she was refusing to sit to "Sirius," the "Chestnut" purloined her portrait.

Meantime the "Owl" and the "Griffin," with painters' boxes on their knees, were outside sketching a wind-mill. It is a well-known fact in the prosecution of *fusain* sketching that an inordinate amount of



A CATCH OF MENHADEN.

bread is required. And the bread must be fresh, diurnal, of immediate application to the work. No store of packed bread will do. No Winsor & Newton device of erasing-paste for long voyages has yet been invented. The artist in charcoal, complete as to all else in himself and his equipments, must depend on daily charity for this cleansing agent.

"Small boy," said the "Owl," "go to yonder hotel where the vulgar throng are dining, and ask them for a bit of bread, to be charged to me."

"Gentleman yonder wants a piece of bread," reported the urchin to a good-natured Boniface in the hotel door-way.

"Bread! He shall have a nice piece of pie!" cried the kindly host. "Mary, send out a half of that oyster-pasty to the gent by the old mill!"

The little boy saw that things were going wrong. By dint of watching the process of charcoal sketching for an hour of his young life, he had attained some insight into its methods. He protested to the excellent landlord that bread, and not pie-crust, was necessary. But pie-crust itself is not shorter than the repartee he got.

"You shut up, Tommy Kepple," cried the host with much scorn. "You were born with your clam open, and it's been open ever since!"

And the pie was sent.

That afternoon the club arrived at Easthampton. The town consisted of a single street, and the street was a lawn. An immense *tapis vert* of rich grass, green with June, and set with tapering poplar-trees, was bordered on either side of its broad expanse by ancestral cottages, shingled to the ground with mossy squares of old gray "shakes"—the primitive split shingles of antiquity. The sides of these ancient buildings, sweeping to the earth from their gabled eaves in the curves of old age, and tapestried with their faded lichens, were more tent-like than house-like. The illimitable grassy lawn, swept with racing breezes at their feet, stretched east and west to infinity. Not the Warwickshire landscape, not that enchanted stretch from Stratford to Shottery which was Shakspere's lovers' walk, is more pastorally lovely.

Every other house in these secluded villages is more than two hundred years old. They last like granite,—weather-beaten, torn to pieces, and indestructible. They alternate

PROCESSION OF YE TILERS.

with smart cottages covered with the intensest paint. "Pretty as a painted boat" is the beach-dwellers' ideal of elegance, and the garish freshness that appropriately constitutes the comeliness and the salvation of a boat is naturally the artistic standard in land-architecture too. The æsthetic sense of a town is divided between an ancestral feeling which approves the tattered old pavilions of Queen Charlotte's day—valuing these mossy tents for their raggedness as if they were old lace—and new clapboards

PORTRAIT OF THE "CHESTNUT." (FROM BASS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)

constantly deluged and sluiced with paint. It is the mariner's simple fidelity, true to the kindred purities of holy-stone and hearth-stone.

"My wig!" said the Gaul, "I must secure a sketch of some of this!" The afternoon sky was filling with color, and the cumulus clouds that toppled from the horizon were turning to vast chryselephantine statue-galleries, ivory and gold. Neighbor Elkins owned, in the vicinity, an enchanted-looking ruin of a mansion, big, owl-tenanted, and surrounded by bewitched old willows. It had struck our tourists' attention in driving by. The artist sat down and opened his color-box. He began a study of severe minuteness, in the pre-Raphaelite way, but night surprised him and he finished with a few smeary daubs, declaring himself an impressionist.

Nor were the others idle. The "Chestnut," struck by the aspect of the old stationary sailer, the wind-mill, essayed to sketch it in colors; but the dramatic effect of the apparitional wings being lost, it came to little. "Sirius," selecting the evening sky, produced a "Nocturne in black and blue," —not in the least like. The "Marine" attended to the sun, and did a "Hallucination in purple and prisms."

If the party had come to Easthampton with any one fixed intention, it was to guy John Howard Payne.

Payne was born in two or three houses of Easthampton, besides Boston and No. 33 Broad street, New York.

"Buried in Morocco, wasn't he?" objected one skeptic. "Depend upon it, he was mostly leather and prunella."

They found the village of Easthampton devoted to a sort of *cultus* of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Every elderly person remembered him, every young person proposed to be a guide to the poet's haunts.

That evening the party were entertained by Mr. Mulford, an oldest inhabitant. He was a fine, obsolete gentleman, with a be-

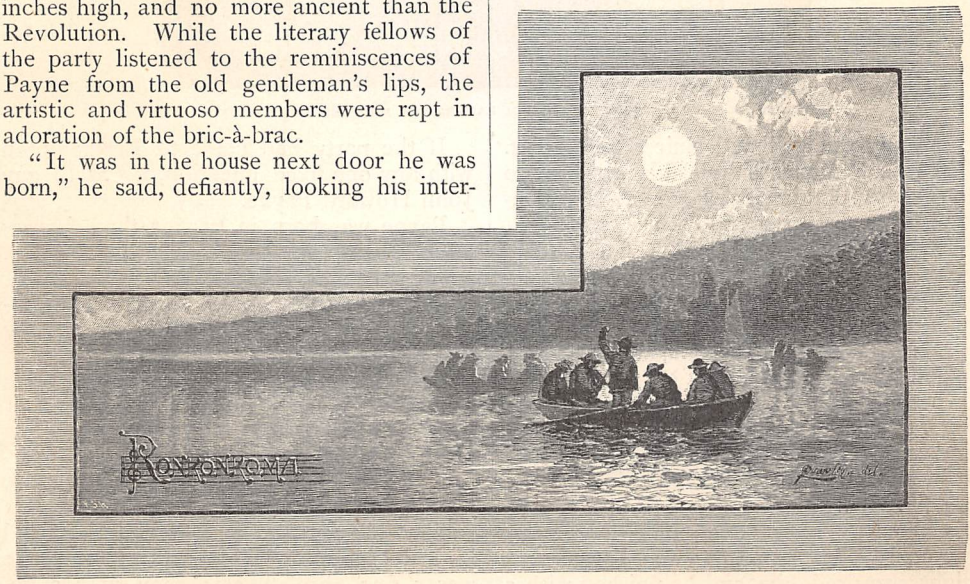
A BELLE OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

coming and handsome sense of personal and family dignity sitting upon him. The house was in its second centenary, having been built in 1764. There was a parlor fire-place fourteen feet in width, and triangular corner cupboards filled with genuine Derby and Worcester that had never been separate from the family and the shelves since they were first stamped by the makers. Outside in the barn reposed the original diamond-leaded window-sashes, the carved railings, the pillioned saddle that belonged to those earliest times of all. The house was now modernized, however, the panes in the windows being at least eight inches high, and no more ancient than the Revolution. While the literary fellows of the party listened to the reminiscences of Payne from the old gentleman's lips, the artistic and virtuoso members were rapt in adoration of the bric-à-brac.

"It was in the house next door he was born," he said, defiantly, looking his interlocutor straight in the eye as he told this enormous one. Nobody demurred.

This mother of the bard, a Jewess, was not without a historical and ancestral connection. She was the daughter of a rich Jew from Hamburg, who was ruined by the American Revolution. The wife of the Hamburg exile was a Miss Hedges, and this lady had an American brother who became, by the death of the possessor of the title, Earl of Dysart. When an agent came to this country to identify the American heir, the unwitting wearer of the dignity was already dead, having been for but a few weeks unconsciously an earl. He left a family of daughters only, so the estate reverted to the Crown. Still, the poet's grandmother was, for a month, sister to the Earl of Dysart. The family of Isaacs still exists in Easthampton; their tradition is that Payne's grandfather, with the caution of a merchant of his race, always kept his books in Hebrew. The excursionists will never hereafter be able to think of the spendthrift Payne without seeing a vision behind him of the Hebrew Isaacs with the scales and the coins, and the ledgers in Chaldean cipher.

The excellent old man went on to give his personal reminiscences of the bard. When a boy, Payne was apprenticed to a carpenter, "just across the way there" from the paternal cottage. Payne's father at one time taught in the ancient school-



RONKONKOMA.

house, but in the poet's youth the incumbent of the professor's chair was an old maid of the most vinegarish description. This dreadful beldam, Miss Phebe Filer, taught Payne that careful spelling and that exquisite chirography which were afterward

zine,—I forget which,—and was a favorite associate of the foremost literary men in Boston, New York and Philadelphia."

This extract backs handsomely the personal claims of the young carpenter of Easthampton. The villagers relate that when

OLD WIND-MILL AT BRIDGEHAMPTON.

to bear the burden of the lines now written all over the world. Her methods of suasion were entirely moral. She used to frighten the quick fancy of the future bard by stories of the "sarpients and scorpings" which haunted the closets and cellars of the school.

"Howard's voice was squealing, in conversation," said the patriarch, "but when he recited poetry it got deep, very deep. As a young man, he was the handsomest lad on Long Island, but when I last saw him all that was changed. He was older than me, and he walked about with his head down, so."

The old neighbor's impression of Payne's personal comeliness was not exaggerated. "The success of Master Betty," says Leslie's Autobiography, "excited a youth in America, like Betty, of handsome features and graceful manners, and with a charming voice, to come forward as an American Young Roscius. I saw Payne play Romeo in Philadelphia, and was perfectly delighted. Whether he equaled Betty on the stage, I know not; but he was superior to him off the stage, for while yet in his teens, he became the editor of a newspaper or maga-

Payne, fresh from the old school that is now the town-house, wrung permission from his reluctant father to go upon the stage, the good schoolmaster, William Payne, stood in tears behind the *coulisses*, irrepressibly weeping, while the public frantically applauded. He could hardly bear the spectacle of that dazzling first night.

"Whether Payne was a duffer or a brick," said the "Owl," with unusual solemnity, after the tourists had left Mr. Mulford's hospitable house, "and whether 'Home, Sweet Home,' is a consecrated liturgy or a detected bore, I move we give the old boy a chorus. Let's sing Payne's cradle-song around Payne's cradle!"

But the culpable levity with which they treated poor Payne and his legend, marked as it was by night, could not stand before the evidence accumulated by the daylight. It faded gradually away, and gave place to a vivid interest, an eager and even a fierce partisanship.

"Fellows! I've found his house!" burst out "Polyphemus," triumphantly, in the morning. "That house last night was an infamous pretender."

"Where is it to-day, if you please?" said the "Griffin," languidly, stuffing a *quinze-centimes* edition of "Manon Lescaut" into his pocket. "I like these nomadic monuments. Their perturbations always touch me deeply."

So they trooped off to see the genuine home of Howard Payne, the hearth where he was really cradled and dandled and reared. They marched in a body down the village street to a certain distance eastward from the inn, singing in half-voice as they went their jingling balderdash:

"Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip; I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king.
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never sad.
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy, the corrter's lad."

Received with the easiest and pleasantest welcome at the antique homestead, they went on to make it their own, artist-fashion. Two or three proceeded to crowd each other up the wide fire-place in their efforts to secure a good position to sketch this nucleus, this ganglion, this node, this vital center of the whole Payne legend. They made various studies of the ample hearth, with its fine velvet pall of black soot, as other artists, indeed, had abundantly done before them. They plunged at the well, they assaulted the hen-coop, they crept around the garden to paint the vine-shaded parlor windows at which little Howard had been held up by the fair Jewess to gaze out upon the world.

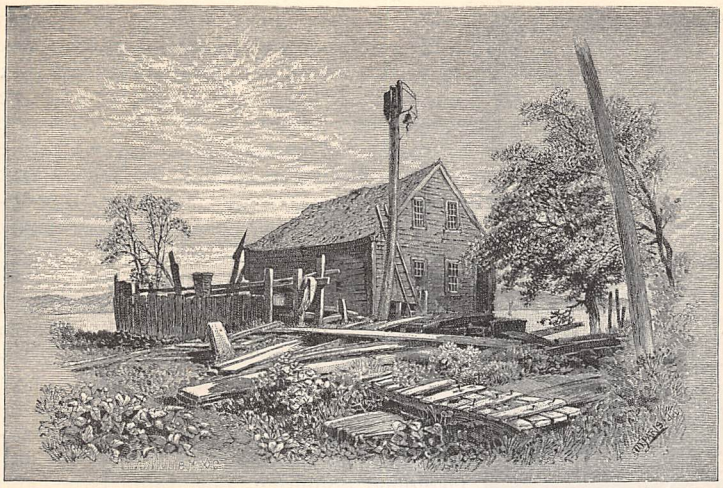
Meanwhile the "O'Donoghue" and "Chestnut," who had disappeared with airs of mystery, were off on another scent. In due time they returned, and offered to introduce the "Owl" and "Polyphemus" to a lady whose acquaintance they had just had the honor of making—the "little sweetheart" of John Howard Payne.

It was a happy and a pathetic encounter, that with the handsome, dark, bright-eyed elderly lady, with hair scarcely touched with gray, who sat in a roomy parlor, pensively fingering old letters of Payne's, in almost all of which she was spoken of in mock adoration as his child Dulcinea. Prettily proud, cheerful, living gladly in that grandest memory of her life, she might have been addressed as Ronsard addressed the lady in Thackeray's lyric:

"Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory,
You say: when I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

This was the petted "Rosalie," who, as a romping school-girl, had received the most extravagant devotion of the song-maker. The lips on which his kiss still lingered had not lost their red. Her boxes were full of his home letters, letters exhibiting him in the best of lights, as the exiled villager yearning for his little hamlet. They are written with a light touch, with abundant dashes of wit that is not very costly, with a thorough sense of what will please the kind townspeople who will hear them, with perpetually welling memories of John, and Dick, and Harry, who will be tickled to get messages from Tunis or from Washington. They are now full of the minute inquiries that ever fill the rustic intelligence office—about Doctor Buell and Deacon Sherrill, and Mr. Akerly, the teacher of French. Now and always, they are full of "the ladies." "To the ruins of Carthage," he says once in speaking of a school celebration at Easthampton, "a copy of Picket's

THE BEACH AT EASTHAMPTON.



AN OLD WHALING STATION.

'Academician' happened to drift, and I to open it at the page recording academical honors to Anicartha Miller and Julia Sands!"

Is there not something human and likable in this revelation of the unsuccessful grizzled, bankrupt bachelor, jaded with the opera, jaded with the drama, jaded with politics, jaded with life, sitting upon Carthage with Marius, and musing upon Anicartha and Julia as they flutter up in their best lutestrings to receive a country academy's diplomas?

The earliest letter of the batch is jocosely addressed on the outside, to the village postmistress, apparently: "Miss Joann Miller, behind the counter very busily opening all the letter-bags for an office-full of the citizens of Easthampton." The same missive is signed in character: "I have the honor to be, madam, your very faithful and devoted deputy-postmaster, John Howard Payne." This sheet is dated 1834.

Thenceforward and for fifteen years,—till 1849,—there is a steady stream of allusions to the little (but growing) Rosalie. Every message is in a tone of playful courtship, adapted at first to the fascinating fairy of a child's party, but deepening in tone and becoming whimsically despondent as the sweet "object" develops, and finally yields to the inevitable laws of absence and distance. "I thank Miss Rosalie for inviting me to a game of loto," he says in 1834, he being then forty-two, and the maiden perhaps fourteen. A year or two after, he remarks: "It is reported that Mr. Akerly is teaching my little (but she has ceased to be little) Rosalie *French*." In later years he grows still fonder, but acknowledges the increased age of his pet by calling her "Mamma" and "Mrs." His kisses now were the safe kisses of a grizzled, elderly bachelor. "Pray tell Mrs. Rosalie," he writes at fifty-six, "if ever I go to her village again I shall insist on the rest of the kiss of which I was in part defrauded." Alas! when the swain is nearing sixty girls don't particularly remember whether his kisses were completed or not; he is welcome to finish them if he thinks they need it. But earlier than this he seems to acknowledge already that this protracted make-believe has been given the sack. "I have persuaded Aunty and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs to join and try to revive the recollection of me * * * the chief obstacle to such a visit would be the news I hear of your sister Rosalie! They say she has jilted me, and has given herself away to some one else, when I really expected she would reserve herself for me. This is the unkindest 'cut' of all." That is in 1839. In 1849 he is calm again, and writes formally, like an old man: "My best remembrance to your Mamma and to Mamma Rosalie." But a few years previously he is still on the rack, asking, with the whim of mock misery strongly upon him: "Am I to be utterly forsaken? Does even Miss Rosalie treat me with cold contempt?" And taking the trouble to add to this, in his neat old-time writing, a quotation of half a dozen lines from Pope, to the effect that "A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven."

But it may be time to put a period to these specimens of what was considered, in those Lalla Rookh and bulbul days, the smart and flattering gallantry of an old, once graceful beau, toward a rosebud less ripe by some thirty years or so. Rosalie's documents have another side, showing Payne, the foot-ball of fortune, the wall-flower at life's festival whom success never joined and engaged for a dance, as a critic, a traveler, or a politician.

In a letter of 1848 Payne remarks: "I am electioneering now on every side for an

THE SWEETHEART OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
(FROM BASS-RELIEF IN CLAY.)

appointment under General Taylor." The consulship to Tunis, we know, was the plum he secured. In this strangely chosen post, the broken-down actor showed a little of the ostentation of a beggar on horseback. The Bey, quite terrified by his incessant and theatrical threats,—doubtless delivered with swelling eloquence borrowed from old recitations of Othello,—and not forgetting either the disquieting thought of the Admiral from America, Decatur, truckled to him amusingly, and built him a huge new palace, finer than his own. Payne was forced to leave his romantic abode after a short residence, and to come back to Washington, for the adjustment of certain political disputes; these arranged, he returned to his post, and died directly in his palace in dream-land, April 9th, 1852. So short was his day of glory! Only in 1850 we find in Rosalie's letters, "I am looking after my nomination for Tunis." This is in a missive from Washington, where he also says, "Miss Bremer was here, and I saw her often,"—mentioning Grace Greenwood too, and Anna C. Lynch, and Mrs. Southworth, whom he greatly admired. In 1848 he was in New York, while Macready was playing; he probably felt some natural chagrin to find Macready applauded in Knowles' *Virginius;* his own *Virginius*—where the same plot had tempted the greatest actors, and been acclaimed from the same boards—forgotten. At any rate, he writes, coldly and wearedly: "The latest wonder here is Macready; but I have not heard him. My interest in theatrical glories has subsided entirely."

But the tone of fatigue never appears in his reminiscences of Easthampton; that magic name conjures up his spirits directly: the old neighbors, the old festivals, the old legends,—most sacred of all, to the exile, the old jokes. What can carry the absentee home so quickly as the ancient jest of his village—the well-worn, the oft-exploited, the never-failing? Thus his pet name for Easthampton is "Goose-heaven," and he harps upon the idea eternally.

There was a side of superstition to the poor player's character—no uncommon thing in the profession. "A conjuring letter," he says in 1848, "has prophesied most favorable changes in my destiny, *to commence next year*." A pretty niece of Rosalie's apropos of this brought out an old-fashioned conjuring-book, quite large, and elaborately printed with pages of magic numbers, which was Payne's gift when he was alive and hoping for the turn of fortune. A blear-eyed, tottering old man, another relative, opened the wizard pages, and applied the numerical cards, as Payne in his youth had taught him, to the tabular prophecies. The tourists diligently came up in turn to have their destinies told. When the bleared man, with his palsied hands, succeeded in adjusting the cards to the much-promising tables, he looked up at his consulter, his eyes wide, watering and triumphant. Evidently, in his mind, he had made the fortunes of a whole troop of New York artists.

The dark-veined hands of the ancient boatman turned the pages of Payne's wizard-book. Payne's little sweetheart, a handsome country lady, untied his yellow letters. The presence of the indigent player became very real in this atmosphere.

"Mr. Payne used to say," observed Rosalie, "that he employed more intrigue to conceal his poverty than all the diplomacy used at Washington. I can remember him when he was a most beautiful man," she pursued, "and with such a complexion, very delicate. It is strange he should have liked me, for I was a black girl."

This English phrase, perhaps, is seldom heard in America. But Rosalie had derived it direct from her Kentish ancestors. Her home-village had been settled by a party of Kentish pilgrims, who bought the town plot in 1648, and at first called it Maidstone, from Maidstone in Kent. The old families of Easthampton were of the Pilgrim stock, settling at first at Plymouth, but afterward removing to chosen spots along the Long

Island shore, the Kentish group choosing this lovely retreat. Our tourists constantly heard old English phrases that struck them, and these would be delivered in a conspicuously New England accent and pronunciation.

Gradually the feelings of the visitors changed toward the hymnist of Home. The image of a shapely, tall-foreheaded man began to haunt their imaginations, with sparse locks studiously arranged around his temples; probably wearing corsets; occasionally concealing the absence of buttons in his double-breasted coats by thrusting his hand in his bosom, Lamartine-fashion; modish and dilapidated; calling this populace of boatmen and fishmongers his cousins, his uncles and his comrades, without a bit of shame. Pacing this rural street "with his head down, so," its brain-pan revolving thoughts of past tinsel glories, when Kean had thrilled mighty London audiences with his Brutus, and Charles Kemble had gained two thousand pounds in twenty months by the copyright of a certain song in "Clari, or the Maid of Milan!"

Payne declared that he had first heard the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artlessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares, and touched his fine ear by the purity of her voice. It is pleasant to think he did not crib it from any old opera, but had a certain proprietorship in the air, as well as the words, of the most popular song extant.

The "home" he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undoubtedly Easthampton. A few years later, he expanded its opening words in a magazine description of his native town. "Many an eye wearied with the glare of foreign grandeur," he wrote ("Democratic Review," February, 1838), "will, ere long, lull itself to repose in the quiet beauty of this village." The stenciled expressions of "foreign grandeur," and "eyes wearied with the glare," what are they but repetitions of the opening of both stanzas—the "pleasures and palaces" of stanza one, "the exile from home splendor dazzles in vain," of stanza two? Easthampton is what supplies the sentiment, the type, the foil, the contrast of the song. Easthampton still exists, just as he knew it, like a vignette perpetuated in electrotype. The "tavern-sign in the center of the road" is gone, though, which he described "swinging between the two posts,"—"while the geese strut with slow and measured stateliness to their repose." The geese still parade down the grassy street, getting between the visitor's legs every minute, and are as obtrusive as they are in Payne's letters and descriptions.

Yes—it is an unromantic discovery, but there cannot be a doubt of it—"the birds singing sweetly," of Payne's ballad, "that came at my call," were ganders, and their sweetness was a hiss.

From the age of thirteen, when he left the ample hearth of his father's house here, the hymnist of "Home" was homeless; that is, until the theatrical structure of his latter months arose at the command of the Afrites, and he lay down to die in his Arabian Night's palace, hungering for the thatch, "the sooty chimney-throat of this delicious cot."

"Thatched" cottages, by the by, were to be found in Easthampton when Payne was a youth.

"Well, boys," now said "Polyphemus," "are you convinced where John Howard Payne's home is?"

"Certainly, four or five of it," said the "O'Donoghue" with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile the spirits of the artists were attuned to gentleness, for the place had turned out to be a painter's gold-mine, all "bits" and nuggets. Their satisfaction made them particularly open to exquisite impressions, and one night—when "Sirius" caught them with their sensitive artistic temperaments all throbbing with delight—he proposed and obtained such a musical tribute to Howard Payne as Howard Payne's village had never known before. The musicians who were honorary members of the club now made their metal known. The violins were tuned till their tense strings were ready to break with music's stress, and the piano had been freshly put in order. The gigantic baritone turned his eyes, somehow fired with unexpected feeling, upon his accompanists.

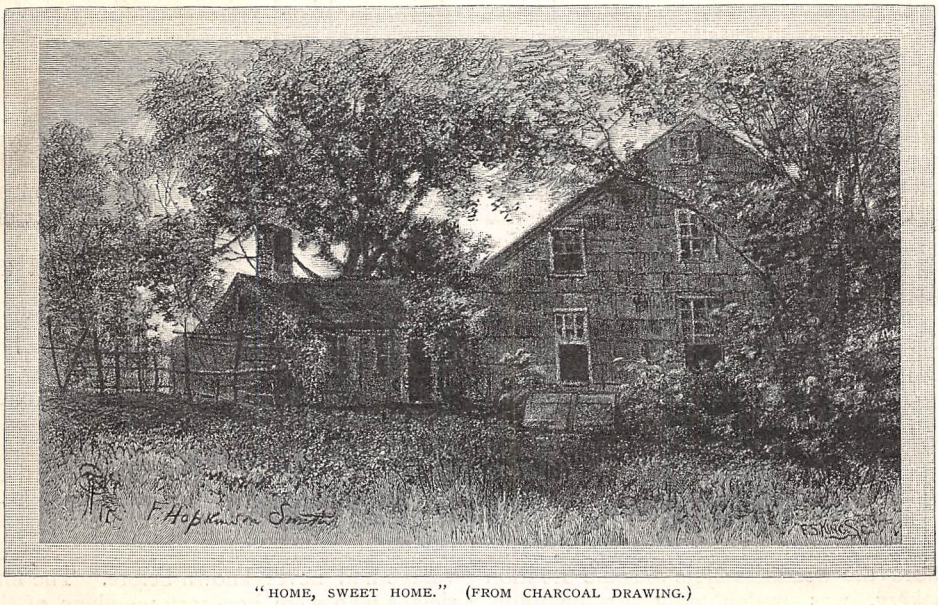
"Are we ready?" he whispered, and the violins and piano nodded. And then he swept out the reserves of a magnificent voice in a torrent of feeling and flame, flooding the inn-parlor with melody, thronging the midnight street with reverberations, and causing the neighboring glasses of the poet's own windows to thrill with the rapturous disturbance. None of his chums had ever heard him "come out so." The complaining violins, the accented markings of the piano, lent color and outline to the song. There were enough trained voices in the company to troop in effectively with a

chorus. It was such a rendering of "Sweet Home" as that plaintive romanza does not very often get. Village listeners, hearing those lamenting violins, that voice of exile filled with tears and sweetness, leaned against the porches, saddened and titillated in the very kernel of the heart. The music, for once, had gone to the quick. And the voluntary performers, their pious duty paid, packed themselves off in absolute silence to bed.

It was a half-sad morning that took the painters away from Easthampton. They had found their account there.

"You see," said the "Marine," "some neighborhoods are very strongly marked with the artistic consciousness. They combine well. They set out their milk-pans to drain in beautiful compositions. Their calves come to the fence in red and white, their old hens scratch under coops fenced in with rotten menhaden-nets, their sea-beaches attract the most beautiful brown wrecks, whose figure-heads have their gilding washed by the high tides in full sunshine. These places know how to relieve a Samuel Prout roof with a Birket Foster elm-tree. Their geese march over the crests of a hilly road, with heads stretched up. Their men are old school-masters, sailors and wreckers. Their wind-mills are brown with age and much oiling. Their girls lean in white aprons against the wheat-sacks. These places are as self-conscious, when a landscape artist comes, as a Ranelagh beauty in the presence of Reynolds. They are all the time posing for effect. Easthampton is one of them."

The incorrigibly "lazy" had been intensely busy watching the others. These drones had their uses; they looked out for effects, and made reports of phenomena. At sunset these irresponsible ones would pose in the foreground of coast-scenes, making pirates or wrecked corpses. At sunrise, half awake, they would stray to the signal-station on the coast, where they would find the fishing experts on the watch for menhaden, digging their bare toes into the sand-hill with excitement as the "bunch" rose into sight, reddening the purple sea.



"HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM CHARCOAL DRAWING.)

"Some days they make it redder than others. Depends on the sun and clouds, I expect," the wise man would explain to his visitor. Then his excitement would culminate as the fish rose again, abundant and close to shore. "Haul the weft," he would scream to his assistant, and the old basket would fly up on the signal-post causing every village boat to dart together upon the prey, looking like sharks in the morning twilight. Meantime, not satisfied with the ordinary signal, the gray-beard would tear off his red waistcoat and become frantic, waving it to his neighbors and dancing in the sand, bare-legged, grizzly-chested, the

muscles on his brown arm working as he followed the red stain with eager fore-finger. The town fills with the noise of the horn calling the fishers to their boats. When the first peddler came to Easthampton, within living memory, the sound of his horn caused a misconception. The men rushed to sea and the peddler found the town deserted of all who held the purse-strings.

Hard as it was to part from the artistic village, Easthampton was left behind at last. The two long country wagons drove up to the door. Our tourists, provided with London walking-boots of raw leather, most elaborately constructed to ease the feet, were all rather foot-sore from the mere superiority of their equipments. They could not walk a mile in their inimitable shoes without limping. They piled into the carriages. "Sirius" had bought a lovely Queen Anne table at a farm-house above Bridgehampton, and had nursed it fondly in his arms on all his wanderings. It climbed into the wagon, too, and was thenceforward the object of his care and the subject of his friends' most heart-felt anathemas, through the whole route. Bidding good-bye to the hospitable Gardiners of Gardiner's Tavern, they trotted out of Easthampton, shocking the echoes with their rattling chorus:

"My father was a corrier some 'ears afore I was borrn;
He always rose at daybreak to go his rounds in the morn;
He used to take me with him, so early in the spring,
I loved to sit upo' the corrt and hear my father sing.
Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip; I whistle and I sing!
I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king;
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never sad,
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy, the corrter's lad!"

FAC-SIMILE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S HANDWRITING.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM BASS-RELIEF, MODELED IN CLAY.)

The roads hereabout are full of legends of the Indians,—those powerful Montauketts, "tall, proud, straight, warlike," who used to fight the Narragansetts and all the red legions from the main-land. A little to the north of Easthampton, on the Sag Harbor road, our tourists had visited a spot called "Whooping Boy's Hollow." Here, in the old times, an Indian chief's son was murdered. The road just here passes through a pine wood, and this grove is vocal after night-fall with childish screams, to the discomposure of stage-drivers and belated urchins. The artists, determined not to destroy the illusion, refrained from staying until the hour when the manifestations take place.

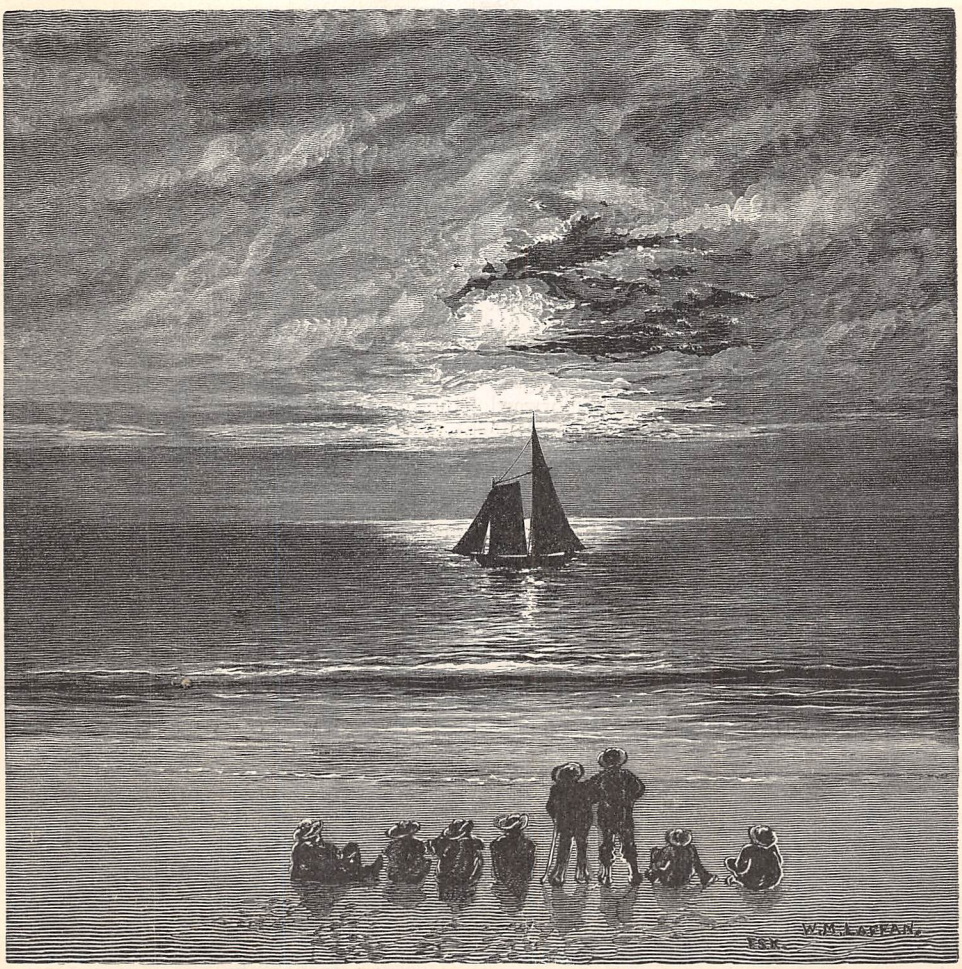
Midway between Easthampton and Montauk our travelers passed the terrible Lebanon cedar, thrusting up its flat, table-like top on the wide, sandy heath, whose closely knit and tufted twigs can sustain the ominous number of thirteen persons as on a platform. "It is immortalized," says Payne, "by a wild tale of Indian massacre and miraculous escape." This is another form of the legend of Fort Pond (otherwise Kongonock), or the event may have happened at both localities. A little to the west of Kongonock, at any rate, is the old Indian burial-ground. Near it is one of the legendary foot-prints in the rock. In the early ages of the Montauketts, one of the tribe, whose reputation was ruined and whose life forfeited by some act of crime, fled to this spot, and, placing his foot upon the rock, sprang forward into the valley, which opened to receive him, while a spring gushed forth for the first time. The other story of a leaper's foot-prints, and which may be

either located at Fort Pond, as a *variorum* edition, or, if the reader prefer, by Whooping Boy's Hollow, is of darker omen still. The hero is the devil. At a "pow-wow," at which a renegade Puritan or two assisted, the devil was driven from the feast in time for the salvation of these white spectators' souls, and marked his horrid foot-print in his three several leaps; whether cloven or not (the foot being presented simply in an Indian translation of the devil, as it were), the traces are hardly distinct enough to show.

The youthful driver dutifully pointed out the Enchanted Cedar, and he knew all about Whooping Boy's Hollow. But his remembrances of the various indentations—sachem's head-rests, devil's prints, or what not—were all resolved into one legendary impression, of a painfully unpoetic character.

"Old Teeny's Hole," said Tradition, in the person of this lad, "is here, just by Flat Top Tree; it is a little before you get to the tree. Old people at Montauk remember Teeny. He was an Indian, and he fell down drunk here, and drownded in six inches of water."

The carriages passed the long, close, thicket-bordered beach of Napeague, with its swarms of mosquitoes. To the left were the Nommonock hills; before them, Hither Wood. Emerging from the inclosed region and the pressure of damp, tropical vegetation, our tourists came out upon a scene of freshness and uncontaminated splendor, such as they had no idea existed a hundred miles from New York. The woods rolled glo-



"FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE ——."

riously over the hills, wild as those around the Scotch lakes; noble amphitheaters of tree-tufted mountains, raked by roaring winds, caught the changing light from a cloud-swept heaven; all was pure nature, fresh from creation. The beach they skirted was wild and stern, with magnificent precipices. From the steep cliffs they often afterward dug out the nests of the sand-martins, occasionally disclosing a delicate egg, or a timid fledgeling, lying *perdu* in his gallery, two feet back from his little round vestibule. And so, resting alternately at "Stratton's" and at the house of the light-keeper, they finally made the extremity of Montauk Point, and the great Fresnel lantern, against which the sea-birds and the giant dragon-flies often dash out their little lives.

The convex table-land at Montauk Cape is set with two great, gem-like lakes, miles in extent, and named respectively Great Pond and Fort Pond. Fort Pond was the scene of a mighty battle in the Narragansetts' campaign against the Montauketts. The latter, stanch allies as they were of the neighboring white family of Gardiner, on the island of that name, were on the point of being beaten, and the Saxon settlers left to the cruelty of hostile tribes, when a friendly rally was made by the Fire Island Indians, who drove off the Narragansetts to their canoes.

This friendly, and once valorous Montauk tribe is reduced to a pitiful handful. The tourists found them, however, still herding the cattle for their old neighbors of Easthampton, around the fresh banks of Kongonock Lake. The last king, Pharaoh, was dying in a wind-swept cabin, all alone by the pond-side. Our tourists invaded this royal residence.

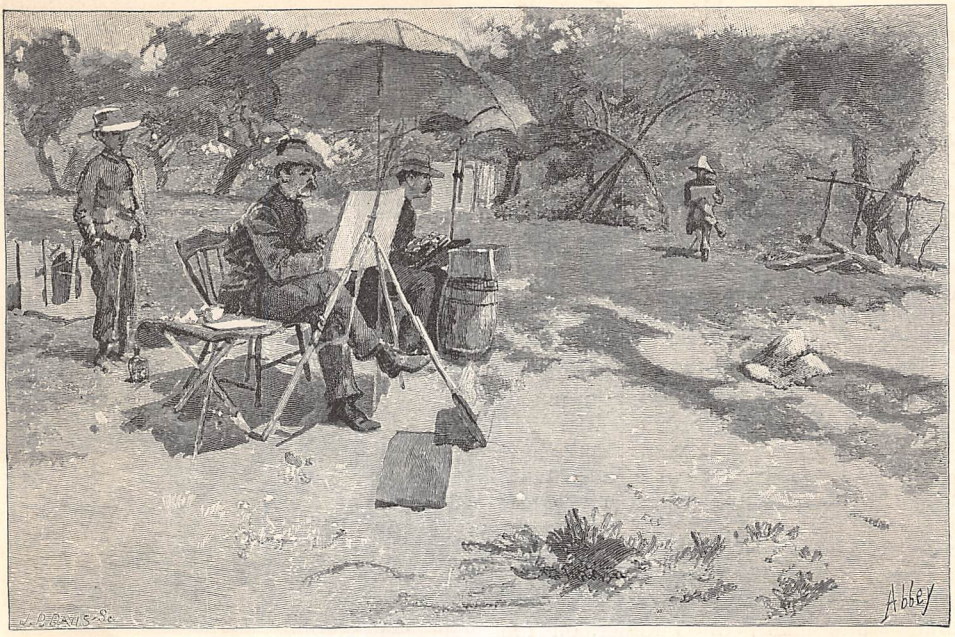
They thought little of the intrusion at first; the majesty of Indian kingship does not produce unmixed awe. So they trooped up to the house of unpainted clapboards, under whose eaves salted eels, and *cheguit* or weak-fish, were fastened up to dry. "Queen Amelia," a pleasant faced

A SCHOOL IN SIGHT.

mulatress, was on her knees in the entry, scrubbing. To pass into the presence of the chief was no more than to step into the unfastened common-room. Here, on a clean bed, lay an invalid figure that compelled them to reverence.

King David Pharaoh was lying as still as a marble image, on the outside of the bed-clothes; only his eyes moved around, quick and brilliant. He had on a bright striped sporting-shirt; his legs were stretched out

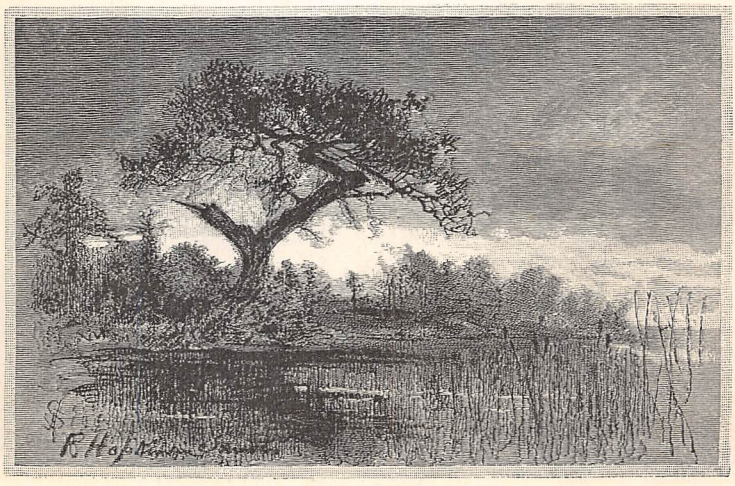
MONTAUK LIGHT.



SKETCHING AT EASTHAMPTON.

parallel with each other; seeming just as thin as their bones, in the clean trowsers of jute bagging. His neat, small, arched feet were bare, pointing lightly to left and right. His hollow face was of pure Indian type, but reduced almost to a skull. There was a small looking-glass, with a picture painted in the upper part of the frame. A colored lithographic head of "Clara" (recalling, if you choose, the heroine of Payne's lyric) decorated a frame near by, and there was another of a ship on fire. Over the dying man's head was a great colored lithographic broadside of cricketing costumes, pinned to the wall.

The quietude, the ancestral type, of the moribund chief gave the intruders a shock, and the faith in its own privacy promulgated by the unguarded sick-bed made them feel like brutes. Off went the hats, we remember, for the first thing. Then one or two drew to the bed-head, and opened a low-



FLAT TOP TREE.

voiced conversation. Suffering reduces the distinctions of caste, and this composed sufferer seemed far the superior, at that moment, of any man in the room.

The tourists thought of the extinction of the Montauks, and rather brutally asked King Pharaoh if he had children. He rolled his glittering eyes from one to another, and slowly delivered an answer fraught with the gloomy considerations that must have been occupying his life.

"Yes, yes. The boys don't all go out to sea. Some of them are left and get married. They'll keep us up a while longer."

His voice here sank into an inaudible murmur; but his self-possession remained. An eager artist had taken out a sketch-book.

"Would you object to having your portrait taken, for us to remember you by?"

The answer was a withering criticism on the work of some previous artist.

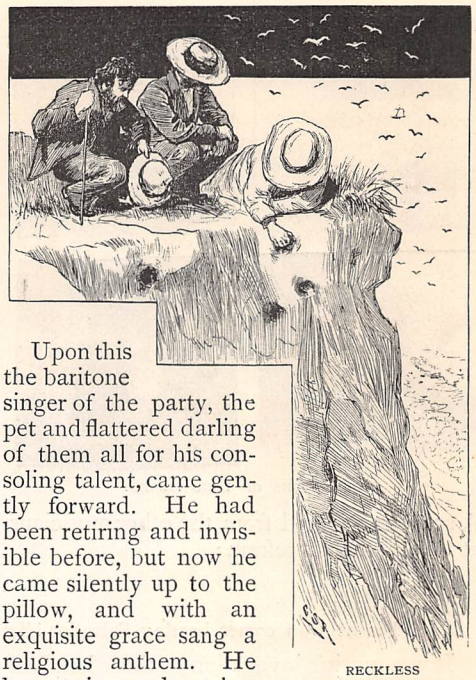
"Yes," he drawled slowly (with his senile deliberation at the age of forty). "I wouldn't like to. There was an insulting sketch of me made some time ago. But there are all the photographs."

And he looked toward the pictured group at the bed's foot, representing himself and quadroon wife and several male children.

It seemed to be a happy inspiration when somebody suggested a hymn. Two or three voices joined in a low litany, in Latin, and very beautiful. The man looked up when it was done, and said:

"Thank you. But I don't understand it very well."

PHARAOH, THE KING OF THE MONTAUKS. (FROM BASS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)

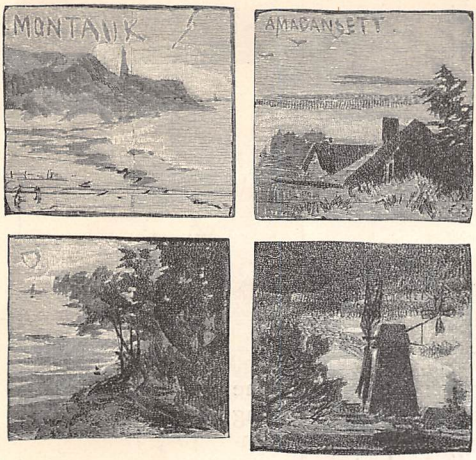


RECKLESS EXPLORATIONS.

Upon this the baritone singer of the party, the pet and flattered darling of them all for his consoling talent, came gently forward. He had been retiring and invisible before, but now he came silently up to the pillow, and with an exquisite grace sang a religious anthem. He began in a low but controlled tone. The dying Indian looked startled at the thrilling music of the murmuring voice—a voice that has often held thronging congregations spell-bound with its solitary melody. The song was Faure's "Les Rameaux." The expiring chief listened to the musical combinations invented by France's incomparable "Mephistopheles," her versatile "Masaniello," her sublime "Hamlet." Whatever of merely operatic or borrowed character the music might have inherited from Faure, it had nothing but sincerity in it now, sung in English, with genuine and freshly awakened feeling. As the "Rameaux" hymn proceeded to invoke all heathen nations to swell the triumph of the Conqueror of Peace, the red child of these western isles raised his eyes, bright and liquid. The invocation to "Humanity" in Faure's words was the first thing to attract his close attention:

"Around our way the palm-trees and the flowers
Send forth their perfume on our festal day,
His voice is heard, and nations at the sound
Have now regained that freedom sought in vain;
Humanity shall everywhere abound,
For light to all the world is given again."

The propaganda of this world-compelling song was probably never so exerted before. The Indian, a man of no mean natural capacity, understood it, with a swift intuition.



IMPRESSIONS OF LONG ISLAND.

A soft choir joined from the other musicians at the triumphal refrain:

"Hosanna!
Glory to God!
Blessed is he who comes bearing Salvation!"

It was music's invocation to those heathen *protegés* of Christianity whom Columbus found on our shores, and who have never since been perfectly at one with our religion. Its significance was perfectly felt by the listener, and melody, by its own eloquence, was acting as no mean missionary. Few Christian churches, we fancy, have heard the song sung with such breadth, nobility and inspiration, as this lonely Indian on the windy, sea-washed moor. His eyes closed as the delicious persuasion concluded, and the visitors filed silently and respectfully out of his house.

The king died a few days after the visit of the Tile Painters. His title was worn not quite in vain, since the tribe he governed have really a right of occupancy on their promontory,—a right which Judge Dykman decides must be looked upon as an incumbrance to real title. The late king expressed a wish to see Sag Harbor before he died, was driven thither while in an expiring state, and succumbed on his return that evening. His cousin, Stephen Pharaoh, the sportsman, soldier, and finest pedestrian on Long Island, succeeds him.

The tourists, soon after this visit, resumed the habits of civilization at the great hotel on Shelter Island. The "Owl" threw his London walking shoes away, and it was noticed that a diamond on his hand, carefully worn inward to the palm through the trip, now sparkled on a knuckle. The "Gaul" enriched a boot-black; and "Sirius" was suspected of putting on bear's-grease. The Tilers were re-absorbed into the relentless tide of commonplace.

THE GLACIER MEADOWS OF THE SIERRA.

WHAT I regard as the typical glacier meadow, is formed by the filling in of a glacier lake, and is found only in the alpine region of the Sierra, at a height of from about eight thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The general surface is nearly as level as the lake which it has replaced, and is perfectly free from rock-heaps and the frowsy roughness of rank, coarse-leafed, weedy, or shrubby vegetation. The sod is close and silky, and so complete that you cannot see the ground; warm also, and everywhere free from mossy bogginess; and so brilliantly enameled with flowers and butterflies that it may well be called a garden-meadow, or meadow-garden; for the plushy sod is in many places so crowded with gentians, daisies, ivesias, and various species of orthocarpus that the grass is scarce noticeable, while in others the flowers are only pricked in here and there singly, or in small ornamental rosettes.

The most influential of the grasses composing the sod is a delicate calamagrostis, with fine filiform leaves, and loose airy panicles that seem to float above the flowery lawn like a purple mist. But, write as I may, I cannot give anything like an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of these mountain carpets as they lie smoothly outspread in the savage wilderness. What words are fine enough to picture them?—to what shall we liken them? The flowery levels of the prairies of the old West, the luxuriant savannahs of the South, and the finest of cultivated meadows are coarse in comparison. One may at first sight compare them with the carefully tended lawns of pleasure-grounds; for they are as free

from diversifying weeds as they, and as smooth, but here the likeness ends; for our wild lawns, with all their exquisite fineness, have no trace of that painful, licked, snipped, repressed appearance that pleasure-ground lawns are apt to have even when viewed at a distance. And, not to mention the flowers with which they are brightened, their grasses are infinitely finer both in color and texture, and instead of lying flat and motionless, matted together like a dead green cloth, they respond to the touches of every breeze, rejoicing in pure wildness,—blooming and fruiting in the vital light.

Glacier meadows abound throughout all the alpine and subalpine regions of the Sierra in still greater numbers than the lakes. Probably from 2,500 to 3,000 exist between latitude 36° 30′ and 39°, distributed like the lakes,—in the woods and cañons, and along the main dividing ridges, in strict concordance with all the other glacial features of the landscape. On the head-waters of the rivers there are what are called "Big Meadows," usually about from five to ten miles long. These occupy the basins of the ancient ice-seas, where many tributary glaciers came together to form the grand trunks. Most however are quite small, averaging perhaps but little more than three-fourths of a mile in length. One of the very finest of the thousands I have enjoyed lies hidden in an extensive forest of the two-leafed pine, on the edge of the basin of the ancient Tuolumne Mer de Glace, about eight miles to the west of Mount Dana.

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river, a day's journey above Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly into the woods, the gray mountain-peaks, with their snowy gorges and hollows, are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close growth of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses, chiefly bromus, triticum and agrostis, which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through this fertile wilderness,—finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear,—after the lapse of an hour or two vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, and then you suddenly emerge from the forest shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light like a lake. This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestrial, human love, delightfully substantial and familiar. The rosiny pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robins feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies waver above the flowers, and like them you lave in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty. Sauntering along the brook that meanders silently through the meadow from the east, special flowers call you back to discriminating consciousness. The sod comes curving down to the water's edge, forming bossy outswelling banks, and in some places overlapping glacier bowlders and forming bridges. Here you find mats of the curious dwarf willow scarce an inch high, yet sending up a multitude of gray silky catkins, illumined here and there with the purple cups and bells of bryanthus and vaccinium.

Go where you may, you everywhere find the lawn intensely beautiful, as if nature had fingered and adjusted every plant that very day. The floating grass panicles are scarce felt in brushing through their midst, and none of the flowers have tall or rigid stalks. In the brightest places you find three species of gentians with different shades of blue, daisies pure as the ether, silky leafed ivesias with warm yellow flowers, several species of orthocarpus with blunt, bossy-headed spikes, red and purple and yellow; the Alpine golden-rod, pedicularis and clover,

fragrant and honeyful, and with their fine colors massed and blended like those of the rainbow. Parting the grasses and looking more nearly you may trace the branching of their shining stems, and note the marvelous beauty of their mist of flowers, the glumes and pales exquisitely penciled, the yellow dangling stamens, and feathery pistils. Beneath the lowest leaves you discover a fairy realm of mosses,—hypnum, dicranum, polytrychium, etc.,—their precious spore-cups poised daintily on polished shafts, curiously hooded, or open, showing the richly ornate peristomas worn like royal crowns. Creeping liverworts are here also in lavish abundance, and several rare species of fungi. Caterpillars, black beetles, and ants roam the wilds of this lower world, making their way through miniature groves and thickets like bears in a thick wood, while every leaf and flower seems to have its winged representative overhead. Dragon-flies shoot in vigorous zigzags through the dancing swarms, and a rich profusion of butterflies—the leguminosæ of insects—make a fine addition to the general show. Many of these last are comparatively small at this elevation, and as yet almost unknown to science; but every now and then a familiar vanessa or papilio comes sailing past. Humming-birds too are quite common here, and the robin is always found along the margin of the stream or out in the shallowest portions of the sod. Swallows skim the grassy lake from end to end, fly-catchers come and go in fitful flights from the top of dead spars, while woodpeckers swing across from side to side in graceful festoon curves,—birds, insects, and flowers all telling a deep summer joy.

The influences of pure nature are as yet so little known, that it is generally supposed that complete pleasure of this kind, permeating one's very flesh and bones, unfits the student for scientific pursuits in which cool judgment and observation are required. But the effect is just the opposite of this. Instead of producing a dissipated condition, the mind is fertilized and stimulated and developed like sun-fed plants. All that we have seen here enables us to see with surer vision the fountains among the summit-peaks to the east whence flowed the glaciers that ground soil for the surrounding forest; and down at the foot of the meadow the moraine which formed the dam which gave rise to the lake that occupied the basin ere the meadow was made; and around the margin the stones that were shoved back and piled up into a rude wall by the expansion of the lake-ice during long by-gone winters; and along the sides of the streams the slight hollows of the meadow which mark those portions of the old lake that were the last to vanish.

SEEKING PASTURAGE BELOW THE GLACIERS OF THE SIERRA.

I would fain ask my readers to linger a while in this fertile wilderness, to trace its history from its earliest glacial beginnings, and learn what we may of its wild inhab-

itants and visitors. How happy the birds are all summer and some of them all winter, how the pouched marmots drive tunnels under the snow, and how fine and brave a life the slandered coyote lives here, and the deer and bears! But, knowing well the difference between reading and seeing, I will only ask attention to some brief sketches of its varying aspects as they are presented throughout the more marked seasons of the year.

The summer life we have been depicting lasts with but little abatement until October, when the night-frosts begin to sting keenly, bronzing the grasses, and ripening the creeping heathworts along the banks of the stream to a reddish purple and crimson; while the flowers disappear, all save the golden-rods and a few daisies, that continue to bloom on unscathed until the beginning of snowy winter. In still nights the grass panicles and every leaf and stalk are laden with frost crystals, through which the morning sunbeams sift in ravishing splendor, transforming each to a precious diamond radiating all the colors of the rainbow. The brook-shallows are plaited across and across with slender lances of ice, but both these and the grass crystals are melted before midday, and, notwithstanding the great elevation of the meadow, the afternoons are still warm enough to revive the chilled butterflies and call them out to enjoy the late-flowering golden-rods. The divine alpenglow flushes the forest every evening, followed by a crystal night with hosts of lily stars, whose size and brilliancy cannot be conceived by those who have never risen above the lowlands.

Thus come and go the bright sun-days of autumn, not a cloud in the sky, week after week until near December. Then comes a sudden change. Clouds of a peculiar aspect with a slow crawling gait gather and grow in the azure, throwing out satiny fringes, and becoming gradually darker until every lake-like rift and opening is closed and the whole bent firmament is obscured in an equal structureless gloom. Then comes the snow, for the clouds are ripe, the upper meadows are in bloom, and shed their varied blossoms like an orchard in the spring. Lightly, lightly they lodge in the brown grasses, and in the tasseled needles of the pines, falling hour after hour, day after day, silently, lovingly,—all the winds hushed,—glancing and circling hither, thither, glinting against one another, rays interlocking in flakes large as daisies; and then the dry grasses, and the trees, and the stones, are all equally abloom again. Thunder-showers occur here during the summer months, and impressive it is to watch the coming of the big transparent drops, each a small world in itself,—one unbroken ocean hurling free through the air like poised planets through space. But still more impressive to me is the coming of the snow-flowers, falling stars, winter daisies, giving bloom to all the ground alike. Rain-drops blossom gloriously in the rainbow, and change to flowers in the sod, but snow comes in full flower direct from the dark, frozen sky.

The late snow-storms are oftentimes accompanied by strong winds that break up the crystals, when the temperature is low, into single petals and irregular dusty fragments, but there is comparatively little drifting on the meadow, so securely is it embosomed in the woods. From December to May, storm succeeds storm, until the snow is about fifteen or twenty feet deep, but the surface is always as smooth as the breast of a bird.

Hushed now is the life that so late was beating warmly. Most of the birds have gone down below the snow-line, the plants sleep, and all the fly-wings are folded. Yet the sun beams gloriously many a cloudless day, casting long lance shadows athwart the dazzling expanse. In June small flecks of the dead, decaying sod begin to appear, gradually widening and uniting with one another, covered with creeping rags of water during the day, and icy by night, looking hopeless and unvital as crushed rocks just emerging from the darkness of the glacial period. Walk the meadow now! Scarce the memory of a flower will you find. The ground seems twice dead. Nevertheless, the annual resurrection is drawing near. The life-giving sun pours his floods, the last snow-wreath melts, myriads of growing points push eagerly through the steaming mold, the birds are heard again singing and building, the air fills with new flies, and fervid summer life comes surging on, seemingly yet more glorious in all its attributes than before.

This is a perfect meadow, and under favorable circumstances exists without manifesting any marked change for many centuries. Nevertheless, soon or late it must inevitably grow old and die. During the calm Indian summer, scarce a sand-grain moves around its banks, but in flood-times and storm-times soil is washed forward upon it and laid in successive sheets around its gently sloping rim, and gradually ex-

tended out to the moist, level center, making it constantly drier. Through a considerable period the meadow vegetation is not greatly affected thereby, for it gradually rises with the rising ground, keeping on the surface like water-plants rising on the swell of waves. But at length the elevation of the meadow-land goes on so far as to produce too dry a soil for the specific meadow-plants, when of course they die out and give up their place to others fitted for the new conditions. The most characteristic of the new-comers at this elevation above the sea are principally sun-loving gilias, eriogonæ, and compositæ and finally, forest trees. Henceforward the obscuring changes are so manifold that the original lake-meadow can be unveiled and seen only by the geologist.

Generally speaking, glacier lakes vanish more slowly than the meadows that succeed them, because unless very shallow a greater quantity of material is required to fill up their basins and obliterate them than is needed to render the surface of the meadow too high and dry for meadow vegetation. Furthermore, owing to the weathering to which the adjacent rocks are subjected, material of the finer sort susceptible of transportation by rains and ordinary snow-floods is more abundant during the meadow period than during the lake period. Yet many a fine meadow favorably situated exists in almost prime beauty for thousands of years, the process of extinction being exceedingly slow, as we reckon time. This is especially the case with meadows circumstanced like the one we have described—embosomed in deep woods, with the ground rising gently away from it all around; for the net-work of tree-roots in which all the ground is clasped prevents any rapid torrential washing. But, in exceptional cases, beautiful lawns formed with great deliberation are overwhelmed and obliterated at once by the action of land-slips, earthquake avalanches, or extraordinary floods, just as lakes are.

In those glacier meadows that take the place of shallow lakes which have been fed by feeble streams, glacier mud and fine vegetable humus enters largely into the composition of the soil; and, on account of the shallowness of the soil, and the seamless, water-tight, undrained condition of the rock-basins, they are usually wet, and therefore occupied by tall grasses and sedges, whose coarse appearance offers a striking contrast to that of the delicate lawn-making species described above. These shallow-soiled meadows are oftentimes still farther roughened and diversified by partially buried moraines and uprising montoneed bosses of the bed-rock, which, with the trees and shrubs growing upon them, produce a very marked effect as they stand out in full relief like islands in the grassy level or sweep across in rugged curves from one forest wall to the other.

Throughout the upper meadow region, wherever water is sufficiently abundant and low in temperature in basins secure from flood-washing, handsome bogs are formed with a deep growth of brown and yellow sphagnum picturesquely ruffled with patches of kalmia and ledum which ripen masses of intensely beautiful color in the autumn, and between these cold, spongy bogs and the dry, flowery meadows there are many interesting varieties which are graduated into one another by the varied conditions already alluded to. Every one of these forms a delightful study, but anything like a full description of a single specimen of each would require the space of a whole volume.

HANGING MEADOWS.

THERE is a very marked and interesting species of Sierra meadows, not at all related to the lake meadows we have considered—that is, in so far as their origin is concerned. They are distinguishable at once from all the foregoing, even by position alone; for they are always found lying aslant upon some moraine-covered hill-side, trending in the direction of greatest declivity, waving up and down over rock heaps and ledges, like rich green ribbons brilliantly illumined with flowers. They occur both in the alpine and sub-alpine regions in considerable numbers, and never fail to make very telling features in the landscape. They are often a mile or more in length, but never very wide,—usually from thirty to fifty yards. When the hill or cañon side on which they lie dips at the required angle, and other conditions are at the same time favorable, they frequently extend from above the timber-line to the bottom of a cañon or lake-basin, descending in fine, fluent lines like a broad cascade, breaking here and there into a kind of spray on large bowlders, or dividing and flowing around on either side of some projecting islet. Sometimes a noisy stream goes brawling down through their midst, and again, scarce a drop of water is in sight. They always owe their existence, however, to

streams, whether visible or invisible, the wildest specimens being found where some perennial fountain, as a glacier or snow-bank or moraine spring sends down its waters across a rough sheet of soil in a dissipated web of feeble, oozing currentlets. These conditions give rise to a meadowy vegetation, whose extending roots still more fully obstruct the free, concentrated flow of the waters, and tend to dissipate them out over a wider area. Thus the moraine soil requisite for the better class of meadow plants and the necessary moisture are at times combined about as perfectly as if smoothly outspread on a level surface. Where the soil happens to be composed of the finer qualities of glacial detritus and the water is not in excess, the nearest approach is made by the vegetation to that of the tropical lake-meadow. But where, as is more commonly the case, the soil is coarse and bowldery, the vegetation is correspondingly rank and flowery. Tall, wide-leafed grasses take their place along the sides, and rushes and nodding carices in the wetter portions, mingled with the most beautiful and imposing flowers,—orange lilies and larkspurs seven or eight feet high, lupines, senecios, aliums, painted-cups, many species of mimulus and penstemon, the ample boat-leafed *veratrum alba*, and the magnificent alpine columbine, with spurs an inch and a half long. At an elevation of from seven to nine thousand feet flowers frequently from the bulk of the vegetation; then the hanging meadows become hanging gardens.

In rare instances we find an alpine basin the bottom of which is a perfect meadow, and the sides nearly all the way round, rising in gentle curves, are covered with moraine soil, which, being saturated with melting snow from encircling fountains, gives rise to an almost continuous girdle of down-curving meadow vegetation, that blends gracefully into the level meadow at the bottom, thus forming a grand green mountain nest with a flowery border.

But commonly the hanging meadows come sweeping down through the woods into the lake levels in ribbony strips, leaving the trees along their margins beautifully revealed. It is in meadows of this sort that the water-rat makes his curious homes, excavating snug chambers beneath the sod, digging canals, and turning the gathered waters from channel to channel to suit his convenience, and harvesting the gay vegetation for food, cutting it off, and gathering it in bunches with the heads all one way, like handfuls of culled flowers.

Another species of hanging meadow or bog is found upon densely timbered hillsides, where small perennial streams have been dammed at short intervals by the fall of trees.

Yet another species is found depending from moist tablets down sheer granite precipices, pricked full of bright houstonias; while corresponding vertical meadows rise from the feet of the precipices to meet them, like stalactite and stalagmite.

And there are three species of pot-hole meadows, one found along the sides of the main streams, another on the summits of ridges, and the third out on bare, shining glacier pavements; all of them extremely interesting in every way. But enough has been said, perhaps, to give a hint of the fine beauty that lies hid in the wildernesses of the California Alps.

"TO THE CLERGY."

I HAD but just finished writing an article in the November number of this magazine, concerning "Parsons and Parsons"; the ink was not dry on the hopeful sentences with which I had endeavored gracefully to round off some playful discussions, when a circular came to me through the mails, addressed "To the Clergy." Now, when a document begins with this respectful, flattering, and even reverent, expression,—"to the clergy,"—I infer that I am about to be called on to offer prayers for something, to preach on some popular reform, or—what is more likely—to take a collection for some charity whose merit is only surpassed by its impecuniosity. But this circular inclosed a sample of black tricot, and begged to call my attention to the full line of ready-made "clerical suits" offered by a well-known merchant-tailor house in New York. This house is ready to put you into a suit that shall say to every man who sees you: "I am not a common man, but a man of God,—a kind of Burmese sacred white elephant to

be treated gingerly. Please hide your wickedness lest it shock my delicate clerical nerves. Gentlemen never swear in my presence, any more than they smoke where there are ladies."

And this clerical suit—this "outward sign of an inward grace"—is to be had for twenty-two dollars. It is a great deal for a tailor to do for so little money. And then, this sacred tricot is kept ready made up in all sizes, for fat clergymen and lean, for little parsons and tall ones. But that is not all; for, further on, we read: "Less our usual clerical discount of ten per cent." Ah! then a parson is not only a man to whom common Gentiles must doff their hats, but to whom there must be made a "clerical discount." Because he is poor, perhaps? But my washerwoman is poor, and I never heard that any benevolent tailor or slop-shop keeper offers her a discount on her boy's trowsers. Besides, ministers as a class are not poor,—some of us are not even poor in spirit. If we do not get rich, we are generally paid about all that our services are worth in the market, and we are rather better off than Christ's fellow-craftsmen, the carpenters, and Peter's brethren, the fishermen. The country minister is often straitened, but so, also, is the country doctor; but nobody ever gives the doctor a medical discount of ten per cent. Why should we, of all men, be genteel paupers? Why should the merchant-tailor give me one-tenth of the value of a suit of black tricot, because I am a parson? If a parson is very poor, and one wants to help him as a poor man, let him do so; but let no man represent the profession as so anxious for clerical discounts that it will jump at a thin device, by which a suit of clothes that can never be sold to anybody but a clergyman, is marked up to twenty-two dollars, in order to be knocked down to nineteen dollars and eighty cents.

The inside of this document contains directions for the self-measurement of the reverend clergy, by which the height, weight, and cubical contents of each learned divine can be accurately ascertained. These directions are accompanied by two cuts, the first giving a rear view of a clergyman, the other a correct front view, with whiskers. The cuts are crossed by lines and diagrams that remind one of the anatomical oxen in cook-books, intended to show the beef-buyer where the porterhouse steak is situate, and from what part the shoulder-blade roast may be cut. Along with these cuts are full and explicit directions for the measurement of a clergyman around the chest, around the waist, and so on down.

You think that I am laughing at the clergy. I did not get up this sartorian view, behind and before, of the parson. The man who most sincerely reverences that vocation, which is certainly sacred if sacredly followed, will be the first to feel the absurdity of all this long coat-tail and broad phylactery business,—this doing up a parson in straight-breasted coat and cassock vest, as though his spiritual graces were too delicate for the rude winds of earth. It is not a hopeful sign of growing robustness that so many ministers, in all denominations, are inclined to put themselves into uniform, like spiritual policemen. It is not the veteran, but the holiday soldier, who prides himself on his brass buttons; and men set apart to the greatest and most difficult work in the world —the moral and spiritual elevation of their fellows—ought to be above baubles.

Dress is a trifle, to be sure, and the largest liberty should be accorded to individual taste in the matter. If a man likes to part his hair differently from other people, it is only a narrow bigot that will remark on it. And if a minister wishes a clerical suit, as a matter of individual taste, it would be impertinence to object. Some of the ablest and best clergymen in the country wear a distinctive dress, and it is not for one unworthy to unloose their shoe-latchets to find fault. But against the clerical suit as a symptom one may protest. The younger clergymen of all religious bodies ought to feel the breath of the future upon them,—ought to know that class privilege is done away. Every assumption of separatism or authority reacts. He is the best minister who is most a man, and no manly man ever plumes himself on his office, be he constable or parson.

There are yet lingering on this busy scene men who think that they in some sort represent the Most High to the imaginations of men, and who resort to small stage effects to give loftiness to their embassadorial dignity. I remember to have heard somewhere of one such minister, upon whose corrugated brow sat all the terrors of the law, and in whose ghostly and sepulchral voice the imagination might hear the gathering thunders of Sinai. He called at the house of a lady whose little child, playing on the floor, was so awe-stricken that he crept into a corner, got down behind a chair, and gazed up between the rungs at the holy man. At length, after various godly admonitions, the solemn man said good-bye, and the little

fellow crept out on the floor, and, looking up at his mother, asked in a reverent whisper:

"Mamma, was dat God?"

Before I get too far away from the tailors and their clerical suits, I must recall the grim joke of that Sioux Indian, who, in the awful slaughter of the Minnesota Massacre, eagerly donned the "clerical suit" of an Episcopal missionary, whose house he had plundered. Meeting a poor white woman fleeing for her life, he did not tomahawk her as she expected, but drawing himself up with droll mock-earnestness, he inquired:

"Do you belong to my church?"

It is not in the coat so much as in the man, that the assumption of a spiritual superiority lies. Some men put their stateliness into their sermons, and there are fopperies of discourse as well as of clothes. "I would as soon wear a fine coat as preach a fine sermon," said the stern and logical John Wesley. But there may be as much Phariseeism in plainness as in fineness. Simplicity is something to be neither weighed nor measured. If a man will be just a man he will hit it. "As I grow older I become more a man and less a minister," said Channing, and Dr. James Alexander writes under this sentence: "Development in the right direction."

One of the most pompous and empty declaimers that I ever knew in the pulpit was a Western lay-preacher, who, having once in his life a chance to air his eloquence before a town audience in the capital of Minnesota, was enlarging on the uncertainty of life's advantages. With a stately but impassioned gesticulation, he reached his climax with this outburst: "He knows not how soon may death invade the sweet instinctive circle of his family peculiarities!"

This reminds me of what was said by a Methodist presiding elder of the old time, from one of the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, about the preaching of a young brother whom he was praising before the conference. "Bishop," he said, "I have heard a ray of eloquence dart from him with a degree of torrents."

This kind of blundering is something very different from the Oriental *abandon* with which the famous sailor-preacher, Father Taylor, used to delight his hearers—both the sailors and the lettered Bostonians who were wont to throng his chapel. Mr. Emerson related in his lecture on "Eloquence" how without let or hindrance the old man's fancy ran riot in strange imagery. On the occasion of his departure for Europe, he asked pathetically: "Who will feed my lambs while I am gone?" Then looking round he cried: "The great God that takes care of the whale, giving him a cart-load of herrings for breakfast, He will feed my lambs."

I think it is Father Taylor of whom it is told, that in one of his most passionate bursts of oratory he had added one gorgeous digression to another, until he was unable to find again the original current of his sentence. He paused a moment in embarrassment and then came out with: "Hallelujah, brethren! my verb has lost sight of its nominative, but I am bound for the kingdom of heaven!"

Mr. Emerson compares Taylor with Kossuth in this gift of natural and unchecked oratory. I remember an incident that happened during the great Hungarian's progress through this country. In Madison, Indiana, he spoke in the church of which my step-father was the pastor. After his address in English the Americans were all turned out to make room for the Germans, but I climbed, boy-like, from the parsonage yard through the church window and got a place on the steps of the high, old-fashioned pulpit, where, hanging over the balusters, I saw, rather than understood, the wonderful oratory of Kossuth. The Germans were wrought into a frenzy of excitement, but just as the speaker, depicting the coming liberty of Germany, had reached the summit of his tremendous declamation, and while the throng of Germans crowding every inch of floor and galleries was swayed to and fro in excitement as by a wind, a child held in the arms of a woman in the very middle of the church, took fright at the applause and began to scream so frantically as to render any further speaking impossible. It took some minutes to get the mother and child out of the jam; the break was depressing, and I felt very sure the speech was spoiled. As the child's voice at length went out into the open air, the disappointed and now depressed audience turned to the orator, who swept his hand through the air and said vehemently in German:

"He may cry now for Germany, but when he is old he will laugh!"

The lost ground was recovered by this single dash, and the audience was at white heat again.

I ought not to leave Father Taylor without putting down a characteristic saying which I have from one of his family. As his mind failed from age and brain soften-

ing, he now and then flashed out with his old brilliancy. A young lady relative found it necessary to tell Mrs. Taylor of something she had seen in the childish old man which needed checking. This exasperated him, and it happened the next morning that he and this relative were the only persons at the table. Father Taylor was angry and did not as usual say grace before meat. His niece sat waiting while the old gentleman sulkily stirred his coffee.

"Uncle Edward, do ask a blessing," she pleaded.

Without closing his eyes or ceasing for a moment to stir the coffee, he said:

"O Lord! save us from deceit, conceit, and tattling."

One of his daughters had this sentence illuminated after his death, and hung where it would always be in sight, a perpetual admonition and reminder.

It is the perfect genuineness of such a man as Father Taylor that makes him invaluable. He was made after no pattern, and a unique man is a perpetual antidote to cant.

The over-pious man is quite as bad as the over-rhetorical man. But no man is to be judged by his green flavor. Every schoolboy's handwriting follows at a great distance perhaps, the copy: and every young man is either imitating older men, or trying to live up to some visionary theory. After a while, if he be a real man and not a plaster cast, he hears the oracle within and begins to live his own life. An energetic originality will redeem a man from cant. When Mr. Moody first began to go about Chicago asking people if they were Christians, he was called "Crazy Moody." After a while, when his native force began to show through, the papers called him "Brother Moody." But when the man was fully developed, they came down to the more respectful "Mr. Moody." For, though Mr. Moody is dogmatic and narrow, as most enthusiasts are, he is yet a true man, full of originality. His gradual emancipation from the cant of his early life shows this. And I am not sure that he has yet gone through his last transformation. There is certainly room for him to learn a little more liberality. In the old days, when he plied his stereotyped interrogatory, he went South in the service of the Christian Commission, I have heard him relate that an old planter came in to ask for rations. Mr. Moody, by way of doing good to his soul, asked "Are you a Christian?" But the planter was deaf and his interrogator was soon shouting the question in his ear, but still ineffectually. Turning to the negro who had accompanied the old man, he inquired: "Is your master a Christian?" "No, sah, he's a Prisbyterian." Much disconcerted, Mr. Moody sought still to turn the conversation to profit, so, addressing the negro, he said: "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, sah, I'se a Mefodis."

The answer ought to suggest many things to a professional revivalist. Are we others not also, like the negro, a little foggy as to what constitutes a Christian? If it does not consist in being a member of a church, does it any more lie in mysterious emotions? Is it a state into which men can be inducted by the hundred, and instantaneously? Is it not just one of those slow-growing developments,—one of those subtle, intangible, uncountable things that evade inquisitions and statistics, and that are not to be dealt with too grossly? Either the Sermon on the Mount means something, or it does not.

But it is hardly my function, here, to preach much, but to tell stories. And Mr. Moody's negro reminds us of another negro. General Fiske is a prominent Methodist, and while in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau operations at the West, addressed a company of negroes on the subject of religion. At the close a negro preacher saluted him and said:

"Gin'l, dat wus a mighty good speech, sah,—a mighty good speech, sho's yo' bawn, gin'l. You's a Baptis', gin'l. Couldn' no man make dat speech 'thout he'd been under the watah. Dat's sho. Dey's a mighty sight o' dese heah Mefodis 'bout heah, gin'l; but dey's a low set, a mighty low set."

I bought a little book at auction for a few cents the other day, not because I wanted it, but because I wanted one book of the lot in which it was sold. This little book is entitled "Letters of the late Lord Littellton," and I looked in vain for any Lord Littellton in literature or the peerage. It was not until I had gone on this foolish scent for some time that I discovered—what I ought to have known before if I had been as infallible as those writers who know everything without the pains of learning anything—that Lord Littellton is a myth invented by William Coombe, the author of "Dr. Syntax's Tour." In this book there figures one of those *bons vivants* parsons, that are not so common now as they were, happily—or at least not so barefaced. He has lost his sermon, of which he says: "It was divided

into three parts; the first was taken from Clarke, the second from Abernethy, and the third was composed by myself; and the two practical observations were translated from a Latin sermon, preached and printed at Oxford in the year of our Lord, 1735. * * * It had four beginnings, and seven conclusions; by the help whereof I preached it, with equal success, on a Christmas-day, for the benefit of a charity, at a florists' feast, an assize, an archdeacon's visitation, and a funeral, besides common occasions."

I am quite unwilling to believe, despite the popularity of homiletical publications, that sermon-stealing is common. If it were, the standard of pulpit eloquence might be higher. I have heard that a very prominent and fashionable preacher, not far from New York, on being detected in the delivery of some of Frederick W. Robertson's choicest discourses, excused himself by saying that he knew Robertson's sermons to be better than any he could prepare on the same subjects. In this he may have been right. But if he had been strictly honest he would have made some such statement to the congregation before the sermons were given. And I cannot see why it would not be well for a minister, let us say of limited leisure and deficient originality, to give his people from time to time the best passages out of the great preachers, frankly giving credit. Let him not trust to his hearers' ignorance to palm off on them other people's gold for his own, lest he be like the minister in the stock story, one of whose hearers in the middle of a fine passage said audibly, "That's South." When the subject changed a little the same man was heard to mutter "Watson," and at the next turning, "That's Chalmers," at which the exasperated minister cried out,

"Put that man out."

"That's himself," said the imperturbable adversary.

Everybody knows something of that sermon by President Nott, on dueling, which is so hackneyed from the continual declamation by schoolboys of the passage beginning: "Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom." But the barefaced sermon-thieves did not let even this alone, and Professor John Nott told me that he had himself listened to the preaching by a plagiarist of his father's celebrated sermon.

I once found in a pulpit Bible a preacher's notes which were but catch-words for the delivery from memory of Headley's highly colored discourse about Mount Tabor. And I know a preacher in the hill-country who delivered sermon after sermon, drawn substantially from Hunter's "Sacred Biography." It is a pity that a man who is a good declaimer but not of any force in the composition of a sermon should not have the privilege of delivering anything he can find, provided always that he does not omit marks of quotation. Nothing can be worse for congregations than the obligation to originality on the part of the preacher who cannot originate. Rather, there is one thing worse than a dull minister, and that is a dishonest one, and such are all sermon-stealers—asses braying in lions' skins.

A young Methodist preacher was once arraigned in Illinois for plagiarism of Bishop Morris's sermons. It happened that Morris was presiding over the conference at the time, and the leading men in the body were quite disposed to make an example of the young thief.

"Don't be too hard," pleaded Bishop Morris. "You must admit, at least, that the young man showed a good deal of judgment in his selections."

Bishop Morris was a well-nourished man with a keen hatred of cant. He had the bad habit of chewing tobacco, and a melancholy brother once rebuked him in set and solemn phrases for his indulgence in this vice. "Brother," he answered, in a pious tone, "did you never read what the apostle says, that one man eats meat, while another being weak eateth herbs? I," continued the portly bishop with solemnity, "am one of the weak brethren."

The man with a pedantic hobby is the worst. I knew on the frontier a Baptist minister, who drew a good round salary from the Home Missionary funds of his denomination, and whom I heard deliver the third of a series of discourses on "The Cainite Rebellion." There were others yet to come on the same subject, which was but one branch of a grand series on Divine Providence. He told me that he had spent fourteen years in studying metaphysics, and seven years in his studies of Divine Providence. He said he "had exhausted Providence." If I had been Providence I should have been exhausted long before. He soon exhausted even the Home Missionary authorities, his salary was cut off, and he went to making brooms, in which function he rendered the world better service than in elucidating the history of the land of Nod.

In the effort to avoid a clerical exclusiveness some ministers rush into an undignified

familiarity. A rude woman in Iowa said enthusiastically that she did like her pastor: —"Why he come right into my kitchen the other day, and sot right down by the stove, and took up the tongs and began to snap them,—*so common like*." I once took charge of a church in a lumbering village, succeeding a minister who had made himself agreeable by entering the back doors of the houses of his parishioners, and that without knocking, and by many other familiarities which had brought him great popularity with the lumbermen and their families. He reaped a substantial harvest from his familiarity in many ways, never hesitating to make his wants known, and generally carrying a basket on his arm. Nothing so won upon his admirers as his habit of asking for a bit of bread and butter when he was hungry. I found myself regarded as the pink of exclusiveness because I knocked at the door and went in by the front of a house, and took my free-and-easy luncheons at home. One evening, while I was engaged in conversation in a store, the remarks of the company in praise of my predecessor became very pointed; they were evidently intended for my edification. I answered mildly that I should not think of taking liberties in other men's houses which I should be unwilling to have them take in mine. A strapping lumberman, six feet two, in picturesque red shirt, approached me, and, squaring himself off, delivered his fire point-blank.

"Looky here, Mister, ef you've brought any airs to this yere town, the sooner you git rid of them the better."

What could I say? But any man can prove by a year's trial that, even with such people, the better way is for the minister to respect himself, and to teach other men to respect themselves. A man of true instincts will readily see the difference between a manly friendliness and a disgusting familiarity, or a fawning servility.

I have told in the pages of this magazine of one army chaplain, and now comes, while I write, a little note from a stranger to tell me that my old friend Chaplain Green is dead. He was a Baptist minister in the lumbering village of which I have spoken, —a village that has since grown to be a considerable city. He was a man of slender culture, so far as book-knowledge went. He had been a steamboat captain, a sheriff, and I know not what besides. There was a world of wholesome uprightness and downrightness in him. When the war broke out, he was quite active in promoting enlistments. But the country regions were slow to move in those first weeks. He was holding a war-meeting in Cottage Grove, in Minnesota, and when he had concluded a fiery speech he called on a young lawyer to address the people. The fellow was one of those egotists who think of nothing but their own vanity. He threw cold water on all enthusiasm by a pompous speech of a Fourth-of-July sort. Forgetting the awful crisis, he said, with great flourishes:

"If ever my country needs my service, I am ready to go. Whenever the time comes that I am wanted, I shall be ready."

At this, Mr. Green jumped to his feet and shouted:

"For God's sake, sir, if the time hasn't come now, when will it come?"

Such questions are bad for oratory.

Mr. Green became chaplain of one of the Wisconsin regiments, and was beloved of all his men. While the regiment was at the rendezvous at Madison, Wisconsin, he was one day called on to bury one of his "boys." He had concluded the prayers at the grave and was marching back decorously at the head of the escort, when a man rode up in front of the grave-yard gate, and cried out, as the procession came out, "Chuck 'em in, d——n 'em!" with much more abuse of the soldiers, not fit to be repeated. Quicker than a flash the impulsive chaplain stooped to pick up a hard frozen clod, and the next moment the insulter of dead soldiers was felled from his horse. But the flash was momentary; once back in his quarters, the chaplain was terrified at the thought of his dreadful breach of military and clerical decorum. He sat in despair for two hours, then he sallied forth to the colonel's quarters.

"Colonel," he said, "what do you think they'll do with me?"

"I don't know," said the colonel sternly. "I know what they ought to do with you, though."

"What?" asked the penitent chaplain.

"Promote you."

The ministers who were able to be fellows with men were the successful chaplains. There is a refined minister, remarkable for elegant rhetoric and well known in the Presbyterian body, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, accepted a chaplain's commission. Never was a man less suited to the place. When at last he had extricated himself by resignation, he expressed his feelings by a characteristic figure of speech. "I would just as soon spend the remainder of my days on a

hammock in the corner of an Irish grocery as in the army."

A major in the paymaster's department told me of the chaplain of a regiment from the mountains of Kentucky, in which there were six hundred men who could not read. The chaplain was not remarkable for erudition, but he suited himself to his hearers. This is the way he served up the story of Daniel:

"Now, my brethren, there was Dan'el. He was one of them that surrendered when Jerusalem was captured. Now, this 'ere Dan'el, he tuck the oath of allegiance to the king of Persia, and the king of Persia made him a colonel in the Persian army. That made all the West P'inters mad. They determined to git him cashiered. They couldn't find nothin' ag'in Dan'el, only that he was a prayin' man. So they went and got the king to issue an order that they shouldn't nobody pray for thirty days.

"Well, when that order was read on dress-parade, Dan'el was mad as fury. He went straight back to his tent and turned up the fly, and knelt down and prayed longer and louder nor ever. Then they went and told the king of Persia, and the king of Persia throwed him into the guard-house and let him stay all night.

"Well, now, the king of Persia couldn't sleep, because he knowed Dan'el was the best colonel in the army. So in the mornin' the king went down to the guard-house and give Dan'el a good talkin' to, and let him out. But Dan'el, he wouldn't go out. He demanded a court of inquiry. Well, when the court of inquiry met, Dan'el beat 'em all to pieces. He proved that the gineral order was contrairy to the articles of war. Then the king of Persia made Dan'el a brigadier-general."

It is the longest possible step from this chaplain to Doctor Bethune, who was a typical "rich man's preacher." It is told in Brooklyn that Doctor Bethune once related seriously to some friends that he found himself obliged to go from one part of the city to another one day, when he had not his carriage with him. He did not know what to do, until he luckily happened to think of "those moving machines that go through the streets," as he called them. He got into one, and was surprised to find what nice things the street-cars were for poor people.

But Doctor Bethune, even, rebelled against conventional propriety in driving fast horses in a day when a horse with good legs was far more reprobate than he is to-day. It is said that Bethune's consistory once complained of the scandal caused by the doctor's horses.

"Well, gentlemen," he said meekly, "I may as well tell you that I mean to sell those horses."

The brethren expressed their delight.

"The reason I am going to sell them is this," he added slyly. "I was driving to-day, and So-and-so passed me, and I tell you, gentlemen, I will not drive a team that can be passed."

In my previous article I did injustice to Doctor Taylor, whose admirable book, "The Ministry of the Word," I represented as teaching that a minister should always read his sermons. Doctor Taylor holds only that the sermon should be written; not that it should always be read. On all such points it is hard to make a general rule. I would as soon trust Doctor Taylor's judgment as any one's; but, if I remember rightly, Doctor James Alexander, another excellent authority, insists that an extemporaneous speaker ought not to write a sermon before delivery. But in this whole matter of writing and reading sermons, the rule is to follow the natural bent. At least, those who, like myself, have never written a sermon in their lives, will not be troubled with remorse for having printed sermons. There are few discourses that deserve to be printed in full. An old and stupid clergyman in England, the son or grandson of a celebrated man, told me that he had printed more than a thousand of his own sermons for gratuitous distribution. The old man thought this a miracle of zeal; but I am sure that his sharp young curate, who stood by him while he talked, knew that it was a miracle of vanity.

It seems a pity that some of the *esprit du corps* that is wasted among ministers in trying to arrest the freedom of individual thought might not be turned to other account. Suppose that, instead of arraigning for heresy our Lyman Beechers, Albert Barneses, Horace Bushnells, and the later martyrs, we should set to work to rid the ranks of our profession of a few humbugs, clap-trap sensationalists, coxcombs, sanctimonists, self-seekers, parsons who never pay grocers' bills, those who write puffs of themselves, and those who carry uncharitableness up to the credit side of the ledger, under the head of zeal. What if, while we are so eager to root out the good wheat of individuality and courageous utterance, we leave untouched the tares of cowardice and selfishness? The business of tare-pulling is one which Christ would not intrust to the discrimination of

the angels themselves, and some of those who are engaged in it to-day are not just like angels —at least, not like the better class of angels.

There is so much to be done that it is a pity to waste any enthusiasm. In Jotham's parable, the olive refused to leave its fatness to be king over the trees, and one regrets to see men so useful as Doctor Tyng, the younger, reversing the parable by following in a wake marked with the wrecks of such preachers as Irving and Cumming. For if Christ were to come, what then? There is no more assurance that the New Testament imagery will find literal fulfillment than did that of the Old. And if he were to come now as he did before, let us say in the overalls of a workingman, repudiating our social pride and our pride of orthodoxy, exposing our hypocrisies, great and small; consorting with the poor, the wicked, and the outcast; making friends of publicans, eating with sinners, and commending philanthropic heretics like the good Samaritan,—if he were to come as he came once, do you think we should know him? It would seem that the chief-priests and scribes expected him before, but did not recognize him. And what if he should not know us, who are called by his name? Is there not need that some Elias should first come?

Some years ago a minister in New York City made a great sensation by advertising a sermon to thieves and harlots. The house was crowded, of course, with people who wanted to get a good look at the wicked people who, for their part, did not come. This kind of prurient interest is easily excited by any discussion of social evils that is trumpeted. It is only the minister of firm but delicate touch who can advantageously treat such topics at all, and he will not use them as baits to catch gudgeons with. Such themes are sure to excite curiosity, whether they be treated in the pulpit, or the daily papers, or the weekly dreadfuls; but the chief purpose of the moral reformer should not be to excite evil curiosity. A certain kind of pathological information a reformer needs; but it is not information to be generally disseminated. About all such evil a pure spirit will say, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret!"

It is not by hiding the weaknesses of ministers that we elevate the profession. Nor by finding fault, perhaps, though that is the healthier way of the two. But a minister ought to be something better than an ornament to solemn occasions, like the tassels on a hearse. Let the younger men, who feel the liberalizing influence of the age, the breath of the twentieth century on their brows, seek also that simple earnestness and consecration to Christ-like service of their fellows, that only can make a minister's life worth the living. For, indeed, it is the most glorious life in God's world, if gloriously lived out. But effeminacy and self-seeking turn the noblest vocation into a sham.

"WE MET UPON THE CROWDED WAY."

I.

We met upon the crowded way;
We spoke and passed. How bright the day
Turned from that moment, for a light
Did shine from her to make it bright.
And then I asked can such as she
From life be blotted utterly?
The thoughts from those clear eyes that dawn—
Can they unto the ground be drawn?

II.

Among the mighty who can find
One who hath a perfect mind?
Angry, jealous, cursed by feuds,—
They own the sway of many moods.
But thou dost perfect seem to me
In thy divine simplicity.
Though from the heavens the stars be wrenched
Thy light, dear maid, shall not be quenched:
Gentle, and true, and pure, and free—
The gods will not abandon thee!

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

I DESIRE to preface this paper with the statement that I am following distinguished precedents in the choice of my title. I have always associated the word "symposium" with the matters of eating and drinking; but when grave and imposing reviews apply it to a collection of opinions, I want to be, as the French say, "in the movement," and so do the same. I should rightly have procured written statements from the representative gentlemen whose views on the pressing Chinese question I have endeavored to collate; but having first applied to a native of the Flowery Kingdom, and learning that he "no sa be Englishee w'litee," I concluded to secure the services of an ex-reporter of a metropolitan journal, and transcribe the results of his "interviews" as follows:

AH LEE.

THIS gentleman was sought in a somewhat damp basement in Cherry street. Misled by a certain sameness in the Mongolian physiognomy, the reporter politely addressed an almond-eyed individual bending over a tub, from whom only the expressions "No sabe" and "Washee-washee" could be extorted; but Ah Lee himself soon appeared, and conversed with great volubility.

"He (pointing to the gentleman presiding at the tub) b'long alla same mi coolie. He no sabe anyt'ing. B'long number one foolo. You no wantchee washee-washee? Wantchee what thing? Mi *views?* No sabe views! Mi *'pinion?* What thing b'long 'pinion? Wantchee sabe what thing mi thinkee 'long [about] that Chinaman Melica side [in America]? Alla lightee [all right]. Mi come Melica side three year before. Stop San Flancisco two year, this side one year. No likee San Flancisco. Ilishman too muchee bobbery Chinaman. Policeman too muchee flog; too muchee cuttee tailee; smallo boy too muchee stonee mi. This side jussee now more better; no so muchee bobbery. Bimeby hab got more Chinaman come, mi thinkee this side alla same San Flancisco; plenty bobbery, plenty stonee. Likee Melican man, no likee Ilishman. Mi thinkee that Ilishman no good inside that heartee. What for he fightee Chinaman? This no b'long he countlee [country]. He come this side alla same Chinaman come, alla same Melican man go China side, wantchee catchee chancee [gain advantages]. Chinaman workee welly hard makee lailloadee [railroad], makee cigar, washee-washee; he spensee [expenses] welly smallo, he no d'linkee samshoo [drink spirits], can catchee littee [little] chancee. Ilishman spensee more largee; he dlinkee plenty samshoo, no got chancee, he *inside plenty hot* [very angry], he wantchee fightee Chinaman, wantchee pay he walkee [send him away].

"Denny Kearney? Who man? No sabe he. He wantchee washee-washee? What thing he talkee? Chinaman b'long moon-eye leper? No sabe moon-eye leper. Mi thinkee Kearney number one foolo. Wantchee killum Chinaman, makee that Golden Gatee full up 'long he body [fill with their bodies]? Tluly [truly], mi thinkee that foolo talkee [nonsense]. No sabe Genelal Butler. You talkee he number one flen 'long [friend of] that Kearney? Kearney come Boston side helpee that Butler catchee taoutae [become governor]? Butler loosum chancee [failed]? He talkee wantchee takee Chinaman bone puttee ground makee that licee [rice] come up more quick? How can talkee so fashion? S'pose some man so fashion talkee China side, can secure chop-chop cuttee head [would be sure to lose his head]. Mi thinkee alla this pidgin tluly welly culio [very curious]. Long teem before [a long time ago] mi hab see one piecee Melican joss pidgin man [missionary] Canton side. He talkee mi Melica side one man alla same 'nother man, maskee [no matter if] he poor man, richee man, white man, black man, Chinaman, any fashion man, he can stop this side, mandalin [government] take care he alla same. Mi fear he talkee lie pidgin [told a lie] Melica side no p'loppa [proper]. Maskee [never mind]. S'pose Ilishman no too muchee bobbery, mi can stop two, three year, catchee littee chancee, takee that dollar, buy shilling billee [exchange] takee steamer, go back Canton side. Jussee now you go? No 'casion so chop-chop [you needn't hurry so much]. Mi likee you come 'nother teem [again]. S'pose you wantchee washee-washee, s'pose you got flen wantchee washee-washee, mi can do number one fashion, one dollar one dozen. Chin chin!"

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE LA FONTAINE.

THIS gentleman was found *(au sixième)* in a (tenement) house in (South) Fifth avenue, and received the reporter graciously.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur.* I speak not very well English, for I have not the habitude to

converse. *Et vous ne parlez pas*, you speak not French? (The reporter desires it known that the Frenchmen whom he has met don't speak the same kind of French that he learned in Ollendorff.) *N'importe.* I will do my possible. I ask your pardon to receive you *en déshabillé.* I read on your card zat you *journaliste*, and you vish to make to me vat you call ze '*interview*.' *Mais qu'est ce que c'est que ça?* Vat is zat? I vill tell you vat I think? *Mais oui.* I am of a familee very *distinguée*, and in my country of ze first *considération.* Viz ze Empereur, I vas ze ver' good friend. Ven he vas prisoner, and ze Commune destroy *ma belle Paris*, I am come to New York, and I rest here it is seven year. I gain *un peu d'argent*, I make my little *économies*, I rest tranquil. Some day I hear zat *Le Prince Impérial* he come once more to the Tuileries. *Je m'en vais*, I go quickly to him. I cry *Vive l' Empereur!* I see once more *la belle France. Quel bonheur!*—And you vish my opinion of the *politique? Et la question Chinoise? Ah oui.* I have know very well ze ambassadeur at Pekin. Ven *ces scélérats de Chinois* have killed at Tientsin the poor Sisters of Charity, he tell ze Prince Kung zat from zat moment ze Chinese empire cease to exist. *Malheureusement*, zere is ze war at home, he have not ze ships and ze army and——But it is not zat! It is of ze *canaille* in ze *Rue* Cherry zat you ask? But to zat question zare cannot be but ze one side. You vill not tell me that ze great American people vish to have here zat *barbare? Tenez!* Vat is man vizout ze *sensibilité*, vizout ze *esprit?* And vill you find ze *esprit* in zat dirty man viz the yellow face who pass ze time in nothing but to wash ze clothes? *C'est affreux!* And zen consider for one leetle moment anoder terrible fate zat you prepare for yourself,—*la cuisine, mon ami!* For me, I find not zat one comprehends in ze *États Unis*, ze importance of zis question. I like not ze baked beans, and ze doughnuts; but vat vill happen ven zis *cochon de Chinois* take possession of your kitchen? You vill have, *voyez-vous*, ze dog, ze cat, ze egg zat is not good, ze nest of ze bird,—*quel horreur!*—I find not now in your country ze good digestion; but if you chase not away the Chinaman, you go to have no digestion *du tout!* Bah! You will take a *petit verre* of *absinthe? Non?—Une cigarette? Bien! Au revoir, Monsieur.*"

THE HON. GERARD MONTAGUE.

THE reporter followed his card to the door of a handsome apartment at the "Brunswick," where the occupant stood with his back to the fire, caressing his long blond whiskers.

"How d'ye do? Want to 'interview' me, as you say in your country? Yes—I've no objection; doosid queer custom, though, you know. Came over four months ago. Went to California and Colorado. Shooting? Yes, very good. Fellahs at home don't know how awfully jolly it is. Chinese in California? No end; asked a lot of fellahs about them. Answers didn't agwee. Some said they were doosid useful, others called them a beastly nuisance.

"I say, you know, there's a low cad there that spoke on a place called the Sand Lots, and I went out with some fellahs to hear him. By Jove! didn't he pitch into them? He could give odds to a Billingsgate fishwoman. What do I think myself? I weally don't know. We on our side don't see much of them you know, except fellahs in the army and navy who go out to their beastly hot countwy. A fellah at my club went into the City one day on top of a 'bus and there was a missionawy on the box, and he heard the dwivah ask him, 'What kind of people is the Chinese? Is they a civilized folk? Does they take their gin of a mornin'?' But, my deah sir, weally, this is a most extwaordinawy countwy, such a doosid mixture, don't you know, that I weally can't see why you—aw—should object to a few more nationalities. I don't know much about this question myself, but, by Jove! I did know a fellah once, who knew another fellah who had a wow with his governor,—came to gwief with wacing, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?—and had to go out to Austwalia,—beastly place he said it was,—met a doosid lot of cads. He went up to the mines and began digging for gold; found it an awful bore, and gave up his claim, and then what should a couple of impudent beasts of Chinamen do, but come along and work where he had been, and find a lot of gold! Of course he gave them a jolly good thwashing, but the authowities actually gave judgment against him—just fancy!—in favor of those yellow heathen, and against a gentleman. Beastly sell, wasn't it? Now you know that's the sort of thing that a fellah can't stand. We wouldn't have the blarsted Chinamen in England, you may be suah,—and if this wasn't such an awfully new countwy——But hello! by Jove! it's three o'clock, and I'm going on a dwag to the Park; not like Wotten Wow, you know, but—aw—not so bad after all. Have a bwandy and soda? Delighted to see you at any time. Good-bye."

HERR ISAAC ROSENTHAL.

THE reporter left a green car at the corner of Avenue A, found this amiable Teuton at the door of a clothing warehouse, and met with a cordial greeting.

"Gome righd in, mein liebe Herr! Don'd mind dot leedle tog. He vill not pide you. I geeb him to trive avay de bad leedle poy in de sthreed. You like to puy zome very coot glothing? I can zell you dot goat—for—— Nein? You are reborder? *Teufel!* I know noding aboud dot Steward pusiness. *Ach!* id is not dot? So! And you vand to shpeak to me aboud de Shinamen? Vell, I dell you dot you gome yust to de righd blace. You bedder don'd go no farder. You yust gome in de back shtore, you take ein glas bier, you schmoke ein gut zigar,—no, not dot,—I call him real Havana, bud I make him up-shtairs. I gif you a bedder one as dot. So! I lighd him for you. Now I shpeag mit you aboud dem Shinamen, und you put vat I zay in de baber, pecause de bublic oughd to know vat bad beobles dey ish. I keeb last year ein kleine shop mit mein bruder,—hish name is Zolomon,—and ve haf yust as coot glothes as dem dot you zee dere, and von day dere gome in ein, zwei, drei Shinamen, and zay to me, 'How do, John?' and I dell him dot my name ish not John; but he only laugh. Den he zay, 'You got some coot glothes, John? S'pose hab got, mi likee see.' I haf such vay of shpeaking nefer heard, but I can a leedle undershtand, and I t'ink dot he vill not know a coot goad ven he zee id, and I show him some dot ish not of the brime qualidy, and vill not last so long as dot kind as I show you, and I sharge him a coot brice, and he look at him, and dry him on, and I dell him dot id vill him very vell fit. Und den dish great rasgal he zay to me dot he has not much money got, but some leedle box of very coot tea, und he make a pargain and shwop mit me. Und I t'ink dot I make mit him a coot drade, and I give him the goat, and dake de dea; and he say, 'Chin chin, John,' and go out, and I don'd never see him no more. Und vat you tink? ven I open dot dea, I find him one inch coot, and below dot noding but yust rubbish, and some schmall bieces of iron to make him heavy. Und zo, mein liebe Herr, you can de reason undershtand dot I like not to have dot Shinese beobles gome to New York. Und you pe a goot vellow, and put in de baber dot he ish a bad man, and if he gome here, de honest men can no pusiness do."

In one of the public squares the reporter found a party of men, presumably engaged in the collection and removal of rubbish; but, at the moment of his arrival, grouped together for a social chat, in which the "boss" took a prominent part. In him was recognized the gentleman whose opinions were sought,—a newly arrived, but eminent, ward politician,

MR. PHELIM MC-FINNEGAN.

"Good-mornin' to yez," he pleasantly began. "It's mesilf that's glad to see the loight of your countenance. And may be ye're one of them gintlemen of the press that I'm tould comes from Trinithy College, Dublin. And it's niver a betther place they'll be foinding. Shure it's to Ould Ireland that they have to come to supply their wants, and don't it make ye proud to see in what honor and estheem yere countrymen are hild in this city? Look at the hoigh places they're filling. Faix, ye may be afther calling it the capital of the Irish republic. An intherview is it? Arrah, there was a thafe of the wurruld come to me about the election, and I tould him me sintimints, and when the paper come out it was that different from what I said, that I'd niver know me own wurruds. And it's not the election this toime? I'd loike ye to have seen a meeting that we had in me disthrict. Shure the room was full of me friends, and I was spaking to thim about the great principles of liberthy, and how if our candidate was put in he'd double the wages of the wurruking man, and did they moind, I was afther asking thim, that it was a land of liberthy and their own dear counthry (and sorra a bit was it, betwixt you and me and the pump, for there was niver a mother's son of thim but come from Ould Ireland, and it's sorra a naturalization paper the half of thim had), and there was a man got up, and do you know what he tould thim? He said that he was born in the ward, and his father and grandfather before him, and he thought that whin they'd be spaking about it being their own counthry, he'd loike to say a wurrud, and shure the boys was that mad that they riz roight up, and they put him out. And thin——But what do yez say? What will I be afther thinking about the *Chinaze?* Oh, murther! Shure yere not wanthing thim haythin foreyners to come and sthay here and take the bread out of the mouth of the wurruking man? Aint they wurruking men thimselves? Sorra a bit of it, with their long pig-tails and their opium pipes. Would ye now,—would ye

raly put one of thim alongside of a broth of a boy just landed from the Counthy Cork or Tipperary, with his nate velveteen breeches and his sprig of shillelagh, and loiking a sup of whisky whin he's dhry, and always ready for a foight? Shure there was one of them—as foine a young man as ever ye seen—come out in the stheamer a whoile ago, and he was afther taking a walk and he met one of thim Chinaze on the sidewalk with his woman's skirts and his silks, whin Patsy had niver a dacint coat to his back, and he was that mad that he knocked him off into the mud. And whin the craythur picked himself up, ye niver seen anything loike his impudence, for he points first to Patsy, and thin to himself and says, '*You*—Chlistian, *mi*—heathen. Good-mornin'.' Did ye iver hear the loikes of that? No surr, as long as the Oirish vote is that powerful that it is now, niver a Chinaze will ye see here."

Like a breeze from his own Western prairies and cañons was the hearty greeting, at a down-town hotel, of

JUDGE ELIAKIM PILLSBURY,

of Dead-man's Ranch, Whisky Gulch, Montana Territory, who gave his visitor a strong shake of the hand, placed himself at his disposal, and expressed his sentiments concisely and clearly, after having, at the reporter's request, read over the notes of the foregoing interviews.

"Wall," said he, "I calkilate you've come to me about the right time.

"I was born and reared in the state of Maine, and used to hear lots of stuff about free speech, but I've found out that speakin' their own minds was a luxury beyond the means of most men, and I aint been able to afford it myself until I struck it rich in the gulch (a true fissure vein and as good ore as you ever see). And that's the trouble with most folks; they're afeard to say things that may harm their interests. It reminds me of a debating society down in Skowhegan when I was a youngster. A fellow named Fettyplace summed up on one side, and a fellow named Bunker on the other; and when the president come to decide, sez he, 'I allow Mr. Bunker 'peared to have the best of the argyment, but then Mr. Fettyplace, he buys most of his goods at my store, and I can't decide ag'in him.' So you see it is. People in trade's afraid of losing custom, and politicians think of their places, and lawyers of their practice, and some parsons too, may be, of the risk of bein' turned out. But I've got to the point now that I calkilate to say about what I think, and it aint taken me long to make up my mind about what these five men hev told you. The Chinee's head's leveler than any of 'em. He jest goes on about his business (although I allow he aint any great shakes in the 'washee-washee,' as he calls it, for he does everlastingly use up the clothes), and he don't mind what folks is talking about, and I say, *give him a show.* I don't take any stock in his josses and opium-smoking and all that, but no more do I in some of the ways of Irishmen and Portygese and sich like; but I'll tell you one thing thet's sartain, and jest you make a note of it, and that is, that unless we're agoin' right straight back on the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, all these foreigners is exactly the same to us, and there isn't one in the whole outfit of 'em hez any more rights here than another. And as to a lot of 'em comin' here and livin' off the land, and then tellin' us that some more foreigners sha'n't come, because they happen to wear pig-tails and eat rats (an' one of my cousins who's been to Canton sez that aint so), is playin' it down pretty low on us, and about as everlastin' impudence as I ever heerd of. I don't go much on Butler nowadays, for he'd ought to know better than to be incitin' a lot of ignorant folks to rise up ag'in capitalists, as they call 'em, and jest get shot or knocked in the head by and by; and I'd like to know how he makes his views jibe with them he held when he wrote to the cussed impudent foreign consuls at New Orleans: 'If you don't like the way things is carried on in this country, you've a short, speedy and effectual remedy. *Go!* Stay not on the order of thy going, but go at once. You come here without our invitation, and you leave without our regrets.' That's the kind of talk. As for that Kearney, he's a first-class dead-beat, and if he'd show his face once in the gulch, you jest bet the boys would bounce him. So, pard, if my opinion's any good to you, jest say that I calkilate to stick close to the Constitution, and if that document don't make no difference between folks that come here from foreign parts, I say give 'em all a show, and make 'em behave themselves, and if they don't, make 'em git up and git suddenly."

With which words of common sense (are they not so, oh, intelligent, fair-minded reader?) cometh to an end this symposium.

"SHE WAS A BEAUTY."

SHE was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On cardiac conquests much intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Lill, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.

I GAZE, while thrills my heart with patriot pride,
Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and creamy;
The perfect little head; on either side
Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely soft and dreamy,
Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse,
Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty,
"*He's reel mean*"—slips from out the strawberry lips—
"Oh, aint he!"

This *at* her escort, youthful, black-moustached
And diamond-studded—this reproof, whereat he
Is not to any great extent abashed.
(That youth's from "Noo Orleens" or "Cincinnatty,"
I'm sure.) But she—those dark eyes doubtful strike
Her sherbet-ice. . . Wont touch it. . . Is induced to.
Result: "I'd sooner eat Mince-Pie, Jim, *like*
We used to."

While then my too-soon-smitten soul recants,
I hear her friend discoursing with much feeling
Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants."
I note into her eyes a softness stealing—
A shade of thought upon her low, sweet brow—
She hears him not—I swear, I could have cried here—
The escort nudges her—she starts, and—"How?
The *i*dear!"

This was the finishing and final touch.
I rose, and took no further observation.
I love my country "just about" as much—
I have for it as high a veneration—
As a man whose fathers fought for liberty,
Whose veins conduct the blood of Commodore Perry, can.
But *she* was quite too very awfully
American.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF EMERSON.

It was said by a friend who stood by Thoreau's grave, before Hawthorne had been buried near him on the hill-side where he sleeps in Concord, "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions by himself." In future years,—when the pilgrim shall stand on the same pine-covered hill-top, where, a little higher up, as befits his genius, will be seen the grave of Emerson,—it can be said with even greater truth, that Concord itself is the monument of him who wrote

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,"

and that other song, unrivaled in the depth of its sadness, whose closing strain is

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The Master's requiem."

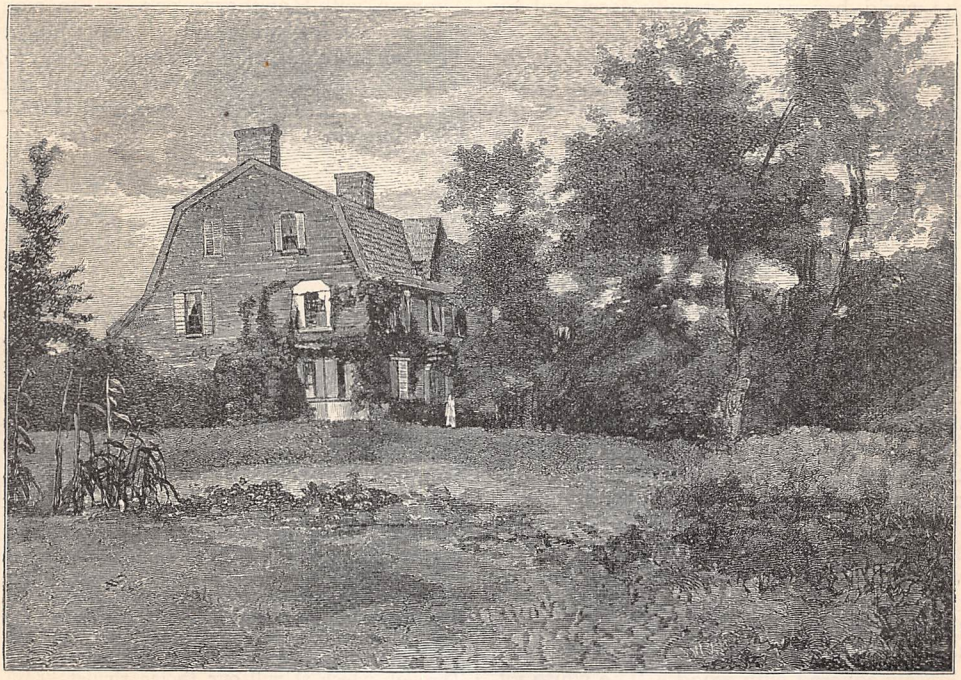
For Concord is not only inscribed in all its tranquil scenery—its woods and fields and waters—with memories of Emerson the poet, but is also a family monument to his ancestors, the Bulkeleys and Emersons and Blisses; pious ministers who founded it, prayed for it and preached in it, helped to rescue it from Indian ambush and English invasion, and then laid their bones there to become part of its soil, and to dignify the plain earth which had nourished them. The history of the town is indeed that of Emerson and his forefathers; and it is better known by his fame than through any other distinction it may now enjoy. It is here that the pilgrim shall say as the Persian disciple said of his master, "The eagle of the immaterial soul of Saadi hath shaken from his plumage the dust of the body."

Ralph Waldo Emerson is the eighth in descent from the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Woodhill, in English Bedfordshire, where the Ouse, they say, pours a winding flood through green meadows, much as the Musketaquid now does in his American colony. This Puritan minister, unwilling to obey the bishops of Charles Stuart, emigrated to Massachusetts, in 1634, with several of his English flock, and, in company with Major Simon Willard, a Kentish man, planted the town of Concord in September, 1635. He was the first minister of the church which he gathered there, and, at his death in 1659, transmitted his sacred office to his son, Rev. Edward Bulkeley; whose daughter, Elizabeth, born in Concord in 1638, married Rev. Joseph Emerson in 1665, and became the mother of a long line of ministerial Emersons. Her son, Edward Emerson, born in Concord in 1670, married Rebecca Waldo of Chelmsford in 1697; from whom the present Mr. Emerson derives both his descent and his middle name, by which he has commonly been called. The Emersons and Waldos, unlike the Bulkeleys, first settled in Ipswich, and were not originally clergymen. Thomas Emerson, the first American ancestor of the poet, is supposed to be descended from the Emersons of Durham in England, and perhaps from that Ralph Emerson in the county palatine of Durham, who, in 1535, received from Henry VIII. a grant of the heraldic arms which the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson have inherited,—three lions passant, with a demi-lion holding a battle-ax for crest.* The Waldos claim descent from Peter Waldo, a leading man among those early Protestants known as Waldenses; their first American ancestor was Cornelius of Ipswich and Chelmsford, the father of Rebecca Emerson. These Waldos had been merchants in London. The Bulkeleys were of gentle blood, and related to the family of Oliver St. John, the parliamentary leader and friend of Cromwell, whom Rev. Peter Bulkeley calls his nephew.

In New England, since Thomas Emerson's death in 1666, his descendants have taken to the Christian ministry as remarkably as the Cottons or the Mathers. Mr. Emerson of Concord, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, of that name, were all ministers, and he has a clerical ancestor in every generation, on one side or the other, as far back as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," to which one of those ancestors wrote a supplement. Mr. Emerson himself was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; his father, Rev. William Emerson, being at that time and until his death in 1811, minister of the First Church congregation, which John Cotton had gathered in 1630. This church in 1803

* This escutcheon was carved on the tomb-stone of Nathaniel Emerson (brother of Rev. Joseph Emerson) at Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he died in 1712, at the age of eighty-three. In 1709, Richard Dale, a London herald, certified this as the correct escutcheon, and it has since been used by some branches of the Emerson family.

assembled in the Old Brick Meeting-house on Washington street, close by the Old State-house, but soon removed to a site near the parsonage-house, at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, in which Mr. Emerson was born. This house has been taken down, and so has the new parsonage-house on the same estate, in which Mr. Emerson spent his childhood. His father, Rev. William Emerson of Boston, was born at Concord, in the parsonage-house of his father, Rev. William Emerson of Concord, famous as the Old Manse, since Hawthorne lived and wrote under its gambrel roof. It was then, a few years before the Revolution, a new and fine house, built for the young minister of Concord and his bride, Miss Phebe Bliss, the daughter of his predecessor in the parish, Rev. Daniel Bliss. The sketches given with this paper of its exterior and interior represent it as little different from what it was in 1775, when Mr. Emerson's grandfather went forth from its front door early on the morning of Concord fight, to join the farmers at their muster on his meeting-house green. It was in the same condition sixty years later when Ralph Waldo Emerson went to live in it, as he had done at intervals before.



THE OLD MANSE.

About 1780, the widow of Rev. William Emerson of Concord married her successor in the parish, Dr. Ripley, who thus became the guardian of young William Emerson and his sisters. When, some thirty years after, Rev. William Emerson of Boston died, leaving six or seven young children, of whom Ralph Waldo was the third in age, Dr. Ripley's parsonage at Concord became a second home to them,—their own home continuing in Boston and Cambridge until 1834, when, upon his return from England, Mr. R. W. Emerson took up his abode permanently in Concord. For a year or so he lived at the Old Manse with his grandfather, Dr. Ripley, and there his first book, "Nature," was chiefly written. In the latter part of 1835, after his marriage with Miss Lidian Jackson of Plymouth, he took possession of his own home on the Lexington road, east of the village, not far from the Walden woods, and has lived there ever since. The house was partially destroyed by fire a few years ago, but was rebuilt in its former shape and aspect. It stands among trees, with a pine grove across the street in front, and a small orchard and garden reaching to a brook in the rear. On the south-east side, from which the succeeding sketch is taken, it looks toward another orchard, on the edge of which formerly stood the picturesque sum-

mer-house built for Mr. Emerson in 1847–8 by his friend Mr. Bronson Alcott, but now for some years decayed and removed. The house itself is of wood,—a modest, home-like, comfortable residence, with small outlook, narrow grounds, and at some distance from Walden pond and the river—the two features of Concord scenery best known to the world, because most fully described by Thoreau and Hawthorne.

Mr. Emerson had dwelt in this home for seven years when Hawthorne, immediately upon his marriage with Miss Sophia Peabody in 1842, went to live in the Old Manse, of which he has given so charming a description. The general features of the landscape have also been described by him, as well as by Thoreau, by Ellery Channing, the poet, by Bronson Alcott, and by Emerson himself. Hawthorne said in 1843: "The scenery of Concord has no very marked characteristics, but a great deal of quiet beauty, in keeping with the river. There are broad and peaceful meadows, which, I think, are among the most satisfying objects in natural scenery. The heart reposes on them with a feeling that few things else can give, because almost all other objects are abrupt and clearly defined; but a meadow stretches out like a small infinity, yet with a secure homeliness which we do not find either in an expanse of water or of air. The hills which border these meadows are wide swells of land, or long and gradual ridges, some of them densely covered with wood. The white village appears to be embosomed among wooded hills. The river is one of the loveliest features in a scene of great rural beauty."

The sketch on page 500 is taken from one of these hills, and gives quite as much distinctness to the river and its meadows as to the village itself, beyond which, as this picture is drawn, lies the hill-side grave of Hawthorne and the houses of Emerson and Alcott. From the hill Nahshawtuc, on which the artist sat to sketch this view (and where the Indians used to encamp, between the two rivers, Assabet and Musketaquid, which flow under its north and south sides to form the Concord), one may see in the spring freshets that prospect which Thoreau described:

"Our village shows a rural Venice,
Its broad lagoons where yonder fen is;
As lovely as the Bay of Naples
Yon placid cove amid the maples;
And in my neighbor's field of corn
I recognize the Golden Horn."

It was proposed by Thoreau that Concord should adopt for its coat-of-arms "a field verdant, with the river circling nine times round"; and he compared the slow motion of the stream to "the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior." Channing—who, since he came to reside in Concord, in 1841, has rambled over every foot of its ground with Thoreau, with Hawthorne, or with Emerson, and is one of the few persons who, as Thoreau thought, "understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks; who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*"—Channing sings of these

"Peaceful walks
O'er the low valleys, seamed with long-past thrift,
And crags that beetle o'er the base of woods,
By rock and hill, low stream, and surly pitch
Of never-opening oaks."

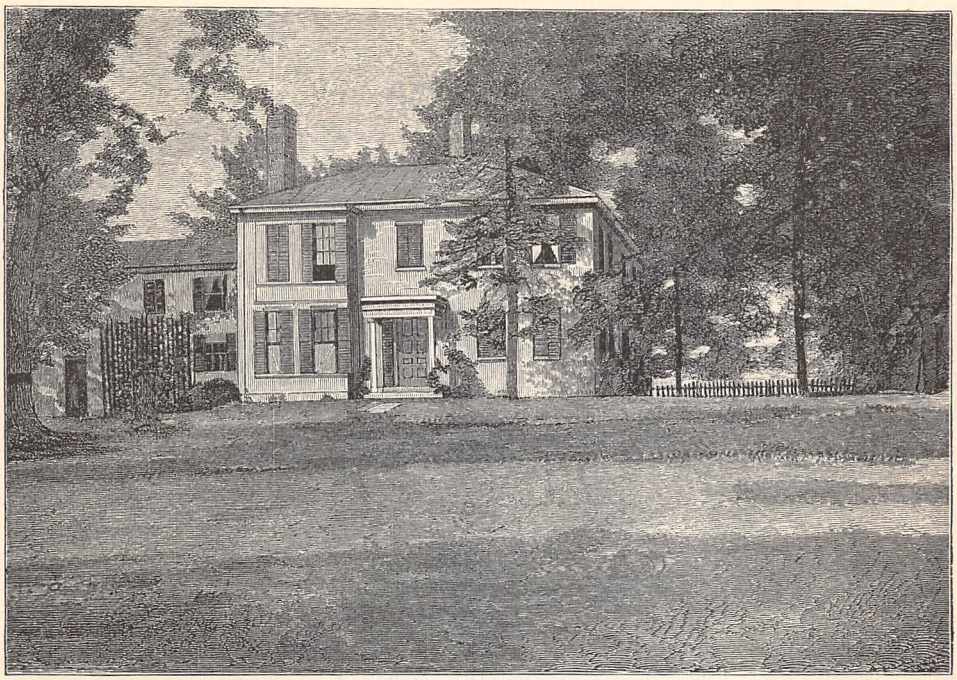
But Emerson himself, the first poet of Concord, if not of America, has drawn the landscape so familiar to him with the most truthful touches:

"Because I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state.
For me in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring
Visits the valley;—break away the clouds,—
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream;
Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds, mindful yet of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plow unburies.
Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous, sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward and nearer rides the sun of May,
And wide around the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag
Hollow and lake, hill-side and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours."

Such is the picture presented to serene and hopeful eyes; but there is a different landscape, veiled with a sadder hue, which the same eyes have sometimes seen.

"In the long, sunny afternoon,
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

"The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.



THE EMERSON HOUSE.

"But they are gone, the holy ones,
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low and pale.

"I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

Those whom Emerson commemorates in these lines were his earliest companions, his brothers Edward and Charles, with whom he rambled among the Concord woods and streams in his boyhood and youth, from 1816 to 1836, when his youngest brother Charles died. A few years later—perhaps in 1838—his friend Alcott began to walk the hill-tops and wood-paths with him; in 1839 he became intimate with his young townsman, Henry Thoreau, then just setting forth with his brother John to explore the rivers Concord and Merrimac; and in 1841 Ellery Channing, returning eastward from the prairies of Illinois and the banks of the Ohio, made his home in a cottage, not far from Mr. Emerson's house. Hawthorne, as before mentioned, came first in 1842; he left Concord for Salem in 1846, but returned thither twice, in 1852 and finally, in 1860, when he came back from England. Between 1836 and 1846 Margaret Fuller was a frequent visitor in Concord, and a companion of Mr. Emerson and his friends. Hawthorne's note-book records that in August, 1842, while returning through the woods from Mr. Emerson's house to the Old Manse, he encountered Margaret reading under a tree in "Sleepy Hollow"—the little park that has since become a cemetery, in which Hawthorne himself is buried. As they sat talking on the hill-side, not far from his future grave, "we heard," he says, "footsteps on the high bank above us, and while the person was still hidden among the trees he called to Margaret. Then he emerged from his green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson, who said 'there were Muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes.' It being now nearly six o'clock, we separated,—Mr. Emerson and Margaret toward his home, and I toward mine."

This anecdote may serve to call attention to a habit of Emerson, in which he agrees with Wordsworth. When a traveler asked to see the old poet's study, his servant answered—"Here is Mr. Wordsworth's *library*, but his *study* is out-of-doors." It was for many years Mr. Emerson's custom to pass his mornings in his library, and his afternoons in the open air, walking alone or with a friend across the pastures and through the woods which encircle the village on all sides. Behind the first range of these woods to the southward lies the fair lake called

Walden, along whose shores Mr. Emerson owns some acres of woodland, so that he may look upon Walden as his own domain. His favorite walk has been to these woods and around this pond; and on the farther shore, opposite the cove where Thoreau built his cabin in 1845, Mr. Emerson once purposed to build a lodge or summer-house, for study and for the lovely prospect. The sketch of Walden given on page 504 was drawn from a point in the Emerson wood-lot, looking south-east across the water to the Emerson wood-lot on the other side, where the lodge, had it been built, was to stand. For some years, just before Thoreau's death in 1862, Mr. Emerson kept his boat in the cove beside which his friend's cabin had stood, and from this they now and then rowed forth together.

"Here sometimes gliding in his peaceful skiff
Climené sails, heir of the world, and notes
(In his perception that no thing escapes)
Each varying pulse along Life's arteries,
Both what she half resolves, and half effects,
As well as her whole purpose. To his eye,
The stars of many a midnight heaven have beamed
Tokens of love, types of the soul. He saw
In those far-moving barks on Heaven's sea,
Radiates of force; and while he moved from man
Lost on the eternal billow, still his heart
Beat with some natural fondness for his race."

As Mr. Emerson was one day walking with a young friend along the railroad track that dykes Walden on the south-west, he threw a stone into the green water and repeated his own lines, which had not then been printed:

"He smote the lake to please his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles, well to hear
The moment's music which they gave."

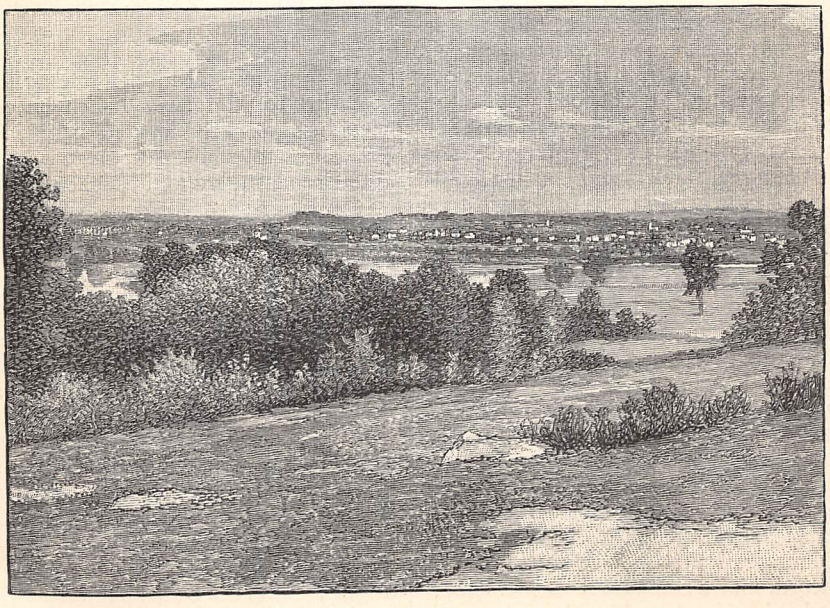
In one of his later poems, called "My Garden," he thus speaks of Walden and its wooded banks:

"My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

Waters that wash my garden side
Play not in Nature's lawful web,
They heed not moon or solar tide,—
Five years elapse from flood to ebb."

The allusion here is to the mysterious rise and fall of the water in Walden, quite regardless of rain or drought, being sometimes at its highest in a dry summer, and at its lowest when all other streams and ponds are full. It seems to be fed by secret springs, and to have a hidden outlet.

When, at one period in his life, it became necessary for Mr. Emerson to decide in what town or city he would fix his abode, he said, "I am by nature a poet, and, therefore, must live in the country." His choice of Concord for a home was simple



CONCORD FROM LEE'S HILL.

and natural; it had been the home of his ancestors, the paradise of his childhood, and no other scenery could have been more in harmony with his genius. He found there the familiar beauty of nature and the freedom from social forms which the idealist needs; while his native city was still so near that he could resort to it or welcome his friends from it as often as his way of life required. For a few years before establishing himself in Concord, in 1834, he had been the minister of a parish in Boston, and for some years after his retirement there he continued to preach occasionally in pulpits not far from home. Gradually his pulpit became the lecture platform, from which, in Boston and in a hundred other cities and villages, he read those essays that, since 1840, have appeared in his books. His poems first began to be printed in the "Dial," a quarterly review established by him and his friends in 1840, and continuing four years. The first volume of poems was published in 1847; the second in 1867; a third, containing the most, but not all of these two volumes, came out in 1876, with a few new poems, the most important of which was his "Boston," first read at Faneuil Hall in December, 1873, when the poet had more than completed his threescore years and ten. It had been written about ten years earlier, however, as part of a longer poem not yet published. Several of his poems have long remained unpublished, among them one read in Cambridge more than forty years ago. He began to write verses very early, and, in the biography of his friend, Mrs. Samuel Ripley, we find the first of his lines that were ever printed. They are a translation made in May, 1814, when he was just eleven years old, from the fifth eclogue of Virgil. The passage translated begins:

Sed tu desine plura puer; successimus antro,
Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnin
Flebant: vos coruli testes, et flumina Nymphis.

This is Waldo Emerson's version of it, if, as I suppose, he translated it, and did not copy from some elder translator:

"Turn now, O youth! from your long speech away;
The bower we've reached recluse from sunny ray.
The Nymphs with pomp have mourned for Daphnis dead;
The hazels witnessed and the rivers fled.
The wretched mother clasped her lifeless child,
And gods and stars invoked with accents wild.
Daphnis! The cows are not now led to streams
Where the bright sun upon the water gleams,

THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE REBUILT.

Neither do herds the cooling river drink,
Nor crop the grass upon the verdant brink.
O Daphnis! Both the mountains and the woods,
The Punic lions and the raging floods
All mourn for thee—for thee who first did hold
In chariot reins the spotted tiger bold."

There are ten more lines, but these are enough to show the smoothness of the verse and the freedom of the translation. It was written in continuation of a version made by Mrs. Ripley herself (then Miss Sarah Bradford), whose letter accompanying her own verses furnishes an agreeable picture of the young poet's occupations at the Boston Latin school. Miss Bradford, then not quite twenty-one years old, had read by herself and for her own delight not only Virgil and Horace and Juvenal in Latin, but Homer, Theocritus, Euripides and Sophocles in Greek, and Tasso in Italian. She writes thus to her friend's nephew, who afterward became her own nephew by marriage:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—You love to trifle in rhyme a little now and then; why will you not

continue this versification of the fifth Bucolic? You will answer two ends, or, as the old proverb goes, kill two birds with one stone,—improve in your Latin, as well as indulge a taste for poetry. Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favorite language; *Epistola in lingua Græca* would be still better. All the honor will be on my part, to correspond with a young gentleman in Greek. Only think of how much importance I shall feel in the literary world! Tell me what most interests you in Rollin; in the wars of contending princes, under whose banners you enlist, to whose cause you ardently wish success. Write me with what stories in Virgil you are most delighted. Is not that a charming one of Nisus and Euryalus? I suppose you have a Euryalus among your companions; or don't little boys love each other as well as they did in Virgil's time? How beautifully he describes the morning! Do write to your affectionate friend SARAH." *

Amid such pursuits as this letter indicates, Waldo Emerson passed his boyhood, in his native city of Boston, then a town of greater fame than magnitude or wealth, but of a spirit greater than either. As he then saw it he has sung it, and the memory of that Boston will be best preserved in his nervous lyrical verse:

"The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

"And where they went, on trade intent,
They did what freemen can;
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade,—
To plant and eat be none afraid.

"We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights, and shall;—
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the Mall.
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

* * * *

"The sea returning, day by day,
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

"Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein;
And the wit of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech
And round the globe your voices reach!"

Here the Boston of the eighteenth century finds itself connected with that of the latter half of the nineteeth century, and the period of Emerson's life in that city was the connecting link between the two. Born there in 1803, he left it in 1833, when it had grown from a town of 25,000 to a city of 65,000; it now numbers more than 350,000. It has given birth to no poet greater than Emerson, although Poe and Channing, Sprague and the elder Dana were also born there; and none of its poets have so well understood and illustrated its peculiar spirit. He breathed in its atmosphere and its traditions as a boy, while he drove his mother's cow to pasture along what are now the finest streets. He learned his first lessons of life in its schools and churches; listened to Webster and Story in its courts, to Josiah Quincy and Harrison Gray Otis in its town-meetings at Faneuil Hall; heard sermons in the Old South Meeting-house, and, in the years of his pastorate in Boston, sometimes preached there. I find, for example, that he gave the "charity lecture" at the Old South on the first Sunday of June, 1832. He was then, and had been for some time, one of the school committee of Boston; a few years earlier he was the chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate. After his graduation at Harvard College, in 1821, he had taught in his brother's school for young ladies, in Boston. This school was in Federal street, near the church of Doctor Channing, where in after years Mr. Emerson occasionally preached. He studied divinity, nominally with Doctor Channing; but the great preacher of the Unitarians took very little

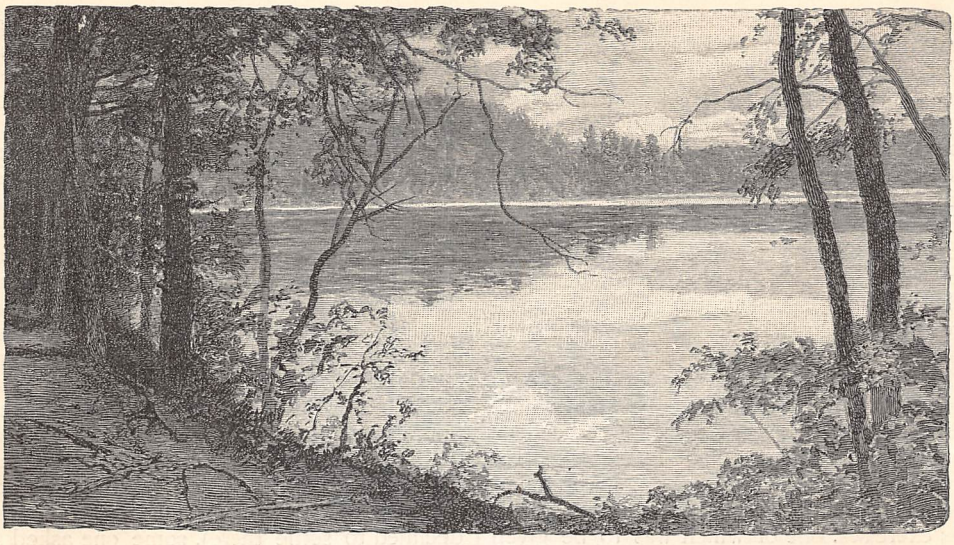
* Miss Bradford married the uncle of Waldo Emerson, Rev. Samuel Ripley, in 1818, and lived in his parish at Waltham until the spring of 1846, when they removed to the Old Manse in Concord, which Hawthorne had just left vacant. It had been the early home of Mr. Ripley, whose father, Rev. Doctor Ripley, had married Mrs. Emerson, grandmother of Waldo Emerson. In this picturesque residence Mrs. Ripley spent the rest of her life, dying at the age of seventy-four. She continued to be one of the most intimate friends of Mr. Emerson and his circle of companions, and for many years she spent her Sunday evenings at his house. She was the most learned woman ever seen in New England, and, at the same time, the sweetest and the most domestic. Closely associated with her for more than twenty years was Miss Elizabeth Hoar (a sister of Judge Hoar and of Senator Hoar, and the betrothed of Charles Emerson, who died in 1836)—a woman also of much learning, of a tender and self-renouncing nature and of the warmest affections. These ladies, with Mrs. Emerson, and with the younger friends and kindred who clustered about them, gave to the society of Concord the perfect charm of womanly grace and domestic sentiment, to which Margaret Fuller added a sibylline quality, and Mrs. Alcott a practical benevolence not less rare. Mrs. Alcott died in 1877, Miss Hoar in 1878, Mrs. Ripley in 1867, and all are buried among the pines on the summit or the slope of the hill where Hawthorne and Thoreau are buried.

supervision of his studies. His own parish was at the North End, in Hanover street,—the same over which Cotton Mather and his father, Increase Mather, had preached in the time of Franklin. The Boston of history was a small place, and its famous men lived in sight of each other's houses. Franklin was born within gun-shot of where Emerson and Samuel Adams and Wendell Phillips were born; and Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, who could "teach the lightning speech," was born in Charlestown, just across the river from Mr. Emerson's parish.

The young scholar who, at the age of eleven, loved "to trifle in rhyme," and whose favorite language was Greek, entered college at fourteen and was graduated at eighteen. He continued to write verses during his boyhood and youth, and in college wrote two poems as exercises, one of which was to be given at a public exhibition. Being required to show this to his professor (who was Edward Channing, brother of the famous Doctor Channing), the only criticism made upon it was, "You had better write another poem." "What a useless remark was that!" said Mr. Emerson afterward; "he might at least have pointed out to me some things in my verses that were better than others, for all could not have been equally bad." He added that he received in college very little instruction or criticism from the professors that was of value to him, except from Edward Everett, who was then Greek professor, and who had newly returned from Europe, full of learning and enthusiasm. For a year his tutor in mathematics was Caleb Cushing, since so conspicuous in Massachusetts politics. In studying divinity, from 1823 to 1827, he heard the lectures of Professor Norton, and derived benefit from his criticisms. He profited most, however,—as he thought, and as his sermons will show,—from the preaching and the conversation of Doctor Channing, of whom he has spoken as one of the three most eloquent men he ever heard, the others being Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips. His own pulpit eloquence was singularly attractive, though by no means equally so to all persons. In 1829, before the two friends had met, Mr. Bronson Alcott heard him preach in Doctor Channing's church, on "The Universality of the Moral Sentiment," and was much struck, as he said, "with the youth of the preacher, the beauty of his elocution, and the direct and sincere manner in which he addressed his hearers." This particular sermon was probably one that he had written in July, 1829, concerning which he had said to a friend, while writing it: "I am striving hard to-day to establish the sovereignty and self-existent excellence of the Moral Law in popular argument, *and slay the Utility swine.*" It is possible, therefore, that he may have taken a tone toward the Utilitarians which gave some ground for a remark made, not long after, by the wife of a Boston minister with whom Mr. Emerson exchanged. "Waldo Emerson came last Sunday," said this lady, "and preached a sermon for G—— with his chin in the air, in scorn of the whole human race." But the usual tone of his discourses could never justify this peevish criticism. Some years later, when he was preaching plain sermons to a small country congregation at Lexington, which was waiting to settle another minister (Mr. Emerson having declined to settle there), some one asked a woman in the parish why they had not invited Mr. A—— (a learned and eloquent preacher, since become famous). She replied with the greatest sincerity, "You do not consider what a simple, plain people we are; we can hardly understand any minister except Mr. Emerson." Only two or three of the sermons preached by him have ever been printed. That which he gave in his church September 9, 1832, when resigning his pastorate because of his scruples concerning the rite of the Lord's Supper, has been published in Mr. Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England."

Mr. Emerson began preaching as a candidate, and for the supply of pulpits casually vacant, in 1827. In November of that year he preached three Sundays for Dr. Dewey, then settled in New Bedford; and on Thanksgiving Day he preached for his uncle, Rev. Mr. Ripley, at Waltham. In April, 1828, he supplied the Concord pulpit of Doctor Ripley for two Sundays, and attended funerals and other pastoral services, during his grandfather's absence at the South. Later in the year 1828 he was invited to become the colleague of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., in the Second Church at Boston, and accepted the call. He was ordained there early in 1829, Doctor Ripley giving the "charge" upon that occasion.*

* Mr. Emerson had asked Doctor Ripley to preach his ordination sermon, as he had preached that of his father, Rev. William Emerson at Harvard in 1792, but his aged kinsman declined, saying: "My son Sam has never been invited to preach an ordination sermon; I should prefer you would ask him." Rev. Samuel Ripley therefore preached the sermon and his father gave the charge.



WALDEN POND.

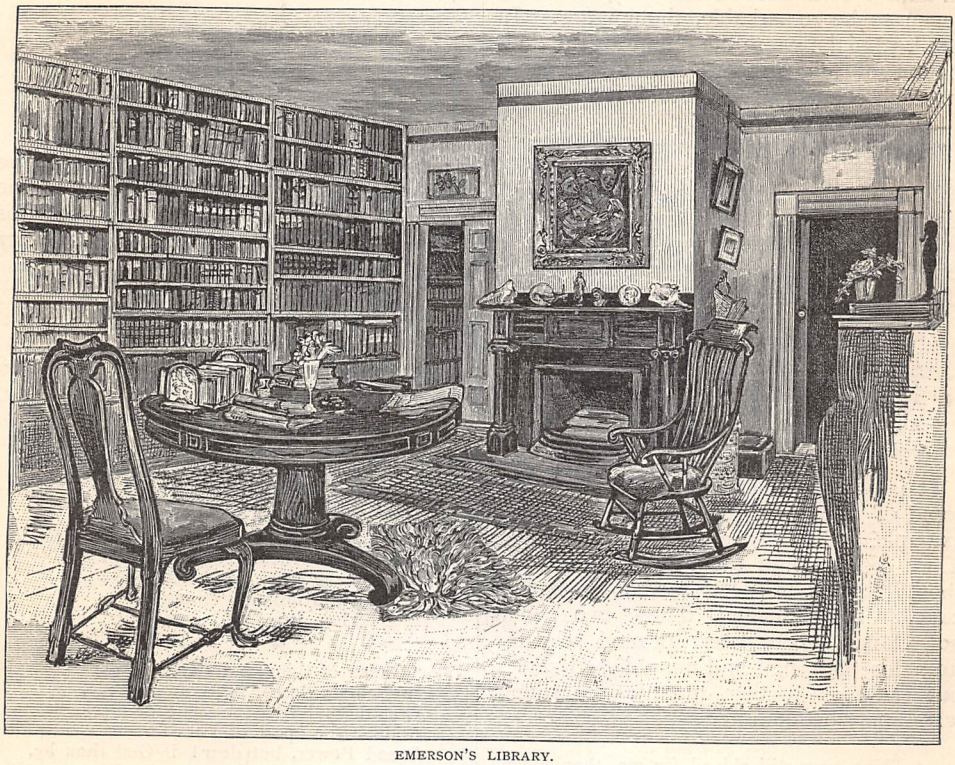
In course of it he said, "It may be asked 'Why is this service assigned to one so aged, and so little conversant in this metropolis?' Because I was the friend and successor of your excellent grandfather, and became the legal parent and guardian of his orphan children; because I guided the youthful days, directed the early studies, introduced into the ministry, witnessed the celebrity and deeply lamented the early death of your beloved father; and because no clergyman present can feel a livelier interest or purer joy, on seeing you risen up in his stead, and taking part with us in this ministry in your native city, where his eloquent voice is still remembered, and his memory affectionately cherished."* Of the son he said: "We cheerfully express our joy at the ordination of one whose moral, religious and literary character is so fair and promising. We cherish the expectation that you will make laudable progress in everything good and excellent,—that you will be a wise teacher and an affectionate pastor. Your life must be a continuous lecture on piety and goodness, on personal virtues and relative duties. Your religion must be carried into the elegant houses of the opulent, and the humble dwellings of the poor. You must be quick to discern and embrace opportunities to instruct the youth, to teach the children, and, like our Savior, to take little ones into your arms and bless them. This branch of duty will be easier to you than to most ministers, both from natural disposition and habit." And then, as if with the spirit of prophecy, this venerable man added: "Professing Christians may censure you and exclude you from the arms of their charity. You will find it a serious trial to be deemed and treated as one whose belief and preaching are dangerous to the souls of your hearers,—to be daily misrepresented, and your usefulness impeded; to be denied the Christian name, and pointed at before ignorant people as a moral pestilence." This was what did in fact happen to Mr. Emerson after he found himself unable to accept the creed and perform the rites of the sect to which he belonged; and a painful controversy, in which he took little part, followed the preaching of his sermon explaining his personal views of the Lord's Supper, in September, 1832.

He finally bade farewell to his Boston parish in December, 1832, and early in 1833 embarked on his first voyage to Europe. He sailed up the Mediterranean in a vessel bound for Sicily, and went as far eastward

* Pulpit eloquence and literary skill were hereditary in the Emerson family. Both the father and the grandfather of Mr. R. W. Emerson were noted for these. An aunt of his was once passing through Concord in the stage-coach, not long after the Revolution, when one of her fellow-passengers, a stranger, inquired who preached in the village church, which he saw from the window. Being told that it was the successor of Rev. William Emerson of Concord, he said: "I once heard that minister preach in that church the most eloquent sermon I ever listened to,"—a compliment to her father which greatly pleased Miss Mary Emerson. This lady had much to do with the early education of Mr. R. W. Emerson and his brothers, and was herself one of the best writers of her time.

as Malta. Returning through Italy, France and England, he was at Florence in May, 1833, and in July he reached London.

Mr. Emerson's health, which had always been delicate, and which in 1832 had been greatly affected by bereavement and controversy, was quite restored by this sea-voyage, and his intellectual horizon was widened by the experiences of travel. In Florence he met Horatio Greenough, the first great American sculptor, and dined with Walter Savage Landor, then "living in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca." In London he saw Wellington in Westminster



EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

Abbey, at the funeral of Wilberforce, and called on Coleridge. He made a pilgrimage to the North to visit Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and Carlyle at Craigenputtock in Scotland; where, in a sort of exile, sixteen miles from Dumfries, in Nithsdale, "amid desolate heathery hills, the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Carlyle afterward spoke of that visit as if it were the coming of an angel; and from that day onward the two friends have corresponded with each other. In sight of Wordsworth's country, in August, 1833, Carlyle and Emerson "sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul." Had Goethe been living then, the young American "might have wandered into Germany also," but as it was, he returned to Boston in October, and the next year withdrew from his native city to Concord, as already mentioned. It was at this withdrawal, I suppose, that he wrote the often-quoted "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home,"—in which occurs this contrast between Boston and Concord, between the city and the country:

"Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple Office low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

"I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

In his retreat at Concord, the poet's inspiration, which had been felt but little

during the period of Mr. Emerson's theological studies and pastoral duties, revisited him, and constantly returned for thirty years. When, in his twenty-first year, he sent a Christmas poem to a friend, he said: "If it were not that my Muse unluckily caught cold and died a few years since, these verses would be better."

From that time (1823) to 1835, few poems were written by him that he has owned or published. Some verses on "Fame" belong to this period, and the graceful verses "To Ellen at the South" were written before 1830. But from 1835 (when he first appeared as an author of aught but sermons), his verses began to be remarkable, though few. In April, 1836, he wrote the hymn for the dedication of the Concord battle-monument, in which occurs the immortal line:

"And fired the shot heard round the world."

In the same year he published "Nature," his first book, which is a prose poem from beginning to end, and which contains a few of those sententious couplets that were afterward so common in his volumes.

"A subtle chain of countless rings,
The next unto the farthest brings:
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose.
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

It is to an earlier period than this that some of the love-poems belong,—that for example, "To Eva," and those lines which, if we did not find them in his book, we should hardly suspect to be Emerson's, called "The Amulet." These two poems he retains in the latest printed selection from his published and unpublished verses, but excludes another, quite as charming, which may be cited here:

"Thine eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea:
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

"This morn I climbed the misty hill,
And roamed the pastures through;
How danced thy form before my path,
Amidst the deep eyed dew!

"When the red-bird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame;
When the rose-bud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name."

No poet, ancient or modern, not even Shakspere or Dante, has more clearly divined or expressed with more profound utterance the nature of love than Emerson, though the poems in which he has expressly dealt with that passion are few. To be a poet is to be a lover, and the feminine Muse is but the unknown quantity in the poet's algebra, by which he expresses now this element, now that, in the indeterminate equation of love. Or, as Emerson better announces this mystery:

"The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved."

In another epigram, not yet ackowledged by him, he has said:

"They put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
The seas their islands clip,
The moons in Ocean dip,—
They love, but name not love."

In that masterly and mystical lyric, the "Ode to Beauty" (first published in the "Dial," for October, 1843), he pursues this theme farther, and, indeed, to the very limits of human insight:

"Who gave thee O Beauty
The keys of this breast,—
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?
Say when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
Love drinks at thy fountain
False waters of thirst;
Thou intimate stranger!
Thou latest and first!

* * * *

"Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being's deeps, past ear and eye,
Lest there I find the same deceiver,
And be the sport of Fate forever.
Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!"

Here is a flight of love-song beyond Sappho and Anacreon, or the Persian poets, and soaring in another poem ("The Celestial Love"), to a height still more transcendent:

"To a region where all form
In one only Form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride,
Visibly revolves;
Where the starred, eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term;
Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill,

And joy and moan,
Melt into one.
There Past, Present, Future shoot
Triple blossoms from one root."

From this ecstasy the passage is brief into that other kindred mood in which the parable of "Uriel" was written,—a myth that perpetually receives and needs interpretation:

"It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

* * * *

A sad self-knowledge withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel;
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.
Straightway a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.

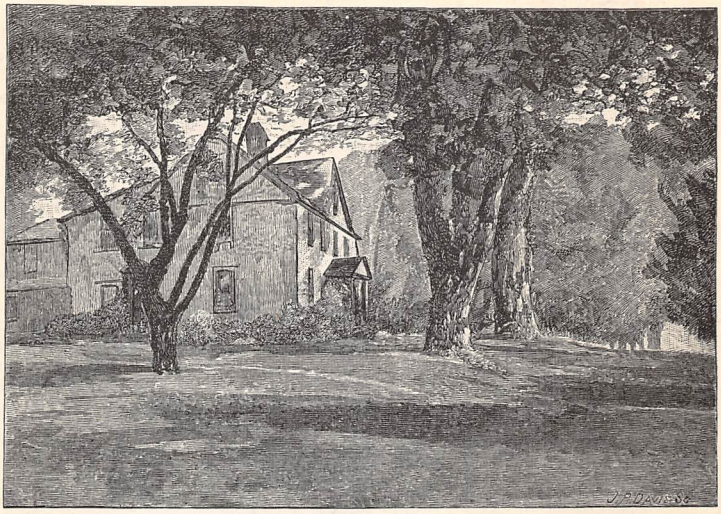
* * * *

But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angel's veiling wings;
And out of the good of evil born
Came Uriel's laugh of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

Verses like these revealed to all his discerning readers of poetry that a new poet had appeared, whose every utterance, be it better or worse, was a new surprise. In the same volume which contained the poems cited (published in 1847), appeared also "Merlin," wherein Emerson announced, in words not less dark and profound, his theory of the poet's mission. He was, among other things, to

"mount to Paradise
By the stair-way of surprise."

Wherever this new poet might be going, that was the stair-way he continually used; provoking admiration sometimes, sometimes a shudder, but more frequently laughter, among those who did not know him or understand him. The Philistines laughed at his poems in the "Dial," where, from July, 1840, to July, 1844, he printed the best of his earlier verses. In 1843, writing about Wordsworth in this magazine he said, thinking perhaps of his own reception by the American critics,—"In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English Parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff." But Emerson, no more than Wordsworth, never listened to the derision and seldom to the advice of his critics. He would not conform to the age, but wrote on until the age should conform to his genius. As he predicts of the true bard, in "Merlin," so he has done before and since:



THE ALCOTT HOUSE.

"He shall not seek to weave,
In weak, unhappy times,
Efficacious rhymes;
Wait his returning strength.
Bird, that from the nadir's floor
To the zenith's top can soar,
The soaring orbit of the Muse exceeds that journey's length.
Nor, profane, affect to hit
Or compass that, by meddling wit,
Which only the propitious mind
Publishes when 'tis inclined."

Or, as he wrote in prose, in 1843, when reviewing his friend Carlyle's "Past and Present": "The poet cannot descend into the turbid present, without injury to his rarest gifts. Hence that necessity of isolation which genius has always felt. He must stand on

his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity." The same doctrine appears again and again in his verse and his prose,—in "Saadi," for example, which is his poetic autobiography:

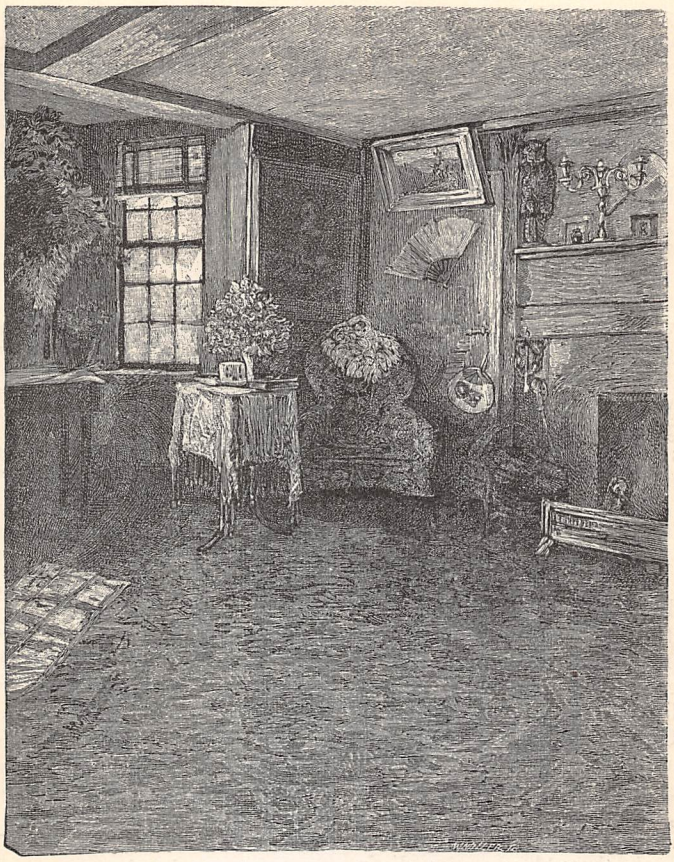
> "Now his memory is a den,
> A sealed tomb from gods and men,
> Whose rich secrets not transpire;
> Speech should be like air and fire;
> But to speak when he assays,
> His voice is bestial and base;
> Himself he heareth hiss or hoot,
> And crimson shame him maketh mute;
> But whom the Muses smile upon,
> And touch with soft persuasion,
> His words, like a storm-wind, can bring
> Terror and Beauty on their wing.
> Saadi! so far thy words shall reach,
> Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech."

One may imagine "Saadi," as first published in the "Dial," and in the three editions of the "Poems" since, to be but the

torso of a work from which portions have been broken off here and there,—or which, having been wrought out piecemeal, has never been brought together by the author into a single whole. Every now and then, among the acknowledged or the unacknowledged verses of Emerson, we find fragments of "Saadi," sometimes under other names,—for example, these:

> "There are beggars in Iran and Araby,—
> SAID was hungrier than all;
> Men said he was a fly
> That came to every festival.
>
> * * * *
>
> His music was the south wind's sigh,
> His lamp the maiden's downcast eye,
> And ever the spell of beauty came
> And turned the drowsy world to flame.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Said melted the days in cups like pearl,
> Served high and low, the lord and the churl;
> Loved harebells nodding on a rock,
> A cabin hung with curling smoke,
> And huts and tents; nor loved he less
> Stately lords in palaces,
> Fenced by form and ceremony.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Was never form and never face
> So sweet to SEYD as only grace
> Which did not slumber like a stone,
> But hovered gleaming and was gone.
> Beauty chased he everywhere,—
> In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
>
> * * * *
>
> "While thus to love he gave his days
> In loyal worship, scorning praise,
> How spread their lures for him in vain
> Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
> He thought it happier to be dead,
> To die for Beauty than live for bread.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Said Saadi,—'When I stood before
> Hassan the camel-driver's door,
> I scorned the fame of Timour brave,—
> Timour to Hassan was a slave.
> In every glance of Hassan's eye
> I read rich years of victory.
> And I, who cower mean and small
> In the frequent interval,
> When wisdom not with me resides,
> Worship toil's wisdom that abides.'
>
> * * * *
>
> "Whispered the Muse in Saadi's cot,
> 'O gentle Saadi! listen not
> (Tempted by thy praise of wit,
> Or by thirst and appetite
> For the talents not thine own),
> To sons of contradiction.
> Never, son of eastern morning,
> Follow falsehood, follow scorning.
> Denounce who will, who will, deny,
> And pile the hills to scale the sky;
> Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
> Define and wrangle how they list,
> Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—
> But thou, joy-giver and enjoyer,
> Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
> Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme!
> Heed not what the brawlers say,
> Heed thou only Saadi's lay.'"

Without taking too literally this ideal portrait of a poet and scholar, it may serve as the picture of Emerson drawn by himself.



THE LEFT-HAND FRONT ROOM OF THE OLD MANSE.

In accord with this ideal, he has resolutely kept within the limits of his genius,—has avoided controversy, negation, applause, and the forcing of his talent beyond the measure of its powers. No man has disputed less, few have affirmed more. And while many have written much less than he that the world would gladly read, few have published less, in comparison with the great mass of papers which remain unprinted. Scarcely any of his numerous sermons have ever been published; most of his speeches on political and social occasions remain uncollected and unedited; many verses exist only in manuscript, or have been withdrawn from publication; and even of his lectures, from which he has printed freely, for nearly forty years, a great many still remain in manuscript. Even those published omit much that was spoken,—the fine lectures on History, on Love, and others, displaying so many omissions to those who heard them that the author was at the time sorely complained of by his faithful hearers for leaving out so much that had delighted them. Few or none of the philosophical lectures read at Harvard University eight or nine years ago, and designed to make part of what Mr. Emerson calls "The Natural History of the Intellect," have ever been printed. This work when completed was to be the author's most systematic and connected treatise. It was to contain, what could not fail to be of interest to all readers, Mr. Emerson's observations on his own intellectual processes and methods, of which he has always been studiously watchful, and which, from his habit of writing he has carefully noted down. From this work, which even if not finished will at some time be printed, and from his correspondence of these many years, portions of which will finally be printed, it will be possible to reconstruct hereafter a rare and remarkable episode of literary history.

By far the largest part of all that has flowed from the pen of Emerson was written in the small library represented in the

sketch on page 505. Here too, the portrait of the poet was drawn by Mr. Eaton, in the hot afternoons of last July; while at evening in the adjoining parlor, to which the doors shown in the engraving lead, Mr. Alcott and his friend Dr. Jones, the Illinois Platonist, held conversations in a circle of Mr. Emerson's neighbors. In this house, indeed, have occurred more of those famous "conversations" of Mr. Alcott, than in any other place. Sometimes these Platonic dialogues have been carried on in the library itself, with the volumes of the Greek master looking down from the shelves upon his New England disciples, and the Sibyls of Raphael, with the Fates of Michael Angelo, glancing from the walls at the utterers of oracles as enigmatical as their own, if not so conclusive. Here have sat Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Sumner, Thoreau, the Channings, the Lowells, Arthur Hugh Clough, Jones Very, Henry James and his sons, Louisa Alcott, Lord Amberley and his free-thoughted wife, the English Stanleys, the American Bradfords, Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis, Bret Harte, and hundreds more who have made for themselves a name in poetry, oratory, art, literature, or politics, in all parts of the world. To many of these men and women, and to thousands that have never distinguished themselves, Concord has been for years a Mecca, toward which their thoughts turned when their steps could not bend thitherward, but which has also been the shrine of their frequent pilgrimage. Hawthorne perceived and felt this tendency when he went in 1842 to dwell in the Old Manse, and he first, perhaps, described it. "Young visionaries," he said, "to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its value. For myself, there had been epochs in my life when it, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher." With a clearer perception, the result of a longer intimacy, the poet Channing has celebrated this part of Emerson's life:

"Not always went he lonely; for his thought
Retained the touch of one whose guest he was,—
A large and generous man, who, on our moors
Built up his thought (though with an Indian tongue,
And fittest to have sung at Persian feasts),
Yet dwelt among us as the sage he was,—
Sage of his days, patient and proudly true,—
Whose word was worth the world, whose heart
was pure.
Oh, such a heart was his! no gate or bar,—
The poorest wretch that ever passed his door,
Welcome as highest king or fairest friend,
To all his store, and to the world beside.
For if the genius of all learning flamed
Aloft in those clear eyes; if never hour,
Nor e'en the smallest instance of his times,
Could ever flit, nor give that soul reward;
Yet in his sweet relations with his race
Pure mercy lived. * * * * * *
The merest waif from nothing, cast upon
The shores of this rich heart, became a gem,
So regal then its setting."

Mr. Alcott also has said his word about this hospitality of the friend, with whom his own name is so inseparably associated that when we think of Alcott we must remember Emerson. Their houses have stood for many years in the same neighborhood,—Mr. Alcott's being the very farm-house, under the hill-side on the Lexington road, which Hawthorne takes as the abode of one of his heroes in "Septimius Felton." Like Hawthorne's own "Wayside" just beyond, it long ago received from Alcott's graceful hand alterations and additions that converted the plain cottage into a picturesque home for thought and literature. In this house, embowered in orchards and vines and overtopped by the familiar pine-wood of the Concord landscape, Mr. Alcott once wrote thus concerning Mr. Emerson:

"Fortunate the visitor who is admitted of a morning for the high discourse, or permitted to join the poet in his afternoon walks to Walden, the Cliffs, or elsewhere,—hours to be remembered as unlike any others in the calendar of experiences. Shall I describe them as sallies oftenest into the cloud-lands,—into scenes and intimacies ever new, none the less novel nor remote than when first experienced?—interviews, however, bringing their own trail of perplexing thoughts,—costing some days' duties, several nights' sleep oftentimes, to restore one to his place and poise. Certainly safer not to venture without the sure credentials, unless one will have his pretensions pricked, his conceits

reduced in their vague dimensions. But to the modest, the ingenuous, the gifted—welcome! nor can any bearing be more poetic and polite to all such,—to youth and accomplished women especially. His is a faith approaching to superstition concerning admirable persons, the rumor of excellence of any sort being like the arrival of a new gift to mankind, and he the first to proffer his recognition and hope. He, if any, must have taken the census of the admirable people of his time, numbering as many among his friends as most living Americans; while he is already recognized as the representative mind of his country, to whom distinguished foreigners are especially commended when visiting America."

To which may be added Emerson's own hint in "Saadi":

"Simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth;
Most welcome they who need him most,
They feed the spring which they exhaust,
For greater need
Draws better deed;
But, critic, spare thy vanity,
Nor show thy pompous parts
To vex with odious subtlety
The cheerer of men's hearts."

This poem was written in the fullness of manly strength, near the outset of Emerson's literary career. Throughout the verses of that period there breathes no thought of age or weakness. They are like the utterance of

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."

But age came surely on, though slower than with most men, and was perceived by the poet himself, before any of his listeners saw the autumnal shadow. More than twelve years ago, in his poem "Terminus," Emerson accepted the warning and declared anew, in advance of old age, his youthful faith:

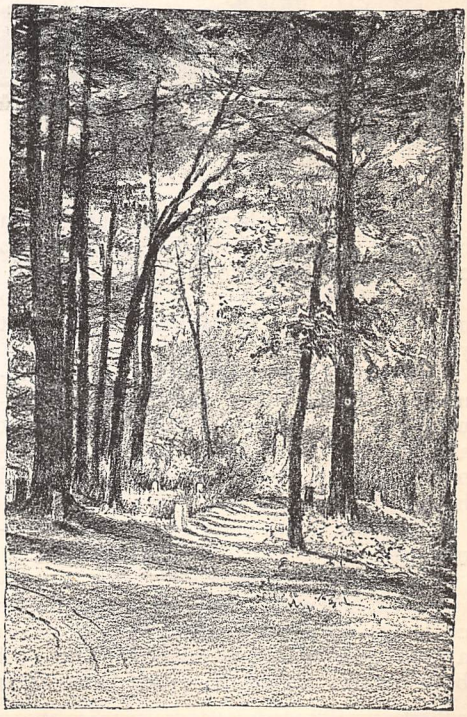
"Economize the failing river,—
Not the less adore the Giver;
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise, accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

* * * *

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
Lowly faithful, banish fear.
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Mr. Eaton's portrait well presents the aged poet, now passing into silence, whose voice, from first to last, has been in this lofty key. It will be for posterity to fix his rank among the poets of the world, but that he must rank among them, and in no obscure place, is certain. With that proud humility which distinguishes him among his contemporaries, and in allusion to the few readers that his poems have yet found, he said in October last, "It has been settled that I cannot write poetry." The friend to whom he said it asked, "Has that at last been determined?" "Yes, that is the voice of the public." "It was not so reported to me," said his friend; "I heard that you could write nothing else than poetry." The wise old man smiled, as always when he hears a close reply, and said: "I suppose everybody who writes verses at all has had this experience,—you must have had it,—they sometimes wrote lucky verses which seem excellent to themselves, however they may appear to others,—so good that they do not get finished." His hearer might have responded that the unfinished poems are always the best, that the great world is but one verse in an endless song, and that the briefest fragment of a noble strain is more imperishable than the heavens themselves:

"An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light."

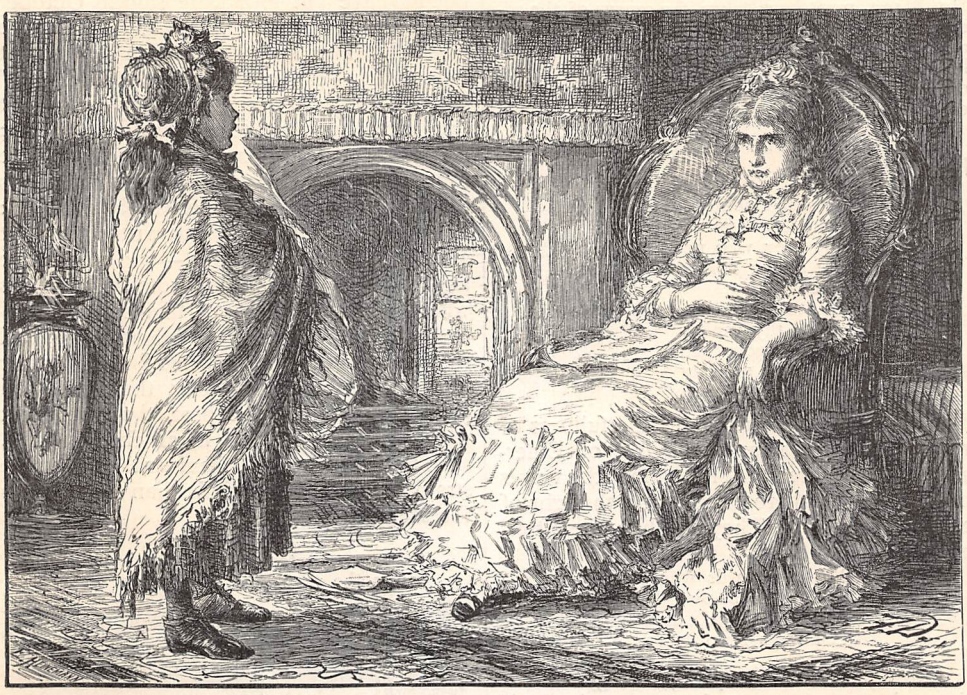


GRAVES OF HAWTHORNE AND THOREAU IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



"SIT DOWN," SHE SAID, "AND TALK TO ME."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"HAWORTH & CO."

THE next day, when he descended from his gig at the gates, instead of going to his office, Haworth went to the engine-room.

"Leave your work a bit and come into my place," he said to Murdoch. "I want you."

His tone was off-hand but not ill-humored. There was a hint of embarrassment in it. Murdoch followed him without any words. Having led the way into his office, Haworth shut the door and faced him.

"Can tha guess what I want?" he demanded.

"No," Murdoch answered.

"Well, it's easy told. You said I'd be cooler to-day, and I am. A night gives a man time to face a thing straight. I'd been making a fool of myself before you came up, but I made a bigger fool of myself afterward. There's the end on it."

"I suppose," said Murdoch, "that it was natural enough you should look at the thing differently just then. Perhaps I made a fool of myself too."

"You!" said Haworth, roughly. "You were cool enow."

Later Ffrench came in, and spent an hour with him, and after his departure Haworth made the rounds of the place in one of the worst of his moods.

"Aye," said Floxham to his companion, "that's allus th' road when he shows hissen."

The same day Janey Briarley presented herself to Mr. Ffrench's housekeeper, with a message from her mother. Having delivered the message, she was on her way from the housekeeper's room, when Miss Ffrench, who sat in the drawing-room, spoke through the open door to the servant.

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"If that is the child," she said, "bring her here to me."

Janey entered the great room, awe-stricken and overpowered by its grandeur. Miss Ffrench, who sat near the fire, addressed her, turning her head over her shoulder.

"Come here," she commanded.

Janey advanced with something approaching tremor. Miss Ffrench was awe-inspiring anywhere, but Miss Ffrench amid the marvels of her own drawing-room, leaning back in her chair and regarding her confusion with a suggestion of friendly notice, was terrible.

"Sit down," she said, "and talk to me."

But here the practical mind rebelled and asserted itself, in spite of abasement of spirit.

"I haven't getten nowt to talk about," said Janey, stoutly. "What mun I say?"

"Anything you like," responded Miss Ffrench. "I am not particular. There's a chair."

Janey seated herself in it. It was a big one, in which her small form was lost; and her parcel was a big one, but Miss Ffrench did not tell her to put it down, so she held it on her knee and was almost hidden behind it. In fact, she presented somewhat the appearance of a huge newspaper package, clasped by arms and surmounted by a small, sharp face and an immense bonnet, and with a curious appendage of short legs and big shoes.

"I dunnot see," the girl was saying mentally, and with some distaste for her position, "what she wants wi' me."

But as she stared over the top of her parcel, she gradually softened. The child found Miss Ffrench well worth looking at.

"Eh!" she announced, with admiring candor. "Eh! but tha art han'some!"

"Am I?" said Rachel Ffrench. "Thank you."

"Aye," answered Janey, "tha art. I nivver seed no lady loike thee afore, let alone a young woman. I've said so mony a toime to Mester Murdoch."

"Have you?"

"Aye, I'm allus talkin' to him about thee."

"That's kind," said Rachel Ffrench. "I dare say he enjoys it. Who is he?"

"Him!" exclaimed Janey. "Dost na tha know him? Him as was at our house th' day yo' coom th' first toime. Him as dragged thee out o' th' engine."

"Oh!" said Miss Ffrench, "the engineer."

"Aye," in a tone of some discomfiture. "He's a engineer, but he is na th' common workin' soart. Granny Dixon says he's getten gentlefolks' ways."

"I should think," remarked Miss Ffrench, "that Mrs. Dixon knew."

"Aye, she's used to gentlefolk. They've takken notice on her i' her young days. She knowed thy grandfeyther."

"She gave me to understand as much," responded Miss Ffrench, smiling pleasantly at the recollection this brought to her mind.

"Yo' see mother an' me thinks a deal o' Mester Murdoch, because he is na one o' th' drinkin' soart," proceeded Janey. "He's th' steady koind as is fond o' books an' th' loike. He does na mak' much at his trade, but he knows more than yo'd think for, to look at him."

"That is good news," said Miss Ffrench, cheerfully.

Janey rested her chin upon her parcel, warming to the subject.

"I should na wonder if he getten to be a rich mon some o' these days," she went on. "He's getten th' makin's on it in him, if he has th' luck an' looks sharp about him. I often tell him he mun look sharp."

She became so communicative indeed, that Miss Ffrench found herself well entertained. She heard the details of Haworth's history, the reports of his prosperity and growing wealth, the comments his hands had made upon herself, and much interesting news concerning the religious condition of Broxton and "th' chapel."

It was growing dusk when the interview ended, and when she went away Janey carried an additional bundle.

"Does tha allus dress i' this road?" she had asked her hostess, and the question had suggested to Miss Ffrench a whimsical idea. She took the child upstairs and gave her maid orders to produce all the cast-off finery she could find, and then she had stood by and looked on as Janey made her choice.

"She stood theer laughin' while I picked th' things out," said Janey afterward. "I dunnot know what she wur laughin' at. Yo' nivver know whether she's makin' game on you or not."

"I dunnot see as theer wur owt to laugh at," said Mrs. Briarley, indignantly.

"Nay," said Janey, "nor me neyther, but she does na laugh when theer's owt to laugh at—that's th' queer part o' it. She said as I could ha' more things when I

coom again. I would na go if it wur na fur that."

Even his hands found out at this time that Haworth was ill at ease. His worst side showed itself in his intercourse with them. He was overbearing and difficult to please. He found fault and lost his temper over trifles, and showed a restless, angry desire to assert himself.

"I'll show you who's master here, my lads," he would say. "I'll ha' no dodges. It's Haworth that's th' head o' this concern. Whoever comes in or out, this here's 'Haworth's.' Clap that i' your pipes and smoke it."

"Summat's up," said Floxham. "Summat's up. Mark yo' that."

Murdoch looked on with no inconsiderable anxiety. The intercourse between himself and Haworth had been broken in upon. It had received its first check months before, and in these days neither was in the exact mood for a renewal of it. Haworth wore a forbidding air. His rough good-fellowship was a thing of the past. He made no more boisterous jokes, no more loud boasts. At times his silence was almost morose. He was not over civil even to Ffrench, who came oftener than ever, and whose manner was cheerful to buoyancy.

Matters had remained in this condition for a couple of months, when, on his way home late one night, Murdoch's attention was arrested by the fact that a light burned in the room used by the master of the Works as his office.

He stopped in the road to look up at it. He could scarcely, at first, believe the evidence of his senses. The place had been closed and locked hours before, when Haworth had left it with Ffrench, with whom he was to dine. It was nearly midnight, and certainly an unlawful hour for such a light to show itself, but there it burned steadily amid the darkness of the night.

"It doesn't seem likely that those who had reason to conceal themselves would set a light blazing," Murdoch thought. "But if there's mischief at work there's no time to waste."

There was only one thing to do, and he did it, making the best of his way to the spot.

The gate was thrown open, and the door of entrance yielded to his hand. Inside, the darkness was profound, but when he found the passage leading to Haworth's room, he saw that the door was ajar and that the light still burned. On reaching this door he stopped short. There was no need to go in. It was Haworth himself who was in the room—Haworth, who lay with arms folded on the table, and his head resting upon them.

Murdoch turned away, and as he did so the man heard him for the first time. He lifted his head and looked round, speaking loud.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

There was no help for it. Murdoch pushed the door open and stood before him.

"Murdoch," he said. "I saw the light, and it brought me up."

Haworth gave him a grudging look.

"Come in," he said.

"Do you want me?" Murdoch asked.

"Aye," he answered, dully, "I think I do."

Murdoch stood and looked at him. He did not sit down. A mysterious sense of embarrassment held him in check.

"What is wrong?" he asked, in a lowered voice. He hardly knew it for his own.

"Wrong?" echoed Haworth. "Naught. I've—been taking leave of the place—that's all."

"Yo' have been doing *what?*" said Murdoch.

"Taking leave of the place. I've given it up."

His visitor uttered a passionate ejaculation.

"You are mad!" he said.

"Aye," bitterly. "Mad enow."

The next instant a strange sound burst from him,—a terrible sound, forced back at its birth. His struggle to suppress it shook him from head to foot; his hands clinched themselves as if each were a vise. Murdoch turned aside.

When it was over, and the man raised his face, he was trembling still, and white with a kind of raging shame.

"Blast you!" he cried, "if there's ever aught in your face that minds me o' this, I'll—I'll kill you!"

This Murdoch did not answer at all. There was enough to say.

"You are going to share it with Ffrench?" he said.

"Aye, with that fool. He's been at me from th' start. Naught would do him but he must have his try at it. Let him. He shall play second fiddle, by the Lord Harry!"

He began plucking at some torn scraps of paper, and did not let them rest while he spoke.

"I've been over th' place from top to bottom," he said. "I held out until to-night. To-night I give in, and as soon as I left 'em I came here. Ten minutes after it was done I'd have undone it if I could —I'd have undone it. But it's done, and there's an end on it."

He threw the scraps of paper aside and clenched his hand, speaking through his teeth.

"She's never given me a word to hang on," he said, "and I've done it for her. I've give up what I worked for and boasted on, just to be brought nigher to her. She knows I've done it,—she *knows* it, though she's never owned it by a look,—and I'll make that enough."

"If you make your way with her," said Murdoch, "you have earned all you won."

"Aye," was the grim answer. "I've earned it."

And soon after the light in the window went out, and they parted outside and went their separate ways in the dark.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

BEFORE the week's end, all Broxton had heard the news. In the Works, before and after working hours, groups gathered together to talk it over. Haworth was going to 'tak' Ffrench in partner.' It was hard to believe it, and the general opinion expressed was neither favorable nor complimentary. "Haworth and Ffrench!" said Floxham, in sarcastic mood. "Haworth and Co., —an' a noice chap Co. is to ha' i' a place. We'n ha' patent silver-mounted back-action puddlin'-rakes afore long, lads, if Co. gets his way."

Upon the occasion of the installation of the new partner, however, there was a natural tendency to conviviality. Not that the ceremony in question was attended with any special manifestation on the part of the individuals most concerned. Ffrench's appearance at the Works was its chief feature, but, the day's labor being at an end, several gentlemen engaged in the various departments scorning to neglect an opportunity, retired to the "Who'd 'a' Thowt it," and promptly rendered themselves insensible through the medium of beer, assisted by patriotic and somewhat involved speeches.

Mr. Briarley, returning to the bosom of his family at a late hour, sat down by his fireside and wept copiously.

"I'm a poor chap, Sararann," he remarked. "I shall ne'er get took in partner by nobody. I'm not i' luck loike some—an' I nivver wur, 'ceptin' when I getten thee."

"If tha'd keep thy nose out o' th' beer-mug tha'd do well enow," said Mrs. Briarley.

But this did not dispel Mr. Briarley's despondency. He only wept afresh.

"Nay, Sararann," he said," it is na beer, it's misforchin. I allus wur misforchnit—'ceptin' when I getten thee."

"Things is i' a bad way," he proceeded, afterward. "Things is i' a bad way. I nivver seed 'em i' th' reet leet till I heerd Foxy Gibbs mak' his speech to-neet. Th' more beer he getten th' eleyquenter he wur. Theer'll be trouble wi' th' backbone an' sinoo, if theer is na summat done."

"What art tha drivin' at?" fretted his wife. "I canna mak' no sense out o' thee."

"Canna tha?" he responded. "Canna thee, Sararann? Well, I dunnot wonder. It wur a good bit afore I straightened it out mysen. Happen I hannot getten things as they mout be yet. Theer wur a good deal o' talk an' a good deal o' beer, an' a man as has been misforchnit is loike to be slow."

After which he fell into a deep and untroubled slumber, and it being found impossible to rouse him, he spent the remainder of the night in Granny Dixon's chair by the fire, occasionally startling the echoes of the silent room by a loud and encouraging "Eer-eer!"

During the following two weeks, Haworth did not go to the Ffrench's. He spent his nights at his own house in dull and sullen mood. At the Works, he kept his word as regarded Ffrench. That gentleman's lines had scarcely fallen in pleasant places. His partner was gruff and authoritative, and not given to enthusiasm. There were times when only his own good-breeding preserved the outward smoothness of affairs.

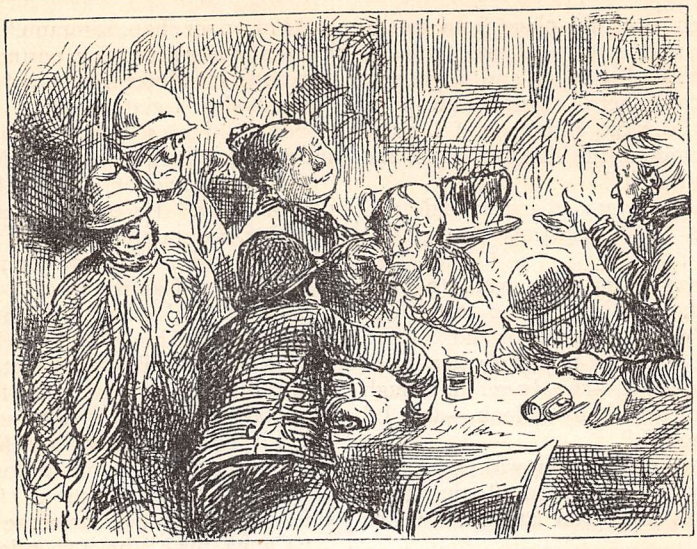
"But," he said to his daughter, "one does not expect good manners of a man like that. They are not his *forte*."

At the end of the two weeks there came one afternoon a message to Haworth in his room. Murdoch was with him when it arrived. He read it, and, crushing it in his hand, threw it into the fire.

"They're a nice lot," he said with a short laugh, "coming down on a fellow like that."

And then an oath broke from him.

"I've give up two or three things," he



"I HEERD FOXY GIBBS MAK' HIS SPEECH TO-NEET."

said, "and they're among 'em. It's th' last time, and——"

He took down his overcoat and began to put it on.

"Tell 'em," he said to Murdoch as he went out,—"tell 'em I'm gone home, and sha'n't be back till morning. Keep the rest to yourself."

He went out, shutting the door with a bang. Murdoch stood at the window and watched him drive away in his gig.

He was scarcely out of sight before a carriage appeared, moving at a very moderate pace. It was a bright though cold day, and the top of the carriage was thrown back, giving the occupant the benefit of the sunshine. The occupant in question was Rachel Ffrench, who looked up and bestowed upon the figure at the window a slight gesture of recognition.

Murdoch turned away with an impatient movement after she had passed. "Pooh!" he said, angrily. "He's a fool."

By midnight of the same day Haworth had had time to half forget his scruples. He had said to his visitors what he had said to Murdoch, with his usual frankness.

"It's the last time. We've done with each other after this, you know. It's the last time. Make the most on it."

There was a kind of desperate exultation in his humor. If he had dared, he would have liked to fling aside every barrier of restraint and show himself at his worst, defying the world; but fear held him in check, as nothing else would have done,—an abject fear of consequences.

By midnight the festivities were at their height. He himself was boisterous with wine and excitement. He had stood up at the head of his table and made a blatant speech and roared a loud song, and had been laughed at and applauded.

"Make the most on it," he kept saying. "It'll be over by cock-crow. It's a bit like a chap's funeral."

He had just seated himself after this, and was pouring out a great glass of wine, when a servant entered the room and spoke to him in a low tone.

"A lady, sir, as come in a cab, and——" And then the door opened again, and every one turned to look at the woman who stood upon the threshold. She was a small woman, dressed in plain country fashion; she had white hair, and a fresh bloom on her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with timorous excitement and joy.

"Jem," she faltered, "it's me, my dear."

Haworth stared at her as if stunned. At first his brain was not clear enough to take in the meaning of her presence, but as she approached him and laid her basket down and took his hand, the truth revealed itself to him.

"It's me, my dear," she repeated, "accordin' to promise. I didn't know you had comp'ny."

She turned to those who sat about the table and made a little rustic courtesy. A dead calm seemed to take possession of one and all. They did not glance at each other, but looked at her as she stood by Haworth, holding his hand, waiting for him to kiss her.

"He's so took by surprise," she said, "he doesn't know what to say. He wasn't expecting me so soon," laughing proudly. "That's it. I'm his mother, ladies and gentlemen."

Haworth made a sign to the servant who waited.

"Bring a plate here," he said. "She'll sit down with us."

The order was obeyed, and she sat down at his right hand, fluttered and beaming.

"You're very good not to mind me," she said. "I didn't think of there bein' comp'ny—and gentry, too."

She turned to a brightly dressed girl at her side and spoke to her.

"He's my only son, Miss, and me a widder, an' he's allers been just what you see him now. He was good from the time he was a infant. He's been a pride an' a comfort to me since the day he were born."

The girl stared at her with a look which was almost a look of fear. She answered her in a hushed voice.

"Yes, ma'am," she said.

"Yes, Miss," happily. "There's not many mothers as can say what I can. He's never been ashamed of me, hasn't Jem. If I'd have been a lady born, he couldn't have showed me more respect than he has, nor been more kinder."

The girl did not answer this time. She looked down at her plate, and her hand trembled as she pretended to occupy herself with the fruit upon it. Then she stole a glance at the rest,—a glance at once guilty, and defiant of the smile she expected to see. But the smile was not there.

The only smile to be seen was upon the face of the little countrywoman who regarded them all with innocent reverence, and was in such bright good spirits that she did not even notice their silence.

"I've had a long journey," she said, "an' I've been pretty flustered, through not bein' used to travel. I don't know how I'd have bore up at first—bein' flustered so—if it hadn't have been for everybody bein' so good to me. I'd mention my son when I had to ask any thing, an' they'd smile as good-natured as could be, an' tell me in a minute."

The multiplicity of new dishes and rare wines bewildered her, but she sat through the repast simple and unashamed.

"There's some as wouldn't like me bein' so ignorant," she said, "but Jem doesn't mind."

The subject of her son's virtues was an inexhaustible one. The silence about her only gave her courage and eloquence. His childish strength and precocity, his bravery, his good temper, his generous ways, were her themes.

"He come to me in time of trouble," she said, "an' he made it lighter—an' he's been makin' it lighter ever since. Who'd have thought that a simple body like me would ever have a grand home like this—and it earned and bought by my own son? I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen," looking round with happy tears. "I didn't go to do it, an' there's no reason for it, except me bein' took a little by surprise through not bein' exactly prepared for such a grand place an' gentlefolk's comp'ny, as is so good an' understands a mother's feelin's."

When the repast was at an end, she got up and made her little courtesy to them all again. If the gentlefolk would excuse her, she would bid them good-night. She was tired and not used to late hours.

To the girl who had sat at her side she gave an admiring smile of farewell.

"You're very pretty, my dear," she said, "if I may take the liberty, bein' a old woman. Good-night! God bless you!"

When she was gone, the girl lay forward, her face hidden upon her arms on the table. For a few seconds no one spoke; then Haworth looked up from his plate, on which he had kept his eyes fixed, and broke the stillness.

"If there'd been a fellow among you that had dared to show his teeth," he said, "I'd have wrung his cursed neck!"

CHAPTER XX.

MISS FFRENCH MAKES A CALL.

THE following Sunday morning, the congregation of Broxton Chapel was thrown into a state of repressed excitement. Haworth's carriage, with a couple of servants, brought his mother to enjoy Brother Hixon's eloquence. To the presence of the carriage and servants Haworth had held firm. Upon the whole, he would have preferred that she should have presented herself at the door of Broxton Old Church, which was under the patronage of the county families and honored by their presence; but the little woman had exhibited such uneasiness at his unfolding his plan of securing the largest and handsomest pew for her that he had yielded the point.

"I've always been a chapel-goin' woman,

Jem," she had said, "an' I wouldn't like to change. An' I should feel freer where there's not so many gentlefolk."

The carriage and the attending servants she had submitted to with simple obedience. There were no rented pews in Broxton Chapel, and she took her seat among the rest, innocently unconscious of the sensation her appearance had created. Every matron of the place had had time to learn who she was, and to be filled with curiosity concerning her.

Janey Briarley, by whose side she chanced to sit, knew more than all the rest, and took her under her protection at once.

"Tha'st getten th' wrong hymn-book," she whispered audibly, having glanced at the volume the servant handed to her. "We dunnot use Wesley aw th' toime. We use Mester Hixon's 'Songs o' Grace.' Tha can look on wi' me."

Her delicate attentions and experience quite won Dame Haworth's motherly heart.

"I never see a sharper little thing," she said, admiringly, afterward, "nor a old-fashioneder. There wasn't a tex' as she didn't find immediate, nor yet a hymn."

"Bless us!" said Mrs. Briarley, laboriously lugging the baby homeward. "An' to think o' her bein' th' mistress o' that big house, wi' aw them chaps i' livery at her beck an' call. Why, she's nowt but a common body, Jane Ann. She thanked thee as simple as ony other woman mought ha' done! She's noan quality. She'd getten a silk gown on, but it wur a black un, an' not so mich as a feather i' her bonnet. I'd ha' had a feather, if I'd ha' been her—a feather sets a body off. But that's allus th' road wi' folk as has brass—they nivver know how to spend it."

"Nay," said Janey, "she is na quality; but she's getten a noice way wi' her. Haworth is na quality hissen."

"She wur a noice-spoken owd body," commented Mrs. Briarley. "Seemt loike she took a fancy to thee."

Janey turned the matter over mentally, with serious thrift.

"I should na moind it if she did," she replied. "She'll ha' plenty to gi' away."

It was not long before they knew her well. She was a cheerful and neighborly little soul, and through the years of her prosperity had been given to busy and kindly charities.

In her steadfast and loving determination to please her son, she gave up her rustic habit of waiting upon herself, and wore her best gown every day, in spite of pangs of conscience. She rode instead of walked, and made courageous efforts to become accustomed to the size and magnificence of the big rooms, but, notwithstanding her faithfulness, she was a little restless.

"Not bein' used to it," she said, "I get a little lonesome or so—sometimes, though not often, my dear."

She had plenty of time to feel at a loss. Her leisure was not occupied by visitors. Broxton discussed her and smiled at her, rather good-naturedly than otherwise. It was not possible to suspect her of any ill, but it was scarcely to be anticipated that people would go to see her. One person came, however, facing public opinion with her usual calmness,—Rachel Ffrench, who presented herself one day and made her a rather long call.

On hearing the name announced, the little woman rose tremulously. She was tremulous because she was afraid that she could not play her part as mistress of her son's household to his honor. When Miss Ffrench advanced, holding out her gloved hand, she gave her a startled upward glance and dropped a little courtesy.

For a moment, she forgot to ask her to be seated. When she recollected herself, and they sat down opposite to each other, she could at first only look at her visitor in silence.

But Miss Ffrench was wholly at ease. She enjoyed the rapturous wonder she had excited with all her heart. She was very glad she had come.

"It must be very pleasant for Mr. Haworth to have you here," she said.

The woman started. A flush of joy rose upon her withered face. Her comprehension of her son's prosperity had been a limited one. Somehow she had never thought of this. Here was a beautiful, high-bred woman to whom he must be in a manner near, since she spoke of him in this way—as if he had been a gentleman born.

"Jem?" she faltered, innocently. "Yes, ma'am. I hope so. He's—he's told me so."

Then she added, in some hurry:

"Not that I can be much comp'ny to him—it isn't that; if he hadn't been what he is, and had the friends he has, I couldn't be much comp'ny for him. An' as it is, it's not likely he can need a old woman as much as his goodness makes him say he does."

Rachel Ffrench regarded her with interest.

"He is very good," she remarked, "and has a great many friends, I dare say. My father admires him greatly."

"Thank you, ma'am," brightly, "though there's no one could help it. His goodness to me is more than I can tell, an' it's no wonder that others sees it in him an' is fond of him accordin.'"

"No, it's no wonder," in a tone of gentle encouragement.

The flush upon the withered cheek deepened, and the old eyes lit up.

"He's thirty-two year old, Miss," said the loving creature, "an' the time's to come yet when he's done a wrong or said a harsh word. He was honest an' good as a child, an' he's honest an' good as a man. His old mother can say it from the bottom of her full heart."

"It's a very pleasant thing to be able to say," remarked her visitor.

"It's the grateful pride of my life that I can say it," with fresh tenderness. "An' to think that prosperity goes with it too. I've said to myself that I wasn't worthy of it, because I couldn't never be grateful enough. He might have been prosperous, and not what he is. Many a better woman than me has had that grief to bear, an' I've been spared it."

When Miss Ffrench returned to her carriage she wore a reflective look. When she had seated herself comfortably, she spoke aloud:

"No, there are ten chances to one that she will never see the other side at all. There is not a man or woman in Broxton who would dare to tell her. I would not do it myself."

When Haworth returned at night he heard the particulars of the visit, as he had known he should when Ffrench had told him that it was his daughter's intention to call that day.

"The beautifulest young lady my old eyes ever saw, my dear," his mother said again and again. "An' to think of her comin' to see me, as if I'd been a lady like herself."

Haworth spoke but little. He seldom said much in these days. He sat at the table drinking his after-dinner wine, and putting a question now and then.

"What did she say?" he asked.

She stopped to think.

"P'raps it was me that said most," she answered, "though I didn't think so then. She asked a question or so an' seemed to like to listen. I was tellin' her what a son you'd been to me, an' how happy I was an' how thankful I was."

"She's not one that says much," he said, without looking up from the glass on which his eyes had been fixed. "That's her way."

She replied with a question, put timidly.

"You've knowed her a good bit, I dare say, my dear?"

"No," uneasily. "A six-month or so, that's all."

"But it's been long enough for her to find out that what I said to her was true. I didn't tell her what was new to her, my dear. I see that by her smile, an' the kind way she listened. She's got a beautiful smile, Jem, an' a beautiful sweet face."

When they parted for the night, he drew from his pocket a bank-note and handed it to her.

"I've been thinking," he said, awkwardly, "that it would be in your line to give summat now and then to some o' the poor lot that's so thick here. There's plenty on 'em, an' p'r'aps it wouldn't be a bad thing. There's not many that's fond of givin'. Let's set the gentry a fashion."

"Jem!" she said. "My dear! there isn't nothin' that would make me no happier—nothin' in the world."

"It wont do overmuch good, may be," he returned. "More than half on 'em don't deserve it, but give it to 'em if you've a fancy for it. I don't grudge it."

There were tears of joy in her eyes. She took his hand and held it, fondling it.

"I might have knowed it," she said, "an' I don't deserve it for holdin' back an' feelin' a bit timid, as I have done. I've thought of it again and again, when I've been a trifle lonesome with you away. There's many a poor woman as is hard-worked that I might help, and children too, may be, me bein' so fond of 'em."

She drew nearer still and laid her hand on his arm.

"I always was fond of 'em," she said, "always—an' I've thought that, sometimes, my dear, there might be little things here as I might help to care for, an' as would be fond of me.

"If there was children," she went on, "I should get used to it quick. They'd take away the—the bigness, an' make me forget it."

But he did not answer nor look at her, though she felt his arm tremble.

"I think they'd be fond of me," she said, "them an'—an' her too, whomsoever she might be. She'd be a lady, Jem, but she

wouldn't mind my ways, I dare say, an' I'd do my best with all my heart. I'd welcome her, an' give up my place here to her, joyful. It's a place fitter for a lady such as she would be—God bless her!—than for me." And she patted his sleeve and bent her face that she might kiss his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH MRS. BRIARLEY'S POSITION IS DELICATE.

So the poor and hard-worked of the town came to know her well, and it must also be confessed that others less deserving learned to know her also, and proceeded, with much thrift and dexterity, to make hay while the sun shone. Haworth held to his bargain, even going to the length of lavishness.

"Haworth gives it to her?" was said with marked incredibility at the outset. "Nay, lad, tha canna mak' me believe that."

Mrs. Haworth's earliest visit was made to the Briarley cottage. She came attired in her simplest gown, the week after her appearance at the Chapel, and her entrance into the household created such an excitement as somewhat disturbed her. The children were scattered with wild hustling and scurry, Janey dragged off her apron in the temporary seclusion offered by the door. Mrs. Briarley, wiping the soap-suds from her arms, hurried forward with apologetic nervousness. She dropped a courtesy, scarcely knowing what words of welcome would be appropriate for the occasion, and secretly speculating on possible results.

But her visitor's demeanor was not overpowering. She dropped a courtesy herself, —a kindly and rustic obeisance. She even looked somewhat timid.

"I'm Mr. Haworth's mother, ma'am," she faltered, "an'—an' thank you kindly," taking the seat offered. "Don't put yourself out, ma'am, for me. There wasn't no need to send the children away,—not at all, me bein' partial to 'em, an' also used."

The next instant she gave a timid start.

"Gi' me my best cap!" cried a stentorian voice. "Gi' me my best cap! Wheer is it? Gi' me my best cap!"

Granny Dixon's high basket-backed chair had been placed in the shadow of the chimney-corner for her better enjoyment of her midday nap, and, suddenly aroused by some unknown cause, she had promptly become conscious of the presence of a visitor and the dire need of some addition to her toilet. She sat up, her small-boned figure trembling with wrath, her large eyes shining.

"Gi' me my best cap!" she demanded. "Gi' it me!"

Mrs. Briarley disappeared into the adjacent room, and came out with the article

"GI' ME MY BEST CAP."

required in her hand. It was a smart cap, with a lace border and blue bows on it.

"Put it on!" shouted Mrs. Dixon. "An' put it on straight!"

Mrs. Briarley obeyed nervously.

"She's my mester's grandmother," she explained, plaintively. "Yo' munnot moind her, missus."

Granny Dixon fixed her eyes upon the stranger.

"She getten it," she proclaimed. "I did na. I'd nivver ha' bowt th' thing i' th' world. Blue nivver wur becomin' to me. She getten it. She nivver had no taste."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, "I did get it fur thee, tha nasty owd piece, but tha'lt nivver catch me at th' loike again,—givin' thee presents, when I hannot a bit o' finery to my name."

"It allus set me off—red did," cried Mrs. Dixon. "It wur my fav'rite color when I wur a lass,—an' I wur a good-lookin' lass, too, seventy year ago."

"I'm sure you was, ma'am," responded Mrs. Haworth. "I've no doubt on it."

"She canna hear thee," said Mrs. Briarley. "She's as deaf as a post—th' illtempert owd besom," and proceeded to give a free translation at the top of her lungs.

"She says tha mun ha' been han'some. She says onybody could see that to look at thee."

"Aye," sharply. "She's reet, too. I wur, seventy year ago. Who is she?"

"She's Mester Haworth's mother."

"Mester Haworth's mother?" promptly. "Did na tha tell me he wur a rich mon?"

"Aye, I did."

"Well, then, what does she dress i' that road fur? She's noan quality. She does na look much better nor thee."

"Eh! bless us!" protested Mrs. Briarley. "What's a body to do wi' her?"

"Don't mind her, ma'am," said Mrs. Haworth. "It don't do no harm. A old person's often sing'lar. It don't trouble me."

Then Janey, issuing from her retirement in comparatively full dress, was presented with due ceremony.

"It wur her as fun thy place i' th' hymn-book," said Mrs. Briarley. "She's a good bit o' help to me, is Jane Ann."

It seemed an easy thing afterward to pour forth her troubles, and she found herself so far encouraged by her visitor's naïve friendliness that she was even more eloquent than usual.

"Theer's trouble ivvery wheer," she said, "an' I dare say tha has thy share, missus, fur aw thy brass."

Politeness forbade a more definite reference to the "goin's-on" which had called forth so much virtuous indignation on the part of the Broxton matrons. She felt it but hospitable to wait until her guest told her own story of tribulation.

But Mrs. Haworth sat smiling placidly.

"I've seen it in my day," she said; "an' it were heavy enough too, my dear, an' seemed heavier than it were, p'r'aps, through me bein' a young thing an' helpless, but I should be a ungrateful woman if I didn't try to forget now as it had ever been. A woman as has such a son as I have—one that's prospered an' lived a pure, good life an' never done a willful wrong, an' has won friends an' respect everywhere—has enough happiness to help her forget troubles that's past an' gone."

Mrs. Briarley stopped half-way to the ground in the act of picking up Granny Dixon's discarded head-gear. Her eyes were wide open, her jaw fell a little. But her visitor went on without noticing her.

"Though, for the matter of that," she said, "I dare say there's not one on you as doesn't know his ways, an' couldn't tell me of some of his goodness as I should never find out from him."

"Wheer art tha puttin' my cap?" shouted Granny Dixon. "What art tha doin' wi' my cap? Does tha think because I've got a bit o' brass, I can hot th' bake-oven wi' head-dresses?"

Mrs. Briarley had picked up the cap, and was only rescued by this timely warning from the fatal imprudence of putting it in the fire and stirring it violently with the poker.

"Art tha dazeder than common?" shrieked the old woman. "Has tha gone daft? What art tha starin' at?"

"I am na starin' at nowt," said Mrs. Briarley, with a start. "I—I wur hearkenin' to the lady here, an' I did na think o' what I wur doin'."

She did not fully recover herself during the whole of her visitor's stay, and, in fact, several times lapsed into the same meditative condition. When Haworth's charitable intentions were made known to her, she stopped jolting the baby and sat in wild confusion.

"Did tha say as he wur goin' to gi' thee money?" she exclaimed,—"money to gi' away?"

"He said he'd give it without a grudge," said his mother, proudly. "Without a grudge, if it pleased me. That's his way, my dear. It were his way from the time he were a boy, an' worked so hard to give me a comfortable home. He give it, he said, without a grudge."

"Jane Ann," said Mrs. Briarley, standing at the door to watch her out of sight,—"Jane Ann, what dost tha think o' that theer?"

She said it helplessly, clutching at the child on her hip with a despairing grasp.

"Did tha hear her?" she demanded. "She wur talkin' o' Haworth, an' she wur pridin' hersen on th' son he'd been to her, an'—an' th' way he'd lived. Th' cold sweat broke out aw over me. No wonder I wur fur puttin' th' cap i' th' fire. Lord ha' mercy on us!"

But Janey regarded the matter from a more practical stand-point.

"He has na treated *her* ill," she said. "Happen he is na so bad after aw. Did tha hear what she said about th' money?"

CHAPTER XXII.

AGAIN.

"THEER'S a chap," it was said of Murdoch with some disdain among the malcontents,—"theer's a chap as coom here to work for his fifteen bob a week, an' now he's hand i' glove wi' th' mesters an's getten a shop o' his own."

The "shop" in question had, however, been only a very simple result of circumstances. In times of emergency it had been discovered that "th' 'Merican chap" was an individual of resources. Floxham had discovered this early, and, afterward, the heads of other departments. If a machine or tool was out of order, "Tak' it to th' 'Merican chap an' he'll fettle it," said one or another. And the time had never been when the necessary "fettling" had not been accomplished. In his few leisure moments, Murdoch would go from room to room, asking questions or looking on in silence at the work being carried on. Often his apparently hap-hazard and desultory examinations finally resulted in some suggestion which simplified things astonishingly. He had a fancy for simplifying and improving the appliances he saw in use, and this, too, without any waste of words.

But gradually rough models of these trifles and hastily made drawings collected in the corner of the common work-room which had fallen to Murdoch, and Haworth's attention was drawn toward them.

"What wi' moddles o' this an' moddles o' that," Floxham remarked, "we'll ha' to mak' a flittin' afore long. Theer'll be no room fur us, nor th' engines neyther."

Haworth turned to the things and looked them over one by one, touching some of them dubiously, some carelessly, some without much comprehension.

"Look here," he said to Murdoch, "there's a room nigh mine that's not in use. I don't like to be at close quarters with every chap, but you can bring your traps up there. It'll be a place to stow 'em an' do your bits o' jobs when you're in the humor."

The same day the change was made, and before leaving the Works, Haworth came in to look around. Throwing himself into a chair, he glanced about him with a touch of curiosity.

"They're all your own notions, these?" he said.

Murdoch assented.

"They are of not much consequence," he answered. "They are only odds and ends that fell into my hands somehow when they needed attention. I like that kind of work, you know."

"Aye," responded Haworth, "I dare say. But most chaps would have had more to say about doin' 'em than you have."

Not long after Ffrench's advent a change was made.

"If you'll give up your old job, and take to looking sharp after the machinery and keeping the chaps that run it up to their work," said Haworth, "you can do it. It'll be a better shop than the other and give you more time. And it'll be a saving to the place in the end."

So the small room containing his nondescript collection became his head-quarters, and Murdoch's position was a more responsible one. He found plenty of work, but he had more time, as Haworth had prophesied, and he had also more liberty.

"Yo're getten on," said Janey Briarley. "Yo're getten more wage an' less work, an' yo're one o' th' mesters, i' a way. Yo' go wi' th' gentlefolk a good bit, too. Feyther says Ffrench mak's hissen as thick wi' yo' as if yo' wur a gentleman yorsen. Yo' had yore supper up theer last neet. Did she set i' th' room an' talk wi' yo'?"

"Yes," he answered. It was not necessary to explain who "she" was.

"Well," said Janey, "she would na do that if she did na think more o' yo' nor if yo' were a common chap. She's pretty grand i' her ways. What did yo' talk about?"

"It would be hard to tell now," he replied. "We talked of several things."

"Aye, but what I wanted to know wur whether she talked to thee loike she'd talk to a gentlemon,—whether she made free wi' thee or not."

"I have never seen her talk to a gentleman," he said.

"How does she talk to Haworth?"

"I have never seen her talk to him either. We have never been there at the same time."

This was true. It had somehow chanced that they had never met at the house. Perhaps Rachel Ffrench knew why. She had found Broxton dull enough to give her an interest in any novelty of emotion or experience. She disliked the ugly town, with its population of hard-worked and unpicturesque people. She hated the quiet, well-regulated, well-bred county families with candor and vivacity. She had no hesitation in announcing her distaste and weariness.

"I detest them all," she once said calmly to Murdoch. "I detest them."

She made the best of the opportunities for enlivenment which lay within her grasp. She was not averse to Haworth's presenting himself again and again, sitting in restless misery in the room with her, watching her every movement, drinking in her voice,

struggling to hold himself in check, and failing and growing sullen and silent, and going away, carrying his wretchedness with him. She never encouraged him to advance by any word or look, but he always returned again, to go through the same self-torture and humiliation, and she always knew he would. She even derived some unexciting entertainment from her father's plans for the future. He had already new methods and processes to discuss. He had a fancy for establishing a bank in the town, and argued the advisability of the scheme with much fervor and brilliancy. Without a bank in which the "hands" could deposit their earnings, and which should make the town a sort of center, and add importance to its business ventures, Broxton was nothing.

The place was growing, and the people of the surrounding villages were drawn toward it when they had business to transact. They were beginning to buy and sell in its market, and to look to its increasing population for support. The farmers would deposit their funds, the shop-keepers theirs, the "hands" would follow their example, and in all likelihood it would prove, in the end, a gigantic success.

Haworth met his enthusiasms with stolid indifference. Sometimes he did not listen at all, sometimes he laughed a short, heavy laugh, sometimes he flung him off with a rough speech. But in spite of this, there were changes gradually made in the Works, —trifling changes, of which Haworth was either not conscious, or which he disdained to notice. He lost something of his old masterful thoroughness; he was less regular in his business habits; he was prone to be tyrannical by fits and starts.

"Go to Ffrench," he said, roughly, to one of the "hands," on one occasion: and though before he had reached the door he was called back, the man did not easily forget the incident.

Miss Ffrench looked on at all of this with a great deal of interest.

"He does not care for the place as he did," she said to Murdoch. "He does not like to share his power with another man. It is a nightmare to him."

By this time, she had seen Murdoch the oftener of the two. Mr. Ffrench's fancy for him was more enthusiastic than his fancy for the young man from Manchester or the Cumberland mechanic. He also found him useful, and was not chary of utilizing him. In time, the servants of the house ceased to regard him as an outsider, and were surprised when he was absent for a few days.

"We have a fellow at our place whom you will hear of some of these days," Ffrench said to his friends. "He spends his evenings with me often."

"Ffrench has taken a great fancy to thee, lad," Haworth said, drily. "He says you're goin' to astonish us some of these days."

"Does he?" Murdoch answered.

"Aye. He's got a notion that you're holding on to summat on the quiet, and that it'll come out when we're not expecting it."

They were in the little work-room together, and Murdoch, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, looked before him without replying, except by a slight knitting of his brows.

Haworth laughed harshly.

"Confound him for a fool!" he said. "I'm sick of the chap, with his talk. He'll stir me up some o' these days."

Then he looked up at his companion.

"He has you up there every night or so," he said. "What does he want of you?"

"Never the same thing twice," said Murdoch.

"Do you—always see her?"

"Yes."

The man moved in his seat, a sullen red rising to his forehead.

"What—has she to say?" he asked.

Murdoch turned about to confront him. He spoke in a low voice, and slowly.

"Do you want to know," he said, "whether she treats me as she would treat another man? Is that it?"

"Aye," was the grim answer, "summat o' that sort, lad."

Murdoch left his chair. He uttered half a dozen words hoarsely.

"Come up to the house some night and judge for yourself," he said.

He went out of the room without looking backward. It was Saturday noon, and he had the half-day of leisure before him, but he did not turn homeward. He made his way to the high road and struck out upon it. He had no definite end in view, at first, except the working off of his passionate excitement, but when, after twenty minutes' walk he came within sight of Broxton Chapel and its grave-yard his steps slackened, and when he reached the gate, he stopped a moment and pushed it open and turned in.

It was a quiet little place, with an almost

rustic air, of which even the small, ugly chapel could not rob it. The grass grew long upon the mounds of earth and swayed softly in the warm wind. Only common folk lay there, and there were no monuments and even few slabs. Murdoch glanced across the sun-lit space to the grass-covered mound of which he had thought when he stopped at the gate-way.

He had not thought of meeting any one, and at the first moment the sight of a figure standing at the grave-side in the sunshine was something of a shock to him. He went forward more slowly, even with some reluctance, though he had recognized at once that the figure was that of Christian Murdoch.

She stood quite still, looking down, not hearing him until he was close upon her. She seemed startled when she saw him.

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I needed quiet, I suppose, and the place has a quiet look. Why did you come?"

"It is not the first time I have been," she said. "I come here often."

"You!" he said. "Why?"

She pointed to the mound at her feet with a singular gesture.

"Because *he* is here," she said, "and I have learned to care for him."

She knelt down and laid her hand upon the grass, and he remembered again her emotion in the strange scene which had occurred before.

"I know him very well," she said. "I *know* him."

"You told me that I would not understand," he said. "It is true that I don't yet——"

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"He does not seem a dead man to me," she said. "He never will."

"I do not think," he answered, heavily, "that his life seems at an end to any of us."

"Not to me," she repeated. "I have thought of him until I have seemed to grow near to him, and to know what his burden was, and how patiently he bore it. I have never been patient. I have rebelled always, and so it has gone to my heart all the more."

Murdoch looked down upon the covering sod with a pang.

"He did bear it patiently," he said, "at the bitterest and worst."

"I know that," she replied. "I have been sure of it."

"I found some papers in my room when I first came," she went on. "Some of them were plans he had drawn thirty years ago. He had been very patient and constant with them. He had drawn the same thing again and again. Often he had written a few words upon them, and they helped me to understand. After I had looked them over I could not forget. They haunted me and came back to me. I began to care for him and put things together until all was real."

Then she added, slowly and in a lowered voice:

"I have even thought that if he had lived he would have been fond of me. I don't know why, but I have thought that perhaps he would."

For the first time in his knowledge of her, Murdoch saw in her the youth he had always missed. Her dark and bitter young face was softened; for the moment she seemed almost a child,—even though a child whose life had been clouded by the shadow of sin and wrong.

"I think—he would." he said, slowly.

"And I have got into the habit of coming here when I was lonely or—at my worst."

"You are lonely often, I dare say," he returned, wearily. "I wish it could be helped."

"It is nothing new," she replied, with something of her old manner, "and there is no help for it."

But her touch upon the grass was a caress. She smoothed it softly, and moved with singular gentleness a few dead leaves which had dropped upon it.

"When I come here I am—better," she said, "and—less hard. Things do not seem to matter so much—or to look so shameful."

A pause followed, which she herself broke in upon.

"I have thought a great deal of—what he left unfinished," she said. "I have wished that I might see it. It would be almost as if I had seen himself."

"I can show it to you," Murdoch answered. "It is a little thing to have caused so great pain."

They said but little else until they rose to go. As he sat watching the long grass wave under the warm wind, Murdoch felt that his excitement had calmed down. He was in a cooler mood when they got up at last. But before they turned away the girl lingered for a moment, as if she wished to speak.

"Sometimes," she faltered,—"sometimes I have thought you had half forgotten."

"Nay," he answered, "never that, God knows!"

"I could not bear to believe it," she said, passionately. "It would make me hate you!"

When they reached home he took her upstairs to his room. He had locked the door when he left it in the morning. He unlocked it, and they went in. A cloth covered something standing upon the table. He drew it aside with an unsteady hand.

"Look at it," he said. "It has been there since last night. You see it haunts me too."

"What!" she said, "you brought it out yourself—again!"

"Yes," he answered, "again."

She drew nearer, and sat down in the chair before the table.

"He used to sit here?" she said.

"Yes."

"If it had been finished," she said, almost as if speaking to herself, "Death would have seemed a little thing to him. Even if it should be finished now, I think he would forget the rest."

(To be continued.)

THE DEAD MASTER.

It is appointed unto man to die.
Where Life is Death is, dominating Life,
Wresting the scepter from its feeble grasp,
And trampling on its dust. From the first hour
When the first child upon its mother's breast
Lay heavily, with no breath on its cold lips,
To the last hour when the last man shall die,
And the race be extinct—Death never came,
Nor ever will come, without apprehension.
The dying may be ready to depart,
For sleep and death are one to them; but we
Who love them, and survive them—unto whom
The places they once filled are filled no more,
For whom a light has gone out of the sun,
A shadow fallen on noonday,—unto us,
Who love our dead, Death always comes too soon,
A consternation, and a lamentation,
The sorrow of all sorrows, till in turn
We follow them, and others mourn for us.

This tragic lesson of mortality
The Master who hath left us learned in youth,
When the Muse found him wandering by the stream
That sparkled, singing, at his father's door—
The first Muse whom the New World, loving long,
Wooed in the depths of her old solitude.
The green, untrodden, world-wide wilderness
Surrendered to the soul of this young man
The secret of its silence. Centuries passed;
The red man chased the deer, and tracked the bear
To his high mountain den—but he came not.
The white man followed; the great woods were felled,
And in the clearings cottage smokes arose,
And fields were white with harvests: he came not.
The New World waited for him, and the words
Which should disburden the dumb mystery

That darkened its strange life when summer days
Steeped the green boughs with light, and winter nights
Looked down like Death upon the dead, old world;
For what was Earth but the great tomb of man,
And suns and planets but sepulchral urns
Filled with the awful ashes of the Past?

Such was the first sad message to mankind
Of this young poet, who was never young,
So heavily the old burden of the Earth
Weighed on his soul from boyhood. Yet not less,
Not less, but more, he loved her; for if she
Was somber with her secret she was still
Beautiful as a goddess; and if he
Should one day look upon her face no more,
He would not cease to look till that day came:
For he for life was dedicate to her,
The inspiration of his earliest song,
The happy memory of his sterner years,
The consolation of his ripe, old age.
What she was to the eyes of lesser men,
Which only glance at the rough husk of things,
She never was to him;—but day and night
A loveliness, a might, a mystery,
A Presence never wholly understood,
The broken shadow of some unknown Power,
Which overflows all forms, but is not Form—
The inscrutable Spirit of the Universe!
High-priest whose temple was the woods, he felt
Their melancholy grandeur, and the awe
That ancientness and solitude beget,
Strange intimations of invisible things,
Which, while they seem to sadden, give delight,
And hurt not, but persuade the soul to prayer:
For, silent in the barren ways of men,
Under green roofs of overhanging boughs,
Where the Creator's hands are never stayed,
The soul recovers her forgotten speech,
The lost religion of her infancy.

Nature hath sacred seasons of her own,
And reverent poets to interpret them.
But she hath other singers, unto whom
The twinkle of a dew-drop in the grass,
The sudden singing of an unseen bird,
The pensive brightness of the evening star,
Are revelations of a loveliness
For which there is no language known to man,
Except the eloquent language of the eye,
Hushed with the fullness of her happiness!
What may be known of these recondite things
Our grave, sweet poet knew: for unto him
The Goddess of the Earth revealed herself
As to no other poet of the time,
Save only him who slumbers at Grasmere,
His Brother,—not his Master. From the hour
When first he wandered by his native stream
To crop the violets growing on its banks,

And list to the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
To the last hour of his long, honored life,
He never faltered in his love of Nature.
Recluse with men, her dear society,
Welcome at all times, savored of content,
Brightened his happy moments, and consoled
His hours of gloom. A student of the woods
And of the fields, he was their calendar,—
Knew when the first pale wind-flower would appear,
And when the last wild-fowl would take its flight;
Where the cunning squirrel had his granary,
And where the industrious bee had stored her sweets.
Go where he would, he was not solitary,
Flowers nodded gayly to him—wayside brooks
Slipped by him laughingly, while the emulous birds
Showered lyric raptures that provoked his own.
The winds were his companions on the hills—
The clouds, and thunders—and the glorious Sun,
Whose bright beneficence sustains the world,
A visible symbol of the Omnipotent,
Whom not to worship were to be more blind
Than those of old who worshiped stocks and stones.

Who loves and lives with Nature tolerates
Baseness in nothing; high and solemn thoughts
Are his,—clean deeds and honorable life.
If he be poet, as our Master was,
His song will be a mighty argument,
Heroic in its structure to support
The weight of the world forever! All great things
Are native to it, as the Sun to Heaven.
Such was thy song, O Master! and such fame
As only the kings of thought receive, is thine;—
Be happy with it in thy larger life
Where Time is not, and the sad word—Farewell!

SONNET.

"THEN are they glad because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."—PSALTER.

THERE loomed a great shape lately scarce in sight
Of Scituate cliffs—a mountain 'mid the mist;
Perchance an Indiaman, we said; but hist!
Heard you that gun-stroke, out by yonder light?
Then the fog thickened in the gathering night;
No further signal heard (save that dread one
Which brings back terror even as I write),
Of the mysterious wanderer—nor is known
Aught else of her—but that she comes no more.
Oh, unknown mourners! watchers of the sea
By many a lonely fireside on the shore,
One thing is sure: He brought them to the breast
Of that calm haven where you fain would be,
And they are glad—because they are at rest.

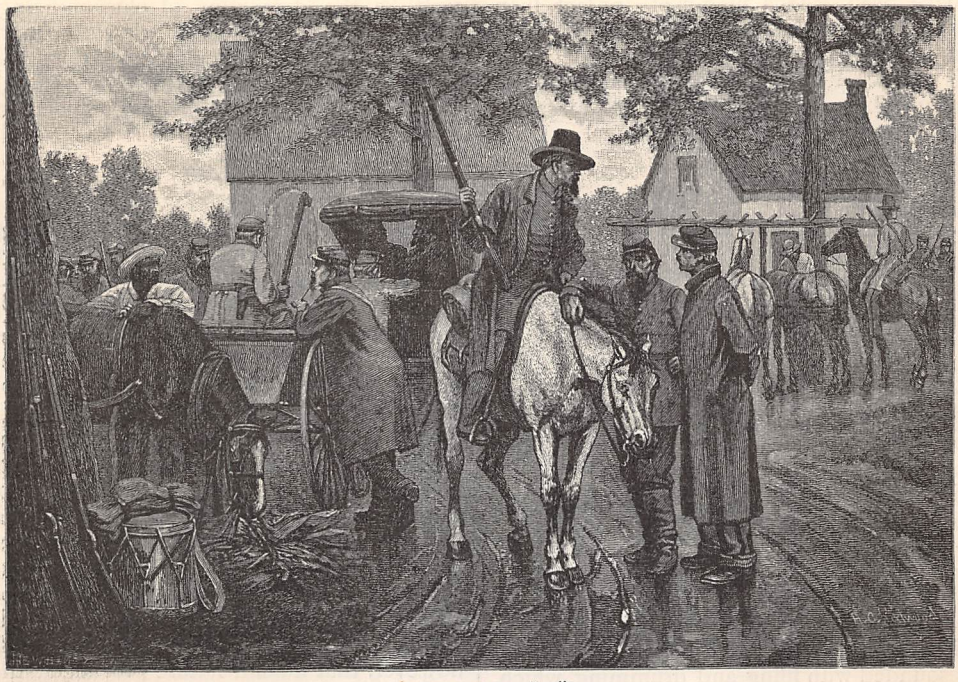
THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF CO. "C."

To begin at the beginning and speaking according to the letter, Company "C" was not so designated until some time after its organization. In the early months of its service, the familiar initials of the medical staff constituted the device borne upon its cap-fronts. This legend—destined to prove ephemeral in duration, albeit inscribed in brass—was variously interpreted by the wearers. "More Sheep" and "Mint Sling" had their respective partisans, and the company's performances at this period fairly entitled either pseudonym to precedence of the real name—"Middlesex Southrons"—which held no meaning apart from the purely accidental one conferred by the local habitation of the corps as defined by county lines as well as by that of Mason and Dixon. For in truth the slaughter of mutton was terrific and whisky flowed like water in the cantonment where our heroes in prospective practiced squad drill and such like arts of war during the summer days of the good year '61. Another faction still, modestly ignoring their doughty deeds, and following a time-honored usage, borrowed a suggestion from their uniform of white kersey "nigger-cloth," and dubbed themselves "Middlesex Southdowns."

But such nominal differences over elements and vestments could not affect the homogeneity of the company in essentials; and in conceding themselves to be a "crack" organization the M. S. were strictly of one mind. No new-fledged concern were they, hastily recruited from any "rag-tag and bob-tail" to serve as mere food for powder; they could and *did* point with a pride, not only pardonable but commendable, to a long record of *ante bellum* service throughout which they had kept their caste inviolate, and even now they reserved the right of voting upon all applications for membership. For years their presence as a body had lent *éclat* to all public gatherings within a circuit of twenty miles; their periodic drills, with attendants of gay trappings, prancing steeds and jingling sabers, had long superseded in the popular interest the homelier array of "old field-musters" by the county militia. The fair sex from far and near had graced these occasions—their admiration deepening into awe when a gallant charge by squadron front concluded the martial spectacle. Thus, when the call to arms resounded through the land, and our heroes came into the field, Minerva-like, fully equipped, and in a sense veteran soldiers, it was but natural that they should regard less highly favored organizations with a feeling nearly akin to compassion.

Their pride was destined to have a fall at the very outset of their career. Hardly had the tender of their services been made to the new Confederacy than it was found that they were not singular in their preference for going on horseback where glory waited them, and that no more cavalry would be received just then. It would imply that they were something else than mortal to say that the M. S. received this blow without chagrin; sons of cavaliers, who had for so long "kept the lamp of chivalry alight," it was too monstrous a proposition that they should do battle in a manner different from their sires, and much bitterness characterized their discussion of the situation. But when Johnny made up his mind to "go for a soger," it was not in his nature to stand unduly upon the order or the manner of his going, and since it is but good philosophy to consider the most favorable aspect of any turn of affairs, there were not wanting sound reasons in favor of reorganization on a new footing, nor is it to be mentioned to the reproach of our M. S. that the following considerations impelled to a descent from their high horse. Some time having been consumed under the restrictions of "red tape" before the fate of their application could be learned, they were now the only force left in their county—a narrow peninsula almost begirt by navigable water, and thus peculiarly open to an enemy strong in naval resource. In view of these facts, the cooler heads argued that for them had been fortuitously reserved the sacred office of guarding their household Lares: the abstract patriotism which ignored the home claims was but an empty name; theirs was of a more practical sort, and upon its altar they laid their swords and spurs, their stately plumes and gold-embroidered standard, voted themselves a foot company, and were mustered in accordingly.

As if to confirm them in this conclusion, the new organization was ordered, a few days after its enlistment, to assemble at the county-seat for instant and perilous service. The nature of this was not specified in the order,



MUSTER OF CO. "C."

and speculation was rife among our ex-dragoons, as they congregated at the time and place appointed; the popular theory wavered between the storming of Fortress Monroe and the boarding of the ubiquitous *Pawnee* in open boats, and an inspection of the company's armament would have fully attested its readiness for either enterprise. There were guns, all the way from a long ducking swivel, which was the exact measure of the height of the tallest man, and chambered four buck-shot, through the various grades of double and single barrel fowling-pieces; pistols of as many sizes and patterns; bowie-knives and dirks, and here and there, a wicked-looking two-edged cutlass, forged by some rustic Vulcan from a farrier's rasp. A corresponding variety was exhibited in the company's *impedimenta:* blankets of all colors and quilts of gorgeous design bulged behind the vehicles which conveyed our volunteers to the rendezvous; buggies had been despoiled of their lap-robes, pianos of their oil-cloth coverings, to meet *moving* accidents by flood and field. In deference to the rain, which was pouring in torrents, many of the men wore pea-jackets and overalls of rubber or oiled duck, which gave them an air more nautical than military —as if, in virtue of their *ci-devant* character, they represented that anomalous corps, the "horse marines." The commissariat had not been neglected; bags of biscuit and capacious baskets and boxes of other comestibles had been brought along, in quantities sufficient for the provisioning of the post for a siege. In the midst of the bustle and stir of this marshaling of valor in arms came the first vague news of the victory of Manassas. All existing notions were at once cast to the winds, and new surmises got promptly afoot, connecting the mustering of the company with the greater historic event. The *Pawnee* was a prize scarcely worth the taking now; the army of invasion had been routed, and doubtless there was a steamer even now on the way to land our heroes in Baltimore upon its flying traces; for that matter, they might run alongside the blockader at the mouth of the river in canoes, capture her, and use her for the same purpose! The writer, then but lately arrived in Dixie, remembers well the derision with which certain objections offered by him to this plan were received by the valorous Southrons, each of whom felt himself a match for ten full-grown Yankees. If the authorities at Richmond had but known what strategic talent and prowess were lying idle in the ranks of the M. S. at this juncture of affairs! But regrets are vain, and besides, this is a record of what was, not what might

have been. As a matter of dry fact, then, an admission must be made which, reflecting in no degree upon the company's devotion, is nevertheless somewhat damaging to its claims as a veteran body. Their past service, however magnificent of its kind, was still not war; but the same criticism equally applies to other feats of arms, the glory of which is unquestioned. When, therefore, a certain mysterious "colonel" from the seat of government arrived in their midst and gave the order for all this warlike preparation, not only was it not theirs "to make reply," but they did not even deem it necessary to examine the credentials under which this new-found leader claimed to be acting. It was discovered only after this personage was beyond the reach of their resentment, that his lawful functions were limited to the erection of signals on the coast, and that his personal vanity alone had instigated the call to arms to which their ardor responded but too willingly.

With this wet feather in their caps the M. S. settled down to the routine of camp duty, and the usually quiet little village daily resounded with fifing and drumming, which, with other martial indications, betokened its sudden elevation to the dignity of a military post. The garrison found commodious quarters in a church, while the messing was conducted by private arrangement with families residing in the place, and our heroes fared "like fighting cocks." The duty was not arduous; there was no enemy to menace the camp on the land side, and hence the defensive precautions were limited to the establishment of an outpost upon the summit of a bold bluff commanding a view of the river for miles. Here the sentries, lounging on the grass in the shade of the fragrant cedars, whiled away the summer hours with games of draughts or backgammon, taking an occasional peep through a spy-glass out toward the bay for the smoke of the blockader; this was "standing guard" as conceived by our gentlemen soldiers. Drilling was carried on at first to an excessive degree, certainly; the M. S. had not contracted to become "military machines," and no little protest was made against this useless hardship, as they esteemed it—notably on the part of a certain fat member who was constitutionally opposed to the innovation of double-quick. Not all the fatigues of drill and camp-guard, however, could quite subdue the mettle of such pasture as was theirs, nor could the destructiveness of the company find adequate vent, in the demolition of chicken-fixings and deviled crabs. Thus, while the more active minds betook themselves to the study of projectiles, through the medium of "ring taw," others of a more meditative turn, yet chafing still—

> "for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack"—

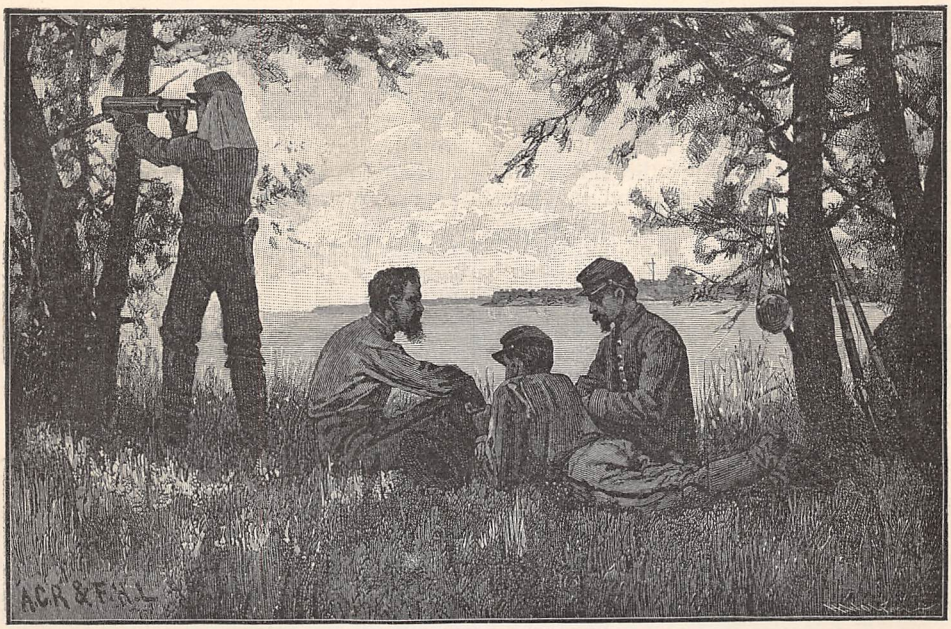
contrived by the diligent use of their pocket-knives, to whittle up a formidable post-and-rail fence which inclosed the church-yard—not a vestige of which was left standing. As an offset to these more warlike pastimes, their savage breasts found soothing in the charms of music as rendered by certain of their numbers who were accomplished fiddlers, and many a "stag dance," under the noble sycamores, served to beguile the evening hours between retreat and tattoo. For a while indeed the condition of a house divided against itself, threatened to be theirs, for the more serious minded made strong opposition to the invasion of the sacred edifice by such worldly elements as cards and catgut. The truth must be admitted, however, that human nature prevailed; the minority of the faithful seceded peaceably to an upper room in the building, where their pious praises often outvied the more secular strains below. And, while we are at our confessions, it may be just as well to make a clean breast of it, and acknowledge what was too often the case—that while

> "The spirit *above* was the spirit divine;
> The spirit *below* was the spirit of wine."

Ah, me!—those were pleasant days ere the novelty of soldier life had worn off in the hard rubs that were yet to come. Many a time afterward did their memory rise up as if to mock our destitution; many a time did the retrospect of some especially jolly oyster supper serve us in lieu of no supper at all, as we sat around the bivouac fire, often a hard day's march with only such sweet and bitter fancies—and tobacco—for comfort! But we anticipate: we may linger yet a little while over joys which were all too fleeting—which once past never came back to us.

Let it not be supposed that this season was wholly devoted to inglorious ease, remote from war's alarms. At first the occasional appearance of a blockading cruiser would suffice to throw the garrison into a state of excitement, but as these naval demonstrations seemed directed only against the few fishing-boats which still ventured

out, they came in time to be looked upon as things of course, having barely sufficient interest to vary the monotony of every-day routine. But the turn of the luck came at last. One fine afternoon a long black



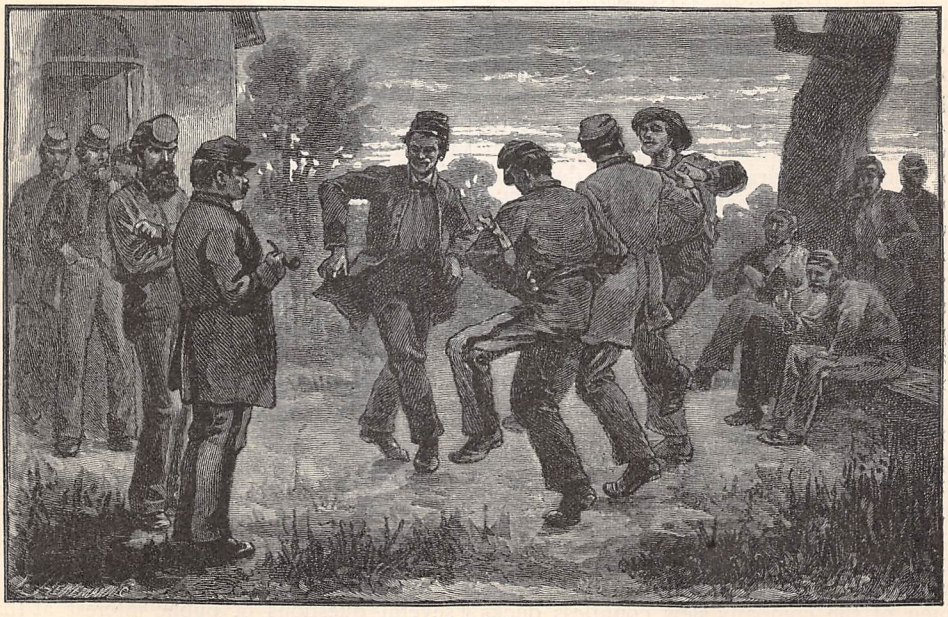
OUTPOST DUTY.

steamer, escorted by a vicious-looking little tug, steamed up the river, and when opposite the post, stopped and opened fire upon the quarters of the garrison. The opportunity had come at length for Company "C" to vindicate its claim to soldierly qualities of a high order. No veteran troops could have acted with better judgment or with greater alacrity in taking up a position of immense natural strength for defensive purposes—in the nearest deep gully. The wisdom of this selection has never been disputed; for the storm of shot and shell which ensued, though lasting for several hours, failed utterly to dislodge them, and though their quarters as well as other houses in the village were several times struck, when the casualty report came to be made up it was found that one incautious old hare, killed, comprised the list! The trophies of this gallant affair, in the shape of some unexploded shell and numerous fragments, were carefully collected and treasured by the command as proof of its prowess. Indirectly the enemy did great execution—for with the contents of the big shells the sportsmen of the company slew countless ducks later in the season; others found in the enemy's metal the means of extending their researches in marine conchology—heretofore restricted to the native specimens afforded by creek oysters. Marbles lost their charm and even whittling palled upon the sense; all hands betook themselves to excavating for buried treasures. One man particularly became so expert that his hunting was rarely unrewarded by a find; he would start from the furrow scooped out by the projectile in its *ricochet*, and "line" it accurately to the spot of its final plunge into the earth. This enthusiast kept, among other specimens, two sixty-four-pound shells in his bed, and on rainy days would pass the time in polishing the brass fuse-plugs with rotten-stone; he was only induced to part company with his pets upon the plea of his bunk-mate that the contact of so much cold iron gave him the rheumatism!

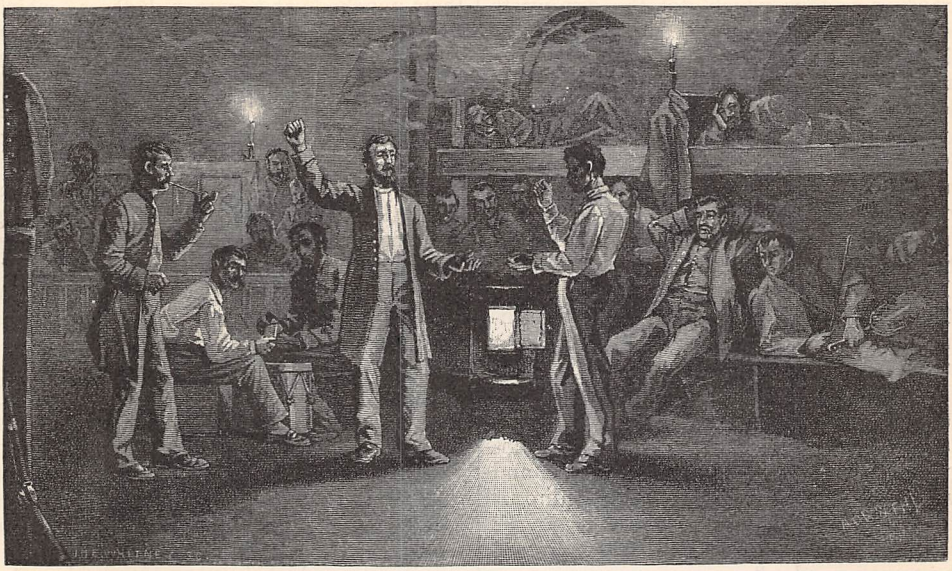
And now the chilly rains of November set in, bringing in their train ubiquitous mud out-of-doors, which put an end to drilling and well-nigh cut off the little post from communication with the outside world. The advices which reached them stimulated rather than satisfied the inquiries of the garrison, which resolved itself into a species of military commission on the conduct of the war, and argued long and learnedly the several questions of public interest at that

period. The chimera of foreign intervention had not yet been abandoned, nor had "King Cotton" been proven "a king of shreds and patches," as he was; our M. S. were as unfaltering in their allegiance to his majesty as their fathers before them had been to the dethroned and exiled Charles. The arrival of the little one-horse mail was the focal point to which their daily interest tended. At this time the complications growing out of the capture of Mason and Slidell, while under the protection of a neutral flag, were a source of speculation throughout the country, North and South, and the press opinions relating to this knotty question in diplomacy were closely studied and windily ventilated by the M. S. each night as they gathered around the red-hot stove in their quarters. It was generally conceded that the Federal government was committed beyond the chance of *amende*, and the main point discussed was whether England would invade the northern states from Canada, or simply operate as a naval power against the commercial marine of the enemy and raise the blockade of the southern ports. And sometimes upon clear evenings, when the wind set from that quarter, they would assemble on the parade ground to listen to the far-off reverberations from the Evansport batteries disputing the passage of the Potomac by the enemy's transports, and to discuss the efficacy of that blockade and its strategic import in the military situation. Now and then, too, the advent in their midst of some furloughed soldier from the front would afford a glimpse of the great events which had been occurring elsewhere —more vivid and life-like than could be obtained through the dry newspaper reports, yet vague and shadowy still. These were for the most part former members of the company, whose predilection for the mounted service had led them, upon its reorganization, to join a cavalry command which had participated in the disastrous campaign of that year in Western Virginia. But their experience of hardship and defeat seemed as remote and unreal to their old comrades as does the war news which we read at our breakfast-tables to us, while the weather-beaten visages and stained and dingy uniforms which attested their tales served also to point a moral for the instigators of the infantry movement.

So the winter wore on. With the first opening of spring came the news of the driving in, one after another, of the Confederate advanced posts. The Burnside flotilla, which had created no small consternation on its passage down the Chesapeake, as conveying an attack possibly directed against this coast, had effected its object elsewhere. From Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee reverse followed close upon the heels of reverse; the border states in that quarter



A STAG DANCE.



A POINT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

were already overrun, and the "anaconda" was daily drawing in his folds to embrace the vitals of the Confederacy. Donelson had fallen and Nashville capitulated; Jackson was doggedly retreating up the Virginia valley; the Manassas army had fallen back to the line of the Rappahannock, thence to be hurried to confront the new advance upon Richmond organizing at Fortress Monroe; the gun-boats had run the gauntlet of the batteries at Island No. Ten, on the Mississippi; Shiloh and New Orleans were yet to be added to the long list of disasters, and despondency and gloom overspread the land as the bulletins of defeat came in.

Revenons à nos moutons! Let us come back to our Southdowns, anxiously but undauntedly awaiting their turn in the general squeeze. The descent upon their post, so long expected and deferred, threatened to be made now, and in overwhelming force; for it is a matter of record that McClellan's original plan contemplated the establishment of his base at this very point. Whether or not the substitution of another, which was in turn so disastrously abandoned, be referable to the moral influence exerted by Company "C"'s occupation, must lie within the margin of doubt which environs all speculative theories, but within this debatable land, at least, the claim of knight's service may be fairly set up in behalf of our heroes. The sole public recognition evoked was an order, which reached them soon after, to join their regiment and brigade,—an honorable discharge would have been more proper, perhaps; but republics were ever ungrateful.

It were useless and tedious to follow the company through all its varied fortunes from this date; its history is that of the Army of Northern Virginia, and brigades, not companies, are the units of the record. Suffice it to say that our heroes bore a creditable part in the struggle of the "Seven Days," and marched with Stonewall Jackson against Pope and across the Potomac; that they fought at Fredericksburg under the same tried leader, and accompanied him in the brilliant and daring move on Hooker's flank which closed his career as a soldier; that they charged in vain at Cemetery Ridge, and stood opposed to Grant in that long and bloody grapple of the two armies from the Rapidan to the James. What changes this experience had wrought in their body will be best understood if the reader will consent to bear me company while we look upon them once more, in the last act of the great drama in which they were performers.

It is toward the close of a bleak winter day in the beginning of the year 1865. We step ashore at Chaffin's Farm from the wheezy little tug which plies between that point on the James and the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy. A cheerless landscape, barren of timber and cut up by wagon tracks, borders the muddy river, over which the grim guns, peering from their embrasures on Drury's Bluff, look frowningly; the few human figures and slow,

crawling wagons which dot the dun waste are as dingy as itself, and barely distinguishable from it, except by their motion; the steely gray sky affords no relief from the desolation of the prospect, but rather serves to intensify its dull uniformity of local color. Starting from the river and stretching thence far away over the barren plateau, the eye makes out an irregular line of sordid hovels and tents, chiefly by the smoke which obscures their form while it reveals their position. Upon an eminence beyond, where a few straggling pines stand up like black skirmishers against the sky, is the silhouette of a large earth-work; a tall flag-staff rises, clean and tapering, from the truncated mass, and hanging straight down from the truck is a flag, in whose limp folds may be distinguished, nevertheless, the alternate red and white stripes of the Yankee "gridiron." "Fort Harrison," is the answer to our query; "our new line is just this side, where you see the troops yonder."

We plod heavily across a tract of corn-stubble in the direction indicated, and are soon in the midst of the camps which hug the breast-work closely. There is no semblance of order in the arrangement of the quarters, which are nondescript structures of pine-logs roofed over with clapboards of the same material, or with shelter-tents, blankets, or gum-cloths, according to the constructive ability of their occupants or the resources at their command. Here and there a tent, mildewed and smoke-begrimed, and betraying in its stains and rents the hard service which it has yet survived, leans against its chinked and daubed chimney as if for support. There are few signs of life apart from the smoke, which barely rises ere it hangs suspended in the still air, for the scant supply of fuel no longer permits the generous fires which impart to the poorest camp an air of comfort. At a wood-pile consisting of a few small sticks, a scare-crow negro boy is hacking with a dull ax, crooning a hymn tune to the measure of his blows, and in reply to our question, vouchsafes the information that Company "C" is "right da up de line, nowhar fun here." Upon this apparently contradictory testimony, we proceed a few steps in the direction indicated, when our progress is arrested by the tones of a familiar voice inside one of the tents. We push aside the flap, and, stooping, enter.

The occupants are two men, both in the prime of life, and one of them not more than a year or two past his majority; yet in their pinched and withered faces, which wrinkle all over in the smile of recognition with which they greet their old comrade, there is something indescribable which does not belong to youth or old age, but resembles some miserable travesty of the latter. It is the look which, once seen, is not easily forgotten;—which characterizes a strong man in whose experience the aging influences properly belonging to a life-time have been compressed within the compass of a few years. Their hair and beards are dry and harsh; their skins of the peculiar reddish-gray tint which comes of the combined effects of exposure and insufficient nutrition, and a feverish light in their sunken eyes tells more eloquently still of daily hunger which is never quite appeased. Their welcome has no trace of enthusiasm in it; hard, griping, ever-present want has killed out that feeling long ago, and the momentary gleam of pleasure which our coming has shed is already overcast by grave doubts as to whether we have been to dinner. Theirs is about to be served, and they will not neglect the offices of hospitality, for they are Virginians of the tide-water, in whom the cardinal virtue is not yet extinct, but it is a virtue now of the sternest sort, not a mere social grace. A battered tin plate, supported by a wooden box turned up on end, contains two small rashers of bacon, and a "pone" of corn-bread is cooking by a fire of a few "chunks" and twigs heaped around and upon the "skillet," which has just been vacated by the other element of the homely repast,—for the narrow fire-place will accommodate but one utensil at a time, and the expenditure of fuel must be calculated to a nicety. Of the adjuncts of coffee or "small rations" of any description there are none; the daily allowance now is one-third of a pound of meat and a pound of corn-meal to officers and men alike—"only this and nothing more." Some distinction yet prevails in favor of the holders of commission, as our friends explain while disposing of their meal, for this is an officers' mess and the tent the regimental head-quarters. The box, now on "extra duty" as a table, is the adjutant's desk, and contains his official papers. One servant cooks for the mess, besides having the care of the mounted officer's horse, but the captain of Company "C," his commensal, prefers to contribute the ration to which he is entitled for his servant, to the common table, by dispensing with the special offices of his

"boy," and this is an exceptionally luxurious arrangement, for most of the line officers have yielded to the stringency of the situation and are saving the extra ration by messing with the men of their companies. It is "hard times and worse coming," says the captain, as he sops the last smear of grease from the plate and proceeds to fill his pipe. "Come, let's go see some of the boys. I reckon they must be done dinner by this time,—for we don't consider it good manners to visit about meal-times nowadays," he adds, as we quit the tent.

Hard times, indeed! nor is it easy to conceive of the nature of any "worse" that may be "coming." In each case a separate effort is required before we recognize in the gaunt and ragged forms and haggard faces around us the trim and jaunty soldiers of '61. The once-derided Southdown coats have long since disappeared, worn out in the service, but they were as purple and fine linen to the motley habiliments which have succeeded, while the dandy *kepi* has given place to shapeless flap-down hats of felt. A few old uniform jackets, once gray but now stained by dust and faded by sun and rain to a dingy yellow, still hold out against the vicissitudes of war, but the garb is uniform no longer: garments of civic cut and color prevail, interspersed with others, the dye of which proclaims them the spoil of the battle-field, stripped, under the prompting of hard necessity, from those who would never again need them save as shrouds. One element of uniformity indeed pervades the *personnel* of the old company in the destitution and misery which are omnipresent. There are many beardless faces but no young ones, and the buoyant gayety of other times has yielded to a gravity of mien becoming their character as veterans.

The low huts are gloomy and filled with the smoke of green-pine wood, and a proposal to walk along the parapet while we discuss our pipes is not unwelcome: it is the only ground which is not shoe-deep in mud, and besides we can better see from its elevation the position and its defenses. Beyond the moat, filled to the brim with muddy rain-water, an open tract bristles with small flags planted at intervals of a yard, each of which denotes the position of a torpedo; *chevaux de frise* separate these from a waste of felled timber extending to the base of the hill crowned by the captured redoubt, where the pickets of the enemy show in the deepening twilight like black crows. On a slight eminence further up our line to the left, is a mortar battery, with a long interval of vacant breastwork dividing it from the infantry camps.

A boy of sixteen, who has just returned from carrying rations to some of his mess at the outpost, points out these features. Knowing him from his birth until now, he has always seemed a child, and his puny figure and delicate, almost girlish, face are mournfully out of keeping with these grim surroundings.

"Our old works are there to the right, but it is too dark to see them now; our picket line is just there where you see those little fires"—indicating some ruddy gleams which just begin to show in the gloaming along the further edge of the dusky gray *abattis*. "About all the dry wood we have now is what we bring in from the picket posts, and when that is gone, 'Corporal Dick'* can come whenever he gets ready" —he adds gloomily between whiffs of his pipe.

"The place seems very strong: I should think one line of battle ought to hold it against anything they could bring."

"The *place* is strong enough, and the artillery and torpedoes would stop them for a while; but the line of battle—we haven't any."

"But a good skirmish line would do——"

"Humph! Don't we wish we had it?"

"You might even deploy at ten paces," I venture to suggest dubiously.

"If we had the men; but since they got the Weldon Railroad, this line has been skinned out until we have only a man for every thirty yards. Come, it's getting chilly out here, and there's tattoo—let's go back."

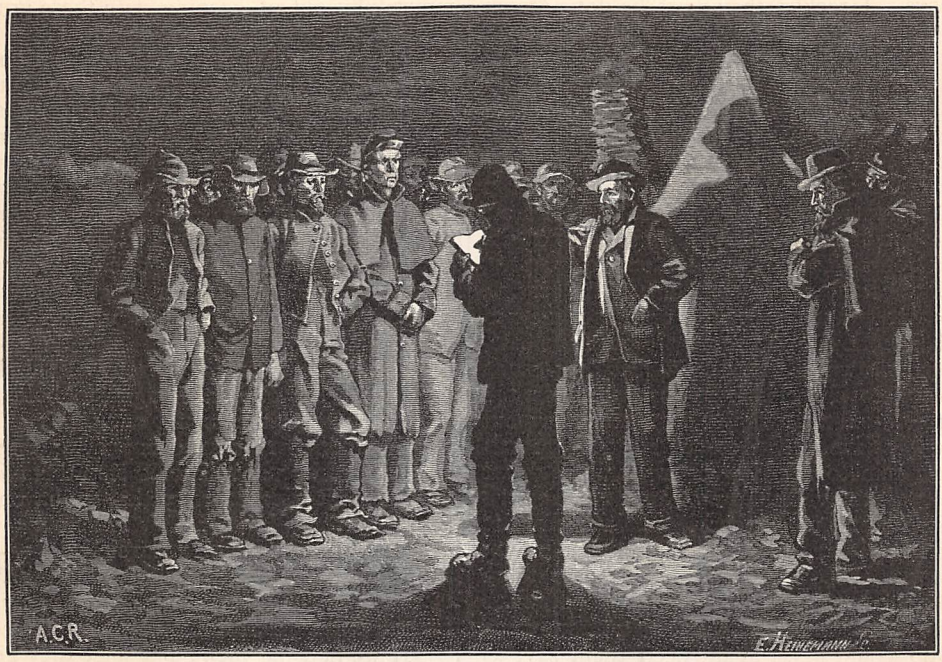
And this doughty defender of a company's front toddles off down the breastwork to answer to his name.

A single fife and drum—the whole regimental field music—are squealing and thumping the last notes of an old-time melody which has clung to the command through all its fortunes; it is "Run, nigger, run! de paterol ketch you!" often heard in the days when the war was young. In a space between the tents, serving in lieu of more pretentious parade, about a dozen men are ranged in an irregular line facing the orderly-sergeant, and my little soldier falls into his place just as the roll-call begins. It is short work now, but memory intersperses

* "Corporal Dick"—the generic *sobriquet* given by the troops on this line to the negro soldiers in their front.

the list with many names in the order in which they were committed to its keeping in the old days—names to which no man will ever answer again until the reveillé of the eternal morning shall sound. The sergeant hesitates more than once, as his thought corrects his tongue, which was wont to run over the longer array so glibly; and at each such pause there rises up before us the apparition of some familiar face as it used to beam upon us in life, or perhaps as we last looked upon it, ghastly and grim beneath the stains of battle, ere we folded our comrade in his bloody blanket shroud, and laid him in his shallow grave. From dank Chickahominy marsh and fertile Pennsylvania valley, from the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, the sterile slopes of Manassas, the dreary pine levels of the Southside, the ghosts of the old company come back to outface the living witnesses of its valor, and challenge their sturdy "Here!" with an answer prouder still.

"Break ranks!" The roll-call is over, and the shivering group disperses, and melts away among the blind alleys of the camp; one by one the voices are hushed as the weary men sink into slumber, to escape for a while their misery in oblivion, or in visions of home and kindred, which some of them shall nevermore revisit, save in dreaming.



"HERE!"

Suddenly from the investing lines the blare of a band breaks upon the still night air, and a mighty shout goes up and mingles with the swelling strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Once and again the thrilling anthem peals forth and dies away in falling cadences, and then all is still again,—only now and then, afar off in the darkness, Corporal Dick, upon the outpost, beguiles the hours of his vigil with a rude chant:

"Look out da now! we's gwine to shoot!
Look out da—don't you understan'?
Babylon's a-fallin'! Babylon's a-fallin'!
We's gwine to occupy de lan'!"

A WINTER MORNING.

THE snow-drifts pile the window-ledge,
The frost is keen, the air is still;
The lane that lies below the hill
Is drifted even with the hedge;
Gray skies, and dark trees shaken bare,
Blue smoke that rises straight in air;—
And down the west a yellow glare
Is driven like a wedge.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

I STOLE so gently on their dance,
Their pygmy dance in red sunrise,
I caught the warm and tender glance
Each gallant gave his dear one's eyes.

Wee ladies, clad in fine bat's-wing,
With plumèd lordlings stamp the heel;
Behind them swords and fans they fling
And foot it blithely down the reel.

They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed
In meetings of the swaying dance—
Then fled not, but were swiftly missed,
Like love from out a well-known glance.

I sprang: the flashing swords were grown
Mere blossom-stalks from tulips tossed;
The fans that sparkled on the stone
Were turned to sprays of glittering frost.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

AS SHE saw the young girl approaching, she put down the pail on the grass, wiped her right hand on the back of her apron (a habit which her husband had not been able to break her of), and quietly advanced to greet her visitor.

"A rare guest, to be sure," she said, as Helga laid her white hand in hers. "We haven't seen you for a great while, child. What have you been doing?"

The sweet matronly comeliness of Mrs. Norderud's face, with its cheerfully uncritical eyes, was ever a rest and a comfort to every one who was privileged to gaze upon it. As Helga stood looking into those calm, benignant features, she felt a strange rising sensation in her throat, and could with difficulty repress a sob.

"Oh, I have been very, very busy, Mrs. Norderud," she answered in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Old Magnus is very sick, you know, and I am taking care of him."

Mrs. Norderud was walking up the gravel path at the girl's side, listening with a serene, unperturbed countenance, in which sympathetic interest was yet plainly legible. Now and then she stooped down to knock

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off a caterpillar or a beetle from the tomato vines, or to break off the decaying leaves of a too luxuriant cabbage. But Helga knew too well her housewifely ways to take offense, especially as her attention never wandered, in spite of seeming digressions.

"But, dear child," she said as the girl had finished her account of Magnus's complicated ailments, "it will never do for you to wear yourself out in this way, sitting up nights and taking your meals by snatches, and wading down that street through the mud, and sitting with wet feet all day long, as I know you are doing. You know Nils, my husband, doesn't like to have me help folks with medicines,—not that he wants to deprive them of what little help I can give them. No; God knows there never was a kinder-hearted man living than Nils, my husband, is. But he has his crooked notions, too, as who has not, I should like to know? And I never knew a man, taking him all together, better at bottom and straighter every way than he is, God bless him. And now I have been married to him thirty-two years come next Michaelmas, so I am sure I ought to know him by this time. But, as I was saying, he doesn't like to have me give folks medicine, for he has a notion that I am kind of old-fashioned, and likely enough he is right about it. I don't know the American way of doing things, he says, and surely I do not, for I hold on to my old ways, as I learned them at home, and I was too old when we came over to this country to take up with new-fangled notions. But eleven years ago, when Thorarin was down so bad with the fever, and we both sat up night after night, hardly expecting him to live from hour to hour, and no doctor was to be had all the country round, then my remedies were not old-fashioned, and it was his belief at that time, as it is mine, that they saved the boy for us. And if you wish it, child, I will put on my bonnet right away, and go down with you to see old Magnus; and if I can do anything for him, I am sure God will forgive me for not telling Nils, as sure as Nils would forgive me, when he had scolded me a little, if he knew it. And I will go down and watch some night this week when I am done salting down the beans, and to-night I will send one of the girls."

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Norderud," exclaimed Helga, heartily. "I am sure you can do a great deal more for him than that doctor who talks such bad grammar, and spells 'spoon' with a 'u' and an 'e.'"

Mrs. Norderud smiled her simple Norse smile, showing that in spite of her advanced years, she was not impervious to flattery.

"Sit down and wait for me a moment, while I go and fetch the beans," she said, pointing to a rustic bench under a large, spreading apple-tree.

Her gentle, restful presence had soothed Helga's excitement, and pushed the memory of her own troubles into the background of her mind. But as she was once more alone, they returned to her with renewed vividness, and she felt an irresistible impulse to weep. The matron busied herself for several minutes among her vegetables, and when she came back, being struck with the haggard expression of the girl's face, she inquired anxiously:

"You are feeling ill, child, are you not? You certainly need looking after yourself, as much as the old man does. Wont you come in and let me make some strong coffee for you?—and perhaps some elder tea,—that might do you good. You go at things in such a headlong way, child, and when you have got something into your head, you don't heed the advice of your elders, as know better than you do."

She had seated herself on the bench, and taken Helga's hand in hers. Her tenderly reproachful tone, even more than the words themselves, which were scarcely heard, melted the chilly numbness which had gathered like an icy crust around the girl's heart. The tears burst forth. She buried her face in Mrs. Norderud's lap, and tried no more to restrain her convulsive sobs.

"Poor child! She is sick and tired," murmured the kind-hearted woman, as if Helga's helpless state made it inadvisable to address her directly. "Some one ought to look after her. If she was my child, I should never allow her to wear herself all out, never getting out of her clothes, and getting a good night's rest,—and going with wet feet, and all for the sake of an old man as hasn't got very long to live, anyway!"

And she sat long, stroking the young girl's hair caressingly, and continuing her soliloquy, enumerating all the things she would have done if Helga had been her own child.

Helga had never known the relief of a real confidence; and, while her existence had flowed on, forming merely a part of the general monotony which pervades the year, like a damp mist, in our Western villages, she had hardly felt the need of it. But since she had known the deeper sorrows and joys of an all-absorbing pas-

sion, her life had gathered a swifter impulse, and with a conscious, half-impatient dignity, held itself aloof from the cold commonplaceness which surrounded her—like a current of a purer liquid which refuses to mingle with water at its common temperature. But now, as she felt Mrs. Norderud's caressing touch on her head, and heard her tender and soothing words, a sense of her utter helplessness came over her, and she yearned to pour out to her all her hidden hopes, and yearnings, and regrets. But alas! she was Ingrid's mother—it could not be.

CHAPTER XV.

MAGNUS'S POSTHUMOUS CAREER.

OLD MAGNUS was dead; and for several reasons his death became an event of far greater significance in the annals of the settlement of Hardanger than his life had ever been. First it supplied the town with a *bon-mot;* not a very epigrammatic one I admit, but still rudely expressive as Norse *bon-mots* are apt to be. "'I will never trouble you again,' as Magnus said to the Almighty," is still a favorite saying among the Norsemen in Hardanger.

The origin of this saying was as follows, and I shall try to relate it as reverently as it was uttered by the supplicant himself and told by Helga to Norderud the morning after the old man's death:

Helga had long been endeavoring in vain to impress Magnus with a sense of his own sinfulness and his responsibility before God. He had always resented such insinuations as a reflection upon his good name and character which he could not allow to pass uncontradicted. At last, however, when suffering had subdued his spirit, she had prevailed upon him to pray, and with an earnestness, strangely out of keeping with the seeming flippancy of his words, his untutored soul addressed itself to its Maker with this singular supplication:

"O Lord," he said, in a hoarse whisper (for he had hardly breath enough left to speak), "I have never been in the habit of troubling you much with my affairs, and if you will help me safely through this straight I don't think I shall ever trouble you again."

The pastor found in this incident a text for a very impressive sermon regarding the incapacity of the worldly mind to comprehend the things that pertain to God and his kingdom. To Helga it always remained a source of distress that she had succeeded so poorly in preparing the old man for the life to come, and she had no sympathy with those who were disposed to make the unhappy incident an occasion for mirth. I am sorry to add that Van Flint and she had quite a serious dispute as to how this "lingering Norse paganism," as he called it, ought properly to be viewed.

Old Magnus's death, however, led to even graver complications than these. Norderud, who had undertaken to defray the expenses of the funeral, had sent the usual notice to the parish clerk, who had again communicated it to the pastor. That gentleman, however, was disposed to view a communication which came indirectly from Norderud, even though it was a mere simple statement of the fact that an old man had died, in the light of a personal affront, and it was with a good deal of vindictive satisfaction that he sat down and wrote the following answer:

PARSONAGE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR,
HARDANGER, September 20th, 186—

S. T.

NILS AMUNDSON NORDERUD:

From your note of yesterday addressed to Mr. Halvorson, the parish clerk, I infer that you expect me to officiate at the funeral of the late Magnus Throndson Haeggestad. It will hardly surprise you when I hereby inform you that I am under no obligation, either legal or moral, to comply with your request, as the deceased was not a member of my congregation.

Secondly, I beg leave to notify you that I shall give positive instructions to the sextons (and in this I am confident the trustees, as a body, will support me) under no circumstances to permit the body of the said Magnus Throndson Haeggestad to be deposited in the cemetery belonging to the Lutheran Church of Hardanger.

I therefore advise you to apply to a preacher of some one of the numerous sects which infest this place, as I have no doubt that among them you may find some one who is willing to accommodate you.

MARCUS T. FALCONBERG, Minister.

Mr. Falconberg thought this last thrust especially a dexterous one, and chuckled in anticipation of the effect it would have upon his antagonist. He was well aware that Norderud was at heart as stanch a Lutheran as himself, and that rather than have recourse to the "sects" he would bury the dead man himself. He was further aware that Norsemen do not yield to the ancient Athenians in their religious care for the dead, and that, in their opinion, the fate of the departed soul in the hereafter depends largely upon the kind of earth in which his perishable remains are awaiting the sounding of the last trump here below. A hundred harrowing tales had followed them from their old home, of uneasy ghosts who returned with

the midnight hour to revisit their earthly haunts, being unable to enter the abode of the blest because their bones rested in unhallowed ground. This subtle texture of intolerance and superstition time is slow to unravel, and enlightened men like Norderud who in the high noonday of public life might be inclined to regard Death, from a Malthusian point of view, as rather a beneficent institution, still in the privacy of their own hearts saw him as the dread old skeleton with the scythe and shuddered at the thought of incurring his displeasure.

Mr. Falconberg had really for once succeeded in giving his enemy a painful shock of surprise. Norderud was utterly at a loss to know what to do. That the pastor was trying to give him a blow over the dead man's shoulder (supposing that a dead man could lend himself to that attitude) he never for a moment doubted, and this, even more than his own defeat, filled his generous soul with indignation. When his irritation had subsided sufficiently to enable him to weigh the question coolly, he dispatched a messenger to his sons, Knut and Thorarin, in whose good sense and sagacity he had unlimited confidence. In fact, he seldom decided any important issue without hearing their counsel. Amund, Van Flint and Einar were also summoned, and after a long consultation in "The Citizen" office the following plan was agreed upon. During the night the father and the three sons would themselves dig a grave on their own lot in the cemetery, and the next morning, which was a Sunday, they would bring the coffin from the house of the deceased and place it on the edge of the grave. The doctor was to speak to Mr. Falconberg when the service was at an end and lead him across the church-yard to the open grave. Then, in the presence of all the congregation and while the robes of his sacred office might be supposed to hide his small personal resentments, he would hardly have the heart to refuse to throw a handful of earth upon a poor departed sinner.

The mood of autumn had perceptibly deepened. The oaks and maples along the streets and in the neighboring glens began to show dashes of purple and crimson and yellow, a thin, faintly flushed haze hung motionless over the fields, and the heavens dozed in a warm, misty monotony, suffused here and there with tints of more passionate coloring. Although the day was very warm, the Reverend Marcus Falconberg at the appointed hour mounted the steps to his pulpit with his usual firm, ponderous dignity, and Norderud, who sat in his front pew leaning on the head of his cane in his wonted attitude of sober meditation, will testify that his eloquence could not have been more lustily aggressive if the thermometer had been at zero. He pounded the velvet cushions, which lined the edge of the pulpit, with a certain pugnacious zest as if to give a palpable demonstration of how the enemies of God ought to be dealt with, clenched his fists threateningly and wiped his brow with an utter disregard for his fluted ruff and wristbands which, by the time his eloquence had exhausted itself, had collapsed into a state of disreputable limpness.

When the service was concluded, Van Flint, according to agreement, intercepted the pastor as he started on his homeward way and sauntered leisurely at his side across the cemetery, at the further end of which the parsonage was situated. For, according to Norse belief, the church spreads its peace and blessing over the abodes of the dead, and they therefore always place their burial-ground in its very shadow. Since the town had grown up repeated attempts had been made to induce them to remove it, but they had hitherto clung to the old tradition, and prayers and threats had proved equally unavailing.

"What does that mean?" exclaimed Mr. Falconberg in an irritated tone, as he caught sight of Norderud surrounded by a throng of people. "Is your friend, the demagogue, carrying his political agitations even into the house of God?"

"It is a dead man," responded the doctor, calmly, "waiting to be consigned to the earth."

"Ah!" snarled the pastor, as the crowd fell aside, revealing the black coffin standing at the edge of a grave. "So you think you have outwitted me, do you? You think I am afraid to defy your honorable partner here in the presence of half the congregation. But you do not know me, sir, you do not know me," and the pastor wheeled around on his heel and marched rapidly in the direction of his house.

"Mr. Falconberg," cried Van Flint in a tone of earnest remonstrance, "I adjure you not to allow your personal animosity to Mr. Norderud to bias your judgment in so important a matter. Listen to me: it is not to Mr. Norderud that you yield in this instance—it is to your own sense of duty, to your own conscience, to God."

"Who will presume to instruct me concerning my duties to God and to my own conscience?" answered the pastor, with a sudden explosion of wrath. "The man, I tell you, was *not* my parishioner, and I have nothing to do with him either living or dead."

Norderud had from his station at the grave followed Van Flint and the pastor with earnest watchfulness. As he became aware that the doctor's mission had failed, he made his way through the crowd and called out:

"Mr. Pastor!"

Mr. Falconberg faced abruptly about.

"What do you wish, sir?" he said, fiercely.

"One moment, with your permission," Norderud went on in his quiet, respectful way (for the pastor was still in his clerical robes). "I only wanted to beg you to forgive me for having done what may seem to you tricky and not quite the square thing to do. But you see, Mr. Pastor, I had the dead body on my hands, and the weather is hot, and the truth is, I didn't know what else to do."

The church people had now gathered in a dense ring about the three principal actors, and stood staring with that vague satisfaction which most of us are apt to feel when something unusual is going on, in which our own interests are not directly concerned.

"May I ask you," inquired the minister, with forced composure, "if you did not receive a note from me, in which I gave you my advice as to how you might dispose of the dead body?"

"I could hardly believe that the pastor was in earnest about that. Old Magnus —God have mercy on his soul!—whatever his failings may have been, was of the right faith, and it would be a great sin and shame if I were to dig a hole for him and throw him into it like a dog, away from his countrymen and without having the church-book read over him. It is criminals and folks that take their own lives that are treated in that way, and not Christians. And I may say this, Mr. Pastor, that if you have a grudge against me, as I know you have, it would be well if you would let it be all square only for to-day, and then to-morrow you may take it up again where you left it yesterday. But I should never have peace if I was to think that a dead man, who can't defend himself, had to suffer because of the disagreements that are between you and me."

The pastor made a movement of impatience, then thrust his hands into the side pockets of his black robe, and let his eyes wander over the multitude with an air of supreme indifference. He was wondering at his own composure, vaguely admiring it, and more determined than ever to stand his ground. Moreover, he was blind enough to interpret Norderud's respectfulness as humility, arising from the consciousness of having been vanquished. Little did he know how that sturdy, generous soul, with its deep sense of justice, was inwardly boiling with righteous indignation, and at that very moment visiting him with its severest condemnation.

For several minutes the silence was oppressive. Every one stood listening to his own heart-beats, and wondering what was to happen. Then the crowd suddenly fell apart, and two women advanced toward the pastor. The one was tall and stately, dressed in somber colors and with a dark veil over her face,—the other, small, plump, and pale, and her eyes were swollen with weeping. It was Helga and Annie Lisbeth, the daughter of the deceased. Mr. Falconberg was suddenly roused. He fell back several steps, and sent Helga a flaming glance, to which she responded with a fierce flash from under her veil.

"Pastor," faltered Annie Lisbeth, while the large tears trickled down her cheeks, "my father—he is dead—he can do no one any harm now. Would you not say a prayer over him—and—and—throw earth upon him?"

A strong movement of sympathy stirred the crowd. There were no more indifferent faces. The doctor, who was as tender-hearted as a woman, turned abruptly away. Several rough coat-sleeves were seen stealing up to the corners of moist blue eyes, and here and there a subdued sob was heard. The simple appeal had melted all hearts—except the pastor's.

"Child," he began in a hard, didactic tone, "you do not know what you ask. I have nothing against your dead father, and would prefer to see him properly buried. But here a principle is involved, and I cannot yield. Do not importune me any more. It is of no avail. And now," he added, turning from the young girl to the congregation, "I wish to say in conclusion, that this should be a warning to those who hang about the church, sharing in its privileges without contributing to its support."

Helga stood listening to these hard, un-

feeling words, and she burned with anger. She yearned to give vent to all the tumult which raged within her, but somehow she had a presentiment that she would break down and end, woman's fashion, with a tearful appeal, and this fear checked her eager tongue. So she was content to draw herself up to her full height, imagining that she was in this way giving expression to her mute scorn and defiance. Annie Lisbeth leaned upon her arm, weeping. Mr. Falconberg, noticing the challenging erectness of her attitude, and dreading another scene, moved away as hastily as the dignity of his robes would permit. The crowd broke up into smaller groups, and continued to discuss what had taken place with the ponderous, monosyllabic earnestness of excited Norsemen. Norderud and his sons lifted the coffin once more upon their wagon, and drove home.

During the afternoon, the intense feverish stillness, which was not rest, but rather the forced equilibrium of strong conflicting powers, was suddenly broken, and the world began to draw long, refreshing breaths. Fitful gusts of wind coursed aimlessly through the air, the red, misty bar which ran like a dusty path of flame along the western horizon darkened and grew broader; strange, vague cries, which seemed to come from nowhere, rose heavenward, impressing, as it were, some subtler organ than the outward ear, and a brilliant net-work of lightning illuminated the intervals between the heavy embankments of cloud. In the Norderud mansion, doors and window-shutters were closed, and the bell-handle was wound with black crape. In the sitting-room sat Norderud, tall and solemn, with the large, silver-clasped family Bible lying open on the table before him. He had been reading in the Gospel of Saint Matthew of how David and his men ate the show-bread, which only the priests were permitted to eat, and still, by the Savior, were accounted blameless. In the middle of the room stood the coffin, supported on six chairs, and around the walls the various members of the family were seated, listening in grave silence to the father's exposition of the Scriptural lesson. Einar, Helga, Van Flint, and Ingrid were all there, but somehow they only saw each other as through a haze. The solemn occasion had pushed all personal emotions, if not into oblivion, then at least into a dimmer, more remote region of consciousness.

There is no need of dwelling on the details of the discussion which followed. The moral of the lesson was plain enough. If David had, in a moment of extreme need, done that which was forbidden, and still been blameless, there would also be forgiveness for those here assembled, if in their distress they departed from the letter of the law, adhering the more reverently to its spirit.

Six hours later, when night had folded the world in her soft cloak of darkness, Norderud, with his tall sons, again emerged from the house, carrying between them the homeless corpse which the earth had refused to receive. They placed the coffin upon the wagon which stood ready at the door. Thorarin took the reins, and the horses slowly moved off. Then came Helga, leaning on Einar's arm (for in the darkness they had felt irresistibly drawn to each other), and the doctor, shyly supporting the sobbing Annie Lisbeth, who, in her helplessness, rested heavily upon him. The heavens were now girded with storm-driven clouds, leaving a broad path-way of blue from the zenith northward, through which some faint stars peeped forth with a timid, uncertain glimmer. Now and then the overcharged batteries of the skies sent forth their swift flashes of flame, and sullen mutterings in the distance indicated the approaching march of the thunder.

Einar and Helga, it is only just to say, had set out on this midnight expedition without any thought of themselves. They had both been prompted by a generous desire to stand by Norderud, and to share the burden of blame which would fall upon him, when his action should become known. Helga, moreover, had met all her mother's opposition by the argument that Annie Lisbeth needed her presence, that she might not be the only woman among so many men. But no sooner had the darkness closed around them, than she felt a wild tumult of happiness, against which both reason and conscience were helpless. It was the spontaneous reaction of healthy, full-blooded youth against the ascetic restraints which, in her self-subduing ardor, she had imposed upon herself. For a vigorous young soul, if the artificial pressure be but momentarily removed, will bound back into its natural attitude of joyous energy as readily as a bended branch recovers its wonted position. And Helga, with all her large capacity for happiness, had known so little of it. She had only felt it as some-

thing dimly divined, which appealed strongly to something kindred in herself, and stirred her with its vague promise. In the world of which she was a part and which was a part of her, and by whose laws, vital or petty, she had unconsciously been governed, every step toward the realization of her supreme wish had been checked by a complication of motives which it was beyond her power to unravel. But here, in this vast void of gloom, she seemed somehow withdrawn from it. Its voices could no longer reach her, and the strong needs and desires of her soul stood before her in their primal nudity. For this great solemnity of the night rouses the primitive man in all of us. The day too often cripples our most generous resolves by its multitude of motives and counter-motives. Surely large deeds are more easily wrought in the night, —both for good and for evil.

Very little was said as they walked on through the great stillness, clinging to each other with happy heedlessness, each glowing responsively with a supreme trust in the other's love. Had they been alone, it would have been almost easy to him to unlock to her the hidden chamber of his heart, and reveal the mute guilt and agony which had so long struggled for utterance; and to her, I believe, when the first shock was past, it would have been easy to forgive. In this moment all else seemed small and insignificant, except the great fact that she loved him. And even a grave error would only have changed her attitude toward him in so far as it would have called out a more abundant compassion.

They now paused at the entrance to the church-yard. Norderud unlocked the gate; Amund and Thorarin each lighted a torch which they had brought with them, and all the men took hold of the coffin and carried it to the edge of the grave. Amund had handed his torch to Helga, while Einar had seized a rope and assisted the others in lowering the dead down into the earth. But no sooner did Helga feel herself alone than the terror of the situation urged itself upon her. The presence of death, the darkness, and the dread desolation rushed upon her with overwhelming force; she saw the coffin sinking down—down, and she seemed herself to be sinking with it. It grew dark before her eyes, her hands trembled, and a sudden pallor spread over her countenance. Einar, seeing the wild terror of her face, let go the rope, leaped across the grave, and she fell helplessly into his arms. The torch dropped from her hand; the coffin fell, with a hollow thump, down into the deep. Annie Lisbeth gave a shriek of horror. A broad sheet of flame darted across the sky, illumining the scene for an instant with its weird glare, and again the thick darkness closed about them. But out of the darkness Norderud's voice rose in loud, beseeching tones, calling upon Him who knoweth the heart of man to judge this deed according to the motive which prompted it, even if the deed itself were wrong in His sight; imploring Him, out of His great compassion, to give His peace which passeth all understanding unto this dead man, whom they had sunk into the earth stealthily at the midnight hour, without priest and without priestly blessing, as though he were a thief and a murderer. The wind broke with fierce whistling through the trees above, and large drops of rain were beginning to fall. Then the men all arose, filled the grave hastily with earth, and hurried homeward. Einar and the doctor had walked on in advance with Helga, whom the cold wind and the rain had restored to consciousness.

At the gate of the Norderud mansion they were met by Mrs. Norderud and Ingrid, who were anxiously awaiting their return. Hot coffee—the worthy matron's panacea for all ills, from toothache to an evil conscience—was promptly served; but gloom had settled on all, and the conversation refused to flow. Each longed for a moment of solitude, to bring clearness into the confused impressions of the night, and Ingrid, who had been making the round of the guest-chambers to see that everything was in order, caused something of a sensation when she announced that the company was at liberty to retire.

CHAPTER XVI.

"BANNER" *versus* "CITIZEN."

PURITANISM was too positive an element in the American civilization to be overcome by any later influences, however strong and enduring. It still pervades our whole continent as a silent force, quenching the glitter of every picturesque new-comer. The vivid colors of national costume are gradually toned down to a demure somberness, and soon utterly vanish. There were no silver brooches of elaborately fantastic design, no scarlet bodices, no red-peaked caps to be seen in Hardanger. The immigrant instinctively felt that these picturesque details of

dress alienated him from his fellow-men, and who, with all the pride of nationality, wishes forever to remain a stranger? Moreover, individuality in costume was one of those things which popular opinion in Hardanger least of all tolerated. That period was not very remote when a shirt-collar, even though it were of paper, was supposed to be indicative of aristocratic proclivities and consequent disloyalty to the republic, and when blacked boots and clean cuffs were regarded as a direct challenge to the community. Even in the style of beards, in manners, and in choice of idioms, this same tendency toward democratic uniformity was distinctly perceptible. A certain stoic composure, even in the most exciting situations, was held to be an indispensable attribute of civic dignity, and violent gestures and exclamations of wonder, unmixed with profanity, were the marks of a neophyte.

An outside observer, judging from this stoic disposition and apathetic demeanor of the community, might have been justified in the conclusion that Emerson was its favorite philosopher, Bryant its poet, and "The Nation" its political gospel. But I am forced to admit that such conclusions would have proved very unsafe—that, as regards its literary tastes, Hardanger, like the house in Scripture which is doomed to fall, was sadly at variance with itself. To the eyes of the Hardanger youth, the flaming show-bills of certain obscure New York weeklies, which covered walls and fences, possessed a baleful fascination, and in the public schools dime novels were often found hidden among the leaves of patriotic "Sixth Readers" and sober-minded text-books on mathematics. Among voting paterfamilias there were of course many, and perhaps a majority, who in public praised the stately dignity of "The Citizen"; but even among these there were some who privately gloated over the feverish rhetoric and scurrilous witticisms which filled the columns of "The Democratic Banner."

There was, however, at this particular time a legitimate reason why even worthy Norse fathers should not entirely ignore the existence of the obnoxious "Banner." The hostility between the two papers, which had of late been growing languid and intermittent, expending itself in veiled thrusts and contemptuous epithets, chiefly of a personal character, had all of a sudden gathered a dramatic force which had quite startled the community. As soon as the darkness had rolled away from the unconsecrated grave in the church-yard, the story of Norderud's daring deed spread through the village like fire in withered grass. Some asserted that he had read the whole burial-service out of the liturgy, and that Finnson had assumed the *rôle* of parish clerk, singing the hymn and saying "amen" at the proper places; before long it was even suspected that he had invested himself with the clerical robes, which were kept in the sacristy of the church, and had, in the dead of night, been going through a sort of mock performance, only to gratify his hatred of the pastor. It is needless to say that among those who knew Norderud well, such rumors could find little credence; but among the far larger class of later immigrants, who knew him only as a man who had been more fortunate than they, and vaguely feared him as the representative of dangerous, un-Norwegian ideas, no report seemed too extravagant for belief. No one who does not know the deep-seated reverence of a Norseman's nature and the affection with which he clings even to the outward ceremonial of the established church, can imagine the horror with which these rumors were received. English conservatism is proverbially a hard and stubborn thing to deal with; but, after all, it is not absolutely fixed and unbending; it is like a dam which wisely regulates the expenditure of national strength, occasionally opening its flood-gates when the pressure is found to be too severe. But Norse conservatism is as rigid, unelastic, unyielding as the primeval granite which was the nation's cradle; wherefore progress in Norway is rarely the result of individual growth, but rather the inevitable widening of the gulf which separates each new generation from the old. People with national traditions like these are already by nature molded in sympathy with the Puritanic spirit of the New World, and in a land where radicalism of all shades flourishes and liberty is apt to run riot, the Norse immigration furnishes the sort of ballast which we are especially in need of.

To check the ever-spreading rumors, Norderud inserted in "The Citizen" a very sober paragraph, stating that on the 23d of September, 186— he himself and a few friends (whose names were given) had consigned the mortal remains of the late Magnus Throndson Haeggestad to the earth; that they had done this, forced by circumstances, without the knowledge and consent of the pastor, because the deceased, although not a regular member of Mr. Falconberg's congregation, nevertheless by faith and ances-

try belonged to the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Whatever blame there might be in the matter he took upon himself solely, as those who with him had participated in the affair had done so only at his request. Nothing could be more neutral in tone and less calculated to stir up bad feeling than this sober-minded announcement, and Norderud did flatter himself that the affair would here be at an end. What made him particularly anxious to bring about this result was the fact that the Republican State Committee had formally requested him to become their candidate for the vacant seat in the state senate, and when he hesitated to accept the nomination had given him many polite assurances that his popularity among his countrymen made him the most available candidate they could put into the field. In his heart of hearts he was quite inclined to coincide in their judgment, but if he was to accept, which he thought not unlikely, it would be disastrous to complicate the campaign by the introduction of side issues which might alienate a large class of voters. Hence, although he never for a moment regretted his course toward the pastor, the less said about the nocturnal funeral the better. For, from a political point of view, the pastor was a very formidable opponent whom it was well worth an effort to conciliate. And let it argue no blame to Norderud that under this new combined impulse of duty and ambition he began to busy himself with various benevolent schemes which he was confident would meet with the pastor's approval. His charities had always been extensive, but they had hitherto been of a half-clandestine and entirely unofficial character. He hated anything like display, and it made him positively unhappy if anybody came to thank him. Now, however, he was less averse to dispensing his benevolence through the legitimate ecclesiastical channels. But I regret to state that in the present case he was reckoning without his host. The supposed conciliatory paragraph in "The Citizen" had had the very opposite effect upon Mr. Falconberg.

"He even dares to challenge me in the face of the whole community," said the irascible prelate, with that angry snarl in his voice which was far more dangerous than his usual tone of loud denunciation. "First, he wantonly profanes the sanctity of my office, and then publicly avows that he did it, flaunting my own powerlessness in my face because in this barbarous country I have no legal means of punishing him."

Nils Nyhus, to whom these words were addressed, had come to sound the pastor's mind in regard to Norderud's participation in the church charities, but his preliminary survey of the field convinced him that the mention of his friend's benevolent intentions was for the moment unadvisable. It would only give his antagonist an advantage which he would not scruple to make use of. Mr. Nyhus therefore retired with the mournful reflection that the world was fast coming to pieces. Between the general government at Washington which tolerated a turn-coat in the presidential chair and allowed roads and bridges to go to ruin (Mr. Nyhus was still slightly mixed up on the subject of governmental functions), and a church organization ruled by a man who persisted in quarreling with his best parishioners, there was very little which an honest man could contemplate with any degree of satisfaction.

Of course Norderud knew Mr. Falconberg's combative temperament too well to suppose that he would quietly pocket an insult, even though it were an imaginary one. His only wonder was as to what shape his resentment would take. It was therefore something of a relief when the next issue of "The Banner" brought out an article with the expected signature, abundantly sprinkled with Biblical quotations, comparing him to Samson because he had had the seven locks of his strength shorn off by the Philistine harlot of ambition. The article was written in an amusingly supercilious tone and from a strictly pastoral point of view. The writer's only care seemed to be to save Norderud's soul, which he felt convinced was on the broad way to destruction. The burial of Magnus was represented as a shrewd bid for popularity, a demagogic effort, on Norderud's part, to identify himself with the interests of the poor whose only wealth was their vote. He wound up with a devout prayer that God might change the unregenerate heart, forgive the sinner his misdoings, and not visit them, according to His menace, upon the third and fourth generations.

It may seem incredible that any man in the present century could write in this tone, but let any one who believes the above report exaggerated refer to the printed controversies between the two Scandinavian synods of the West and he will find abundant parallels. And Norderud was too

well accustomed to that style of literature to be greatly surprised; although, to be sure, the blood did mount in a fuller current to his head when he saw the interpretation that was put upon the most unselfish act he had performed in all his life. As for submitting meekly to this kind of treatment it never for a moment occurred to him. While, after his fashion, he sat ruminating over the insulting phrases, they seemed to eat like a corrosive acid ever more deeply into his mind. At the end of an hour he was thoroughly roused, determined to vindicate his dignity and to return blow for blow. His wife, who had watched him in sympathetic silence from her seat at the loom, now advanced half timidly to the middle of the room where she paused, waiting for some look of encouragement to permit her to share his trouble.

"You do not look quite like yourself, Nils," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you, Karen," he answered, with grave kindliness, "you can do nothing."

Norderud was not usually subject to caprices; in his house he was the kindest, most even-tempered man that could well be imagined. This look of brooding solemnity which had so suddenly come over him, therefore filled his wife with apprehension. She had the profoundest respect for the powers of his mind, and was inclined to believe that there never was a man who was so overburdened with important duties as he. It seemed almost like presumption on her part to attempt to fathom or even to understand them. Once, to be sure, in the early days of their marriage, while they were both plain Norse peasants, it had been different. Then he had of his own accord confided to her all his plans and his ever benevolent ambitions, and she had differed from him or assented as her inborn sagacity and practical sense might prompt her. But it is one of the tragic phases of immigration that it invariably offers ampler conditions for intellectual growth to man than it does to woman. If Nils and Karen Norderud had never left their native land they would have remained in their early bond of equal ignorance; the wife would then have had no sense of an intellectual distance between herself and her husband, no consciousness of some loftier region in his mind which it would be vain for her to attempt to explore. In their case, however, this distance was not really great enough to exclude mutual sympathy, and to open the way for tragic incidents. Their early love was still as vital as ever, and their mutual trust none the less for the tacit admission of a difference in intellectual reach.

Mrs. Norderud's standing remedy for troubles which were too intricate for her own comprehension was to send for Doctor Van Flint, whose wisdom she believed to be second only to that of her husband. So in the present instance she dispatched a messenger to the doctor with the request that "if he would drop in, as it were by accident, she would be greatly obliged to him." The doctor well understood what this injunction meant and with a little genial hypocrisy managed the "accident" to perfection. Norderud's countenance immediately brightened as he entered; he returned his greeting with a familiar nod, and without a word handed him "The Banner."

"That is exactly what I came to talk with you about," said the doctor, throwing himself into an arm-chair and rubbing his spectacles meditatively while he spoke. "It is just what might be expected from that quarter. All that about your soul, however, I think is rather good. Only the snarl of personal anger hisses rather too audibly through his trumpet tones of sacred indignation."

"And what do you think we ought to do?"

"What ought we to do? In the first place we ought no longer shoot with blank cartridges. The pastor handles things in a shockingly ungloved manner; he has himself set the example, and we ought in return to roll up our sleeves and on our side show at least an equal amount of rhetorical energy."

Mrs. Norderud had again resumed her seat at the loom, and occasionally sent the shuttle flying with a feigned air of pre-occupation while at the same time she leaned forward and listened with anxious interest to the conversation.

"There is one thing which troubles me in this matter," began Norderud, after a pause. "I have been requested to accept the Republican nomination for the state senate——"

"Good!" interrupted Van Flint. "That will give a capital start to the paper."

"And you don't think that this controversy will hurt my prospects as a candidate?"

"Not in the least. It will rather infuse fresh life into an otherwise dull campaign."

"You have often told me, Doctor," said Norderud, with a futile effort to suppress a smile (for the doctor's cheerfulness was strangely contagious), "that your policy is to vote for the worst man, as the best means to bring about that crisis which only can regenerate our political system. It is very flattering to me to know that it is probably on the same principle that you are advocating my candidacy."

"My principles are made of very flexible stuff, Mr. Norderud," responded Van Flint, chuckling. "And, moreover, if a man should not have the privilege of entertaining a few inconsistencies in himself, life would be rather a dull affair. Your *toga candida*, to be sure, is quite a virgin garment as yet —has no invisible stains, that I know of, because it has never been worn. But, to be serious, since our Republican statesmen have had an attack of virtue—which is by no means a frequent occurrence—you have really no right to defeat their good intentions by refusing the nomination. Even if you are defeated you will be none the worse for it."

It was true, the doctor had on several occasions, when Congress had committed an act of more than the average stupidity, pledged himself to the policy of supporting the worst candidate, in order that he might have the satisfaction of seeing "the whole thing going to the devil—the sooner, the better." He was one of those men who, because they refuse to take a superficially optimistic view of public affairs, get the reputation of being rather unpatriotic; and, curiously enough, he never took the pains in conversation to correct this impression. Nevertheless, he followed public events with the keenest watchfulness, and felt anything which compromised the nation's honor as if it had been a personal misfortune. He had very decided opinions on the subject of the currency question and civil service reform (in which he anticipated statesmen of a later day), and—what was a continual puzzle to his nearest surroundings—these opinions kept cropping out often, in the doctor's identical phraseology, in leading newspapers, in the state legislatures, and even in the halls of Congress. The fact was, the doctor kept a very firm hold upon his friends, many of whom occupied important positions in politics and journalism, and through his extensive correspondence he was unweariedly asserting his influence in order to prepare the way for the two measures of reform which he had most closely at heart. Norderud, however, had long ago discovered the key to the enigmas in Van Flint's character, and listened to the contradictions of his alternating moods with unwondering composure, as if the logical link had never for a moment been broken.

(To be continued.)

THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.

"*Moi, je veux régner par l'effroi.*"—CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

IT SEEMS impossible to reach the apex of tragedy without at last calling on Death to aid in the work. This is to be explained, presumably, by the fact that death is the catastrophe of Nature, and Nature is at best a tragedy.

But how can we realize this catastrophe? Who shall ever answer the awful question? Possibly, at supreme points, when the soul, in some ineffable exigency, hovers a moment over the abysm of infinite terror, the human mind may catch a mere twinkle, so to speak, of the vast flame of death; but the descriptive power of our language seems worthless when it is required to compass the horrible height and breadth and depth of the mystery of the final change.

One frequently sees the phrase—"idea of Death;" but it is only now and then that suddenly, like a besom from some vast charnel-land, with a voice never before heard, and a sound of destroying wings, rushes upon one the dim, bewildering, appalling phantom of that idea. The skeleton man with the scythe is not the true figure of Death. No artist ever dared attempt to limn the monster. No eye has ever studied his outlines or proportions. So-called philosophers and moralists, it is true, from the remotest times have felt it their duty to speak pleasantly, even gayly, of this last great step into the dark. Men have schooled themselves to meet with a visible joy the most revolting forms of death, stepping with quick feet and a clever show of cheerfulness through the dark gate into the strange

Beyond. But it has never been demonstrated with certainty that such joy and willingness is more than apparent or deeper than the face, or that the soul of the victim is not, in every case, frozen with terror. It is clear that death has two forms of frightfulness for the human—the form of ultimate physical agony and the form of doubt in its awfulest shape. The latter form is never considered in emergency. It is the specter of reflective moments. The former comes involuntarily, at moments of infinite peril, and around it swarm all the regrets, the loves, the aspirations and the glories of this world. Death is, in that case, a suddenly risen monster with power to excite with a storm of fear the fountains of life into a white foam of horror.

No doubt the natural way for death to come is by the slow process of old age—a gradual wasting of the body and the life together, until finally, in the mere flickering of the last breath, and the closing flutter of the pulse, there remains no power, no capacity of suffering.

Some pretend to believe that, after all, death is more to be dreaded as an idea than as a reality. With this idea we have to do at present. We will regard it as a great ghost of all horrors. Let us view it as coming to the young and vigorous—coming slowly at first, creeping on before their eyes, irrevocably, then with a great rush plunging upon them. In the highest lift of mathematical reasoning, where the calculus of differentiation takes the mind so far that it hovers on the very point of infinite expression, where, quick as thought, after a strong wrestle with the vanishing theory, one grasps the ultimate change and passes to the limit, is found the best idea of death if one could only clothe it in horror as concentrated and condensed as its logic. But this would only be natural death. Death by force has no parallel; it cannot be idealized. We desire to understand the effect of death coming upon the sane and happy with notice, but without time for preparation. It will be recollected that De Quincey has pictured a "Vision of Sudden Death." Let our picture be one where Death hovers over or stands before his victim a while, with hideous art adding delay to all his terrors. There must be the element of utter certainty of doom—no possibility of escape, not even a chance for resistance. Death must come like ages of torture condensed into a few lingering moments of supreme suspense, with some feints and horrible dallyings with the catastrophe. In De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death" the monster swoops down upon two lovers without warning. It is a moment of ecstatic fright—a sudden whirlwind of utter horror. But this does not serve our turn. Our lovers, younger and more beautiful than those of the opium-eater's vision, really lived, breathed and suffered. Death came stalking up to them slowly, mercilessly, irrevocably. They had time to comprehend him fully, if such a thing is ever possible. They were snatched up, too, betwixt the marriage altar and the nuptial bed and placed confronting Death, with all the certainty of fate in the awful circumstances, and with not a remote hope of escape to soften the exigency.

We shall have to go back a few hundreds of years to a time in the world's life when tyranny had nothing to fear, and when death was often as picturesque as it was revolting and terrible.

It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. No one could say where this rumor had originated, nor could the precise nature of the approaching spectacle be ascertained. That it would be blood-curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour.

The Roman Circus was founded and in great part built by Tarquinius Priscus; but after his time it was added to and decorated until it became a wonder of architectural art. It took its name from the elliptical form of its inclosing wall, and stood between the Aventine and Palatine hills, its greatest length being 2,187½ feet, and its greatest width a little more than a third of its length. *Fori*, or seats of stone and wood ran all round the vast wall, rising one above another, sufficient to seat 380,000 persons. Here Commodus and many tyrants before him had often called the Romans to witness exciting scenes, varying in their nature from gladiatorial contests to naval engagements on artificial seas, from horse-races to tiger-fights, and spectacles too hideously revolting to be mentioned in these enlightened days. Along the middle of the floor of the Circus ran a low brick wall called the *spina*,

which reached almost from end to end of the arena.

All the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was *petite* and lovely beyond compare. His hair was blue-black and crisp, and a young soft beard curled over his cheek and lips. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her feet and trailing behind her as she walked. His eyes were dark and proud, hers gray and deep as those of a goddess. Both were nude, excepting a short kirtle reaching to near the knee. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the great circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said:

"Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. This youth and this girl have not yet pressed the nuptial couch. They never will. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed!"

This strange speech was repeated, sentence after sentence, by criers placed at intervals around the wall, so that every person in that vast crowd heard every word. No one, however, was astonished at the infamous deed in contemplation. Too often had Commodus, for the most trivial offense or for no offense at all, hurried Roman citizens to bloody death. And, indeed, why should a multitude schooled to take keen delight in gladiatorial combats ever shudder at anything?

But it was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's. Her pure bosom heaved and quivered with the awful terror suddenly generated within. The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Among the on-lookers many knew him as a trained athlete, and especially as an almost unerring archer. They knew him, too, as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the Circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The poor girl leaned her head against the naked breast of her lover and uttered a thin, short wail. His eyes did not change their firm stare, but the mighty muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered as he strained at the thongs in an effort to burst them, and his lips writhed into each other. He was beginning to realize that death was near him—and ah, near her! If only his hands were free and his good sword within reach, how joyfully he would battle for her against all the tigers in the world! But this certain death, how could he bear it? These beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs!—her true heart to quiver in their fangs! How supremely bitter a thing to helplessly contemplate! And she,—the trembling lily by his side,—she thought only of him, as the man who kept the beasts began from his safe place on the high cage, to unfasten the door and thus to let loose Death. Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bear them to the victims. Slowly the iron bolts were withdrawn and the door swung round. Nothing but thin air lay between the hungry red mouths and the nude defenseless bodies. For some moments the tigers did not move, excepting that they seemed rather to writhe crouchingly backward instead of advancing, as if shrinking from the devilish deed they were appointed to accomplish. There was no shrinking in their blood-shot eyes, however, and their slight recoil was but to gather themselves for the rush to the feast.

A murmur ran all round that vast ellipse—a murmur of remonstrance and disgust; for

now every one saw that the spectacle was to be a foul murder without even the show of a struggle. The alert eyes of Commodus were bent upon the crouching beasts. At the same time he noted well the restlessness and disappointment of the people. He understood his subjects and knew how to excite them. He was preparing to do a deed by which he hoped to elicit great applause. His triumph came like a thunderbolt and in a twinkling all was changed.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who, without lowering his fixed eyes, tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts she slid down and lay in a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened and a slight ashy pallor flickered on brow and eyelids. But he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The Circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims.

Suddenly, in this last moment, the maiden, by a great effort, writhed to her feet and covered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man. How white his face grows! How his eyes flame, immovably fixed upon the coming demons! Those who have often turned up their thumbs in this place for men to die, now hold their breath in utter disgust and sympathy.

Look for a brief time upon the picture: fifty thousand faces or more thrust forward gazing;—the helpless couple, lost to everything but the black horrors of death, quivering from foot to crown. Note the spotless beauty and the unselfish love of the girl. Mark well the stern power of the young man's face. Think of the marriage vows just taken—of the golden bowl of bliss a moment ago at their young lips. Think how sweet life must be to them on the threshold of their honeymoon. And now, oh! now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red, frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear musical note such as might have come from the gravest cord of a lyre if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and with the blood gushing from its eyes, ears and mouth, fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the world.

Had the tyrant been content to rest here, all would have been well. While yet the beasts were faintly struggling with death, he gave orders for a shifting of the scene. He was insatiable.

For the first time during the ordeal the youth's eyes moved. The girl, whose back was turned toward the beasts, was still waiting for the crushing horror of their assault.

A soldier, as directed, now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces farther away from the emperor, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however, he cried aloud:

"Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the ear of each!"

As before, the cry was caught up by other voices and echoed around the vast place.

The lovers were gazing into each other's eyes, still as statues, as if frozen by the cold fascination of death. In the few next following moments they must have lived a long life of horror. Some of the most observant onlookers saw a pink flush tinge the small, delicately turned ear of the maiden, as if the blood were gathering there to be ready to gush from the hideous wound of the arrow. The youth saw this, too, and his eyes glittered with an agony fiercer than any death-throe. No doubt he was waiting to see her die, knowing full well that Commodus would not be likely to forego the refined pleasure of killing her first.

The excitement of the spectators reached the last degree when the great horn bow was again raised.

A very halo of beauty seemed to quiver and shine around the girl's head. A nameless, frigid fear was at last mastering the noble youth. His eyes were beginning to waver, his lips to twitch convulsively.

O Death! here is thy victory! Thou canst make cowards of us all by attacking our loved ones! It is all well enough for men to court thee in the roar and rushing of the floods of battle, and call it heroism,—it is well enough for a Socrates to meet thee grimly as he did,—for a Nero, even, to accept thee in his own way,—but love, love only, can flash into thine awful eyes the immitigable torment, the unbearable terror!

What a consummate mastery of the subject of revenge was evinced by Commodus through the whole of this spectacle! Is it possible to imagine a more subtle diabolism? I think not. Let us dissect the plan of procedure. It begins, very naturally, in a most trivial matter. The emperor was quite easily flattered, and more easily insulted. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. With a view to this, he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. Often in the Circus he had shot off an ostrich's head while the bird was running at full speed across the arena in view of the astonished multitudes, and the historians say that sometimes, so sheerly and evenly was the head severed from the neck, that the decapitated trunk would continue running for several paces, all headless and spouting blood. Sometimes he chose to plant his shafts in the eyes of his victims or above their ears, where they remained sticking like tufted horns, and, so accurate was his aim, his execution seemed perfect. No archer had ever been able to compete with him. This success had rendered him a monomaniac on the subject of archery, affecting him so deeply, indeed, that he cared more for his fame as a consummate bowman than for the dignity and honor of his name and responsibility as emperor of Rome. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. But not even Nero would have thought of bringing the girl to death for the fault of her lover. Commodus was the master tyrant and fiend. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the emperor's will. Of course they expected to be devoured by the beasts when they were loosed in the Circus; but Commodus chose to exhibit his superior skill to the young man by striking down the rushing tigers as they were on the point of doing their fiendish work. He well knew how doubly terrible Death becomes when, baffled for a while, he renews his soul-chilling attack upon the victim. A little suspense, an artful shifting of the time and the means of death would seem to be of the essence of a perfectly thrilling catastrophe.

And now the end was near. All around that vast space, tier above tier, the pallid faces of the spectators rose to a dizzy height, seeming by their ghastly glow to blend a strange light with the fierce glare of the flambeaux, so intense was their excitement. Every soul in that multitude was for the time suspended above the abysm of destruction, realizing the feebleness of Life, the potency of Death.

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed, and cold as steel. The polished broad head of the arrow shone like a diamond. One would have thought that the breathing of a breath could have been heard across the Circus.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and while the hush of the Circus deepened infinitely, out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

What words can ever suggest an idea of the torture crowded into that point of time betwixt the ringing of the bow-cord and the striking of the arrow?

The youth, particularly, was shaken with a sudden wild ecstasy of horror. As when a whirlwind, leaping from a balmy summer calm, stirs a sleeping pool into a white-foamed spiral flood, so Death had at last torn up the fountain of his soul. It was more than death when the arrow had done its work with her.

The girl, thrilled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms above her head, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysm of her final struggle. Hers was a slight body, and the arrow, not perceptibly impeded by the mark, struck in the sand beyond, and glancing thence whirled far away and rang on the bricks of the spina. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face along with a startling pallor.

Again the bow-string rang, and the arrow

leaped away to its thrilling work. What a surge the youth made! It was as if Death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace. All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand, after its mission was done. A suppressed moan from a multitude of lips filled the calm air of the Circus.

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

Now, here is the *dénoûment.* Even the most exacting modern critic could find nothing further to desire in the catastrophe of a tragedy. The fated lovers lay in awful agony, locked in the strong embrace of a deathless passion. No hand dared separate them; no lip dared whisper them a last farewell. The place might have been a vast tomb, for all the sign of life it contained. The circles of countless faces were like those of the dead.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad-headed arrow through the spinal cord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate. Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed at the last.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shriveled, the youth and the maid started, with painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet, where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer. Then, as if attracted by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, sunken faces toward Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the emperor, in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while with clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the voices of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the emperor!

OPPORTUNITY.

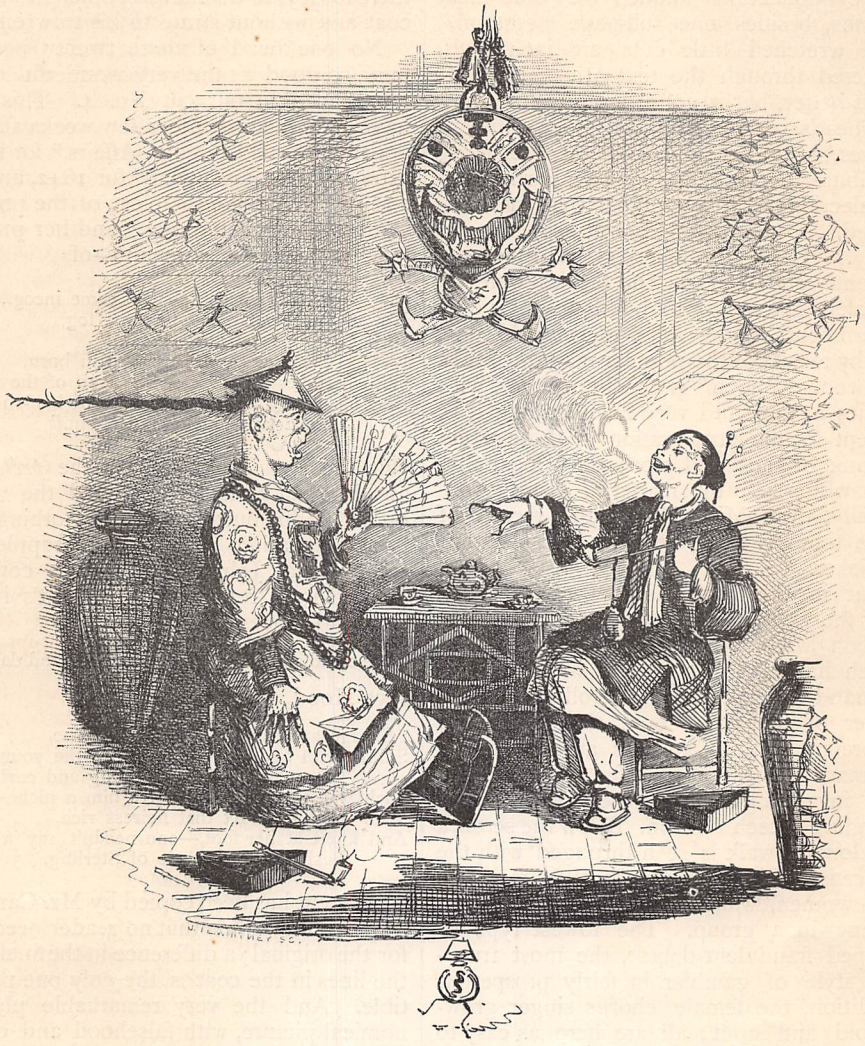
How brightly on the morn it lies!—
Purple monarch in disguise—
Hail him, crown him: if you wait
'T will forever be too late.

Youth, by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of rosier days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power.

Maiden with the pretty face!
All the world admires your grace,
Form, and sweetness. Bright Blue-Eyes!
Put no trust in "by and bys."

When the silver summons calls,
Stoutly speak—'t is Fate befalls;
One moment turns each golden door,
And then it shuts forevermore!

JOHN LEECH.



NO. I.—HO-FI CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THIRTY-SEVEN and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers; it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's contributions to another journal then in its second year,—"Master Humphrey's Clock," edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman and Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street shows—that very "Punch" whose most famous gentlemen-ushers were Messrs. Codlin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his "author" and his "artist"; and the first line declares that it is a "refuge for destitute wit" which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of "Punch"; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its

freedom from offense, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different Phases,"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. "Punch" is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of "Punch," "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left hand lower corner; a scroll in the very center of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Liecester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of "Punch," might recognize some celebrity of the day—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trowsers.

No one head of these twenty heads is quite so good as the very wonderful design reproduced in our cut No. 4. This must have been made within a few weeks after the appearance of "Foreign Affairs," for it is in Hood's "Comic Annual" for 1842, and this was printed before the close of the previous year. Miss Kilmansegg "and her precious leg" are wooed of a count,—of

> "A foreign Count,—who came incog.,
> Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
> In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
> To charm some lady British born,
> With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
> And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
> Like a half-converted Rabbin."

But the physical charms of the *prétendant* and his half-military dress, and the "retail order" in his button-hole, are nothing; any book-illustrating artist could grapple with those; what John Leech did to complete Tom Hood's record of the Count's inward gifts and graces is the wonder.

"He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance—"

says Hood, and

> "Savage at heart and false of tongue,
> Subtle with age and smooth with the young,
> Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
> Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
> Who came to court that heiress rich,
> And knelt at her foot,—one needn't say which,—
> Besieging her castle of Sterling."

This cut has been copied by Mr. Carson in so perfect a fashion that no reader need long for the original; a difference in the fineness of the lines in the coat is the only one perceptible. And the very remarkable physiognomical picture, with falsehood and cruelty equally plain in it, while the head remains that of a false and cruel man and not a mere abstraction, is just the same thing in our page as in that of the last volume of the "Comic Annual."

This picture is given instead of a head from "Punch," as better. Still the "Punch" cartoon is admirable work as we see it now, but how far was it seen, in 1840, to be unusually good? Did the dissatisfied subscribers of "Punch" (who must have been many, for the paper was sold to new owners not many weeks after this "week ending August 7, 1841," and was bought by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans very cheaply

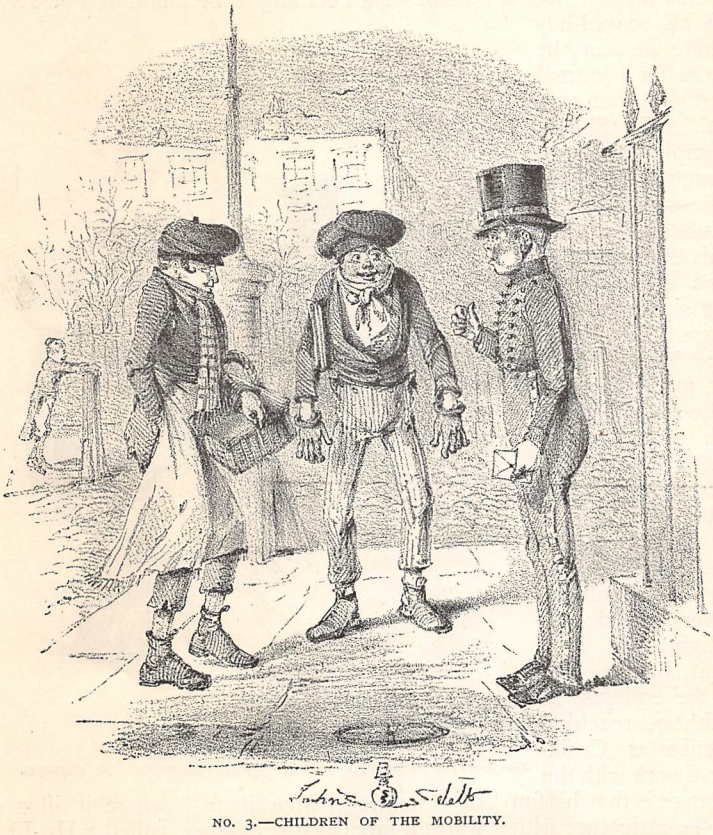
—some say for a hundred pounds!)—did they welcome the new hand? Was his name already known well enough to carry with it assurance of better work than that done by A. S. H. and W. N.? It must have been familiar already to amateurs and students of wood-engraving and of book-illustration. For Leech, though only a twenty-four-year-old man, in 1841, was a three-year-old designer for wood-cuts. "Bell's Life" had had the first-fruits of his genius, for that paper was an "illustrated" one then. A student of medicine, with a strong love of sporting and horses, and a habit which dated from his school-boy days of drawing everything he saw, he came quite naturally to work for a journal which did not ask matured skill, but only what he could give it. Mr. Shirley Brooks's interesting biography of Leech states that he was first brought into notice by a design for an envelope—a take-off of the one designed by Mulready for the post-office authorities; this the writer has never seen. "Bentley's Miscellany," which had been filled for six years with our dear old friend George Cruikshank's designs for "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard" and the rest, made room, in 1840, for an etching by Leech, the earliest etching of his of which we find record —"The Black Mousquetaire." It is hardly worth while reproducing this, as the "Ingoldsby Legends" are so well known, and the different illustrated editions of it so accessible. The first appearance of the etching was in "Bentley," Vol. VIII. It is not very good; its artistic value is very slight, but then Leech never cared for that, but stuck to his simple line-work to the end just as Cruikshank did; and without reaching even such simple excellence as Cruikshank's best or second-best work with the needle. What is more strange is that his fun is badly mixed with earnest, caricature with tragedy, in this, and in other etchings of the same series. The etchings in the same volume, in illustration of "'Stanley Thorn,' by the author of 'Valentine Vox,'" are greatly better in character because dealing with English people and because frankly studied from life, with no more effort at caricature than one finds in later work.

There was some broad farce in Leech, though, at least in those early days. The first of our illustrations in chronological order, is No. 2, "The Sun and Moon," from Percival Leigh's "Comic English Grammar." The author wishes to fix in the youthful mind the fact that "Sun" is masculine and "Moon" is feminine, and so goes into the analogies, —how the "golden rays" of the Sun are turned into "silvery light" by the Moon, who, of course, is fond of "change," and who, moreover, shines at night, like other feminine elegancies. The original cut is very exactly copied by Mr. Sugden. The rather "sat upon" and disciplined look of Sol, and Lady Luna's elate enjoyment of the jewelry, as she sits in her habit and hat, are admirably rendered. Our cut No. 1 is a *facsimile* of an etching to be found in Vol. IX.

NO. 2.—THE SUN AFFORDS THE MOON THE MEANS OF SHINING.

of "Bentley's Miscellany," where it illustrates a farcical sort of story, called "Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle." Ho-Fi had proposed to his bride, So-Sli, to drink certain tea which he didn't wish to share with her, and she had seemed to pour the same out of window, to put an end to a loving contest. But three days afterward she offered him tea which, as he thought, tasted strangely; and then it appeared that he was "caught in his own trap," for the lady had poured the decoction into a pan outside the sill, and had now warmed it up for him. Certainly, of these two pictures, the most comical is the simplest,—the wood-cut, with its child-like di-

rectness and *naïveté*. In the Chinese picture the long clay pipes and the three-cornered sand-boxes, as if in a British tavern, are well imagined, as in contrast with the more Oriental accessories of costume and furniture. This very costume, too, is pleasantly travestied; but still the value of the picture is rather in the pretty girlishness of the little bride, So-Sli, maintained through all the theatrical-Chinese features and dress. It was, indeed, not fun that Leech cared for, but character; not a loud laugh, but an amused smile. If his humor may be thought to resemble that of Dickens, at least it is without that side of it which, in Dickens's work, appears to the world as Dick Swiveller. Hablot Browne's development, again, of that very character in the original "Master Humphrey's Clock," is as superior to anything Leech could have done, at least in his ordinary mood, in the way of mere laughableness, as Leech's varied insight and affectionate sympathy are to Browne's thin and flimsy art, —a mere seizing of outsides. Pathos, hidden beneath a very momentary, though pleasant and natural, fun, is the best account we can give, in a few words, of Leech's way of looking at life. "The Children of the Mobility" is a publication of 1841, seven lithographs in a wrapper. It has become scarce, like too many good things. After Leech's death, the committee which undertook to raise a fund for the purchase from his sister of those of his drawings which remained in her possession, published a thin folio, containing photographic copies of the original outline studies for six of these; but the one we have chosen for reproduction in our cut No. 3 has never been copied in any form. Our picture is on less than half the scale of the original, of which the India paper measures eight by ten inches. The photographic process by which it is reduced gives the character of the original lithograph better, perhaps, than it could have been done otherwise; but it has exaggerated in an ugly way the strength of the paler parts,—the distant figure of the charity-boy about to "over" a post, the signature below, the sky and the distant haze,—so that the effect of the original, as a delicate bit of light and shade, is pretty much lost. But the expression of character is preserved. The three boys are types—all children of the mobile classes; there is the muffin-man's boy, and the apothecary's errand-boy, or "lawyer's clerk" in his first year; there is the liveried page of a family—the "boy in buttons." Some quizzing of the uniformed messenger by the rough boys, who rather despise him for his good clothes, seems to be in order; he wants a direction, and they, proud of their knowledge of London and of their freedom and general wide-awakeness, mean to make him pay for it. This is the least tragical subject of the whole seven; the others have more to do with the misery and squalor of the poor than this rather jovial study. One of them contains some charming bits of child-life among the very poor: a tall girl, of fourteen, with the



NO. 3.—CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY.

sweetest and most sympathizing smile, looks down upon a little boy who has been to get a tea-kettleful of water,—for that fluid has to be brought from far for the very poor in London,—and who seems to have found a herring, with which he and all the bystanders are delighted. Two of the pictures are wholly sad, and the third, while it has a foreground incident not unlike the one before us,—a jocose controversy between two boys,—shows, beyond, a child's parish funeral, where the little coffin is borne on the shoulders of an undertaker's assistant, preceded by another as mute; where one poor woman follows as the only mourner, and where the poor little procession of three has to make its way along a London foot-way, with a Punch-and-Judy show in full operation. It was to observe these incidents of every-day life, and to record them, that Leech lived. He must have seen and remembered as many sad incidents as amusing ones; as many even agonizing events and pitiful appeals as comic situations or jocose conversations,—in short, as much sadness as fun. But it was his business, throughout the greater part of his life, to furnish amusement to the most amusement-seeking class of people in this world,—the wealthier English. There was too steady a demand for what he had that was entertaining to let him neglect long to supply it. It is not "Punch" alone nor "Punch" chiefly to which allusion is made; the greater number of the books he illustrated gave him more purely comic work to do than "Punch." In that weekly he found the best opportunity ever afforded to him to give voice to his more serious thoughts.

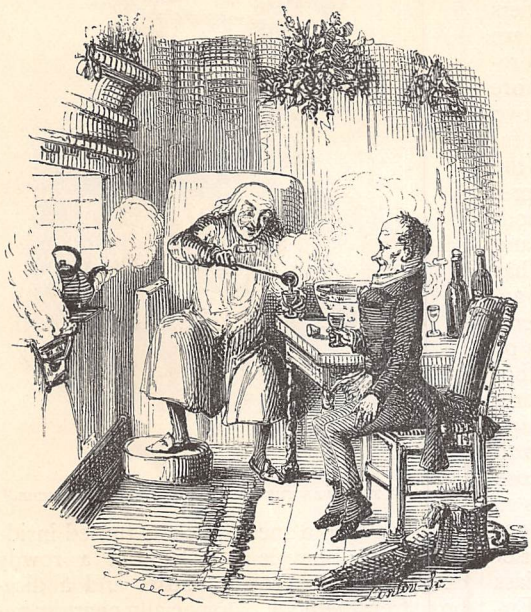
Chronologically, we have now reached "Miss Kilmansegg," and our illustration No. 4, already described. The pathetic and humanitarian tone of the poem fitted it exactly to Leech's humor. It is a pity that he had not free choice of subject and treatment. But that could hardly be, for the previous volumes of the "Comic Annual" had contained few pictures other than the coarse, ill-drawn, and purely farcical little cuts from Hood's own hand,—designs so inartistic in every sense, so ugly, and so common, that it is a wonder "a genius so shrinking and rare" as Tom Hood's could have consented to them even as mere sport, or as sport turned to bread-winning. There are thirty-two pictures to "Miss Kilmansegg," of which two or three have the artist's full power in them. Especially vigorous is the Countess tearing her will, while the blackguard Count

NO. 4.—"SUCH WAS THE COUNT—TO GIVE HIM A NICHE."

looks on with a sneer, pockets turned inside out, hair disheveled, fresh from a rowdy debauch, while broken bottles and a dice-box strew the floor. Especially charming is "Love for Dinner,"—too subtile a design to describe,—in illustration of some lines which are known, it is to be hoped, to most readers.

During the year 1842, Leech worked steadily for "Punch," though the more commonplace sketches of Hine, and the stilted and "hifalutin" designs of Kenny Meadows, are more frequent in those pages. There are also a lot of smug and drawing-room-like pictures which seem to be by Harvey. It is odd enough to see one of Leech's firm and simple designs in the adjoining column to one of those others, with their lady-like grace and pretty turns of the head, and smoothness and smirk. Leech, for his part, gets into full career toward the close of the third volume; the big picture illustrating the pleasures of folding doors, and "of hearing the 'Battle of Prague' played with a running accompaniment of one, and two, and three,—and one, and two, and three,—and"—is a good landmark; it shows the future style of the artist, his way of treating feature and expression, his touch, his ingenuity in handling accessories, and that neatness of his legends and inscriptions which never forsook him. In the fifth volume, toward the close of 1843, there is a picture (perhaps not the first, indeed) and a legend, about the organ-grinding nuisance, which, in after

life, at least, was a real distress and burden to the sensitive artist: "Wanted," it says, "by an aged lady, of a very nervous temperament, a professor who will undertake to mesmerize all the organs in her street.—Salary,



NO. 5.—BOB CRATCHIT AND SCROOGE "OVER A CHRISTMAS BOWL OF SMOKING BISHOP."

so much per organ." For "aged lady," read, delicately organized man of twenty-six!

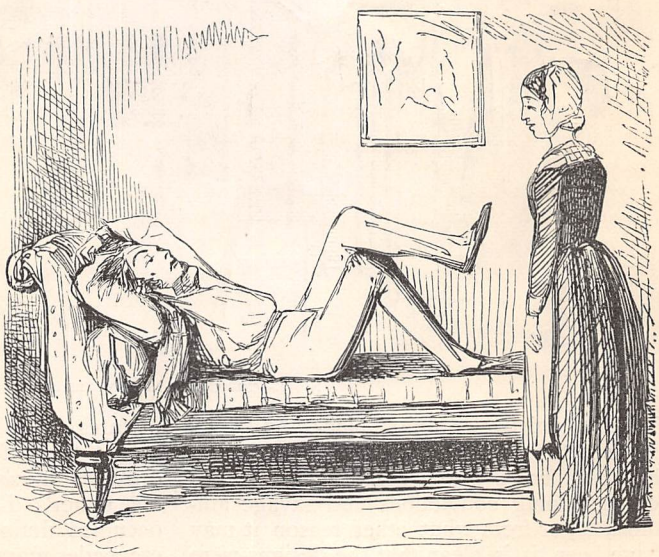
"Punch" was bravely "liberal" in those early days; full of sympathy with advanced ideas, and with the opponents of privilege and stately establishments; even to the extent of making immense fun of royalty and the royal family, and the rapidly lengthening list of royal children. It is an odd contrast between the touchingly loyal tone of only ten years later, and the quite ferocious fun made of Prince Albert, of the Duke of Cambridge and his daughter's marriage, of the expense of the royal establishment as contrasted with the wretchedness of the poor; a theme constantly urged. A change came over the public mind in England, not long after the events of 1848 and 1849, and this is as visible elsewhere as in the pages of "Punch." Prince Albert was indeed a favorite mark for ridicule, at least on certain occasions, till a much later time, but the queen and her children and her household, and royalty as an institution, were all treated as things very sacred and very precious, from about the year 1850. Concerning Ireland, too, and Irish government, there was in the early volumes a certain feeling of regret and apology not to be found later; in the sixth volume, the Queen and the Czar Nicholas are seen sitting at the two ends of a table, while above their heads hang the map of Ireland and the map of Poland, and the Queen, pointing to her own dependency, says, "Brother, brother, we're both in the wrong!" In the same volume a really admirable cartoon is entitled "The Game Laws, or the Sacrifice of the Peasant to the Hare;" and a more uncompromising bit of anti-privilege thought no one need ask for. All these are by Leech. There is a marked change in the artist's temper in after life. It is not probable that he ever forgot to be charitable, or to be pitiful, or to be indignant at gross abuses; but assuredly his mind was fixed upon other things.

In this year, 1844, appeared "The Christmas Carol,"—the first of Dickens's Christmas stories, and the only one illustrated exclusively by Leech. There are, in this original edition, four colored etchings, of the kind so common in Cruikshank's early books, and common to Leech until his latest years, the etching being naturally only line-work, and not carried very far; the coloring always in full blue, and red, and yellow, with white paper left for the white waistcoats and aprons. There are also a number of uncolored wood-cuts, of which we give one in cut No. 5, a faithful reproduction by Mr. Zeltner of the final picture, "Scrooge and Bob Cratchit." It is very interesting, in these designs, to see Leech *aux prises* with the supernatural. He is not particularly clever at it; fresh thoughts do not seem to arise in his mind; he follows his author about, trying to set down what the text suggests, but with no especial success. It is the transmogrification of Scrooge, from the hardest to the jolliest business man in London, which is admirably managed! It is the same face and yet not the same, in the picture of "Marley's Ghost" at the beginning and in the one before us. As for Bob Cratchit,—to any other artist this characterization would be set down as a great success; to Leech it is only every-day work. In "Punch" for this year, 1844, are several fanciful designs which are remarkable enough. "Old Port introducing Gout to the Fine Young English Gentleman," contains a portrait of "Gout," which it is a pity we cannot find room for. But these fantasies are not his best work. The holiday-

schoolboy at the pastry-cook's counter, who tells the saleswoman that he has had—"two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath-buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond-cakes, and a bottle of ginger beer;"—the capital heads of the two swimmers at a watering-place, of which the lips of one say almost in the horror-stricken ear of the other, "I beg your parding, Captain, but could you oblige me with my little account?" the old gentleman and the ragged little boy who meet, in front of a sweet-shop, in "A Lumping Penn'orth," between whom passes this dialogue: "Now, my man, what would you say, if I gave you a penny?" "Vy, that you vos a jolly old Brick!"—these portraits of the people of London are what our kindly and observant artist was sent to London to make. Here (No. 6) is his own portrait, as he was in July, 1846, when the maid said to him, "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again!" And here is his portrait in January, 1847, "first (and only) fiddle" to the orchestra in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball." This picture is a huge double-page cartoon; on the floor are the celebrities of the day dancing and conversing,—Lord Brougham with the "Standard," Mr. Punch (of course) with Britannia, and O'Connell, Lord Derby, Wellington and the rest; but the orchestra is made up of the editors and contributors to "Punch." Let Dr. John Brown describe them; for he claims to know them all (see his essay on Leech, reprinted in "Spare Hours"): "On the left is Mayhew playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double-bass, Gilbert A'Becket the violin, Doyle the clarionet, Leech next playing the same,—tall, handsome and nervous,—Mark Lemon the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray,—big, vague, child-like,—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging away on the piano." Clearly there is error in one clause of this passage; for it is Leech's head and a violin, not a clarionet, which the reader has before him.* "The fell Jerrold" gave Leech some work about this time. Writing constantly in "Punch," his papers had been illustrated by

NO. 6.—ONE OF "PUNCH'S" FULL ORCHESTRA. (LEECH PLAYING THE FIDDLE.)

Leech and by other artists; but when in 1845, the "Shilling Mazagine" was begun, and the novel of "St. Giles and St. James" in its first number, full-page etchings were made to illustrate that story. They are in some respects more elaborate than most of

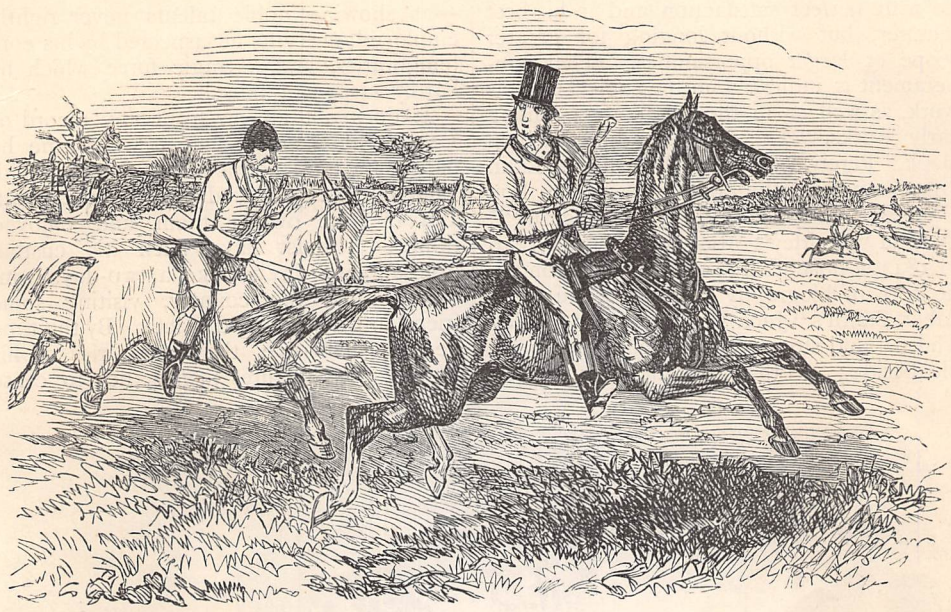


NO. 7.—OUR ARTIST IN HOT WEATHER—"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."

*In "Punch," seven years later, a different hand has portrayed all these and other contributors as boys at play; Leech himself is decorated with a hobby horse and armed with a porte-crayon, and is about to leap an easel set sidewise to serve as a hurdle; Jerrold is playing skittles; Thackeray has the bat in a small game of cricket; Lemon is playing rackets.

NO. 8.—THE HOLIDAYS HAVE BEGUN.

Leech's works,—with more black and white, more pretense at chiaro-oscuro; but whether he could not sympathize with his author's unquestioning convictions and savage animosities, or from what other reason it may have been, it is clear that the designs were not done with his whole energy. But his whole energy is put into some festive little publications of his own about the same time (for "St. Giles and St. James" was not finished until 1847); and we name especially the Christmas *brochure* from which picture No. 8 is taken—"Master Jacky's Holidays, or the History of Young Troublesome." It is all pictures, with no text beyond the legends at the foot of the page, and one page of *dramatis personæ*. Master Jacky keeps his father's London house amused and occupied during the holidays, by various escapades more ingenious than common in well-regulated families. The pursuits of the first morning after his arrival are depicted in our cut, closely fac-similed from the etching, by Mr. Brinkerhoff; Master Brown from next door and Master Green from over the way come to help Jacky's younger brothers and sisters welcome his return, while the nursery maids above, Ruggles below, and



NO. 9.—THE PARSON IN THE DITCH.

Mr. Phœnix at his library door "assist," in the original and French sense, and Mr. Phœnix's bust on the landing-place wears an expression of amazement at the break in its tranquil existence.

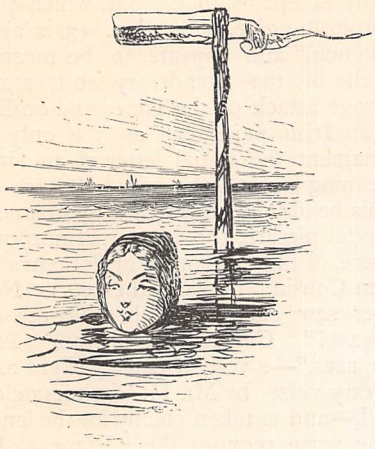
In 1848 appeared another set of lithographs—"The Rising Generation." These are, perhaps, inferior to the similar publication of seven years before, from which we give an illustration, less refined in drawing, less elevated in character, as works of art. Still, they add to the regret one feels that Leech so seldom resorted to the art of lithography to embody his more elaborate conceptions. There was constant complaint that his drawings were spoiled by the wood-engravers, not necessarily that these last were unskillful, but that the more subtile flavor of the swiftly drawn designs was hard to preserve in hastily cut blocks. Leech is quoted as saying to a friend, who was admiring a study in pencil: "Wait till Saturday, and see how the engraver will have spoiled it." Under these circumstances, it does seem strange that the example of the French humoristic designers, and especially of Gavarni, should not have been more frequently followed. Gavarni's most important work was in large lithographs, and certainly Leech must have been familiar with it. The concentrated intensity and power of caricature without exaggeration of the great Frenchman was not in place in "Punch," nor in the illustration of the trifling novels and books of sporting sketches which were brought for Leech to work at; but this, again, seems a reason for regretting that the Englishman did not more frequently issue independent designs, or sets of designs, of the fashion of "The Children of the Mobility," and the few others. But there was etching, with the processes of which art Leech had made himself familiar in his boyhood; if he had thoughts in him which his own hand only could rightly embody in visible form, why did he not carry farther that art of boundless capacities? Why was he satisfied to make hundreds of etchings for "Bentley's Miscellany" and a score of novels besides, without giving or seriously attempting to give them any artistic character at all? It is a question that no one can answer, except by the unsatisfactory reflection that, up to the time of Leech's death, there had been no recognition in modern England of etching as an independent and respectable fine art, and that, with the insignificant exception of the publications of the Etching Club,—themselves almost all valueless in an artistic point of view,—etchings were known only as "comic illustrations to novels, ordered for their comic, and not their artistic, qualities," as Mr. Hamerton says, because they "could be done rapidly, and because the facility of the point was a convenience to the designers for giving expression to their Harry Lorrequers and Charles O'Malleys." Leech seems to have been a man who would do what was given him to

do with perfect satisfaction and in his best manner, but without longing for greater scope or larger opportunities. That temperament is indicated in the subjects of his work, as well as in their character: among early works, "The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book," Percival's Comic English and Latin Grammars, and the trifling designs to Bon Gaultier's ballads and "Puck on Pegasus"; then, in "Bentley's Miscellany," from 1840 to 1844, a host of large etchings to a romantic sort of biography of Savage, the poet, Albert Smith's "Jack Ledbury," to "Stanley Thorn," and stories and sketches innumerable beside; in other periodicals or in separately published volumes, illustrations to some of the most purely farcical of English publications,—"Christopher Tadpole" and Theodore Hook's "Jack Bragg,"—and, finally, the hundreds of pictures, large and small, in the "Handley Cross Series" of sporting novels. These and such as these are almost the only books he illustrated; this and such as this was the only work given him to do. "Punch" was almost the only field for his graver thoughts, and in "Punch" the graver thoughts could not be too often made prominent. It is not customary to consider Leech as an unfortunate man, an artist who never had a chance; but an essay could be written treating of his art from that point of view,—as showing noble talents never rightly employed, rare gifts unsuspected by his contemporaries, and a tragic force which he hardly suspected himself.

It does not appear from any record of Leech's life within reach at what time he had his experience of the hunting-field. That he always loved horses is evident, and that he owned them and enjoyed riding; it must have been his custom from an early day to take a two-days' winter run into the country, visiting some friend in the hunting districts. By the time he was thirty-five, the long series of his hunting-field pictures begins, not to cease till his death. In "Punch" for 1855, we find "The Parson in the Ditch," which, reduced only slightly in scale, gives us our cut No. 9, the work of Mr. Tynan. "I say, Jack! who's that come to grief in the ditch?" "Only the parson." "Oh! leave him there, then! He wont be wanted until next Sunday!" Such are the gracious remarks of the young Nimrods. The picture is selected on account of its landscape background. Leech's professed admirers, writing soon after his death in 1864, have much to say about his love of, and power over, landscape, but a plenty of designs could be brought to show how carelessly he could draw out-of-door nature, and how seldom,

NO. 10.—FOX-HUNTERS IN THE DAYS OF SQUIRE WESTERN.

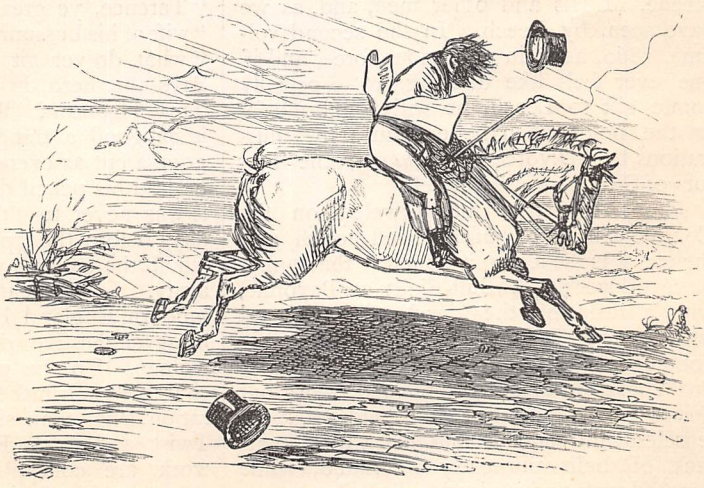
in his earlier life, he seems to have cared to give it especial thought. Still, this one must be accepted at full! This is really a capital distance,—flat and leading far away,—a December country-side in England, as



NO. 11.—GIRL'S HEAD.

if of April with us; and this is only the first of a great many landscape bits equally good and suggestive, which accompany the hunting-scenes and go far to reconcile one to their constant recurrence.

For, indeed, to any one who respects the history and believes in the continued manliness and virtue of English national character, the modern abandonment of the whole nation to sport seems a wretched thing; and it is pitiful to see the unquestioning way in which so able and amiable a man gives up his time to representing the incidents of the hunting-field. The ways and manners of the young patricians are not a whit more amusing than those of London omnibus drivers and cabbies—as Leech represents them. They say things not nearly so witty; there is no room for pathos; there is actually nothing delightful about it but the horses and the landscape, and, to the young swells themselves and their families, the constant contemplation of themselves engaged in their favorite pursuit. Our good-natured moralist enters into the spirit of many classes of men, and gives us with equal hand scenes of life on sea and on shore, in the streets and in the fields; and it is all life, tragedy and comedy, business and rest, mingled in due proportion. But these scores of pictures, all devoted to one of the many sports which have for their very nature the cruel destruction of animals,—this amusement of chasing and tearing to pieces a beast who is cared for and made much of in his native haunts, for the very purpose of this chase, is a hard thing to an outsider. It is pleasanter to turn back over a few pages of "Punch" to the famous cartoon, "Général Février turned Traitor." The Czar Nicholas, then at war with France and Great Britain, was reported to have said that his two best generals had not yet come—"Général Janvier et Général Février." But he died, self-slain, as it almost seemed, at the close of the following February, and Leech's picture shows a uniformed skeleton entering the tent amid a whirling snow-storm, which follows and surrounds him, and laying his hand on the heart of the emperor, whose dead face in profile is admirably designed. This is a bit of that perfervid patriotism which in war time is good and true, and which, in memory of war time, seems true still. Leech was busily at work at this time, nearly forty years of age, prosperous, established, and famous, and the titles alone of the books he illustrated during the decade would fill a couple of these printed pages. He made a number of designs for other illustrated papers, and in 1856, for the "Illustrated London News," two of his very largest



NO. 12.—A FOLLOWING WIND.

and most elaborate pictures, celebrated ones, too, "Fox-hunters in the Good Old Times," and "Fox-hunters in these Degenerate Days." The former of these is given in cut No. 10, engraved on a scale

NO. 13.—A SWELL.

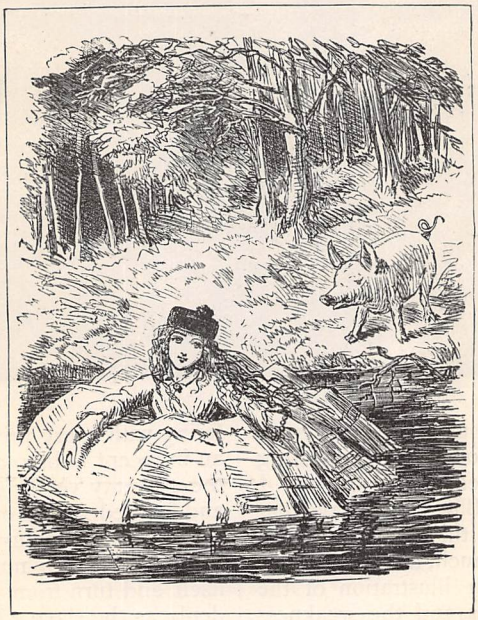
of less than one-half that of the original, but admirably well done—the work of Mr. Carson. It needs no description. The other picture represents decorous, dress-coated men, young and old, mingling with ladies in the drawing-room after dinner.

In 1859 was started "Once A Week," by the same house which had owned and issued "Punch" from a few weeks after its first appearance. During the first year Leech contributed thirty-one drawings to that weekly, besides about one hundred and fifty to "Punch," and whatever work other publications may have called for. The only thing we can give from "Once a Week" is the little head of the young lady swimming,—part of a decorated initial letter T (No. 11). But that volume and its earliest successors are crowded with good things, by Charles Keene, Millais and other men, and, as we have seen, by Leech. In the second volume, 1860, he is in prodigious force, and if one ever feels like denying an especially comic gift to Leech, he will feel doubtful on the point when he examines the illustrations to "Divorce *a Vinculo*, or the Terrors of Sir Creswell Creswell."

About this time he traveled on the Continent in search of renewed health, and thence was sent to "Punch" that great piece of work, "A Bull-Fight at Bayonne, with a little of the tinsel off, dedicated with every feeling of disgust to the nobility, gentry and clergy, especially of Spain and France." Wretched, worn-out horses with blindfolded eyes, held up, a defenseless and unconscious mark for the attack of bulls purposely infuriated, while "matadors" and "picadors" easily escape,—this is the subject of the large cut whose details we will not describe. Cut No. 12 is also from "Punch," and gives another nice bit of suggested landscape. There's another member of the hunt behind the wind-buffeted rider whom we see, not yet in sight except as to his hat, which precedes him in the gale. Cut No. 13 is also from "Punch," and appears to be meant for a swell of the Dundreary sort, reading a savage attack on the Times and on England in an Irish paper, but as it is only used to ornament the initial letter of an article, its meaning is not to be asked after too closely. This head and whiskers remind one of the capital picture, too big to get into our brief space, of the two swells at Sothern's "American Cousin," between the acts: "No fellah ever saw such a fellah. Gwoss cawicatawaw!" Cut No. 14 is from "Puck on Pegasus,"—a volume of very slight and temporary verse, by Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell,—and is taken chiefly for the landscape. The verse requires the "Primeval Forest" for "Piggy-wiggy" to emerge from; but this grassy bank and these small crowded stems are as little like it as may be.

The year 1864 came, and found our admirable artist still at work as vigorously as ever; not robust, not rugged, but in seeming good health and spirits, and fit to live and work for years. To "Punch" for that year he had contributed eighty pictures, when, on the fifth of November, appeared a very amusing cut: An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capitally indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great ummadawn," says the "wife of his bussum" to the vanquished hero, "what do yer git into this Thrubble fur?" Says the hero, in response: "D'ye call it Thrubble, now? Why, it's Engyement." It is as good a thing as ever Leech did—as good a cut as ever was in "Punch." When he laid his pencil down beside this drawing, it was never to take it up again; and six days before the appearance of the paper in which the cut was published, he had passed away. In his death there was taken from modern England her closest observer and most suggestive delineator of men and women. To the great Cruikshank, human character was rather a thing to draw inspiration from than simply to portray: Oliver Twist and Jack Falstaff, in Cruikshank's work, are conceptions as completely abstract as his fairies and witches. If the

reader will look back to the July number of this magazine, he will see how much more varied and how much more imaginative and powerful is Cruikshank's art. But he could never have done what Leech did, still less what Leech might have done. To represent every class of English life, and the peculiar types of form and character, developed in different parts of the kingdom, with sympathizing and loving touch, and to contrast with these pictures of his countrymen many studies of foreign life, almost as thorough and accurate, though often touched with that pleasant exaggeration, which makes some portraiture more like than life; to do this was Leech's appointed task, and to a certain extent he fulfilled it. In one sense, his art is monotonous; its range is limited; a hundred pictures could be selected which would show all that Leech achieved during his too brief career of twenty-five years. But the pleasure this body of work is capable of giving is not limited by its narrowness of range; every fresh design is a fresh enjoyment, however like it is to the last. And there is not one which is not pure and refined in thought and purpose.



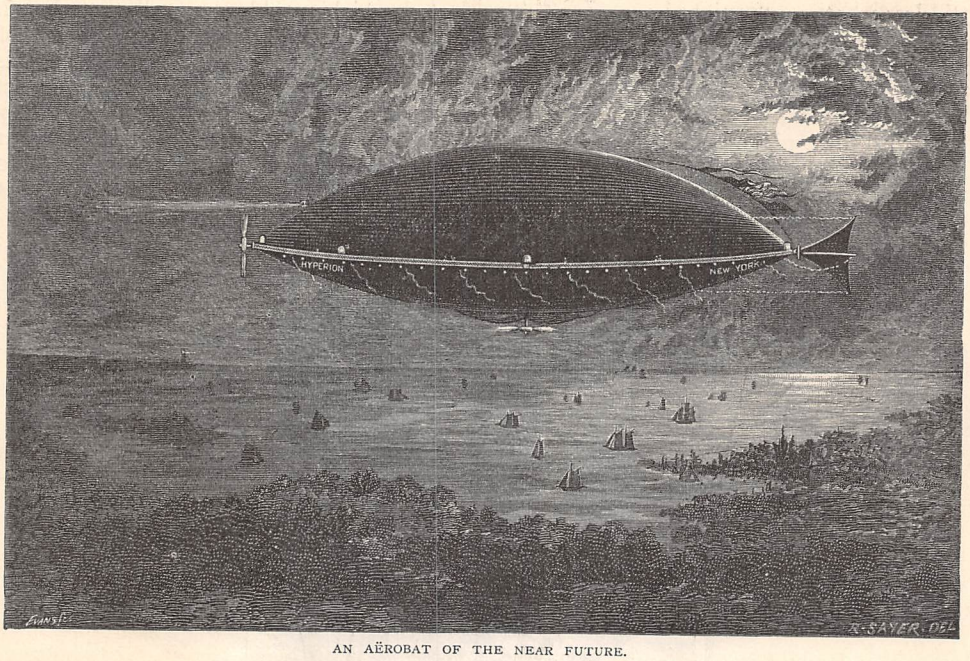
NO. 14.—ILLUSTRATION TO "PUCK ON PEGASUS."

GERTRUDE.

WHAT shall I say, my friend, my own heart healing,
When for my love you cannot answer me?
This earth would quake, alas, might I but see
You smile, death's rigorous law repealing!
Pale lips, your mystery so well concealing,
May not the eloquent, varied minstrelsy
Of my inspired ardor potent be,
To touch your chords to music's uttered feeling?—
Friend, here you cherished flowers. Send me now
One ghostly bloom to prove that you are blessed.
No?—If denial such as brands my brow,
Be in your heavenly regions, too, confessed,
Oh may it prove the truth that your still eyes
Foresee the end of all futurities!

AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

(A PRIORI.)



AN AËROBAT OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

In the folly, no less than "in the adversity of our best friends, we often find something which does not displease us." Hence I piously believe, as Gil Blas would say, that some who begin to read this article will even read it through. Thus much, if only to gratify themselves with a fresh illustration of the vanity of human wishes and the weakness of occasionally sensible men.

Meanwhile, I can assure them that *if* their assent shall be gained to the chief and practical portion of what follows, the subsequent matter will not seem to them an overstatement of consequences. The "if" is a haunting specter now before me. "Why, then, evoke it? What imp of the perverse drives you upon your fate? Do you not instantly recognize the touch of an amateur or novice in your proper department?" Yes; but we all are amateurs of something. The taste of every expert is severe as to his own profession, "popular" with respect to others, and his half knowledge of the latter may be dearer to his simple heart than a tested mastery of the art which is his handicraft.

Frankly, then, the writer has a hobby; not hitherto a pestilent monomania, interfering with every process of life and work; an innocent hobby, a pet conceit, cherished these twenty years; sometimes brought out and fondled for his own enjoyment and that of his contumacious friends. But often a hobby, after too much license, will assert itself and turn from jest to earnest as suddenly as the slave who was allowed to play at being king. It will fasten upon a man, and keep up a din at his ear, until he is forced to blazon it abroad,—as Mark Twain blazoned Bromley's horse-car poetry,—with the conviction that by no other means can he become rid of it.

So, if it must needs be that hobbies come, woe to that man by whom the hobby cometh! And whose hobby has seemed more pitiful than that of the man with the flying-machine,—the unread mechanic, or the unskilled doctrinaire, who believes himself to have solved the problem of aërial navigation? The writer, indeed, has one plea to offer in his own defense. He was reared in a down-east town, where every boy made his own boats, artillery, water-wheels and wind-mills. Mechanical work has for him an almost rhythmical charm, so that he would like to be an inventor, or even a

journeyman mechanic, had not a stronger tendency made him a professional word-wright. The Duc de l'Omelette, in Poe's story, assured his sable antagonist, after beating him at piquet—the stake being the usual one—*que s'il n'eût pas été De l'Omelette il n'aurait point d'objection d'être le Diable.* Moreover, through all these years, I have succeeded in bearing my hobby alone, except as concerns those few companions who, like Job's, have had to share the affliction, and who, again like Job's, have revenged themselves by irreverently chaffing me therefor. Not without reason. A real inventor may be pitied, consoled, or even aided. There is no certainty, after all, that his hobby may not turn up trumps. But a pseudo-inventor,—who undertakes to produce a mechanical work as Leverrier found Neptune, by the *a priori* method,—his is a case which may deserve sympathy but surely never will receive it.

The present outbreak of my complaint is partly due to a second visit, after twenty years absence, to Greenwood Lake,—a sylvan, strangely beautiful locality dear to those lovers of nature who also love to cast their flies for the abundant bass. There, in an unwary moment, a New York journalist, the victim of numberless theories, was admitted to my secret. Forthwith, in "The Graphic," which from the outset he had managed very originally and successfully, always skillfully concealing his pet delusions, he gave some account of my own. But in certain details his statement of the case is not confirmed by my own familiarity with it, and it may be worth while, in the interests of truth, that the precise symptoms should be given to the readers of this magazine.

My confession begins with an episode of twenty years ago. It was late in the summer of 1858 that a hard-worked young fellow passed at Greenwood Lake a vacation,—short indeed, but well remembered, because, like the coat, it was long enough before he got another. After all this lapse of time he still is working hard, and certainly has done few of the brave things whose purpose then kept him in heart under all privations; but I have no other reason for doubting that this hopeful, semi-serious young fellow was my former self.

One afternoon, when the air was still and the lake calm in the shadow of the western mountain, I sat in my boat, looking through the clear water above a sandy shoal. Perch and sunfish were moving below, up and down, back and forth, as is their wont. I saw their easy and graceful wanderings, their complete adaptation to the element in which they lived, and called to mind the uselessness and lack of control, of a "balloon ascension" which had taken place near our town lodgings a few weeks before, and which thousands had assembled to witness. The thought occurred to me: "Why don't aëronauts take a hint from the fish, and contrive some means of rising and falling without loss of ballast or ascensive power?" Again: "Why can't they govern the horizontal motion of their floats somewhat after the fashion of these fishes?" This brought me to reflect upon the errors which thus far had made each effort to control the motion of a balloon a failure, and thus I returned to an idea which now took decisive shape—the fish is the true model.

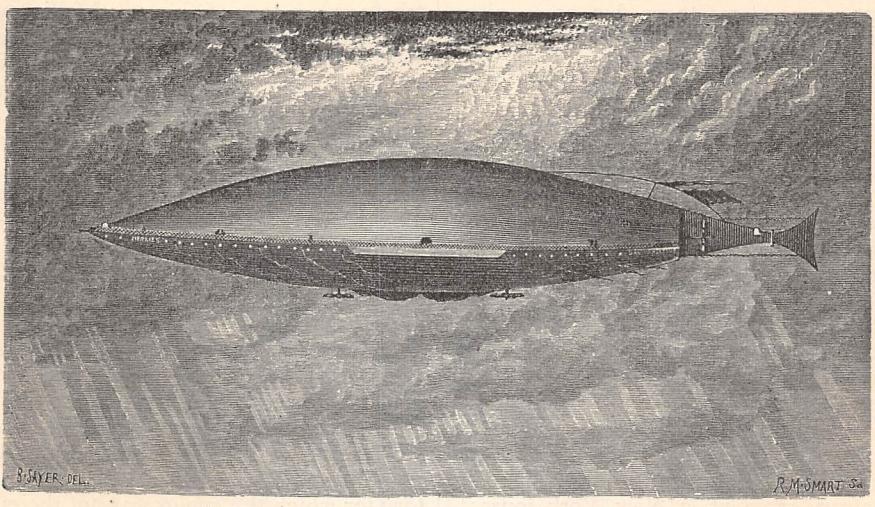
From this belief I never since have varied. Jacob Little once said that "sure information and good bank facilities" would "ruin any speculator." If I had had any time to spare or money to lose, any means of experimenting, it is possible that my new fancy would have added one more to the pallid army of "inventors" who have sunk hope and fortune in the pursuit of some mechanical victory for which the genius was not theirs and the hour had not yet come. As things were, it only led me to make certain memoranda; first, of the reasons why aëronautics had been a failure; secondly, of the methods which, it seemed to me, should be followed to insure even a measurable success. These notes were accompanied by rude diagrams,—some of which I still possess—illustrating my ideas with respect to the form and mechanical requirements of the air-ship of the future.

These notes and diagrams form the basis of the present article. As here given they are modified in detail by later ideas, partly my own, partly the conceptions of practical aëronauts. But all the modifications are in accordance with the original thought—"the fish is the true model."

For a long time subsequent to the preparation of my early notes, little was invented that stimulated me to active interest in their topic. Nine years ago I found an amused listener in Doctor Sanford B. Hunt, and one sufficiently concerned to make a statement of my views, idealized by his own persistent fancy, in the Newark "Advertiser," of which he is the accomplished leader-writer. I forget how long ago it was that the term "cigar-shaped" first was used in popular descriptions of Winans's and other

structures for submarine navigation. But when this phrase, ten years since, began to be applied to experiments in the making of aërostats, I felt that here was the first step toward the demonstration of my theory. Others have been taken, to which reference shall be made, and these so important that I believe a correct method will be adopted in our future attempts to navigate the atmosphere. Some little impetus or encouragement may be given to such attempts by the publication of even a purely theoretical article. At all events, I venture to print the notes and diagrams of which the origin now has been told, pointing out the ideas gained from the experiments of recent inventors whose designs have for me a significance in exact ratio with their approach to the theory herein set forth.

First, then, the preliminary memorandum of various



AËRONON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (SEE PAGE 580.)

CAUSES OF OUR FAILURE TO NAVIGATE THE AIR.

A. D. 1858. For seventy-five years after De Rozier, at Paris in 1783, had made the first balloon ascension, no point was gained in the practice of aëronautics beyond the substitution of hydrogen for heated air as a means of buoyancy. This was done in that same year by two Americans, Rittenhouse and Hopkins. Hundreds of balloons, large and small, have since been constructed upon a single model. No success has followed any attempt to guide the horizontal motion of these colossal playthings, except that afforded by the capricious air-currents which the balloon is made to seek by unphilosophical and temporary modes. The failure is due to certain causes :

1. The balloon only proved the fact that man, by its use, can float in the atmosphere. It is just what the French term it, an *aërostat*—a thing which can for a while sustain itself and its freight above the ground. The voyager prolongs his elevation only by losing ballast. He returns to earth at will, only by a loss of the gas which is the balloon's sustainer. Moreover, the covering of balloons is defective. In a brief time the gas escapes through its interstices, and it becomes unserviceable.

2. The globular shape of the balloon, and the method of attaching the voyager's "car," would balk his attempt to guide the whole, if a motive power were available and proper machinery had been devised.

A fish in the shape of an inflated bladder, with tiny fins suspended by a cord below, would be less helpless in the water than our balloon in the air. The motors thus far applied have been absurdly inadequate, and have worked at the extreme of disadvantage, attached to aërostats by long and flexible connections.

3. Aëronauts and theorists have been misled by the term "air-ship" and by other misnomers. A ship is partly in water, an inelastic fluid, and partly in the elastic air, and is propelled in the one by the other. The very elasticity of the air requires the perfect co-ordination of all portions of the vessel to be guided through it, and de-

mands a radical change in the traditional structure and material of the balloon.

4. Birds and winged insects have organisms which enable them to move through the air with a celerity proportionate to the tenuity of that element, and with a grace and freedom of which the secret is still open to investigation.* This has led the shrewdest theorists, and many inventors shrewd or silly,—having in mind the bird's greater weight than that of the volume of air which it displaces,—to claim that a proportional specific gravity is essential to the success of a "flying-machine," and to adopt the bird as a model. But Dædalus, thus far, has found no successful imitators, albeit many have tried to fly with artificial wings and have lost their limbs or lives in the attempt. All machines, similarly equipped, have been utter failures, in consequence: (1) of our inability to construct a machine combining sufficient strength and motive power for sustained or controllable flight (even the inventors' models of such structures quickly fly to pieces); (2) of the vibratory, irregular, eccentric quality inherent in a bird's flight.

Various hints, however, may be gained from the bird, one of which relates to the structure of the frame and machinery of a vessel that shall navigate the atmosphere. *The hollow bones of the bird furnish the natural model for the union of lightness and strength in aërial mechanics.*

5. What is the best motive power for the machinery to govern and propel an air-ship? and what is the best metal for the construction of such machinery? are still undetermined problems. Few experiments have been made for their solution. If sufficient power, compared with weight, could be obtained from a steam-engine, the peril of using fire as a motor for a vessel buoyed by inflammable gas is sufficiently obvious. What is the best material for the frame of an air-ship? How can the greatest lightness and strength be attained both in the machinery and in the vessel itself? Of what should the envelope of the aërostat be composed? These, and a score of important questions, await an answer.

6. In other words, there has been no deliberate and scientific endeavor to navigate the air. The want of a philosophical method on the part of inventors has been a radical cause of failure. Modern engineering has applied its wonderful resources, its trained skill, in all other directions, contemptuously leaving the most important to unlearned "aëronauts,"—each of whom has profited little by the experiments of his predecessors. Their projects have been so irrational and pretentious, and their failures so ludicrous, that the public—of late ever ready to do justice to the possibilities of man's inventive faculty—looks with indifference or hopelessness upon any fresh announcement of a plan to navigate the air.

7. The few, therefore, who have given financial aid toward the solution of our problem, have done so in a faltering and strangely inadequate manner. They have spent hundreds of dollars, at most a few thousands, where tens or hundreds of thousands would seem to be required. The aëronauts themselves have had small means, just enough to construct their fragile aërostats, fill them with cheap gas, and experiment upon the currents of the atmosphere. Scientific excursions for meteorological study have been made in these ordinary balloons. How differently capitalists have worked in other matters, devoting fortunes to corporate mining explorations, or investing millions in new railways—of which so many must come to naught!

My notes under this head ended with a reference to Captain Ericsson's invention, then a recent one, of the caloric engine for marine propulsion. While its economical success was still an open question (since decided adversely) he was able to test it in a steamer built for him at great cost. That half a million dollars could be raised for a possible extension of man's domain upon the sea showed that when the conditions are understood, or even imagined, capital is never wanting. To achieve a true aëronautic victory, to solve the noblest of mechanical problems,—the conquest of the upper element,—paltry sums have been devoted, scarcely sufficient to pay for a year's preliminary investigation by a corps of professional engineers.

To offset the discouragement resulting from previous failures, due to these causes, remained the undeniable statement that there is nothing in nature against the solution of the aëronautic problem. It involves no *reductio ad absurdum*, requires no new and undiscovered principle. It is purely a

* 1878. Doctor Pettigrew's modern analysis of the action of the bird's wing and of the motions of flying creatures has been close and scientific, and his elastic artificial wings have demonstrated its accuracy. See his treatise, "Animal Locomotion," etc. (International Scientific Series, N. Y., 1874), pages 235—258.

mechanical problem—demanding new mechanical combinations, an advance in control of mechanical power, possibly an increase in the production of certain materials, certainly a novel constructive ingenuity. The problem can be solved, and at this stage of civilization should be treated no longer with cowardice or contempt.*

My analysis of the causes of failure resulted, as has been said, in an effort to make an *a priori* statement of the elements requisite for aëronautic success, and to prepare a few diagrams illustrating it.

The following points are based upon my early memorandum of

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM:

1. *Nature of the Structure.* Put out of mind the shape and uses of the old balloon, with its basket attachment, and its one quality of buoyant power. What is wanted is not a simple aërostat,—the name of which describes its fixed and helpless character,—but an *air-traveler*, a structure that can be guided upon a level, and can range the atmosphere† at the voyager's will. Forego attempts to construct a flying-machine, even though this may seem based upon a more obvious analogy with the processes by which art has imitated the motions of animals upon the land and in the sea.

2. *Best Model in Nature.* Take it from the fish. Exact imitation is not the method of mechanics. But as some form of the screw propeller, for instance, is an improvement upon the fish's tail, for uniform and unbroken power, so the principle of any natural motor can be sought out, and applied with precision in engineering.‡

The aërobat must pursue its way, not as a bird flies, but as a fish moves through the water. Each is wholly immersed in its own element. The fish effects a less "displacement," but has a greater "resistance" to encounter. To offset this, its motive organs have an inelastic and denser medium upon which to work. The average of compensation to the natural motor probably is not far from the same in both elements. But we repeat that the bird, a body vastly heavier than the air it displaces, sustains itself by varied forces of which even its weight is one; and these cannot be solely depended upon by an artificial body, whose ratio of weight to displacement is the same.

The aërobat, like the fish, of a specific gravity slightly less than the displacement it effects, profits by its "buoyant equipoise," and is adapted to the limits of human invention, which can apply the principle by which a fish resists currents and moves with ease and speed.§

3. *Specific Gravity.* It must, then, resemble its model in being so delicately upheld that the slightest motive power will elevate or depress it. There must be no actual loss

* "That the tramway of the air may and will be traversed by man's ingenuity at some period or other, is, reasoning from analogy and the nature of things, equally certain. * * * The materials and forces employed in flight are literally the same as those employed in walking and swimming. * * The same elements and forces employed in constructing locomotives and steamboats may, and probably will, at no distant period, be successfully employed in constructing flying-machines. Flight is purely a mechanical problem."—*Pettigrew.*

† 1878. The term *aërostat* (ἀήρ—ἱστανα ι) cannot be applied to such a structure, as it describes a vessel which *stands*, or is upheld in the air: precisely this and nothing more. Feeling the need of a new word, properly formed, that shall describe a vessel capable of propulsion and guidance, I recently have sought the aid of various Greek scholars, and have received from them many noteworthy and curious suggestions. But nothing has been proposed which seems to me so terse, so apt for common use, and so logically correct in application, as the exact converse of "aërostat," namely, *aërobat* (ἀήρ—βαίνειν), meaning that which can *go*, as opposed to that which only can stand, in the air. For purposes of convenience and consistency, I shall venture to employ the new word in this article, and shall make use of "aërostat" to designate only the gas-reservoir of my structure. —P.S. See note on page 580.

‡ 1878. To quote again from Pettigrew: "It is the blending of natural and artificial progression in theory and practice which gives to the one and the other its chief charm. * * The wheel of the locomotive and the screw of the steam-ship apparently greatly differ from the limb of the quadruped, the fin of the fish, and the wing of the bird; but the curves which go to form the wheel and the screw are found in the traveling surfaces of all animals, whether they be limbs (furnished with feet), or fins, or wings." Despite these words, Dr. Pettigrew, when he comes to the question of aërial navigation, would restrict our efforts to an imitation and adoption *of the bird's wings;* indorsing the rigid theory that "as no bird is lighter than the air, no machine constructed to navigate it should aim at being specifically lighter." He demands a flying machine, and nothing else. So far as entire dependence upon "weight" and "artificial wings" is concerned, the theory of my article is in opposition to this recent and eminent authority. I do not deny that "flying-machines" can be devised, but doubt their utility. Whether rendered possible, or not, by the discoveries of Pettigrew and others, I was not and am not seeking for the principles of their construction.

§ 1878. The latest torpedo-boats illustrate the ability of mechanics to utilize the shape and motive principle of the fish in his own element, and furnish the submarine analogue of what the aërobat should be in the atmosphere.

of buoyant quality, nor of weight. It must *swim*, so to speak, up or down, to change its level, or seek a new current of air.

4. *Unity of Design.* Above all, it must, like the fish, contain its machinery, power, freight, *within itself;* must be an integral structure, not two bodies joined by links, rigid or flexible; not an aërostat with an appendage.

5. *Form.* The resistance of air to a moving body is proportional to the square of the velocity. This is increased by the circumstance of its elasticity; it becomes condensed in front of a moving body, and the latter, therefore, should be so shaped as to effect the minimum of condensation. Hence the conical front of a minie-ball. Water is inelastic; but the elliptic shape of the fish, which enables it to cleave the water, chances to be that which also is adapted to a body constructed for rapid motion through the air. To be more exact, modifications of the parabolic conoid should furnish the outlines of the aërobat's prow.

No organism so well opposes a current as that of the fish. Swift and strong birds are beaten back before a storm; the wind gets under them and above them, doubles up their wings, whirls them sidewise and over and over. Few water-currents resist the fish, with its wedge-like shape and its freedom from outlying impediments. Sportsmen know the motive qualities of the trout, which lies with his head to the current, darts up the swiftest rapids, and even *lifts himself upon the sheet of a water-fall*, when the descent is not so great as to break the torrent into spray. The salmon has even greater strength compared with his size. Observe a pickerel, the clipper of our ponds and streams, lying motionless above a stagnant bottom. Suddenly he disappears, like a phantom; a tiny cloud of dust in the wave assures you that he was there, has moved, and is gone. Ten feet away you rediscover him, lying just as motionless. His change of base was so swift that the eye could not follow the movement. The great ocean fishes have proportional speed. The shark and porpoise play around the bows of the swiftest steamers. The whale can move like a railroad train; and even the clumsy sea-lions can swim at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

6. *Motive Power.* The fish, it is true, uses not only fin and tail, but a flexible body, to proceed by sinuous wavings, and is a motor in itself. But the pointed shape of the aërobat certainly renders it worth while to calculate the following problems: Given side vans or a screw of a certain size, to find the number of strokes or revolutions required to overcome the resistance of the vessel's beak to an opposing current of a given velocity; and again: To find a motor of sufficient power, compared with its weight, to produce these revolutions. I believe that the most improved modern steam-engine, compact and economical of power, would suffice for this, under the conditions of the proposed vessel. But then there are the dangers of heat and fire. Progress is making in the construction of the electric engine, and as soon as its ratio of weight to power shall be as favorable as that of the steam-engine, the question of a motor will be solved.

7. *Buoyant Equipoise.* The aërial vessel to have a buoyancy scarcely lighter than the air which it displaces. Ballasted so as to *float* at a short distance above the earth. For change of elevation to depend upon its motor.

To produce this buoyancy, with the greatest economy of size, it must use no carbureted hydrogen (coal-gas), but the purest hydrogen obtainable by chemical process. Pure hydrogen is fourteen and one-half times lighter than air. Aëronauts succeed, by clumsy appliances, in filling their balloons from retorts with an article six times lighter than air, having a lifting power of about one ounce to the cubic foot. With care, hydrogen gas can be made so free from admixture as to be nine times lighter than air, or even purer. Replenishment being seldom needed,* the increased expense of the purer article will be of small account. Possibly a non-explosive gas of equal lightness will be discovered. This, also, would of itself solve the atmospheric problem.†

8. *Structure and Material.* The aërobat to present the appearance of a prolonged curvilinear body, its length several times its height amidships, the latter exceeding its width of beam. The frame-work of this structure to converge above and below from a light, but unyielding, skeleton-deck, reaching from stem to stern, which also is the support of the machinery and cargo. The

* 1878. This year a covering has been invented so impervious to leakage of gas that it has been adopted by the British military authorities. It is stated, also, that after three months' use of the great captive balloon at the Paris Exposition, there has been no measurable loss of gas, and the varnish and white zinc upon the coats of linen, muslin, and gutta-percha are intact.

† The topics of motive power and buoyancy will be resumed elsewhere in this article.

aërostat thus will be divided into upper and lower chambers, the former being considerably the larger; these, however, to be connected by open passages, so that both will constitute a single reservoir of gas.

The materials used for the structure, its covering and appurtenances, to be as light and strong as possible. Frame-work of steel, brass, or bronze tubing, large and small. Covering of the aërostat to be very light, very rigid, impervious to gaseous filtration. Ultimately such structures will be made so large as to permit the use of a copper, or other metallic covering. Its greater surface, I repeat, to be rigid and inflexible; but at the lower vertex a portion must be of some flexible material, and even in folds, to allow for a certain amount of expansion and contraction, at different altitudes and temperatures. This amount will be reduced to a minimum by the use of a gas-condenser.

9. *Safety.* Thus made and buoyed, accidents should be rare. But a plan must be devised which, in case of a sudden loss of buoyant power, will convert the structure itself into a parachute, and enable it to reach the ground with safety.

10. *Center of Gravity.* Of course, under all circumstances, even in case of accident, the vessel must remain right side up. The location of the machinery, passenger-chambers, etc., at and below the deck-line, and the free passage of gas between the upper and lower portions of the aërostat, readily can be made to preserve the true center of gravity.

11. *Steering.* This may be effected in various ways: by a stern-rudder, with vans crossing at right angles; by vans at the sides, etc. Given the means of propulsion, and of ascent and descent, and the matter of guidance presents few difficulties.

12. *Field of Motion.* The aërobat naturally will avail itself of favoring currents, when practicable, and the science of meteorology will be utilized. When possible, the course of the structure to be comparatively near the ground,—just high enough to clear natural and artificial obstructions. It can be steered up and over the slopes of mountain ranges. A strong head-breeze would force it to seek a different elevation. As it rises, the condenser will come in play, and, on descent, the gas thus withdrawn may be restored to the aërostat. Officers and crew will know how to allow for lee-way with a wind on bow, beam, or quarter, how to make the most of a fair current, or to avoid a foul one. Each man will have his allotted task and station, and everything will be managed in a skilled, professional way.

13. *Dimensions and Outlay.* A common-sense view must be taken of the outlay required. Capital builds immense ships at vast expense, equips them munificently, mans them with educated officers and adequate crews. Similar ventures must be made to initiate fairly the conquest of the air. From the nature of that element, a beginner cannot start with a toy aërobat as the first sailor pushed off on his raft. The thing must be done on a large scale. It will be, as soon as the first practical demonstration shall have been made on the smallest scale permitted by the nature of things. The vessel making such a demonstration will be considered nothing but a "working model," when aërobats shall be constructed with a liberality proportioned to the dimensions, materials, power, safety, and general qualities, indicated under the previous heads. The question, after all, is one of purpose and means. Just as I believe the North Pole could be reached, or the Isthmus of Darien cut through, if the first order of professional talent were commanded to undertake either job, and equipped with every resource, so I doubt not that many engineers are living now, who, if given *carte blanche*, and stimulated by governments or corporations to exert their highest energies, could solve the aërial problem upon the principles suggested in this memorandum, and would require no very long time either.

The diagrams, which I entertained myself with drawing, to illustrate the foregoing notes, represent an aërial vessel similar in general structure to the design in the frontispiece of this article. But, in 1858, the properties of the screw-propeller not being so well understood as now, one mode of propulsion then occurring to me was by side vans, revolving horizontally, and so arranged as not to oppose the air during the forward half of their revolution. Another device was the use of two valvular vans on each side, oscillating back and forth, the valves of each closing on the backward stroke and opening on the forward. This involved one principle common to both fin and wing. In order that there should be no cessation of the stroke, the two vans, on each side, were made to work with opposing movements, so that the valves of one or the other should always strike the air.

These and other means of applying the motive power seemed cumbrous and intricate. Some years afterward, Nadir, in Paris, taking up an old theory, proposed to guide the car of his aërostat by vans revolving on

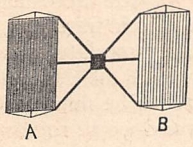


FIG. 1.

A, Retreating Van. B, Van moving forward, with open valves.

the principle of the screw. Nothing came of it, I believe, but, my attention thus being directed to the subject, I learned that no human invention so truly acts upon the principle of animal motion as the screw.

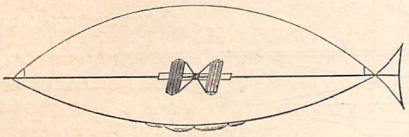


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2 represents the outline of a diagram with the foregoing arrangement.

(As Pettigrew has phrased it, "The tail of the fish, the wing of the bird, and the extremity of the biped and quadruped are screws structurally and functionally.") No other is so fitted to propel a vessel wholly immersed in water or in air. After much discussion by David and other theorists, Dupuy de Lôme, in 1872, made an experiment, attaching to the car of his balloon a screw, which eight men worked with a capstan. Under the conditions, this resembled an attempt of "the tail to wag the dog." Some progress, however, was made, and the course of the balloon altered by 12° in a windy day. These and other events convinced me that the screw, or a combination of screws, revolving with a rapidity proportioned to the resisting surface of the aërobat, must be the true propeller. The elastic quality and tenuity of the air, permit an immensely swifter revolution on the part of the aërial screw than can be made effective in the water; and Pettigrew since has very clearly shown that by following the "waved-track," or "figure-of-8" principle, there is scarcely any limit to the "effective speed."

At first, also, I relied on the rudder and condenser for change of altitude, which, so far as the former was concerned, could be effective only in prolonged inclined planes. But from the date of Cayley's experiments, near the close of the last century, attention has been called to the use of the screw as a means of ascent and descent. Last summer, Ritchell's experiment, to which I shall again refer, gave visible proof that an aërostat, in a state of equipoise, can be raised and lowered with precision by a vertical screw, and with trifling outlay of power. In

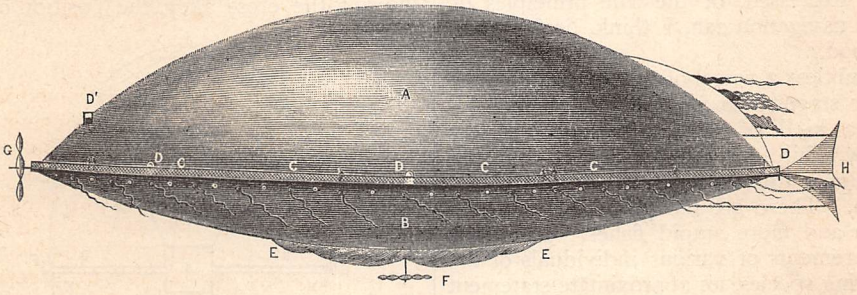


FIG. 3.

OUTLINE IN PERSPECTIVE.

A, Upper section of aërostat, the covering rigid and inelastic. B, Lower section of the same. C, C, C, C, Netted railing and passage-way around the vessel. This also indicates the line of the bow-shaped metallic tubes, united fore and aft, which form the "deck" of the structure, and are cross-braced for the support of the machinery, etc. From the deck, light and strong ties and braces converge above and below. Beneath the outer railing are the port-holes of a narrow chambered gallery for passengers, express freight, etc. D, Lookout station, reached by a cylindrical passage from shaft gallery. D, D, D, Lookout stations. These, as well as D, at night display the electric light. E, E, Flexible, elastic portion of the aërostat, in folds, adapted for expansion and contraction. F, Horizontal wave screw, attached to vertical shaft, for change of altitude and buoyant power. G, Main screw. H, Duplex rudder. Dimensions: length, exclusive of screw and rudder, 300 feet; height, amidships, 100 feet; width, 66.66 feet; total volume, 799.200 cubic feet; space allowance for machinery, galleries, etc., 39.200 feet; net capacity of aërostat or gas reservoir, 760,000 feet; lifting power of its contents, $\frac{18}{19}$ pure, 51,848 pounds.

the diagrams illustrating my amended designs, with various applications of motive power, this contrivance is adopted with due credit to those aëronauts who have given practical demonstration of its use.

In the selection from these diagrams, which is similar to the design in the frontispiece, the propelling-screw is at the prow, instead of the stern of the aërobat—an arrangement that some engineers prefer, and which, at least, gives freedom of action to the rudder. This is merely for example's sake, it being quite probable that screws fore and aft, or twin-screws, or a combination of such propellers at prow or stern, will be required for the control and movement of our structure. But with the aid of this drawing my general views, already expressed, of the true principles of aërial navigation can, I think, be fairly understood.

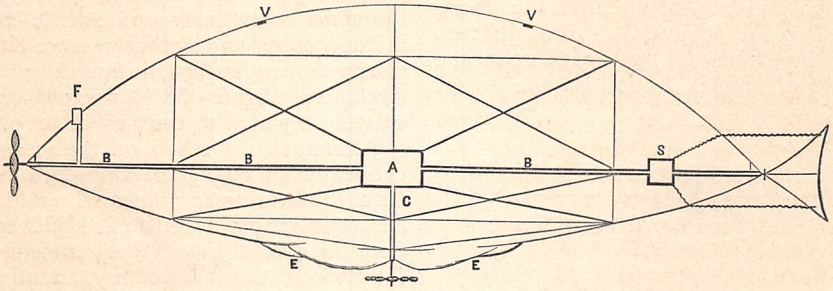


FIG. 4.

LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

A, Engine room. B, B, B, Longitudinal alley, for shafting, etc., etc. C, Well, inclosing vertical shaft. E, E, Flexible portion of covering. F, Lookout station. V, V, Valves. S, Steerage.

Doubtless a vessel of this shape, after the earlier stages of navigation, will be considered a kind of "Dutch bottom," a very clumsy affair, its width being two-thirds of its height, and its height one-third of its length. These are the proportions of the slower and more stupid fishes. From the measurements of various individuals of the following species, an approximate statement of their dimensions* has been obtained: Sun-fish—Height: Length : : 1 : 2. Sheepshead—H : L : : 1 : 2.33. Black bass—H : L : : 1 : 3. Striped bass—H : L : : 1 : 3.67. Yellow perch—H : L : : 1 : 3.75. Trout—H : L : : 1 : 4. Salmon—H : L : : 1 : 4.50. Spanish mackerel—H : L : : 1 : 5.50. Muscalonge—H : L : : 1 : 5.50. Great pickerel—H : L : : 1 : 6.

Ultimately, the shape of the aërobat clipper will more readily be indicated by the last than by the third of these measurements.

Metallic tubing will combine the lightness and strength requisite for the framework of the aërobat. On each side, within the lower section of the aërostat, depending from the main elliptic frames, a long narrow gallery will accommodate passengers and freight. This, like all dependent portions of the structure, to be made of the lightest wickerwork, wood-work, rope-work consistent with the strength required. *Papier-maché* and kindred material will be liberally used. Narrow alleys for shafting and passage-way will run from stem to stern and across the beam, leading, of course, to a central engine-room and a small steerage chamber.

Figure 5 is a vertical section, amidships, showing the cross alley, the position of the

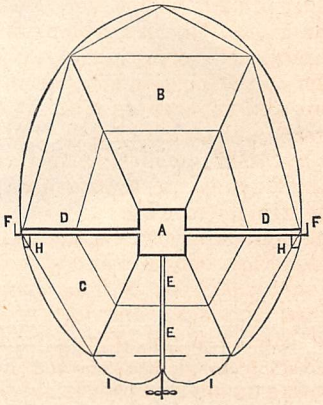


FIG. 5.

CROSS SECTION.

A, Engine room. B, Upper section of aërostat. C, Lower section. D, D, Transverse passage. E, E, Vertical well. F, F, External railing. H, H, Dependent interior galleries. I, I, Flexible portion of covering.

* Exclusive of the tail in each case.

external railing and of the slender galleries dependent from the elliptic frame.

For the covering, no less than in the machinery and frame-work, "lightness and strength" must be the constant watch-word. To successfully resist the wind, and preserve the integral nature of the whole structure, its envelope should be rigid and unyielding. For the smallest aërobats probably the new compound cloth-covering, zinc-varnished, would suffice, if made stiff and strong. For the larger, thin metallic sheathing would be required, the portion covering the structure forward of the beam to be made especially strong, like the armored head of a fish. All the internal stays, ties, braces to be made of strong but delicate metallic rods, wire and tubing.

Some years after I began to think of this subject, I fell into conversation with an intelligent machinist, the chance companion of a railway trip. He remarked that he thought the solution of our problem might depend upon the increased production of aluminium—then a comparatively new metal.

This, one of the most abundant of metals, is so difficult of extraction from the clay that the cost at that time was $1.80. per ounce. By 1867 it was obtained through an improved process from cryolite, at a cost of $0.90 per ounce. Recent authorities quote the cost of manufacture as low as $4. a pound. Its specific gravity, when hammered and rolled till strong as iron or stronger, compares with that of iron and copper as 2.67 to 7.78 and 8.78 respectively. It is, therefore but one-third as heavy as the lighter of these metals, and even weighs less than glass. There are signs that it yet will be produced so cheaply as to be useful for much of the jointed frame-work of our structure, and for portions of the machinery not subject to excessive heat. But though it cost its weight in silver, it might well be afforded, if by its use a structure could be made to navigate the air.

Aluminium bronze, ten parts aluminium and ninety parts copper, has a specific gravity of only 7.69. It is three times more rigid than gun-metal, and forty-four times more so than brass; and, in consequence of its transverse, tensile and elastic strength, exceedingly strong tubing and rods could be made of it, at a vast economy of structural weight.

The lower extremity of the envelope to be of flexible material, in loose folds. Here an automatic safety-valve may be adjusted. Ordinary valves to be placed in the roof of the envelope, for use in emergencies.

The motive power to be applied by the most compact and improved machinery. The electric engine will be required, and is now so well advanced that it should provide the necessary power. Electricity, in fact, will be as indispensable to the aërobat as to one of Jules Verne's imaginary structures. The electric light will flash from its lookout station, and illuminate the inner galleries; while the steering and propulsion will be governed by electric signals from the pilot and other officers at their various posts.

For the purpose of illustration, only one form of the aërobat has thus far been shown, to wit: that in which the screw is located at the prow. But experiment must determine, I repeat, the size, shape, and best position of the screw or screws. If placed at the stern, horizontal vans may be used at the sides for safety and steadiness, as applied to a recent submarine vessel. Or perpendicular vans could be used for steering, in this wise:

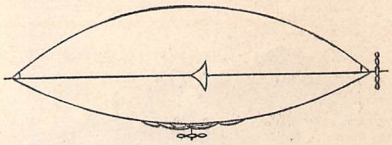


FIG. 6.

But my opinion is that the very best arrangement will be the use of *twin screws*, one under each quarter, the vessel being guided by a rudder at the stern, as in the following diagram:

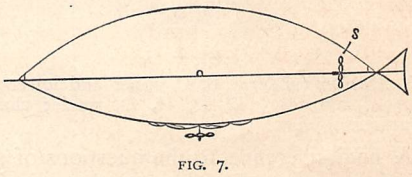


FIG. 7.

The greater proportion of resistant surface offered to a current by the aërobat would of itself prevent it from exhibiting the fish's ratio of speed to dimensions. Besides, motion is not at all proportionate to size in living or artificial organisms. If it were, the aërobat might go round the world in a day. Its propeller must be swift and strong.* As

* Pettigrew's compound arrangement of blades upon the principle of his "aërial twin screw," is claimed to make a powerful elastic propeller, both in water and in air. Whether it is not an attempt to imitate nature too directly, and whether its yielding quality can be utilized in violent currents and storms, must be determined by practice. On the whole, I think that a screw not very different from that proposed by this investigator will be found the best for aërial propulsion, and would refer the reader to the American edition of his treatise, pp. 256, 257.

I have said, the problems of its form and revolutions, and of the resistance to be overcome, will be scientifically calculated.

The blades of the propellers to be light and sturdy frames, rigged with prepared canvas, drum-head leather, or equally serviceable material.

Equipped with the vertical screw, an aërobat will not absolutely require any guide more complex than a simple fan-tailed rudder, to control its horizontal motion. But for sudden and slight deflections from either its horizontal or its vertical course, the rudder to which I give the name of "dart" or "duplex" is well adapted. It is an old and obvious contrivance which never has been effectively used, since no aërostat thus far has been supplied with adequate motive power.

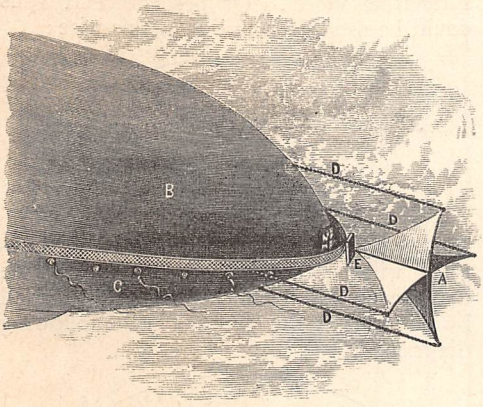


FIG. 8.

A, Duplex rudder. B, C, upper and lower surfaces of aërostat. D, D, D, D, rudder chains. E, universal joint.

A final reference to the questions of size and buoyancy. Keeping to the principle of buoyant equipoise as essential, at least in the primary stages of aërial navigation, I judge that an aërobat of the dimensions proposed in Fig. 3 would be the smallest that could be made of rigid material and propelled by a vigorous motor. And a vessel so proportioned would require the minimum of aid from its vertical screw, and demand the maximum from its propeller. The line of improvement would be in the direction of a sufficient gain in mechanical power to enable the vertical screw or screws to play a more important part in upholding the structure. This would decrease the *volume* of the gas-reservoir, and make the work of the horizontal propeller less arduous. In fine, aërobats at first will depend largely upon their structural buoyancy, improving through increase of lifting and propelling mechanical power, and through a corresponding decrease of resisting surface, as time goes by. This advance finally should be so great as to fully meet the views of theorists who claim that atmospheric navigation can be effected only by a machine far heavier than the air which it displaces.

So far as concerns the aërostat charged with hydrogen gas, the buoyancy increases as the product of the axes, and hence at a much greater rate than the resistance to progression. The former constantly gains on the latter. The dimensions given under Fig. 3 are not so large as they seem. The balloon constructed by the proprietors of the "Graphic" was able to contain 400,000 cubic feet of gas, with a lifting power of 14,000 pounds. Our aërobat (1), dimensions 66.66 x 100 x 300, with a net capacity of 760,000 cubic feet, the gas being one-sixth the weight of common air, will lift, including its own weight, 48,695 pounds=21.74 gross tons; or, as already given, the gas being $\frac{18}{29}$ pure, 51,848 pounds=23.10 gross tons. Increase the dimensions slightly, and the lifting power is greatly enlarged. For example: an aërobat (2), dimensions 80 x 120 x 360, will have a gross capacity of 1,382,400 cubic feet. Space allowance for chambers, alleys, etc., 62,400 feet. Net capacity, 1,320,000 feet. Lifting power—the gas being one-sixth the weight of air—84,578 pounds=37.76 gross tons; or, the gas being $\frac{18}{29}$ pure, 90,052 pounds=40.20 gross tons.*

These dimensions, I think, would make it possible to construct the primitive aërobats largely of metal, and to equip them with machinery sufficient for their propulsion, even at the present stage of applied mechanical power. Given, a speed of fifty miles an hour in calm weather, and against a head-wind of thirty miles an hour a progress of twenty miles would be made. With a favorable wind of the same force, the aërobat would travel eighty miles an hour, and reach Europe in a day and a half. But good luck and bad luck, fair weather and foul, fortune and wreck, must come by turns to the best of man's artificial conveyances, guided by his highest skill and heroism, whether on the land or sea, and as surely in the navigable air.

There are no absolute reasons why an

* So long ago as 1864, M. David made the rapid increase of buoyant volume, compared with enlargement of resisting surface, the basis of a strong argument in favor of increasing the size of aërostats designed for artificial propulsion.

aërobat should not have a width much greater than its height. Such a structure would be an automatic parachute, and could be made safe beyond peradventure. But on most accounts the shape already illustrated is preferable, and aërobats thus modeled will be equipped with a light external covering, arranged for expansion in case of accident and able to break the force of a descent to the earth's surface.

But I am not an engineer ("No need to tell us that!" the reader who *is* an engineer will say) and more safely may leave specific details to the arithmeticians. To use the patent agent's phrase, "what I claim" as my invention rests upon the following basis:

1. Model in nature, with respect to shape, motion, power and buoyancy—the fish.

2. The unity, integral quality, freedom from external impediments, of the whole structure. And therefore,

3. Rigidity and compactness of its architecture.

4. Buoyant equipoise; with preservation of the contents of the aërostat.

Having so long unfulfilled a purpose to put these notions at some time into print, it has required, I say, not only the pen of my friendly journalist, but a series of events to prick the sides of my intent. Each practical advance that has been made in the art of aërobatics, or toward the creation of such an art, has been upon the line of my early theories. The suggestion of the cigar-shaped aërostat, in France, and its adoption in America by Dr. Andrews and others, however little came of it, was a step forward. The "parabolic-spindle," or some modification of it, is the true form.

Ritchell's experiments, in Connecticut and elsewhere, as illustrated in "The Graphic" and "Harper's Weekly," were in every sense noteworthy. They involved the ideas of buoyant equipoise, the use of vans upon the principle of the screw for ascent and descent, and for horizontal propulsion. His experiments at least proved these ideas to be sound. Allowing for the cumbrous shape of his aërostat,—a cylinder with blunted ends,—for the division between it and its motor, and for the diminutive scale of the whole structure, he made an important demonstration.

Shortly afterward "The Sun" and "The Tribune" published accounts of the aërial vessel designed by Mr. Schroeder. This is to be spindle-shaped, driven by a screw, and sufficiently large to carry an electric engine in its gondola or car. The projector, it is said, relies upon side-vans acting like wings for the power required to utilize the buoyant equipoise of his aërostat and cause it to ascend. I do not believe that these can compete with the vertical screws. But in a different respect he proposes to make a notable advance. His car is to be shaped like the aërostat, and so closely and firmly attached thereto as to make the structure almost an integral body. I have not learned what progress, if any, Mr. Schroeder is making in the construction of such a vessel, but do not hesitate to say that its design, though imperfect, is more philosophical than any other of which I have heard; and that if he really has the skill and means to carry it out there is no reason why he should not prove himself the Disraeli of aëronauts and treat the community to a genuine "surprise." At all events his project and the experiment of Mr. Ritchell are signs of the times, full of significance to one who, like myself, ventures to believe in aërial navigation, and that its coming is nigh at hand.

RESULTS OF A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

In this belief, having ended the toilsome and venturous portion of our treatise, I will make a brief excursion outside the liberties of mechanical suggestion. What follows may seem but a day-dream—one of those visions

> "Which are the children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but pure fantasy."

Yet an inventor's, or a poet's, dream may be true, if not to what has been, at least to what may be,—and hence not utterly wanting in a sage's wisdom. If not within the bounds of nature, we may be sure it will not long illude.

Moreover, dreaming and castle-building are the inventor's sustenance, the poet's diet, the poor man's riches, the delight of childhood, the solace and respite of a weary and often-baffled middle-life. It is the noble discontent of eager souls which sighs for what is not; but even at life's meridian one should look before rather than after. Let us set our thoughts toward the future, and forget our own helplessness in the youth and promise of the race. Who has not lived to find some of his dreams coming to pass—earlier, it may be, than he had thought? For one, I have a hundred dreams; one of them the always unfulfilled design of work so often studied in my brain that it seems

already done; others in plenty of what may —of what will—distinguish the growth and destiny of the world to which we belong. And of all these last, none so broad in scope and alluring in promise as that of the results to follow the accomplishment of aërial navigation.

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and *subdue* it." Man never has lost sight of the task committed to him. The depths of the ocean and the breadth of the land are under his dominion, and there scarcely is

> —"a waste unknown,
> From the fierce tropic to the frozen zone."

But there is one element unsubdued, wholly beyond his control, though it lends itself to waft his ships and turn his wind-mills, and anon to wreck them both. Possibly we are beginning to catch some notion of its courses and conditions. But still the air is the archbishop's "chartered libertine," the one unmastered rover. And what an element it is! Everywhere abounding, covering one all over like a cloak, earth's garment, man's aureola, in which he moves, breathes, and has his being; the most delicate, the strongest of all; invisible, yet making all things plain; light, yet pressing everywhere; elusive, yet waiting to be overcome, and to confer gifts upon its sovereign beyond his most extravagant conjecture!

Suppose the conquest of the air to be achieved, its secret found; suppose that men were free to have their will of it.

Result—freedom, illimitable freedom; freedom of movement, government, thought, of life in its widest possibilities and boundless range. A race must attain majority to have the skill for such a conquest, and with majority comes the right to such freedom. Earlier, it would be a fatal gift.

"What," I often ask, "will be the first and obvious effect of aërial navigation?"

To many answers, apposite or otherwise, I have added my own:

"Decatur, Illinois, will become a sea-port town."

"How a sea-port town? And why Decatur?"

Why Decatur, to be sure, more than any other city, or, indeed, any desert oasis or mountain peak? I say Decatur, because that place will do for an example of the dependent inland towns, impossible before the building of railways, inaccessible except for their construction. The smallest, the most remote, of them all will at once become sea-ports. The air will be the ocean; or, rather, let us say, that ethereal ocean, the atmosphere, at last having been utilized and made available for the commerce, the travel, the swift running to and fro of men, every spot of this globe will be a building-site, every acre a harbor, every open space, plain, hummock, the highest range, the humblest valley, an aërial port.

The Irishman then will not be called upon to admire the foresight of Providence in making great rivers flow by mighty towns. Air communications will be everywhere. The second effect, then, will be that our overgrown cities must relinquish their importance. Such "necessary evils" must even cease to exist, except for advantages gained by centralization here and there, for purposes of education, luxury, or governmental power. The instant these purposes shall be satisfied or abused, a growing city will cease to grow.

This, also, is in the direction of freedom. New York no longer will be the metropolis, St. Louis and Chicago no longer the West, Paris no longer France. The rural places —even the isles of the sea—will emancipate themselves from the centers by union with the whole. They will cast off the repressive influence of the former, and interchange their thought with the ideas and glory of the world at large.

Let us do justice to a man of honesty, genius, and enthusiasm. Charles Fourier, as a critic of the evils belonging to an immature social development, was truthful and discerning. The life-long servant of a commercial house, he was familiar with the systems of trade, and his generalizations were those of a philosopher. He was justified in his denouncement of the "Spoliation of the Social Body," by Bankruptcy, by Monopoly and Forestalling, by Agiotage, by Parasitism, by the corruption of Joint-stock Corporations. As a soothsayer he was more correct than many poets and prophets of olden times. Already some of his predictions of the good to result from legitimate Association have been fulfilled. In his effort to forecast the splendid civilization in store for mankind it is yet to be proved that he was a too visionary seer.

His mistake was twofold: 1. His imagination, allied with a severely logical temper, could not refrain from an *a priori* search for every detail of the future. 2. Having in view his own Utopia, and imperfectly comprehending the science of evolution, he conceived the idea of hastening the ultimate results of human

progress by a kind of forcing process. He failed to see that in the present stage of growth there is not the demand for a perfectly economic social system, nor is it a possibility. He urged his disciples to create this in advance of time, and before the spread of population and the progress of science and art had on the one hand established the absolute necessity, and on the other given mankind the power. We cannot place the world in a hot-house, to ripen like a peach. Nevertheless, in the unfinished and often unscientific productions of Fourier there are many things of which the world may well take heed.

Among these is the prediction that great cities—wherein palaces and hovels crowd one another and the poor cling upon the rich like the camp-followers of an army—are to become, because great evils, things of the past. They, no more than desert tracts, can exist beyond a given time. In their stead he proffered the Phalanstery, a combination of people in groups assorted by natural law, according to the requirements of utility, luxury, taste and education. The attempts to realize this substitution have failed, as arbitrary attempts of the sort must always fail. Material causes prevent their success. Cities are agglomerations of the dwellings, warehouses, and industries, of men, at those central and accessible points where transportation can reach the commercial and distributing reservoirs.

Their decay, or, at least, our emancipation from their foremost evils, will arrive only with our sovereignty of the aërial sea above us.

Civic life will continue, but cities then will thrive in proportion to their advantages of learning, their attractions of art and pleasure, or as centers of political organization. The people will distribute themselves throughout the land.

The change will be gradual. The art of aërial navigation will be slow of perfection. Our primitive vessels and motors will be rude and defective, as Stephenson's locomotive now would seem to us. Heavy freights must long continue to move by water and rail. Aërobats at first will be used for the transmission of the mails and light express packages, and especially for their swift conveyance over sea. Soon the inland companies will have each its own "aërial express." By and by aërobats displaying the insignia and pennons of the great newspapers will leave town at 3 A.M., and whir over the country "as the crow flies," and at their utmost speed, dropping their packages in the towns and villages along the routes in every direction of the compass. Soon the more adventurous and resolute, and finally all classes of travelers will avail themselves of the great passenger aërobats and enjoy the unsurpassable luxury of flight, experiencing thrills of wonder and ecstasy, and a sense of power, freedom, and safety to which all former delights of travel may well seem tame by comparison.

A vital and most beneficent result of the new achievement will be the serious check given to the cruelest, most defiant and grasping, of all monopolies—the grand transportation companies, and especially to the railroad corporations with their atrocious system of management. The adjective is well considered. For many years duty has placed me within close observation of matters at the financial center. There I constantly have been impressed by two things: first, by the unpretentious, almost unvarying honor and devotion of the brokers whose profession it is to buy and sell the shares into which the estates of these corporations are divided; secondly, by the boundless rascality of the average railway director—a knavery specious and vast beyond even his own powers of comprehension. For to a blunted moral sense he adds an intelligence so preternatural, when defrauding investors and gaining control of the public wealth, as to put on the guise of genius and attain satanic power. Even the more ignorant among them survey a wider material horizon than men highly educated in other pursuits. We can imagine that personages like——or——or——, if allowed the range of the stellar systems, would issue consolidation bonds on nebulæ in process of contraction, "corner" the planets, make coupons payable in moons, and create panics alike among fixed and wandering stars.

By a curious paradox, those of them who have the most selfishly straightforward aims, who by chance own and develop the properties under their control, are the most obtrusive and dangerous. Of course I yield an intelligent assent to the doctrine that great capitalists are needed, in default of something better, to institute great enterprizes. Great owners also are needed to run our vast industrial organizations.

There is not, however, a sufficient check upon them. By their monstrous faculty of accumulation they gradually manage our governments, oppress not only the poor but

the public at large, build up a new feudalism, and in many ways increase the evils of the time. If the "reign of law" did not in the end break in upon this process, it could be demonstrated that a Vanderbilt would own not only all the properties conveyed on 'change, but all the wealth of the land. A long enjoyment of this kind of power breeds tyranny, and it is not surprising that our people begin to look right and left for a substantial foil to the arrogance of their railway kings.

Let them turn their faces upward and invoke the genii of the air—the trackless air! You may charter aërial companies, no doubt, but you cannot impede the right of way upon these higher than the "high seas." The teeth of the railway managers would soon be drawn, and the clipping of their claws would follow, should aërial navigation become an accomplished fact. At first the freight-carrying would remain with them, but even for that in time they would have to compete with a thousand, instead of half a dozen "trunk-lines," and, in short, come nearer to the level of their fellow-men.

Science will make instant and brilliant use of the new means at command, and economy, political and domestic, will adjust itself, with the aid of science, to the new conditions. Our standards will be revised, meteorology will receive intelligent and close attention; a class of astronomical observations will be made at will above the vapors of the lower atmosphere; the Pole, the desert, no longer can hide their secrets from the geographer; the geologist will explore formations hitherto inaccessible; the telegraph will be put to new uses; in numberless directions the sum of human learning will be advanced.

New processes of mechanical and manufacturing industry will arise, often utilizing material hitherto worthless. We shall have ceaseless invention of aërobatic appliances and improvements, and of the machinery to make the same. The impetus that will be given to the industry as to the commerce of the world cannot be overestimated. A *finesse* will characterize the new manufactures beyond anything previously known, and only suggested by the elegant adroitness of the races which people the Asiatic coast. Human skill will expend itself upon new combinations of grace, lightness and strength, in machinery and equipment.

Not only by these processes of construction, but also by the power and freedom gained through their success, a delightful reflex influence will be exerted upon the æsthetics of life. Poetry and romance will have fresh material and a new *locale*, and imagination will take flights unknown before. Landscapes painted between earth and heaven must involve novel principles of drawing, color, light and shade. Music, like the songs of Lohengrin, will be showered from aërial galleys. In every way the resources of social life will be so enlarged that at last it truly may be said, "Existence is itself a joy." Sports and recreations will be strangely multiplied. Rich and poor alike will make of travel an every-day delight, the former in their private aëronons,* the latter in large and multiform structures, corresponding in use to the excursion-boats of our rivers and harbors, the "floating palaces" of the people, and far more numerous and splendid. The ends of the earth, its rarest places, will be visited by all. The sportsman can change at pleasure from the woods and waters of the North, the runways of the deer, the haunts of the salmon, to the pursuit of the tiger in the jungle or the emu in the Australian bush. An entirely new profession—that of airmanship—will be thoroughly organized, employing a countless army of trained officers and "airmen." The adventurous and well-to-do will have their pleasure yachts of the air, and take hazardous and delightful cruises. Their vessels will differ from the cumbrous aërobats intended for freight and emigrant business, will be christened with beautiful and suggestive names,—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and the like,—and will vie with one another in grace, readiness, and speed.

Observe also the swift advance which, from the nature of things, aërial navigation will effect in the science of government, and especially in the co-relations of the nations and peoples of the world. Boundaries will be practically obliterated when mountain-chains, rivers, even seas, can be crossed as readily as a level border-line, and oppose no obstacle to the passage of travelers, merchants, or men-at-arms. Laws and customs speedily must assimilate when races and

* For this excellent and ingenious formation I am indebted to Mr. W. P. Prentice, who derives it from ἀέρο—νέω, hence ἀερονῆιν, to swim in air—aëronon, "a thing swimming in air. A word euphonious and dignified, and describing a structure fashioned upon my theory. I should substitute it for "aërobat" throughout this article, were it not that it has seemed desirable to present the latter word as the correlative of "aërostat," a term already in scientific use.

languages shall be mingled as never before. The fittest, of course, will survive and become the dominant types. The great peoples of Christendom soon will arrive at a common understanding; the Congress of Nations no longer will be an ideal scheme, but a necessity, maintaining order among its constituents and exercising supervision over the ruder, less civilized portions of the globe. Free-trade will become absolute, and everywhere reciprocal: no power on earth could enforce an import tariff. War between enlightened nations soon will be unknown. Men will see "the heavens fill with commerce," but after a few destructive experiments there will rain no

> "—ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Troops, aërial squadrons, death-dealing armaments will be maintained only for police surveillance over barbarous races, and for instantly enforcing the judicial decrees of the world's international court of appeal. Ultimately knowledge will be universally distributed, the purest and most advanced religion will shed an influence everywhere, and its gospel indeed be preached throughout the world and "to every creature."

The morning of a Saturnian age thus will dawn with the success of man's attempts to navigate the atmosphere. Sit down, separate yourself from the thought of things as they are,—speculate freely, but with sound imagination, upon what they may be,—and by irrefragable processes of logic you will see that what I predict must result from the solution of our problem, indeed that the half has not been suggested. The law is well understood: material progress determines the intellectual and spiritual progress of the human race. Its true perfection must follow this ultimate conquest of nature, and can be reached in no other way.

Have any commensurate efforts yet been made to achieve this result? Has it been considered otherwise than as a fantastic dream? Have any, save a few enthusiasts, mostly poor and unlearned, attempted to realize it? Is it not left, even now, to the accidents of time? Still, there is nothing yet undone but man desires to do it. His unrest, his eager insatiate daring, penetrates the heart of Africa, the depths of the seas. Visionary speculators waste fortunes upon impossible motors, upon luckless wells and mining-shafts, while here is the most tempting of all material achievements demonstrably within the bounds of invention, within the capacities of forces and matter already under our control. The determined effort, the liberal expenditure of a single government, even of one of our thousand moneyed corporations, can solve the problem. It is strange that a score of such efforts, of such expenditures, are not making; that the princeliest appropriations, the deftest intellects, are not devoted to the attainment of this end. But with or without them, I repeat, the end is near at hand.

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

INTO the crystal chalice of the soul
Is falling, drop by drop, Life's blending mead.
The pleasant waters of our childhood speed
And enter first; and Love pours in its whole
Deep flood of tenderness and gall. There roll
The drops of sweet and bitter that proceed
From wedded trustfulness, and hearts that bleed
For children that outrun us to the goal.
And later come the calmer joys of age—
The restful streams of quietude that flow
Around their fading lives, whose heritage
Is whitened locks and voice serene and low.
These added blessings round the vessel up—
Death is the overflowing of the cup.

THE RELATIONS OF INSANITY TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.*

FOR practical purposes insanity may be considered as incident only to civilization. Doubtless, cases of it have occurred in the ruder and uncivilized conditions of the race from injuries of various kinds to the nervous system, and possibly other causes, but for our present purpose these may be ignored. So far as I know we have no accounts which lead us to suppose the disease ever existed to any considerable extent either among the North American Indians or the natives of the Pacific isles.

On the other hand, as communities, states and nations advance in the so-called conditions of civilization, as society becomes more settled and its conditions more permanent and stable, insanity appears. Unfortunately, we have no statistics which show how high a ratio it sustained to the general population during the last few centuries in European countries, but there can be little doubt that at the present time it bears a higher ratio to the whole number of the population, both in Europe and this country, than at any former period of history.† This is indeed a remarkable commentary on, a serious charge to bring against, our modern civilization, and it may be well to examine for a little the relations of the two conditions. Shall we say that civilization and insanity stand in the relation of *cause* and *effect?* In other words, does the passing from a state of savage life to one of regularity and industry, from a state of ignorance to one of learning and refinement, from the conditions of uncertain and limited supply to one of fairly certain and abundant supply, have so unfavorable an effect upon the nervous system as to develop this disease and cause its increase? This would appear to be impossible, and we are led to inquire what relation the one sustains to the other.

I think it may be stated in a general way that there are certain conditions incident to, and growing out of, a high state of civilization, which in some degree tend to explain both the development and increase of insanity. The first to which I will allude is *a vicious, imperfect and injudicious education.*

As society advances in the arts and conditions attending a higher state of civilization, property increases rapidly, and, during the last half century, it has been a very common occurrence that families, who have for generations been cradled and reared in poverty, and all their lives have been obliged to struggle for the ordinary necessaries of life, have been suddenly lifted into affluence and the surroundings of wealth. Labor, which before had been a necessity and a blessing, is now looked upon as a curse. That family discipline, which before had been a necessity, and had secured a manual occupation, and which now should secure at least an occupation for the brain, is altogether gone; while, in consequence, the child is left—nay, too often encouraged—to assert his own preferences in all things, and the will to strengthen itself in idleness and general demoralization. That education for the brain which, alone, could properly fit it for the changed conditions which environ it, and strengthen it to contend against the illusive and dangerous conditions of wealth, and the disappointment of reverses sure to come, is altogether neglected. Serious results in the way of disease may possibly not come so long as property lasts, but when, as is too often the case, adversity comes, the unfortunate one is left with neither the means nor the ability to cope with the adversities of life. Disappointment, anxiety and consequent worry, producing irregularity of brain action; opposition to a will grown strong in having its own way, acting upon a brain weak from the lack of discipline, very often result in upsetting the mind.

Or, again, the education may be of very *imperfect character.* In this nineteenth century, everybody is in a hurry. The race seems to have suddenly awoke to the realization that life is short, and what is done,

* Read before the New England Psychological Society, March, 1878.

† "The London Medical Times and Gazette" for November, 1877, contains some statements from the last report of the commissioners of lunacy, to the following effect: Ever since the year 1859 there has been a steady increase of insanity in England and Wales, amounting to more than 1,000 annually. The largest number was in 1869, amounting to 2,177, the smallest in 1875, which was only 1,123. During other years the amount of increase ranged between these two numbers. From 1859 to 1876 the total of insane persons increased from 36,762 to 66,636. It is said the general population of England and Wales increases annually at the rate of one and a half per cent., while insanity and imbecility increase at the rate of three per cent. Probably statistics would show a similar rate of increase in the United States.

must be done quickly, and it cannot take time to become educated. It is a race from childhood to manhood, from the cradle to the spelling-book, from the spelling-book to the arithmetic, and from the arithmetic I had almost, and, perhaps, could truthfully have said, to the fully developed responsibilities of life. Fifty years ago, they did not do things so rapidly. The artisan or mechanic was regularly apprenticed to serve his three or his seven long years, in which thoroughly to master both the principles and details of the calling he had chosen, or which had been chosen for him for life. This was the period of his education, and when this was finished, he was expected to have made such acquisitions as would enable him intelligently to accomplish such tasks as should devolve upon him. The same was true in reference to all the trades and professions. We are all familiar with the changed conditions of to-day. How few in the various trades and employments go through any lengthened apprenticeship or educational process! A few months or a year or two, time enough to master the first steps is taken, and then the ambitious one starts for himself. The man who should have been a learner, aspires to become a master; the man fitted only to labor on a farm under the direction of others becomes himself a proprietor with little more knowledge of the character of the soils he tills, and of their needs of enrichment, than the oxen he drives. In other words, the mechanic, the farmer, artisans of almost all kinds, as well as the professional man, assume charge of, and undertake to manage, the details of callings in life they have never half learned. I need not say such men have not half a chance in the hurry, competition and struggle of this nineteenth century. The anxiety and worry of life are increased a hundred fold, and are sure to tell in time on the nervous system.

Or, once more, the education may be of an *injudicious character*, relative to the age of the person. I am fully persuaded of the evils resulting to the brain from the forcing process prevalent in many of our public schools at the present time, especially at that period of life when all the forces of the system are, or should be largely consumed in physical development. The muscular and alimentary systems are so liable to injury by overwork when they are in the formative period of childhood, that legislation may wisely interfere for their protection; much more so, in my view, is the delicate nervous system. In childhood, secondary metamorphosis goes on much more rapidly in all the systems than in later years, and this is especially true of the nervous system. If then the brain be over-stimulated by tasks at this period this action will necessarily be much increased, and the brain function will be more likely to become impaired. The evils, however, may not manifest themselves so much in the form of insanity as in a system developed in improper proportions; the muscular and alimentary systems being left in a large degree to themselves, while the brain is unduly stimulated. In later years, it seeks revenge in inability or refusal to work, or in that general condition termed nervousness. The person is inharmoniously developed, and proves of precious little use to himself or to the community of which he may be a member. It seems to me that the true idea of education is the uniform development of all the systems of the body together,—a leading out, building up and strengthening of these several parts for whatever calling or profession may be chosen in life, in such a manner that the individual shall be qualified to adjust himself or herself to the general conditions and requirements of society, without friction to self or others. How far short of this ideal system are those in operation generally we all have abundant opportunity to observe, by the many mental waifs yearly cast upon society.

Another condition arising in connection with the surroundings of civilization, of a somewhat different character from the former, is *the increased facilities of gratifying physical passions and consequent excesses.*

There are thousands of persons who get on well enough while obliged to live in the simplicity and continence of a laborious life, and yet when possessed of the means will suddenly rush into wild excesses, and in a few years their nervous systems become poisoned and wrecked. In this nineteenth century there exists a tendency to herd together to an extent we fail to realize. Cities have been springing up all over England and America, with a rapidity and increasing in a ratio before unknown. "Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together." Cities furnish the temptations to, and the means of, physical excesses. They enrich the city vicinage and serve to allure those who have never learned that the violation of physical law leads to death, or, what is often a thousand times worse than physical death, viz, a

poisoned and diseased life. If the effects ceased with those primarily concerned, the mischief would be less, but, unfortunately for society, they pass on to the next generation unless, as is frequently the case, through a merciful provision of law there does not come another generation. We learn that the intemperate and vicious will be shut out of the kingdom of heaven. They are shut out from the kingdom of health while here on earth, and the retribution of their works follows them with a surety, and often a severity, which can be fully realized only by physicians. As an example in point I may refer to a class of laborers in some parts of England. When living with the bare necessities of life and obliged to practice the habits of frugality and industry, general paralysis of the insane was almost unknown among them. But in consequence of physical excesses, made possible and easy by obtaining, through labor combinations, the means necessary, this disease, whose march is straight on to the grave, has appeared to an extent heretofore unknown among any other class of society.

The same process is silently proceeding, on a less marked scale, in all the great cities and their vicinage, among those poisoned by indulgences of their passions.

Another condition may be comprised in *the practices and daily habits of life*, more especially among the agricultural portion of the population of New England and possibly other sections of the country.

The stimulus which arises from the general increase and diffusion of wealth has acted upon no class of society more strongly than the one now under consideration. As a rule they are ambitious, and this ambition is stimulated by their surroundings and the changed conditions of society incident to the increased facilities for travel by railroads and steamships. Seeing others surrounded by the results of wealth they become profoundly impressed with its importance and desirability, and are willing to forego almost all other considerations, that they may have it and what is incident to its possession. Their children must have no ordinary education. A son must go to college and have a preparation for some form of professional life. Their daughters must attend seminaries and become proficient in music, whether they have any special taste for it or not. They must have a smattering of French, and German, and drawing; they must be dressed in some of the later fashions, and, in short, be able to make an appearance as good as that of their city cousins or neighbors.

All this necessitates no inconsiderable expense, and, to bring it about, the parents, and indeed, the whole household, bend all their energies. In the summer the family is roused at dawn of day, and in the winter long before. Every hour is consumed in some form of productive labor if possible, and not more than seven or eight hours are permitted for sleep and relaxation. Recreations from games and holidays are considered as so much lost time. And while the system is taxed beyond its strength in labor, it is often nourished only with the plainest of food. Fresh meat is not seen on the table oftener than once a week; salt pork or beef or fish is used with potatoes, and bread made from flour robbed of its best nerve-sustaining constituents, and used while fresh and often while hot. Stale bread is deemed an abomination, while that made from the whole wheat is fit for the poor only.

It will readily be seen how fatal to mental health such habits of life are. The results may not be apparent at once or in years,—indeed, a strong and vigorous constitution may be able to stand the strain to three score years and ten,—but they will be sure to appear in the next generation. Nature punishes the infringement of her laws sooner or later with terrible severity. Those sour grapes which the fathers ate have sharpened the cuspids of their children. They are not so strong as their parents were; they are nervous, self-willed, irritable, delicate, and unable to endure prolonged muscular or mental effort. That vigor, strength and energy of character inherited by the parents has been expended too largely in the grand struggle to get on in the world, instead of being transmitted to their children, so that when the strain and wear and tear of disappointment in life comes on, too often the brain power miserably fails.

We need not, however, wait for the results to appear in the children, as they only too often come in the very meridian of life. The mind having been kept for months and years in one "rut," with little change or relaxation, finally becomes impoverished if not starved. Debarred from all those elevating and nourishing influences which come from intercourse with those in other walks of life, and from reading and a variety of duties and pursuits, by and by the nervous system becomes weakened, so that hundreds of cases appear in our hospitals whose history may be traced to

such causes and conditions, either direct or inherited, as referred to above.

Another cause growing out of the conditions of civilization, and intimately allied to the one just considered, is *too little sleep*.

When a young man, and while a student, the writer well remembers hearing some lectures from a person calling himself a physician, in which he took the ground that fifteen minutes was ample time in which to take a regular meal, and that all time spent in sleep in excess of four, or five hours at most was so much lost time; that if persons slept only five hours instead of eight, they would gain more than six years of time in the course of fifty; therefore, every person who was so much of a sluggard as to sleep eight hours instead of five, was responsible for wasting six years in fifty. That ambitious insect, the ant, was held up by the doctor as an example of industry and lofty enterprise, worthy the imitation of everybody who expects to do much in life—as if he knew how many hours that creature is in the habit of sleeping every year. He might about as well have put his case stronger and argued that it was everybody's duty to sleep only two of the twenty-four hours, because forsooth we could gain more than twelve years in the fifty by so doing. Unfortunately for society, this man was only one of several who have written and taught that persons generally sleep too much. It would have been better for those influenced by these teachings, if their authors had never been born. The truth is that most people, especially the laboring classes in our cities as well as in the country, sleep too little. This is true not only of adults but of children. How often do we see little children out in the streets, or at tasks, long after they should have been in bed! How often are they called in the morning long before they would have waked, and put to some task or other, and the delicate structure of the brain is kept in activity sixteen or seventeen hours of the twenty-four. This habit, being formed in childhood, extends into adult life, and becomes so fixed that it is difficult for the brain to change its custom. In fact the period of wakefulness rather tends to increase, so that it is limited to six or seven instead of eight or nine hours. The man who regularly and soundly sleeps his eight or nine hours, whatever may be his occupation in life, is the man who is capable of large physical or mental efforts. I do not mean that there may not be exceptions to this rule. There have been those who could do with four or five hours, and work well; there are probably many such to day, but these are rather exceptions. The great mass of people require more for good mental health.

Sleep is to the brain what rest is to the body,—

"Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

No words could paint more beautifully and effectively the office of sleep than these of England's greatest poet. All nature teaches the importance of sleep. Every tree and shrub and vine has its period of sleep, and if stimulated into ceaseless activity would soon die. Every portion of the human system is subject to the same great law. The stomach must have its periods of rest; and there are times during every twenty-four hours when the kidneys secrete very little if any urine. It is often said that the heart is an exception to this rule; that its beat never ceases from more than six months before birth until nature's last great debt is paid in death. But in truth it is at entire rest nearly if not quite one-third of the whole time. Its action consists of a *first* and a *second* sound, covering the contraction of right and left auricles and ventricles, and then a rest,—so far as we know, a perfect one. Reckoning this at one-third the time taken in each full action of the heart, and we have more than twenty years of perfect quiet out of the three score and ten. The same is true to even a larger extent in the function of respiration. The muscles concerned in the operation are at entire rest more than one-third of the time. This is an absolute necessity for these organs. Nor is the brain any exception to the law. During every moment of consciousness the brain is in activity. The peculiar process of cerebration, whatever that may consist of, is taking place; thought after thought comes forth, nor can we help it. It is only when the peculiar connection or chain of connection of one brain cell with another is broken and consciousness fades away into the dreamless land of perfect sleep, that the brain is at rest. In this state it recuperates its exhausted energy and power, and stores them up for future need. The period of wakefulness is one of constant wear. Every thought is generated at the expense of brain cells, which can be fully replaced only by periods of properly regulated repose. If,

therefore, these are not secured by sleep, if the brain, through over-stimulation, is not left to recuperate, its energy becomes exhausted; debility, disease, and finally disintegration supervene. Hence the story is almost always the same; for weeks and months before the indications of active insanity appear, the patient has been anxious, worried and wakeful, not sleeping more than four or five hours out of the twenty-four. The poor brain, unable to do its constant work, begins to waver, to show signs of weakness or aberration; hallucinations or delusions hover around like floating shadows in the air, until finally disease comes and

> "plants his siege
> Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
> With many legions of strange fantasies,
> Which in their throng and press to that last hold
> Confound themselves.

Another condition incident to civilization which tends largely to develop and increase insanity, and the last to which I will refer, is *the unequal distribution of the means of living*, especially in large cities and manufacturing communities.

In the great contests of life the weaker go to the wall. That term "the survival of the fittest," in the struggle of life covers a large ground, and numberless are the tales of suffering, want and disease which never come to the light of day, but are none the less terrible as growing out of this struggle. The sanitary surroundings of those portions of our large cities and those of Europe which are occupied by the poorer classes of society are often of the worst character. Impure air, from overcrowding, the effect of which upon the delicate tissue of the nervous system, is deleterious in the highest degree; the lack of all facilities for bathing; the insufficient, irregular, and often unwholesome food-supply, and its improper preparation for use; the habit of drunkenness, from the use of alcohol in its worst forms, and the habit of daily tippling, which keeps the brain in a constant state of excitement; together with the immoral practices which grow out of such surroundings and practices, all tend strongly in one direction. By going through the hospitals for the insane in the vicinity of New York, or those which are the recipients of the mental wrecks which drift out of the lower grades of society in Boston, or, again, those located near the great manufacturing cities of England, we gain new conceptions of the terrible power of the struggle, implied in the refining processes incident to a passage up to what are termed the higher grades of civilization.

We have seen in the spring season of the year the trees of an orchard white with unnumbered blossoms. Myriads on myriads feed every passing breeze with delicious odors for a day, and then drop to the ground forever. And when the fruit is formed on the tree only a very limited number of the whole ever attain to maturity and perfection, while the ground is strewn with the windfalls and the useless. Why one goes on to maturity and perfection while the other perishes so soon we may not say with certainty, but doubtless the one has some slight degree of advantage in the starting of the voyage; it may be a moment or an hour of time, or a particle of nourishment, but whatever it is the consequence is apparent.

So it is in the grand struggle of human life. Myriads perish at the very start, and as the process of life goes on, one by one, always the weaker by reason of some defect in organization, inherited or acquired, falls out by the way. Christianity has taught us to pick them up and try to nurse them to strength for further battle. She has built hospitals and asylums, and these weaker ones drift into these refuges from the storm. So it has been and so it will be in the future. The stronger in body and mind will rise above and triumph over the hardnesses and roughnesses of life, becoming stronger by the very effort. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance of the possessions of life, but that abundance is drawn from him that hath not, and he falls out by the way as the fruit untimely falls from the tree. Many of them are the psychological windfalls of society.

If the views presented above are correct we cannot consider civilization as directly the cause of insanity. Indeed we believe that the educational and disciplinary processes involved in passing to a higher state of civilization tend in the main to strengthen the nervous system and prepare it to resist the encroachments of disease, and to maintain a larger degree of mental health than would be possible without them. And yet there are certain incidental conditions connected with, and growing out of its progress which do largely conspire to act as causes, and which may in a measure serve to explain its development and increase among communities, tending toward, or inheriting an older civilization.

POTTS'S PAINLESS CURE.

"MUST you go up to that tiresome old college again to-night?"

Pouting lips and delicate brows fretted in pretty importunity over the troubled eyes enforced the pleading tones, and yet the young man to whom they were addressed found strength to reply.

"I'm afraid I can't get rid of it. I particularly promised Sturgis I would look in on him, and it wont do for me to cut my acquaintance with the class entirely just because I'm having such a jolly time down here."

"Oh no, you don't think it jolly at all, or you wouldn't be so eager to go away. I'm sure I must be very dull company."

The hurt tone and pretended pique with which she said this were assuredly all that was needed to make the *petite* teaser irresistible. But the young man replied, regarding her the while with an admiration in which there was a singular expression of uneasiness,

"Can't, Annie, 'pon honor. I'm engaged, and you know—

> "'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more!'"

And transferring her hand to his lips he loosed its soft lingering clasp and was gone, stopping at the gate to throw back a kiss to her as she stood in the porch, by way of amends for his hasty parting.

"George Hunt, you're an infernal scamp!"

These were the opprobrious words he muttered to himself as he passed out of earshot. The beneficent common law does not condemn a man merely on his own confession unless circumstances in evidence lend probability to his self-accusation. Before we coincide in Mr. Hunt's opinion of himself, let us therefore inquire into the circumstances.

He was in the last term of senior year at ——— college. For the past year he had been boarding at the Giffords', and Annie and he had fallen in love. The fall on his part had been quite voluntary and deliberate. He had fallen in love because it was the correct thing for a young collegian, engaged in the study of the humanities, to be in love, and made him feel more like a man than smoking, drinking, or even sporting a stove-pipe hat and cane. Vanity aside, it was very jolly to have a fine nice girl who thought no end of a fellow, to walk, talk, and sing with, and to have in mind when one sang the college songs about love and wine with the fellows. And it gave him also a very agreeable sense of superior experience as he mingled in their discussions of women and the tender passion.

But withal he was a conscientious, kind-hearted young fellow enough, and had suffered occasional qualms of conscience when little words or incidents had impressed him with the knowledge that Annie's love for him was a more serious matter than his for her. He felt that by insisting on exchanging the pure gold of her earnest affection for the pinchbeck of his passing fancy, she was making a rogue of him. He should be in no position to marry for years, nor did he want to; and if he had wanted to, though he felt terribly hard-hearted when he owned it to himself, his feeling toward Annie was not quite so deep as to be a real wish to marry her. As his last year in college approached its end he had thought more and more of these things, and had returned from his last vacation determined to begin to draw gradually away from her, and without any shock to bring their relations back to the footing of friendship. The idea seemed a very plausible one, but it is scarcely necessary to state that living in the same house, and frequently alone with her, it took about a week and a few dozen reproachful glances from grieving eyes to melt this artificial ice with a freshet of affection, and when a couple of months later he calmly reviewed the situation he found himself involved perceptibly deeper than ever, on account of the attempt at extrication.

Only two or three weeks of the term remained, and it was too late to repeat the unsuccessful experiment. He had tried his best and failed, and nothing remained but to be as happy as possible with her in the short time left. Then she must get over her disappointment as other girls did in like cases. No doubt some woman would hurt his feelings some day, and so make it square. He took much satisfaction in this reflection. But such cynical philosophy did not lull his conscience, which alternately inspired his manner with an unwonted demonstrativeness and tenderness, and again made him so uncomfortable in her presence

that he was fain to tear himself away and escape from her sight on any pretext. Her tender glances and confiding manner made him feel like a brute, and when he kissed her he felt that it was the kiss of a Judas. Such had been his feelings this evening, and such were the reflections tersely summed up in that ejaculation—

"George Hunt, you're an infernal scamp!"

On arriving at Sturgis's room, he found it full of tobacco smoke, and the usual crowd there, who hailed him vociferously. For he was one of the most popular men in college, although for a year or so he had been living outside the buildings. Several bottles stood on the tables, but the fellows had as yet arrived only at the argumentative stage of exhilaration, and it so happened that the subject under discussion at once took Hunt's close attention. Mathewson had been reading the first volume of Goethe's autobiography, and was indulging in some strictures on his course in jilting Frederica, and leaving the poor girl heart-broken.

"But, man," said Sturgis, "he didn't want to marry her, and seeing he didn't, nothing could have been crueler to her, to say nothing of himself, than to have done so."

"Well then," said Mathewson, "why did he go and get her in love with him?"

"Why, he took his risk and she hers, for the fun of the game. She happened to be the one who paid for it, but it might just as well have been he. Why, Mat., you must see yourself that for Goethe to have married then would have knocked his art-life into a cocked hat. Your artist has just two great foes,—laziness and matrimony. Each has slain its thousands. Hitch Pegasus to a family cart and he can't go off the thoroughfare. He must stick to the ruts. I admit that a bad husband may be a great artist; but for a good husband, an uxorious, contented husband, there's no chance at all."

"You are neither of you right, as usual," said little Potts in his oracular way.

When Potts first came to college the fellows used to make no end of fun of the air of superior and conclusive wisdom with which he assumed to lay down the law on every question, this being the more laughable because he was such a little chap. Potts did not pay the least attention to the jeers and finally the jeerers were constrained to admit that if he did have an absurdly pretentious way of talking, his talk was unusually well worth listening to, and the result was that they took him at his own valuation and for the sake of hearing what he had to say, quietly submitted to his assumption of authority as court of appeal. So when he coolly declared both disputants wrong they manifested no resentment, but only an interest as to what he was going to say, while the other fellows also looked up curiously.

"It would have been a big mistake for Goethe to have married her," pursued Potts in his deliberate monotone, "but he wasn't justified on that account in breaking her heart. It was his business, having got her in love with him, to get her out again and leave her where she was."

"Get her out again?" demanded Mathewson. "How was he to do that?"

"Humph!" grunted Potts. "If you haven't found it very much easier to lose a friend than to win one, you're luckier than most. If you asked me how he was to get her in love with him I should have to scratch my head, but the other thing is as easy as unraveling a stocking."

"Well, but, Potts," inquired Sturgis with interest, "how could Goethe have gone to work for instance to disgust Frederica with him?"

"Depends on the kind of girl. If she is one of your high steppers as to dignity and sense of honor, let him play mean and seem to do a few dirty tricks. If she's a stickler for manners and good taste, let him betray a few traits of boorishness or Philistinism, or if she has a keen sense of the ridiculous, let him make an ass of himself. I should say the last would be the surest cure and leave least of a sore place in her feelings, but it would be hardest on his vanity. Everybody knows that a man had rather seem a 'scamp than a fool.'"

"I don't believe there's a man in the world who would play the voluntary fool to save any woman's heart from breaking, though he might manage the scamp," remarked Mathewson. "And anyhow, Potts, I believe there's no girl who wouldn't choose to be jilted outright, rather than be juggled out of her affections that way."

"No doubt she would say so if you asked her," replied the imperturbable Potts. "A woman always prefers a nice sentimental sorrow to a fancy-free state. But it isn't best for her, and looking out for her good you must deprive her of it. Women are like children, you know, our natural wards."

This last sentiment impressed these beard-

less youths as a clincher, and there was a pause. But Mathewson, who was rather strong on the moralities, rallied with the objection that Potts's plan would be deceit.

"Well, now that's what I call cheeky," replied its author with a drawl of astonishment. "I suppose it wasn't deceit when you were prancing around in your best clothes both literally and figuratively, trying to bring your good points into such absurd prominence as to delude her into the idea that you had no bad ones. Oh no, its only deceit when you appear worse than you are, not when you try to appear better. Strikes me that when you've got a girl into a fix it wont do at that time of day to plead your conscience as a reason for not getting her out of it. Seeing that a man is generally ready to sacrifice his character in reality to his own interests, he ought to be willing to sacrifice it in appearance to another's."

Mathewson was squelched, but Sturgis came to his relief with the suggestion:

"Wouldn't a little genuine heartache, which I take it is healthy enough if it isn't pleasant, be better for her than the cynical feeling, the disgust with human nature which she would experience from finding her ideal of excellence a scamp or a fool?"

The others seemed somewhat impressed, but Potts merely ejaculated:

"Bosh!" Allowing a brief pause for this ejaculation to do its work in demoralizing the opposition he proceeded. "Sturgis, you remember 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and how Titania, on the application of Puck's clarifying lotion to her eyes, perceives that in Bottom she has loved an ass. Don't you suppose Titania suffered a good deal from the loss of her ideal?"

There was a general snicker at Sturgis's expense.

"Well, now," continued Potts, gravely, "a woman who should fall in love with one of us fellows and deem him a hero would be substantially in Titania's plight when she adored Bottom, and about as much an object of pity when her hero disclosed an asininity which would be at least as near to being his real character as the heroism she ascribed to him."

"That's all very well," said Merril, dryly, "but it strikes me that it's middling cheeky for you fellows to be discussing how you'll jilt your sweethearts with least expense to their feelings, when the chances are that if you should ever get one you'll need all your wits to keep her from jilting you."

"You are, as usual, trivial and inconsequential this evening, Merril," replied Potts, when the laughter had subsided. "Supposing, as you suggest, that we shall be the jilted and not the jilters, it will be certainly for our interest that the ladies should spare our feelings by disenchanting us,—saying, as it were, the charm backward that first charmed us. He who would teach the ladies the method and enlist their tender hearts in its behalf, would be, perhaps, the greatest benefactor his much-jilted and heart-sore sex ever had. Then, indeed, with the heart-breakers of both sexes pledged to so humane a practice, there would be no more any such thing as sorrow over unrequited affections, and the poets and novelists would beg their bread."

"That is a millennial dream, Potts," responded Merril. "You may possibly persuade the men to make themselves disagreeable for pity's sake, but it is quite too much to expect that a woman would deliberately put herself in an unbecoming light, if it were to save a world from its sins."

"Perhaps it is," said Potts, pensively, "but considering what perfectly inexhaustible resources of disagreeableness there are in the best of us and the fairest of women, it seems a most gratuitous cruelty that any heart should suffer when a very slight revelation would heal its hurt. We can't help people suffering because we are so faulty and imperfect, but we might at least see that nobody ever had a pang from thinking us better than we are."

"Look at Hunt!" said Sturgis. "He doesn't open his mouth, but drinks in Potts's wisdom as eagerly as if he didn't know it was a pump that never stops."

There was a general laugh among those who glanced up in time to catch the expression of close attention on Hunt's face.

"Probably he's deliberating on the application of the Potts patent painless cure to some recent victim of that yellow mustache and goatee," suggested Merril, with the envy of a smooth-faced youth for one more favored.

Hunt, whose face had sprung back like a steel-trap to its usual indifferent expression, smiled nonchalantly at Merril's remark. One whose reticent habit makes his secrets so absolutely secure as Hunt's private affairs always were, is stirred to amusement rather than trepidation by random guesses which come near the truth.

"If I were situated as Merril flatteringly suggests, I should enjoy nothing better than

such an experiment," he replied, deliberately. "It would be quite a novel sensation to revolutionize one's ordinary rule of conduct so as to make a point of seeming bad or stupid. There would be as much psychology in it as in an extra term at least. A man would find out, for instance, how much there was in him besides personal vanity and love of approbation. It would be a devilish small residue with most of us, I fancy."

The talk took a new turn, and the fun grew fast and furious around Hunt, who sat puffing his pipe, absorbed in contemplation. At about half-past nine, when things were getting hilarious, he beat a retreat, followed by the reproaches of the fellows. He was determined to administer the first dose of Potts's painless cure to his interesting patient that very evening, if she had not already retired. He was in high good humor. Potts was a brick; Potts was a genius. How lucky that he had happened to go up to college that night! He felt as if an incubus were lifted off his mind. No more pangs of conscience and uncomfortable sense of being a mean and cruel fellow, for him. Annie should be glad to be rid of him before he had ended with her. She should experience a heartfelt relief, instead of a broken heart, on his departure. He couldn't help chuckling. He had such confidence in his nerve and his reticent habit that his confidence and ability to carry out the scheme were undoubting, and at its first suggestion he had felt almost as much relief as if he had already executed it.

On arriving home, he found Annie sewing alone in the parlor, and a little offish in manner by way of indicating her sense of his offense in leaving her to spend the evening alone.

"Really, Annie," he said, as he sat down and unfolded the evening paper, "I try to give you all the time I can spare. If, instead of sulking, you had taken a piece of paper and calculated how many hours this week I have managed to give you my company, you would scarcely have felt like repining because you couldn't see me for an hour or two this evening."

That was the first gun of the campaign. She looked up in blank surprise, too much astonished, for the moment, to be indignant at such a vulgarly conceited remark from him. Without giving her time to speak, he proposed to read the newspaper aloud, and at once began, making a point of selecting the dullest editorials and the flattest items and witticisms, enlivening them with occasional comments of studied insipidity, and one or two stories, of which he carefully left out the "nubs." He was apparently making an unusual effort all the while to be entertaining, and Annie, finding no opening for expressing her vexation, finally excused herself and went upstairs, with no very angelic expression of countenance.

"Pretty well for a beginning," was Hunt's muttered comment as he laid down the paper.

At breakfast Mr. Gifford asked him:

"Shall I give you some tongue?"

Looking around with the air of one saying a good thing, he replied:

"Thank you, I have enough of my own."

The silence was painful. Mr. Gifford looked as if he had lost a near friend. Mrs. Gifford at length, remembering that Hunt was a guest, forced a momentary, ghastly smile. Annie was looking melancholy enough before, but a slight compression of the lips indicated that she had received the full effect. Certain degrees of badness in jokes stamp the joker as a natural inferior in the eyes of even the most rabid of social levelers. Scarcely any possible exhibition of depravity gives quite the sickening sense of disappointment in the perpetrator, imparted by a genuinely bad or stale joke. Two or more similar sensations coming near together are multiplied by mutual reverberations so as to be much more impressive than if they occurred at considerable intervals. Hunt's tongue joke not only retroacted to deepen the impression of vulgarity which his last evening's performance had given Annie, but in turn was made to appear a far more significant indication of his character on account of its sequence to that display.

That evening he made her a little present, having selected as a gift a book of the day of which he had chanced to overhear her express to a third person a particularly cordial detestation. It was decidedly the best book of the year, he said; he had read it himself. She was obliged to thank him for it, and even to tell one or two polite fibs, which wrenched her terribly, and the memory of which lent a special spite to the vehemence with which she threw the book into a corner on reaching her room. Then she went remorsefully and picked it up again, and after holding it awhile irresolutely, proceeded to hide it away in a far corner of one of the least used drawers of her bureau.

Not sleeping very well that night, she came down-stairs next morning just as Hunt was leaving. He kissed his hand to her and called out "Aw revore." At first she was merely puzzled, and smiled, and then it occurred to her that it was doubtless the barbarous way he pronounced *au revoir*, and the smile gave place to an expression of slight nausea. As Hunt well knew, her pet aversion were people who lugged mispronounced French phrases into their conversation under the impression that they imparted a piquant and graceful effect. It was a touch of vulgarity which inspired her with a violent contempt absurdly disproportioned to the gravity of the offense. It had always been a cherished theory of hers that there were certain offenses in manners which were keys to character. If persons committed them it implied an essential strain of vulgarity in their dispositions. Judged by this theory, where would her lover come out?

Hunt managed to get into a political discussion with Mr. Gifford at table that noon, talking in a rather supercilious tone, and purposely making several bad blunders, which Mr. Gifford corrected rather pointedly. Annie couldn't help observing that her lover's conceit and ignorance of the subjects discussed seemed about equal.

"How do you like your book?" he asked that evening.

She murmured something confusedly.

"Haven't begun it yet?" he inquired in surprise. "Well, when once you do, I'm sure you'll not lay it down till it's finished. And, by the way, your judgment in literary matters is so good I'd like to get your opinion on the essay I'm getting up for Commencement. I think it's rather the best thing I've written."

He proceeded to read what purported to be a sketch of its argument, which proved to be so flat and vapid that Annie blushed with shame for his mental poverty, and was fain to cover her chagrin with a few meaningless comments.

Her mind was the theater of a struggle between disgust and affection, which may be called ghastly. Had he been openly wicked, she would have known how to give a good account of all disloyal suggestions to desert or forget him. But what could she do against such a cold, creeping thing as this disgust and revulsion of taste, which, like the chills of incipient fever, mingled with every rising pulse of tender feeling? Finally, out of her desperation, she concluded that the fault must be with her; that she was fickle, while he was true. She tried hard to despise herself, and determined to fight down her growing coldness, and reciprocate as it deserved the affection with which he was so lavish. The result of these mental exercises was to impart a humility and constrained cordiality to her air, very opposite to its usual piquancy and impulsiveness, and by a sense of her own short-comings, to distract her mind from speculation, which she might otherwise have indulged, over the sudden development of so many unpleasant qualities in her lover. Though, indeed, had her speculations been never so active and ingenious, the actual plan on which Hunt was proceeding would probably have lain far beyond the horizon of her conjecture.

Meanwhile, Hunt was straitened for time; only eight or ten days of the term were left, and in that time he must effect Annie's cure, if at all. A slow cure would be much more likely to prove a sure one, but he must do the best he could in the time he had. And yet he did not dare to multiply startling strokes, for fear of bewildering instead of estranging her and, possibly, of suggesting suspicion. Stimulated by the emergency, he now began to put in some very fine work, which, although it may not be very impressive in description, was probably more effective than any other part of his tactics. Under guise of appearing particularly attentive and devoted, he managed to offend Annie's taste and weary her patience in every way that ingenuity could suggest. His very manifestations of affection were so associated with some affectation or exhibition of bad taste, as to always leave an unpleasant impression on her mind. He took as much pains to avoid saying tolerably bright or sensible things in his conversation as people generally do to say them. In all respects he just reversed the rules of conduct suggested by the ordinary motive of a desire to ingratiate oneself with others.

And, by virtue of a rather marked endowment of that delicate sympathy with others' tastes and feelings which underlies good manners, he was able to make himself far more unendurable to Annie than a less sympathetic person could have done. Evening after evening she went to her room feeling as if she were covered with pin-pricks, from a score of little offenses to her fastidious taste which he had managed to commit. His thorough acquaintance with her and knowledge of her æsthetic standards in every respect, enabled him to operate with a perfect precision that did not waste a stroke.

It must not be supposed that it was altogether without sharp twinges of compunction and occasional impulses to throw off his disguise and enjoy the bliss of reconciliation, that he pursued this cold-blooded policy. He never could have carried it so far, had he not been prepared by a long and painful period of self-reproach, on account of his entanglement. It was, however, chiefly at the outset that he had felt like weakening. As soon as she ceased to seem shocked or surprised at his disclosures of insipidity or conceit, it became comparatively easy work to make them. So true is it that it is the fear of the first shocked surprise of others, rather than of their deliberate reprobation, which often deters us from exhibitions of unworthiness.

In connection with this mental and moral masquerade, he adopted several changes in his dress, buying some clothes of very glaring patterns, and blossoming out in particularly gaudy neck-ties and flashy jewelry. Lest Annie should be puzzled to account for such a sudden access of depravity, he explained that his mother had been in the habit of selecting some of his lighter toilet articles for him, but this term he was trying for himself. Didn't she think his taste was good? He also slightly changed the cut of his hair and whiskers, to affect a foppish air, his theory being that all these external alterations would help out the effect of being a quite different person from the George Hunt with whom she had fallen in love.

Lou Roberts was Annie's confidant, older than she, much more dignified, and of the reticent sort to which the mercurial and loquacious naturally tend to reveal their secrets. She knew all that Annie knew, dreamed, or hoped about Hunt; but had never happened to meet him, much to the annoyance of Annie, who had longed inexpressibly for the time when Lou should have seen him, and she herself be able to enjoy the luxury of hearing his praises from her lips. One evening it chanced that Lou called with a gentleman while Hunt had gone out, to rest himself after some pretty arduous masquerading, by a little unconstrained intercourse with the fellows up at college. As he returned home, at about half-past nine, he heard voices through the open windows, and guessed who the callers were.

As he entered the room, despite the disenchanting experiences of the past week, it was with a certain pretty agitation that Annie rose to introduce him, and she looked blank enough when, without waiting for her offices, he bowed with a foppish air to Lou and murmured a salutation.

"What, are you acquainted already?" exclaimed Annie.

"I certainly did not know that we were," said Lou coldly, not thinking it possible that this flashily dressed youth, with such an enormous watch-chain and insufferable manners, could be Annie's hero.

"Ah, very likely not," he replied carelessly, adding with an explanatory smile that took in all the group. "Ladies' faces are so much alike that, 'pon my soul, unless there is something distinguished about them I don't know whether I know them or not. I depend on them to tell me; fortunately they never forget gentlemen."

Miss Roberts's face elongated into a freezing stare. Annie stood there in a sort of stupor till Hunt said briskly:

"Well, Annie, are you going to introduce this lady to me?"

As she almost inaudibly pronounced their names, he effusively extended his hand, which was not taken, and exclaimed:

"Lou Roberts! is it possible? Excuse me if I call you Lou. Annie talks of you so much that I feel quite familiar."

"Do you know, Miss Roberts," he continued, seating himself close beside her, "I'm quite prepared to like you?"

"Indeed!" was all that young lady could manage to articulate.

"Yes," continued he, with the manner of one giving a flattering re-assurance, "Annie has told me so much in your favor that, if half is true, we shall get on together excellently. Such girl friendships as yours and hers are so charming."

Miss Roberts glanced at Annie, and seeing that her face glowed with embarrassment, smothered her indignation, and replied with a colorless "Yes."

"The only drawback," continued Hunt, who manifestly thought he was making himself very agreeable, "is that such bosom friends always tell each other all their affairs, which of course involve the affairs of all their friends also. Now I suppose," he added, with a knowing grin and something like a wink, "that what you don't know about me isn't worth knowing."

"You ought to know, certainly," said Miss Roberts.

"Not that I blame you," he went on, ignoring her sarcasm. "There's no confidence betrayed, for when I'm talking with a lady, I always adapt my remarks to the

ears of her next friend. It prevents misunderstandings."

Miss Roberts made no reply, and the silence attracted notice to the pitiable little dribble of forced talk with which Annie was trying to keep the other gentleman's attention from the exhibition Hunt was making of himself. The latter, after a pause long enough to intimate that he thought it was Miss Roberts's turn to say something, again took up the conversation, as if bound to be entertaining at any cost.

"Annie and I were passing your house the other day. What a queer little box it is! I should think you'd be annoyed by the howlings of that church next door. The ——are so noisy."

"I am a —— myself," said Miss Roberts, regarding him crushingly.

Hunt, of course, knew that, and had advisedly selected her denomination for his strictures. But he replied as if a little confused by his blunder:

"I beg your pardon. You don't look like one."

"How do they usually look?" she asked, sharply.

"Why, it is generally understood that they are rather vulgar, I believe, but you, I am sure, look like a person of culture." He said this as if he thought he were conveying a rather neat compliment. Indignant as she was, Miss Roberts's strongest feeling was compassion for Annie, and she bit her lips and made no reply.

After a moment's silence Hunt asked her how she liked his goatee. It was a new way of cutting his whiskers and young ladies were generally close observers and therefore good judges of such matters. Annie, finding it impossible to keep up even the pretense of talking any longer, sat helplessly staring at the floor, and waiting in nerveless despair for what he would say next, fairly hating Lou because she did not go.

"What's come over you, Annie?" asked Hunt, briskly. "Are you talked out so soon? I suppose she is holding back to give you a chance to make my acquaintance, Miss Roberts, or do let me call you Lou. You must improve your opportunity for she will want to know your opinion of me. May I hope it will prove not wholly unfavorable?" This last was with a killing smile.

"I had no idea it was so late. We must be going," said Miss Roberts, rising. She had been lingering in the hope that something would happen to leave a more pleasant impression of Hunt's appearance, but seeing that matters were drifting from bad to worse she hastened to break off the painful scene. Annie rose silently without saying a word and avoided Lou's eyes as she kissed her good-bye.

"Must you go?" Hunt said. "I'm sure you would not be in such haste if you knew how rarely it is that my engagements leave me free to devote an evening to the ladies. You might call on Annie a dozen times and not meet me."

As soon as the callers had gone Hunt picked up the evening paper and sat down to glance it over, remarking lightly as he did so:

"Rather nice girl, your friend, though she doesn't seem very talkative."

Annie made no reply and he looked up.

"What on earth are you staring at me in such an extraordinary manner for?"

Was he then absolutely unconscious of the figure he had made of himself?

"You are not vexed because I went out and left you in the early part of the evening?" he said, anxiously.

"Oh no, indeed," she wearily replied.

She sat there with trembling lip and a red spot in each cheek, looking at him as he read the paper unconcernedly till she could bear it no longer, and then silently rose and glided out of the room. Hunt heard her running upstairs as fast as she could and closing and locking her chamber door.

Next day, he did not see her till evening, when she was exceedingly cold and distant and evidently very much depressed. After bombarding her with grieved and reproachful glances for some time, he came over to her side, they two having been left alone, and said, with affectionate raillery:

"I'd no idea you were so susceptible to the green-eyed monster."

She looked at him, astonished quite out of her reserve.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, you needn't pretend to misunderstand," he replied, with a knowing nod. "Don't you suppose I saw how vexed you were last night when your dear friend Miss Roberts was trying to flirt with me. But you needn't have minded so much. She isn't my style at all."

There was something so perfectly maddening in this cool assumption that her bitter chagrin on his account was a fond jealousy, that she fairly choked with exasperation, and shook herself away from his caress as

if a snake had stung her. Her thin nostrils vibrated, her red lips trembled with scorn, and her black eyes flashed ominously. He had only seen them lighten with love before, and it was a very odd sensation to see them for the first time blazing with anger and that against himself. Affecting an offended tone, he said:

"This is really too absurd, Annie," and left the room as if in a pet, just in time to escape the outburst he knew was coming. She sat in the parlor with firm-set lips till quite a late hour that evening, hoping that he would come down and give her a chance to set him right with an indignant explanation. So humiliating to her did his misunderstanding seem, that it was intolerable he should retain it a moment longer, and she felt almost desperate enough to go and knock at his door and correct it. Far too clever a strategist to risk an encounter that evening, he sat in his room comfortably smoking and attending to arrears of correspondence, aware that he was supposed by her to be sulking desperately all the while. He knew that her feeling was anger and not grief, and while, had it been the latter, he would have been thoroughly uncomfortable from sympathy, he only chuckled as he figured to himself her indignation. At that very moment, she was undoubtedly clenching her pretty little fists and breathing fast with impotent wrath in the room below. Ah well, let her heart lie in a pickle of good strong disgust overnight, and it would strike in a good deal more effectually than if she were allowed to clear her mind by an indignant explanation on the spot.

The following day he bore himself toward her with the slightly distant air of one who considers himself aggrieved, and attempted no approaches. In the evening, which was her first opportunity, she came to him and said in a tone in which, by this time, weariness and disgust had taken the place of indignation.

"You were absurdly mistaken in thinking that Miss Roberts was trying to flirt——"

"Bless your dear, jealous heart!" interrupted Hunt, laughingly, with an air of patronizing affection. "I'd no idea you minded it so much. There, there! Let's not allude to this matter again. No, no! not another word!" he gayly insisted, putting his hand over her mouth as she was about to make another effort to be heard.

He was determined not to hear anything, and she had to leave it so.

It was with surprise that she observed how indifferently she finally acquiesced in being so cruelly misunderstood by him. In the deadened state of her feelings, she was not then able to appreciate the entire change in the nature of her sentiments which that indifference showed. Love, though rooted in the past, depends upon the surrounding atmosphere for the breath of continued life, and he had surrounded her with the stifling vapors of disgust until her love had succumbed and withered. She found that his exhibitions of conceit and insipidity did not affect her in the same way as before. Her sensations were no longer sharp and poignant, but chiefly a dull shame and sense of disgrace that she had loved him. She met his attentions with a coldly passive manner, which gave him the liveliest satisfaction. The cure was succeeding past all expectation; but he had about time for one more stroke, which would make a sure thing of it. He prepared the way by dropping hints that he had been writing some verses of late; and finally, with the evident idea that she would be flattered, gave out that his favorite theme was her own charms, and that she might, perhaps, before long receive some tributes from his muse. Her protests he laughed away as the affectations of modesty.

Now Hunt had never actually written a line of verse in his life, and had no intention of beginning. He was simply preparing a grand move. From the poet's corner of rural newspapers, and from comic collections, he clipped several specimens of the crudest sort of sentimental trash in rhyme. These he took to the local newspaper, and arranged for their insertion at double advertising rates. A few days later, he bustled into the parlor, smirking in his most odious manner, and, coming up to Annie, thrust an open newspaper before her, marked in one corner to call attention to several stanzas

"Written for the 'Express.'
"To A——E G——D."

With sinking of heart she took the paper, after ineffectually trying to refuse it, and Hunt sat down before her with a supremely complacent expression, to await her verdict. With a faint hope that the verses might prove tolerable, she glanced down the lines. It is enough to say that they were the very worst which Hunt, after great industry, had been able to find; and there he was waiting, just the other side the paper, in a glow of expectant vanity, to receive her acknowledgments.

"Well, what do you think of it? You needn't try to hide your blushes. You deserve every word of it, you know, Miss Modesty," he said gayly.

"It's very nice," replied Annie, making a desperate effort.

"I thought you'd like it," he said, with self-satisfied assurance. "It's queer that a fellow can't lay on the praise too thick to please a woman. By the way, I sent around a copy to Miss Roberts, signed with my initials. I thought you'd like to have her see it."

This last remark he called out after her as she was leaving the room, and he was not mistaken in fancying that it would complete her demoralization. During the next week or two he several times brought her copies of the local paper containing equally execrable effusions, till finally she mustered courage to tell him that she would rather he would not publish any more verses about her. He seemed rather hurt at this but respected her feelings, and after that she used to find, hid in her books and music, manuscript sonnets which he had laboriously copied out of his comic collections. It was considerable trouble, but on the whole he was inclined to think it paid, and it did, especially when he culminated by fitting music to several of the most mawkish effusions, and insisting on her playing and singing them to him. As the poor girl, who felt that out of common politeness she could not refuse, toiled wearily through this martyrdom, writhing with secret disgust at every line, Hunt, lolling in an easy-chair behind her, was generally indulging in a series of horrible grimaces and convulsions of silent laughter, which sometimes left tears in his eyes,—to convince Annie, when she turned around to him, that his sentiment was at least genuine if vulgar. Had she happened on one of these occasions to turn a moment before she did, the resulting tableau would have been worth seeing.

Hunt had determined to both crown and crucially test the triumph of Potts's cure in Annie's case by formally offering himself to her. He calculated of course that she was now certain to reject him and that was a satisfaction which he thought he fairly owed her. She would feel better for it, he argued, and be more absolutely sure not to regard himself as in any sense jilted, and that would make his conscience clearer. Yes, she should certainly have his scalp to hang at her girdle, for he believed, as many do, that next to having a man's heart a woman enjoys having his scalp, while many prefer it. Six weeks ago he would have been horrified at the audacity of the idea. His utmost ambition then was to break a little the force of her disappointment at his departure. But the unexpected fortune that had attended his efforts had advanced his standard of success, until nothing would now satisfy him but to pop the question and be refused.

And still as the day approached, which he had set for the desperate venture, he began to get very nervous. He thought he had a sure thing if ever a fellow had, but women were so cursedly unaccountable. Supposing she should take it into her head to accept him! No logic could take account of a woman's whimsies. Then what a pretty fix he would have got himself into, just by a fool-hardy freak! But there was a strain of Norse blood in Hunt and in spite of occasional touches of ague the risk of the scheme had in itself a certain fascination for him. And yet he couldn't help wishing he had carried out a dozen desperate devices for disgusting her with him, which at the time had seemed to him too gross to be safe from suspicion.

The trouble was that since he loved her no more he had lost the insight which love only gives into the feelings of another. Then her every touch and look and word was eloquent to his senses as to the precise state of her feeling toward him, but now he was dull and insensitive to such direct intuition. He could not longer feel, but could only argue as to how she might be minded toward him, and this it was which caused him so much trepidation in spite of so many reasons why he should be confident of the result. Argument as to another's feelings is such a wretched substitute for the intuition of sympathy.

Finally on the evening before the day on which he was to offer himself, the last of his stay at the Giffords', he got into such a panic that, determined to clinch the assurance of his safety, he asked her to play a game of cards and then managed that she should see him cheat two or three times. The recollection of the cold disgust on her face as he bade her good evening was so re-assuring that he went to bed and slept like a child in the implicit confidence that four horses couldn't drag that girl into an engagement with him the next day.

It was not till the latter part of the afternoon that he could catch her alone long enough to transact his little business

with her. Anticipating or at least apprehending his design she took the greatest pains to avoid meeting him, or to have her mother with her when she did. She would have given almost anything to escape his offer. Of course she could reject it, but fastidious persons do not like to have unpleasant objects put on their plates, even if they have not necessarily to eat them. But her special reason was that the scene would freshly bring up and emphasize the whole wretched history of her former infatuation and its miserable ending,—an experience every thought of which was full of shame and strong desire for the cleansing of forgetfulness. He finally cornered her in the parlor alone. As she saw him approaching and realized that there was no escape she turned and faced him with her small figure drawn to its full height, compressed lips, pale face, and eyes that plainly said, "Now have it over with as soon as possible." One hand resting on the table was clenched over a book. The other, hanging by her side, tightly grasped a handkerchief.

"Do you know I've been trying to get a chance to speak with you alone all day?" he said.

"Have you?" she replied in a perfectly inexpressive tone.

"Can't you guess what I wanted to say?"

"I'm not good at conundrums."

"I see you will not help me," he went on, and then added quickly, "it's a short story; will you be my wife?"

As he said the words he felt as the lion-tamer does when he puts his head in the lion's jaws. He expects to take it out again, but if the lion should take a notion ——. His suspense was, however, of the shortest possible duration, for instantly, like a reviving sprinkle on a fainting face, the words fell on his ear:

"I thank you for the honor, but I'm sure we are not suited."

Annie had conned her answer on many a sleepless pillow and had it by heart. It came so glibly although in such a constrained and agitated voice that he instantly knew it must have been long cut and dried.

It was now only left for him to do a decent amount of urging and then acquiesce with dignified melancholy and go off laughing in his sleeve. What is he thinking of to stand there gazing at her downcast face as if he were daft?

A strange thing had happened to him. The sweet familiarity of each detail in the *petite* figure before him was impressing his mind as never before, now that he had achieved his purpose of putting it beyond the possibility of his own possession. The little hands he had held so often in the old days, conning each curve and dimple, reckoning them more his hands than were his own, and far more dearly so, the wavy hair he had kissed so fondly and delighted to touch, the deep dark eyes under their long lashes like forest lakes seen through environing thickets, eyes that he had found his home in through so long and happy a time —why, they were his! Of course he had never meant to really forfeit them, to lose them, and let them go to anybody else. The idea was preposterous,—was laughable. It was indeed the first time it had occurred to him in that light. He had only thought of her as losing him; scarcely at all of himself as losing her. During the whole time he had been putting himself in her place so constantly that he had failed sufficiently to fully canvass the situation from his own point of view. Wholly absorbed in estranging her from him, he had done nothing to estrange himself from her.

It was rather with astonishment and even an appreciation of the absurd, than any serious apprehension, that he now suddenly saw how he had stultified himself, and come near doing himself a fatal injury. For knowing that her present estrangement was wholly his work, it did not occur to him but that he could undo it as easily as he had done it. A word would serve the purpose and make all right again. Indeed his revulsion of feeling so altered the aspect of everything that he quite forgot that any explanation at all was necessary, and, after gazing at her for a few moments while his eyes, wet with a tenderness new and deliciously sweet, roved fondly from her head to her little slipper, doating on each feature, he just put out his arms to take her with some old familiar phrase of love on his lips.

She sprang away, her eye flashing with anger. He looked so much taken aback and discomfited that she paused in mere wonder, as she was about to rush from the room.

"Annie, what does this mean?" he stammered. "Oh yes,—why,—my darling, don't you know,—didn't you guess,—it was all a joke,—a stupid joke? I've just been pretending."

It was not a very lucid explanation, but she understood, though only to be plunged in greater amazement.

"But what for?" she murmured.

"I didn't know I loved you," he said slowly, as if recalling with difficulty, and from a great distance his motives, "and I thought it was kind to cure you of your love for me by pretending to be a fool. I think I must have been crazy, don't you?" and he smiled in a dazed, deprecating way.

Her face from being very pale began to flush. First a red spot started out in either cheek; then they spread till they covered the cheeks; next her forehead took a roseate hue and down her neck the tide of color rushed, and she stood there before him a glowing statue of outraged womanhood, while in the midst her eyes sparkled with scorn.

"You wanted to cure me," she said at last, in slow, concentrated tones, "and you have succeeded. You have insulted me as no woman was ever insulted before."

She paused as if to control herself; for her voice trembled with the last words. She shivered, and her bosom heaved once or twice convulsively. Her features quivered; scorching tears of shame rushed to her eyes, and she burst out hysterically,

"For pity's sake never let me see you again!"

And then he found himself alone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Checks and Balances.

In a certain Roman Catholic church near us there is now in progress, while we write, a "Mission," carried on by a body of men called "The Passionate Fathers." They are at work at unheard-of hours in the morning, as well as during the day and evening, and the attendance and attention are something phenomenal. The excitement is the natural result of a long period of formal worship. The church had to be waked up, and that is done in a week which ought to have been spread over a year—which, if it had been spread over a year, would have made the excitement not only unnecessary but impossible. Such an event shows that very necessary work has been neglected. The same thing, calling for the same remedies, exists in the Protestant church. The revival is only rendered necessary and possible by a period of spiritual declension and death. When a great revival comes to a church, it comes as a natural consequence of a great falling away of religious interest, and a long period of spiritual inactivity. When a church does every day, and all the time, what it ought to do, a revival is impossible. Human nature demands a balance in everything, and the revival comes to fill the complement of activity necessary to preserve the aggressive life of a church.

Just now we are having in New York a great temperance revival. Under the lead of Mr. Murphy, the pledge of total abstinence is signed by thousands. There is a legal war, too, upon the rum-sellers. All this excited and radical action comes just as naturally from a bad state of things, political, moral and social, as the fall of rain from an overcharged cloud. If none had sold liquor save those who had a legal right to sell, and none had become so intemperate in the use of alcoholic drinks that the practice had grown to be the great, overshadowing curse of the city, breeding pauperism, misery and crime, Mr. Murphy would have nothing to do, and the Society for the Prevention of Crime would never have been formed. One extreme breeds another. The drunkard calls into existence the rigid adherent of "teetotalism." The unlicensed rum-seller produces the society that puts him on his defense. It is the gross abuse of liquor that produces the extremist, in temperance practices and temperance legislation. If there were universal temperance there would be no total abstinence. Extreme temperance men are only produced by extreme intemperance in others. It is for the safety of society that this law exists, for by it the balance of forces is preserved, and society restrained from hopeless degradation.

The inauguration of our late civil war illustrated the operation of this law in a very notable way. When the South became "solid" in its attempt to destroy the Union, the North became "solid" in its defense. The first gun fired upon the national flag was the signal for Northern consolidation. It could not have been otherwise, in the nature of things. If a sectional reason had arisen for the destruction of the government, a sectional reason would instantly spring into being for its preservation, which would wipe out, or hold in abeyance, all party affiliations. The solid South produced the solid North, and what it did then, it will always do. There is not the slightest use in quarreling with the fact, for men are not responsible for it. It simply cannot be helped; and if the South ever hopes to be the power in national politics that she was in the old days, every man within her borders must be free, and the attempt to force her constituents into solidity must be abandoned as most unwise, and, sectionally, suicidal. It will always be enough that the South is solid, under political pressure, to make it impossible for its friends to assist it in its policy, whatever it may be.

The whole Christian world has become incrusted with dogma and formalism. Great importance is attached to beliefs and creeds, and the essentials of Christianity, including its vital center, are almost

forgotten. The church is overloaded with superstition and nonsensical beliefs and sacred falsehoods. What is the cure for all this? The law of checks and balances has its office here, and it has begun its operation through the skepticism of the scientists. The criticism of science was sure to come, as the necessary agent in purifying the church of superstition and falsehood. Popery produced Luther, and the peculiar form in which Christianity has presented itself to this latter age has produced the form of infidelity now propagated by the scientists, whose work we gladly welcome as the only way out of a degrading slavery. When science shall do its perfect work, and Christianity shall be shorn of that which does not belong to it, and of that which has brought it into contempt with a world of bright men and women, then we shall have such a triumph for our religion as the world has never known. And here we call the church to witness that science has thus far taught it nothing, in the uprooting an old belief, that has not enlarged its ideas of God and humanity.

Men are very apt to despair of the world, especially those who have labored long for its good. Our excellent friends who met last autumn at Dr. Tyng's church, to talk about the coming of Christ, were, many of them, those who were discouraged with their work, and who had come to a realization of the fact that the methods of saving men to which they had been bred were inadequate to the undertaking. Did it ever occur to them that their methods may be wrong, and that in the development of the future they are to be set right? Let them not be found fighting their Master in the persons of those who have been sent to show them the nature of the stuff they are believing and preaching. Christianity, purified of its dross, will be a very different thing from Christianity loaded down with sanctified absurdities.

The truth is that this law of checks and balances makes the world safe. All wrong tendencies and influences bring into existence right tendencies and influences, and God is always on the side of the latter. If an institution is worth saving, and has genuine vitality, no influence can be brought against it that will not arouse a counteracting power. The attacks of the scientists upon the church have aroused such a spirit of devotion and inquiry that great good has already resulted from them to the church itself, and, as men must have religion, those who are outside of the church are trying to get at the essential truth for themselves. Just as soon as the Christian world gets over the flurry of the onset, and discovers that the office of science and scientific criticism is to set it right as to such facts, and such only, as come within its range, and that its only lasting effect will be to rectify and purify its beliefs, it will make a marvelous advance; and that time we believe to be not far off. The cause of Christianity, of humanity, of temperance, of progress toward high social ideals, is safe in the operation of this beneficent law. There is nothing that tells against that which is good in the world which has not in it the seeds and the soil of a counteracting and controlling power.

Royalty and Loyalty in Canada.

WE do not see how any thoughtful citizen of the United States can fail to be pleased with the reception extended by the Canadians to the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise. There are, of course, many things connected with the advent of the august pair which seem not a little odd to our people; but if those who are immediately concerned agree to them, or like them, we should not find fault. No Yankee can possibly understand, of course, why marriage—one of God's and Nature's institutions—does not bring to a perfect social level those who are joined by it, in spite of royalty, which is one of man's institutions. No Yankee can possibly understand how a gentleman who is appointed to the supreme office of a realm, and is by law regarded as the head of his own family, can submit to any social discount by reason of the presence of the wife who shares his bed. In short, the average Yankee naturally thinks that the Marquis of Lorne, notwithstanding his title and office, has rather a large pill to swallow.

All this, however, is none of the Yankee's business. The British and Canadian people are familiar with the notions on which this etiquette, so offensive to us, is based, and they have accepted, and possibly believe in them. The new governor will have the honor paid to him that belongs to his title and his official position, and his wife will socially overtop him, as the bearer of the blood of the Queen. We hope he likes it, and that the Canadians see nothing incongruous or offensive in it; for it seems to us that the expression of affectionate and enthusiastic loyalty, which has accompanied the reception of these high personages, is one of the most delightful and suggestive developments of our time.

It suggests, at least, the thoughts that follow:

It is natural to delight in the incarnation of one's ideas. The American is intensely loyal, after a fashion. He loves his country and his country's institutions. He has reverence for law. He is loyal to it; he respects it; he fights for its maintenance; but he does not love it. It offers nothing to his affectional nature. He writes apostrophes to liberty. He jeopards or sacrifices his life for it. He pictures it on canvas in the most attractive forms. He sets it upon pedestals with the lineaments of a goddess. He delights in the contemplation of power, also, as he sees it represented in social pre-eminence, in wealth, in political position and authority. He has the same love of country and pride of nationality that move those living in other climes, under other institutions. But the Englishman and the Canadian have this advantage over the American: that law and liberty and country and institutions, and social pre-eminence and power and authority, are all embodied in a single person, who can be loved and almost worshiped. All their ideas of law and liberty and power, and all their loves of country and institutions and nationality, are incarnated in their Queen. The worship of abstractions, to which the American is called, is comparatively a cold business. A presidential progress is sufficiently noisy, without doubt; but it certainly is a very different thing from the honor

paid a sovereign who, for many years, has represented a nation. It is always easier to be loyal to a person than to an idea; and men who have ideas make to themselves leaders and kings, on whom to fix their faith and their affections. Americans have had, first and last, a good many popular idols; but, in the nature of the case, the President of the United States represents only the favorite of a party.

We have no wish for a change in the American form of government. The risks would be too many, even were a change in any way desirable; but one does not need to be very acute of vision to see that the peculiar form of loyalty which gathers around the Queen and royal family of England is the grand bulwark of the national stability. Indeed, the Queen and her family hardly exist to-day for anything more or better than to sit or serve as the objects of the nation's loyalty. The sovereign of England is a person who, in these days, exercises very little authority, for the English nation is about as truly and thoroughly self-governed as our own. Indeed, England is one of the freest countries of the world; and, in some respects, her governing powers are more directly and immediately responsible to the people than our own. She certainly has this one advantage, to which in this article we call special attention, viz.: that for long years she has had in the supreme place a woman, who has represented the nation and been the recipient of its affectionate loyalty, and not half a dozen men who, for limited periods of time, have represented a party. Through all administrations and above all administrations, there has stood unchanged the person of the British Queen, as the incarnation of the national institutions, laws, authority and life.

So we are delighted with the expressions of loyalty which have attended the reception of the new Canadian governor and his wife. Canada is a friendly neighbor, with whom it is for the interest of the United States to cultivate the most cordial relations. She wants nothing of us politically, and we want nothing of her; and it is gratifying to learn —what this reception seems to have proved—that Canada is content with the very mild foreign rule under which she lives; nay, that she has a sense of pride in being brought closer to the heart of the empire by the presence within her borders of royal blood. This reception promises well for order and peace and unity, on which our neighbor is to be heartily congratulated. She is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a capable and worthy gentleman to stand at the head of her affairs, and a woman for her social leading and political inspiration who represents in her blood the person around whom cluster the loyal affections of a great and remarkable people.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers. IV.

DUTIES OF A LAUNDRESS.

A LAUNDRESS may be also a chamber-maid, where no housemaid is kept, in which case the housemaid's duties in the bedrooms devolve upon her.

The laundress should be provided (if it is convenient, and not too expensive) with all things suitable for her work. Heavy and light irons, skirt-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board (covered with heavy flannel or bits of blanket) and two washable covers for each,—best in the shape of bags of the shape of the boards and to slip over them,—and two covers for the ironing table, also covered with flannel or blanket. It is the laundress's duty to keep these covers clean. A mangle for bed and table linen and towels is advantageous. With it not more than a quarter of the usual time is required for ironing the linen, and it saves it from all scorching and gives to it the gloss and softness of new. I have used for nearly forty years the old-fashioned heavy mangle filled with stone; but there are now many kinds. The linen is folded very smooth and rolled round the mangle pins, put under the weighted box, and with the handle the box is rolled backward and forward over the pins. There should be horses in the laundry for airing the clothes, and in summer a mosquito net to throw over them to protect them from dust and flies; also a fluting machine and fluting scissors, a piece of bees'-wax for her irons, and some bits of cotton cloth in which to tie her wax.

The laundry should be kept scrupulously clean. Laundry work is the part of house-work over which a mistress can have the least supervision; she must judge of it by the results. No soda, potash, or borax should be allowed except for special occasions,—the removing of stains, obstinate grease spots, etc.,—when it should be given out for the occasion. Bluing (of which ball-bluing is best), soap and starch must be used at the laundress's discretion. Table-linen is best with a little water starch in it and mangled. Bed-linen is better mangled. Flannels must be washed by themselves in the hottest soap-suds (no soap rubbed upon them), and rinsed in the hottest clear water, and passed through the wringer and well shaken and ironed before they are quite dry. The clothes that are ready should be brought up at the end of the day. This is the duty of the housemaid, if one is kept.

Clothes that are worn or torn should either be mended before going into the wash, or rough-dried and sent upstairs to be mended, before being starched or ironed. There is great economy in this. Clothes are much less destroyed in the wearing than by the wash-board, and a laundress should be forbidden to rub fine clothes upon it. The wash-board is a barbarous invention, and one generally yields to it from a supposed modern necessity.

DUTIES OF A WAITRESS.

THE duties of a waitress vary with the habits and needs of the family. She must first open the windows to air the rooms. If no housemaid is kept the care of the parlors devolves upon the waitress. After attending to the parlor work (see p. 443 of the January No. of this magazine) she should brush down and dust the stairs. It is important to do this before the family is stirring. The dining-room should then be attended to. (If the waitress has charge of the parlors, they can be attended to after breakfast.) She should see that no scraps are upon the dining-room floor; set the breakfast table; see that the kettle (and a waitress should have one which is used by no one else) is put upon the fire filled with fresh filtered cold water.

The front steps and sidewalk can be swept, and the front door and vestibule attended to before or after breakfast, according to the hours of the family. The vestibule should be washed daily. When breakfast is ready, the waitress should appear tidily dressed, and with white aprons and cuffs.

I think much waiting at the breakfast table is out of place. A waitress should look to see that she has omitted nothing, and should be within call during breakfast time. She has the china and silver to wash, the carving-knives to clean, the cleaning appointed for each day, the door-bell to answer, and that she may never go to the door looking untidy, a part of the pantry furniture should be a large, coarse apron which will shield her while doing her work.

Lunch is a less formal meal but it should be nicely served and announced, and dinner should be looked upon not merely as something to eat, but as the climax of the day,—for rest, comfort and conversation. The table should be carefully laid,—folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top; tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty center.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plate before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

It is the duty of the waitress to see that no one is without bread and the accustomed beverages during dinner, being careful to hand everything on the left hand side, and never reaching in front of any one.

If tea is taken in the evening, the tray should be set in the drawing-room before dinner. If there is an urn or spirit-kettle, the water should be boiled upon the table, and watched, for the tea should be made the moment the water boils. If the water stands after boiling, the tea is never clear. Where there is no urn or spirit-kettle, the waitress should feel the responsibility of bringing the kettle at the proper moment. The waitress's kettle for tea should be used for no other purpose, and should be rinsed out night and morning, and filled with fresh, cold, filtered water.

The waitress should have a baize-lined drawer in the side-board for her small silver, and a list on the bottom of the drawer of the silver in daily use; and a closet in the side-board for the larger pieces, each with a baize cover, and a list of the pieces on the door of the closet. She should be provided with two baize-lined baskets (if there is no safe),—one for forks, spoons, ladles, etc., and a larger one for the larger pieces; and the silver should be carried upstairs in these baskets at night

to an appointed place. Narrow leather straps passed under the baskets, carried over the handles, tied in their places and buckled tight, will prevent the weight of the silver from loosening the handles. If there is a silver tray in use, it should be put into a fitting cover and carried up with the silver.

The use of plated knives saves much trouble; they are less expensive, and can always be made bright and clean with a little hot water and soap; whereas the steel knives, unless kept in fine order, are not an ornament to the table, and require great care and skill in cleaning. A smooth pine board should be used, well covered with soft bath-brick, and the knives rubbed backward and forward, first on one side, then on the other, till they are finely polished. The handles should never be wet, or they split and become yellow.

Fine china should be washed in warm water; too hot water is apt to crack the enamel. Glass should be washed in cold water (wine-glasses and tumblers), and polished with a soft linen towel. Silver should be washed in the hottest water,—with a little soda in the water,—wiped dry, and polished with a chamois leather. When cleaned, mix ball whiting with some hartshorn to a paste, apply it with a flannel, and polish with the leather. If the silver is embossed, it will require a soft silver-brush.

It is the waitress's duty at night to see that the area-gate is closed, the windows fastened, the doors locked, the gas put out. It is well for some member of the family to loop back the curtains before going upstairs, to preserve them from the contact of working hands in the morning.

A mistress should tell the waitress in the morning whether she will receive visitors or not, that no visitor may be treated with the incivility of sending in a card and being refused admittance, or kept waiting while the servant is running up and down stairs. Let the mistress say she is "engaged," "indisposed," "will not receive," or "is at home"; but do not expect a servant to say you are "out," or "not at home," if you are in the house, if she is to tell the truth upon other occasions. Though the phrase "out" is understood in society, your servant may only understand it as a falsehood.

PLACARD FOR WAITRESS'S PANTRY.

Open windows. Grates, fires and hearth. Brush carpet. Dust thoroughly. Stairs. Sidewalk before or after breakfast. Kettle. Breakfast-table and waiting. Wash silver, china, and glass. Salt-cellars, castors, and knives. Cleaning appointed for the day. Lunch. Dress. Dinner. Washing of dinner silver, china and glass. Tea. Silver. Locking up.

DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID.

A WOMAN who takes this position must be neat, active, a good dress-maker, a neat seamstress, and a good hair-dresser, and must understand the getting up of fine muslins and laces.

Every lady has her own way and order of dressing, and must direct the maid accordingly. The maid's first daily duty is to repair to her mistress's dressing-room, where the housemaid, if there be one, has already attended to the grate and fire; if there is no housemaid, the maid must take this duty upon herself. Let her protect her hands with a pair of old gloves, and her dress with a large apron, for a lady's maid needs to keep her hands smooth, delicate, and very clean. She must then prepare the bath, take out the morning dress, put the underclothes to the fire, and have every thing needed upon the toilet-table, when she may go and get her breakfast.

The dressing over, everything is to be put away, brushes combed out, sponges hung up, towels dried and folded, and the room put in order. If she is housemaid as well as lady's maid, she will then attend to the bedroom. (All these duties have been described.)

The dresses worn the day before must then be examined and dusted, and, if muddy, carefully cleaned,—dresses of woolen material with a proper brush, those of silk, with a piece of silk or of soft woolen; all the spots should be removed, and any repairs made, and the clothes hung up in their places. Much-trimmed dresses should be hung on two nails, by loops placed on the belt under the arm, or the weight will drag the skirt into lines. The waists, if separate, should not be hung up. They should be folded carefully with the lining outside, and the seams at the shoulders pulled out straight, and laid upon a shelf or in a drawer.

The bonnet should next be attended to. If the flowers are crushed they should be raised with flower-pliers, which may be got at a flower shop, and the feathers, if damp held before, and not too near the fire or over the steam of boiling water, to restore their curl and crispness. Outer garments should undergo the same examination that they may be ready for wear. Velvet should be cleaned with a soft hair brush. Thin dresses in summer should be shaken, pressed as often as required; and, for this purpose, a maid should have a skirt-board, covered with clean flannel, and two or three fresh cloths, which may be removed and washed.

After having attended to the dresses, she can sit down to any work she may have to do, until she is called upon again. She should take out whatever dress is to be worn for dinner and all its belongings, and, if there is an evening toilet, this must be taken out and made ready, seeing that the skirts are of the right length, etc., etc.

Some ladies require their maids to sit up and undress them, and brush their hair and prepare them for bed. This seems to me not only a very unreasonable requisition, but a very dangerous one to both morals and health. While the mistress is at a gay party, does she expect her maid to sit alone in expectation of her return? She is not likely to do so. It would be better that she should go to bed when her mistress leaves the house, and be ready for her duties the next morning.

Brushes should be washed at least once a week. Dissolve some soda in boiling water, dip the bristles of the brush into the water several times, wetting the handle and back as little as possible, rinse with cold water, wipe the backs and handles, but not the bristles (it makes them soft), and put them into the sun to dry, bristles down. It is better to brush out

the combs and not wet them; a comb-cleaner may be had at any druggist's. All mending but that of stockings, unless of silk, should be done before clothes are sent to the wash. If silk stockings need mending, the stitches should be picked up carefully. Lists should be taken of clothes sent to the wash, for the laundress's sake, as well as your own.

A lady's maid may make herself useful by taking charge of the table and bed linen, examining and making repairs before the wash, and receiving it and putting it away when brought from the laundry.

Many families keep a seamstress, whose only duty is to sew, make whatever is to be made, and repair and keep in order the linen and clothes. Where there are many children this is rather an economy than an extravagance.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bayard Taylor's "Prince Deukalion."*

THE theme of Prince Deukalion is nothing less than the evolution of human thought from the age of classical antiquity up to the present time, and somewhat beyond. The various agencies that have been active in human history, advancing or retarding the onward march of Man, are symbolized by certain allegorical types, whose very names in most instances give the clue to their interpretation. But for the further guidance of those who might otherwise find the unraveling of the allegory too difficult, the author has given a few hints in the argument which he has prefixed to his poem. It may be a matter of regret that he found this necessary, but as it was of primary importance to him to be understood, and our public are apt to treat with irreverence what they do not understand, one cannot but agree with him as to the necessity.

The first act opens about A.D. 300. The antithesis between the sunny, cheerful paganism of ancient Greece, then in its decay, and the intensity and gloom of early Christianity is strikingly indicated in the choruses of the Nymphs and the Subterranean Voices of the Christian Martyrs, and the rhythmical structure of the verse,—in one instance gracefully tripping anapests, and in the other slow-footed iambics, tend further to emphasize the contrast. The Nymphs are passing away with the joyous religion to which they owed their being, and the new faith, hidden as yet in catacombs, celebrating its rites in subterranean caverns, is soon to rise triumphant in the daylight and complete their ruin:

"NYMPHS.

"We came when you called us, we linked our dainty being
With the mystery of beauty, in all things fair and brief;
But only he hath seen us who was happy in the seeing,
And he hath heard who listened in the gladness of belief.

"As a frost that creeps, ere the winds of winter whistle,
And odors die in blossoms that are chilly to the core,
Your doubt hath sent before it the sign of our dismissal;
We pass, ere ye speak it; we go, and come no more.

* * * * *

"VOICES *(from underground)*.

"We won, through martyrdom, the power to aid;
We met the anguish and were not afraid;
Like One, we bore for you the penal pain.
Behold, your life is but a culprit's chance
To rise, renewed, from out its closing trance;
And, save its loss, there is not any gain!"

In the following lines the shepherd describes the appearance of Gæa, the ancient Mother Earth:

"But, lo!—who rises yonder?—as from sleep
Rising, slow movements of a sluggish grace,
That speak her gentle though a Titaness,
And strong though troubled is her breadth of brow,
And eyes of strange, divine obscurity."

Gæa is evidently a personification of Nature who "travails with her children," who "changes with Man, Mother not more than partner of his fate." Her sentiments are pagan; for Greek paganism loved and honored her, while Christianity rebelled against her and pronounced her evil. She hails Eros, the god of Love, the last survivor of the Olympian dynasty (who, though eternally young, was, according to an ancient myth, the first-born of the gods), and sees in his survival a bright promise for the race:

"a single seed,
When soil and seasons lend their alchemy,
May clothe a barren continent in green."

She re-instates him in his ancient kingdom, and bids him reconquer the earth which the new religion threatens to wrest from his sway:

"ply the teachery
That into blessing soon forgives itself;
Print thy soft iris on white wings of prayer;
Strike dangerous delight through sacrifice;
And interpenetrate the sterner faith
With finest essence of the thing it spurns."

The third scene introduces Deukalion and Pyrrha, the ideals of possible manhood and possible womanhood. They do not yet in corporeal presence inhabit the world, but watch the revolutions of history and wait for the day when incarnate they shall dwell as real denizens of the earth; for not until then are they permitted to celebrate their nuptials. They are filled with regret at the downfall of the glory of the Greek civilization; and yet they recognize the fact that the new age which is dawning is to be an advance upon the one that is past:

"Yet, His law is good
Who now shall rule; for they we lose withheld
The strength of human hands from human throats,
Forced them to join, and overcome and build,—
Create where they destroyed; but He compels
That strength to help, and makes it slave of love.
Thus, from the apathy of faith outworn
Rises a haughty life, that soon shall spurn
The mold it grew from."

Nevertheless, doubt and hope struggle alternately in Deukalion's mind, and he determines to go and

* Prince Deukalion. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

find his sire Prometheus and seek assurance from his lips. Prometheus, the stealer of the fire, is the symbol of the foreseeing, unquenchable Titanic aspiration in man, as Pandora, the Titaness, is the embodiment of the corresponding qualities in woman. Through the slow changes of time, when Wrong, for the moment, seems to have triumphed over Right, his gaze still preserves its divine serenity, seeing man ever arising in a purer and nobler form from the struggles that threatened to destroy him:

> "I set in Man
> Immortal seeds of pure activities,
> By mine atonement freed, to burst and bloom
> In distant, proud fulfillment."

In response to Deukalion's question whether his meditated plans shall in the end prevail, Prometheus calls his brother Epimetheus, and the bright goddess Eos, the existence of both of whom is an eternal pledge that humanity is still treading in the path of progress. Epimetheus—the backward-looking—is investigation, research, the healthful yearning in man to gain that clear and unprejudiced knowledge of the past, which alone will enable him to divine the future. Eos, the goddess of the morning, who responds, unseen, to Pandora's call, is the bright unclouded hope which strengthens aspiration into certainty and guides man through sorrows, struggles and wrongs toward ever mightier achievements. These three agencies, symbolized by Prometheus, Epimetheus and Eos, are the living motors of history, and as long as they exist, no power is strong enough to thwart the evolution of humanity toward higher and better states. Therefore Deukalion and Pyrrha return re-assured to the earth, content to wait with patient trust until the better day shall dawn.

At the opening of the second act, the fulfillment of their hopes seems more remote than ever. The Catholic Church, personified in Medusa, is at the height of its power, and mankind seems to be lying prostrate at its feet. Deukalion is full of sorrow, and, were it not for the prophecy of his sire, would despair of the human race:

> "My limbs are weary, now the hoping heart
> No more can lift their burden and its own.
> The long, long strife is over; and the world,
> Half driven and half persuaded to accept
> Seems languidly content. As from the gloom
> Of sepulchers its gentler faith arose,
> Austere of mien, the suffering features worn,
> With lips that loved denial, closed on pain,
> And eyes accustomed to the lift of prayer."

Deukalion, it will be seen, is a Greek at heart; and the poet evidently means to indicate that the ideal man of the future, although no mere repetition of the Athenian type, must reconquer from the Hellenic civilization its noble joy in existence, its perfect equilibrium of body and soul, its healthful sense of harmony and beauty. The modern type is too unequally developed; the mind has gained an undue preponderance, and the body has not yet fully recovered from the contempt and maltreatment to which the ascetic mediæval Christianity subjected it. Therefore it is not strange that Bayard Taylor seems on every page of this poem to be exclaiming with Goethe: "*Die Griechen, die Griechen, und immer die Griechen.*"

In the words of the youth (evidently Dante) who stoops to kiss the marble lips of the antique Muse, is expressed that unquenchable yearning for the beautiful which is innate in man, and which a century later triumphed over the ascetic tendency, and in the Renaissance paganized the arts which had hitherto obediently followed the guidance of the church.

In the next scene, Medusa, in the glory of her full-blown strength, is sitting upon her throne, sending forth her messengers with her inexorable mandates to the four corners of the earth. She accepts with certain restrictions the poet, the painter, and the Muses in her service, excluding only Urania (Science), whom she banishes as a dangerous blasphemer. Urania goes to commune with Epimetheus and the Spirits of the Wind, the Snow, and the Stream; Science, even though the Church declare it the enemy of God, continues unweariedly its task, utilizing the results of historical research and watching the phenomena of Nature, and testing and subjecting its forces.

The third act deals with the Gothic civilization of the present century, and seems poetically to be pitched nearly an octave higher than the two preceding ones. As the poet reaches his own century, his theme gathers strength and volume, and his thought, fed by a hundred tributaries of observation, gains a more vehement impulse. Man, no longer blindly obedient to authority, has drawn nearer to Nature's heart, and rediscovered the eternal youth and beauty of the earth, or in the words of Gæa:

> "Tired of the early mystery, my child
> Hearkens, as one at entrance of a vale
> Never explored, for echoes of his call;
> And every lone, inviolate height returns
> His fainter self, become a separate voice
> In answer to his yearning. Not as dam
> With hungry mouth—as goddess with bowed heart
> He woos me; or as athlete, million-armed,
> Summons my strength from immemorial sleep.
> He comes, the truant of the ages—comes
> The rash forgetter of his source; as lord
> He comes—lord, paramour and worshiper,
> Tyrant in brain, yet suppliant in soul,
> With fond compulsion and usurping love
> To make me his!"

The age is big with promise, and yet Deukalion and Pyrrha, having seen progress so often thwarted and followed by a miserable reaction, dare not abandon themselves to the joy of hoping:

> "How often, Pyrrha, have we watched the morn
> Divinely flush—and fade! How often heard
> Music, that, ere it bade us quite rejoice
> Died echoless! Yet Patience cannot be,
> Like Love, eternal, save at times it grow
> To swift and poignant consciousness of self;
> And something veiled from knowledge whispers now
> Prometheus stirs in Hades!"

Calchas (Protestant Orthodoxy), who governs the lands of the North, plays the part of Medusa on a minor scale; he is robed in the old hierarchical pomp, and clings to the old symbols. He shrinks from the consequences of his own concessions, and would fain set limits to the liberty of human thought:

"Lo!
How he who governs these austerer lands
Withholds his gifts, betrays his promises,
Gives freedom for repentance, not for change,
Nor other answer than his own, to doubt!
Foe to Medusa, in his secret dreams
He wears her triple crown,—allows, perforce,
Urania, banished from her first abodes,
Chill hospitality, an exile's fare,—
No right of home! What will his welcome be,
When Epimetheus, hand in hand with her,
Tells the new story of the human past."

The dialogue between Deukalion, Pyrrha, and Calchas states, in noble and often epigrammatic language, the attitude of Orthodoxy to Science and the legitimate aspirations of the race. The following lines will suffice to indicate the author's point of view:

"When the past is purified
We shall possess the future."

"The heart, that doubts the brain,—
Feeling, divorced from knowledge,—this it is
That neither loves us, nor can be estranged."

"Give knowledge room,
Yea, room to doubt, and sharp denial's gust
That makes all things unstable! Tremble not
When stern Urania writes the words of Law:
Make Life once more the noble thing it was
When gods were human, or the nobler thing
It shall be when the god becomes divine!"

In the fifth scene Urania and Epimetheus define the limits of their empire. Science deals only with the phenomena of life, but has never yet penetrated to its source. Epimetheus, sending his far-reaching vision down through the long avenues of time, and reading unerringly the riddles of the past, works hand in hand with Urania, but can no more than she solve that deepest of riddles,—what life is in its essence. But the consciousness of their limitations does not abate their zeal:

"There is no enmity
Where neither can be lord; do thou thy task,
I mine, and each eternal force its own."

Deukalion and Pyrrha, in the meanwhile, are standing on the shore of the ocean, gazing expectantly toward the east, where the golden Eos is flushing the horizon with her radiant promise. They see a barque nearing the strand, and Prometheus and Epimetheus appear. The moral and intellectual condition of the present is allegorically summed up in their dialogue, its vast achievements emphasized, and its still unsolved problems frankly stated:

"every Force,
Once idle, formless, unto Man becomes
A god to labor and a child to guide;
While Space, obstructing human will no more,
Makes time a tenfold ally; while the draught
Of knowledge, once a costly cup, invites
Free as a wayside brook to whoso thirsts;
And aspiration, trying lonely wings,
Escapes the ancient arrow! These are gains
We cannot lose; *but what new justice comes*
With them to right Earth's everlasting wrongs?—
The weariness of work that never sees
Its consequence; chances of joy denied
To noble natures, prodigal for mean;
Helpless inheritance of want and crime;
The simplest duties, never owned untaught,
The highest marred by holy ignorance;
Crowned Self, that with his impudent, hollow words
Is noisiest, and Vanity, that deems
His home the universe, his day all time!"

And yet, in spite of this heavy indictment against the age, Pyrrha foresees the splendor of the dawn that is surely coming:

"I stand as one that after darkness feels
The twilight: all the air is promise-flushed,
Yet strangely chill, and though the sense delight
In sweet deliverance, something in the blood
Cries for the sun."

In the last act the poet, without laying claim to prophetic inspiration, tries to forecast the future. He carefully refrains from dogmatizing, but indicates, in broad and general outlines, the direction and tendency of development which, according to his belief, the coming centuries will pursue. It is probably owing to this same desire to give hints and glimpses, rather than definite statements, that he has made Agathon, the man of the future, a child, whose full-grown manhood may leave wide room for conjecture as to the precise manner in which the promises of his youth are to be fulfilled. The old innocent joy in existence, we are led to believe, is to return,—yet not child-like and thoughtless, but matured and purified by the long discipline of the world's past suffering:

"O Purest, Holiest! not thy path
'Twixt tortured love and ancient wrath,
Is mine to follow: none again
Wins thy beatitude of pain;
But all the glory of the day,
All beauty near or far away,
All bliss of life that, born within,
Makes quick forgetfulness of sin,
Attend me, and through me express
The meaning of their loveliness.
* * * * * * *
I know I AM,—that simplest bliss
The millions of my brothers miss.
I know the fortune to be born,
Even to the meanest wretch they scorn;
What mingled seeds of life are sown
Broadcast, as by a hand unknown,
(A demon's or a child-god's way
To scatter fates in willful play!)—
What need of suffering precedes
All deeper wisdom, nobler deeds;
And how man's soul may only rise
By something stern that purifies."

We are now introduced into a spacious church, whose windows are open and whose nave is filled with sunshine. Urania believes that the hour is at hand when she shall overthrow this temple to the unknown power:

"The mine beneath the fortress of my foe
Is dug, the fuse is laid, and only fails
One spark of fire, but such as must be stolen
Elsewhere than from mine atoms."

Agathon declares her endeavors futile and her enmity causeless. Urania demands to know the proofs of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of an Almighty Power, to which Agathon answers:

"Proven by its need!
By fates so large no fortune can fulfill;
By wrong no earthly justice can atone;
By promises of love that keep love pure
And all rich instincts powerless of aim
Save chance, and time, and aspiration wed
To freer forces, follow! By the trust
Of the chilled Good that at life's very seed
Puts forth a root, and feels its blossom sure;
Yea, by thy law!—*since every being holds*
Its final purpose in the primal cell,
And here the radiant destiny o'erflows
Its visible bounds, enlarges what it took
From sources past discovery, and predicts
No end, or if an end, the end of all!"

The phantoms of Buddha, Medusa and Calchas appear and seat themselves upon opposite thrones. Urania too, mingling with them as their peer, occupies a similar elevation. Here, then, we have the great religions which have made epochs in the history of the world, seated face to face in communion. We were at first inclined to believe that the author in this scene intended to give us a glimpse of the religion of the future; that, perhaps, it was to be eclectic in its character, embodying what was best in the religions of the past. But there is nothing in the scene to support such an hypothesis; Buddha, Medusa and Calchas have undergone no change of heart, but are the same that they always were. In a brief dialogue they reveal their natures in the most striking antitheses. Buddha's meditations are expressive of the dreamy Oriental asceticism:

"Across my bliss of Self absorbed in All,
And only conscious as a speck of dust
Is of its Earth, there creeps such faintest thrill
As to the lotus-bulb or rose's root
Strikes downward from the sweetness of the flower,—
The sign that somewhere in this outlived world
A God-selected soul is ripe to ask
A question that compels reply. I wake,
As one that hammock-cradled under palms
Beside a tropic river, drinks the breath
Of clove and cinnamon, orchards, seaward blown,
And through the half-transparence of his lids
Sees, from the golden-gray of afternoon
The sunset's amber flush, but never fade."

Agathon proclaims the evanescent character of all creeds:

"Earth's petty creeds fall off as wintered leaves,
When April swells the bud of new. Men grow,
But not beyond their hearts,—possess, enjoy,
Yet, being dependent, ever must believe."

Prometheus appears and dismisses the phantoms of the past religions with the following words:

"Forces that work, or dream;
Shadows that are, or seem;
Whether your spell sublime
Fades at the touch of Time,
Or from the ages ye
Take loftier Destiny,—
I, of the primal date
As of the final fate,
Having compelled, release;
Depart, but not in peace!"

Deukalion and Pyrrha, the ideal man and woman, are no longer incomprehensible phantasms, viewed with distrust and suspicion. They are drawing nearer to man, and to the more clear-sighted their features are becoming more and more visible. The shepherd and the shepherdess, the representatives of the average unthinking humanity, begin to discover that existence even upon this earth may be full of joy, and amid their toil they sing happy songs to each other:

"Where the arch of the rock is bended,
Warm, and hid from the dew,
Slumber the sheep I tended,
All the sweet night through.
Never a wolf affrights them
Here, in the pasture's peace,
But the tender grass delights them,
And the shadows cool their fleece.
* * * * *
Too blest the hour has made me
For speech the tongue may know,
But my happy flute shall aid me,
And speak to my love below."
* * * * *

"SHEPHERDESS *(singing in the valley)*

"Uncover the embers!
With pine-cone and myrtle
My breath shall enkindle
The sacred Fire!
Arise through the stillness
My shepherd's blue signal,
And bear to his mountain
The valley's desire!
The olive-tree bendeth;
The grapes gather purple;
The garden in sunshine
Is ripe to the core:
Then smile as thou sleepest
His fruit and my blossom;
There is peace in the chamber
And song at the door!"

Now Deukalion and Pyrrha may first approach each other, and, in a kiss, seal the pledge of their future union, which, though yet, perhaps, delayed, is sure to be accomplished. And Eos, looking down upon the happy earth, for the first time reveals to man her radiant countenance. In the closing apostrophe of Prometheus he gathers all the complex thoughts of the poem into a simple and solemn finale:

"Retrieve perverted destiny!
'Tis this shall set your children free.
The forces of your race employ
To make sure heritage of joy;
* * * * * * *
For Life, whose source not here began,
Must fill the utmost sphere of Man,
And, so expanded, lifted be
Along the line of God's decree
To find in endless growth all good,—
In endless toil, beatitude.
Seek not to know Him; yet aspire
As atoms toward the central fire!
Not lord of race is He, afar—
Of Man or Earth, or any star,
But of the inconceivable All;
Whence nothing that there is can fall
Beyond Him, but may nearer rise,
Slow-circling through eternal skies.
His larger life ye cannot miss
In gladly, nobly using this.
Now, as a child in April hours
Clasps tight its handful of first flowers,
Homeward to meet His purpose, go!
These things are all ye need to know."

It is not to be denied that there is among us a prejudice against everything which is not expressed in the plainest every-day language. We are loath to grapple with enigmas which refuse at the first glance to yield up their full meaning. But for all that, the fact remains that there are thoughts which can be better and more nobly expressed by symbolic imagery than in any other way, and for such thoughts the allegory is the most legitimate form. The present is certainly one of the most ambitious in scope that have ever been written; as to its philosophic and poetic merits the readers of the analysis here given will be able to judge for themselves. In conclusion, we wish to call attention to the technical mastery and the fineness of ear which Bayard Taylor displays in the handling of his verse.

It is only to be added that the view of the poem we have presented is purely literary: its philosophy is not Christian, and the ideal man of the poem is not Christ.

Whittier's Last Volume.*

MR. Whittier is one of the few American poets in whose work we detect no falling off as the shadows of age gather around him. We confidently expect his last volume to be his best volume, and our confidence is not disappointed. We miss, it is true, the glowing fervor and the fiery indignation of his early lyrics, but their absence is amply compensated for by a calmer and deeper tone of thought and feeling, and a more artistic perfection of form. What was *manner* in the beginning has ripened into *style*, and what was of questionable value among his themes has been discarded for ever. We have no more such unsuccessful Indian poems as "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacook," and no more "Voices of Freedom." We have in their stead exquisite legendary ballads, delicious descriptions of natural scenery, patriotic Revolutionary lyrics, and graceful and noble personal poems. Mr. Whittier is easily the best living writer of ballads, and his best ballad, "The Witch of Wenham," is in some respects the most poetical poem in the present collection. He excels all our poets in knowledge of, and sympathy with, what may be called colonial phases of belief, chief among which should be placed the persecution of his co-religionists and those who were suspected of witchcraft. The Laureate of suffering,—

"His sweetest songs are those that breathe of saddest thought."

He is the most religious of our poets,—the one, that is, to whom the problem of life and death is always a matter of serious meditation, a matter of the gravest importance to mankind. If an undevout astronomer is mad, as the sententious author of the "Night Thoughts" declares, an undevout poet is madder still, to the simple and reverent nature of Mr. Whittier.

"The Vision of Echard" is a protest against the narrowness of faith. The monk Echard falls asleep, and his thoughts become a dream,—a dream in which his inward ear detects the voice of a spirit, which addresses itself to men. What do I lack, O my children? it questions. Do I need your alms, when the gold and silver of the earth are mine, and the gifts that ye bring me were evermore my own? Do I heed the noise of your viols, the pomp of your masques and shows?

"Have I not dawns and sunsets?
Have I not winds that blow?"

Am I vain, as you are, of rank and name and honors? What can Eternal Fullness gain from your lip-service? I gave you the prophets, the lay of the Psalmist, the stone tables of the law, and this holy book and day; but you have lost the spirit in the form, and the giver in the gift. He alone serves me who loves, forgives, and pities, and counts his brother's welfare as sacred as his own.

"I loathe your wrangling counsels,
I tread upon your creeds;
Who made ye mine avengers,
Or told ye of my needs?

"I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate:
Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.

"Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.

"For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch his empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save."

This is noble devotional writing, which could never have been written by one whose creed was "cabined, cribbed, confined." We find no such writing by the devotional poets of England, from the days of Herbert and Vaughn, down to those of Keble and Bowring. From a Friend alone could we have had the great lesson which underlies "The Vision of Echard." Very different from this is the "Hymn of the Dunkers,"—a remarkable representative poem, as admirable in its way as Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites."

Mr. Whittier's love of nature is radiant in "Sunset on the Bear-camp," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," and "June on the Merrimac,"—the last, perhaps, being the finest of these three poems. The best of the purely personal poems here commemorate a poet and a soldier,—Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Francis Bartlett,—and are among Mr. Whittier's happiest tributes to genius and valor. "The Henchman" is an exquisite fantasy, which, somehow, reminds us of one of Hood's perfect ballads, beginning, "Sigh on, sad heart, for love's eclipse,"—the lovely atmosphere of which it reflects and reduplicates. It is nothing if not a poem, and of the most poetical kind. We have not hitherto ranked Mr. Whittier with our most finished poets, but we must henceforth, for the literary workmanship of every poem in this volume is faultless.

Joaquin Miller's "Songs of Italy."*

MR. MILLER'S new volume tells nothing very new of the poet or of Italy. There is more, far more, of Joaquin Miller in it than of Italy, but it is the fashion of the day to demand the human being in a book rather than the author's creation. The world loves to gossip, and so loves to hear all about a poet's loneliness and ill-success in love, about his adventures in Venice and "Saxon" yearnings to move on around the world. It makes no difference that the reader has a suspicion as to the genuineness of Mr. Miller's lorn state of mind. The gossip is there, and the world will enjoy it without requiring to be let in behind the scenes. For the rest these poems have the old virtues and the old defects of Mr. Miller's vein. There is some of the swing of the "Ship in the Desert," and every now and then a rough word, at which we are expected to start with pleased surprise, and note Mr. Miller's red shirt and high boots. Here is a fine breezy piece that shows that there is real poetry in the man.

* The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

* Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

I.

"'Twere better blow trumpets 'gainst love; keep away
The traitorous urchin with fire and shower,
Or fair or foul means you may have in your power
Than have him come near you for one little hour.
Take physic, consult with your doctor, as you
Would fight a contagion; carry all through
The populous day some drug that smells loud
As you pass on your way, or make way through the crowd;
Talk war or carouse; only keep off the day
Of his coming, with every true means in your way.

II.

Blow smoke in the eyes of the world, and laugh
With the broad-chested men, as you loaf at your inn,
As you crowd to your inn from your saddle, and quaff
The red wine from a horn; while your dogs at your feet,
Your slim, spotted dogs, like the fawn, and as fleet,
Crouch patiently by and look up at your face,
As they wait for the call of the horn to the chase.
For you shall not suffer and you shall not sin
Until peace goes out and till love comes in.

III.

Love horses and hounds, meet many good men;
Yea, men are most proper and keep you from care;
There is strength in a horse. There is pride in his will.
It is sweet to look back as you climb the steep hill.
There is room. You have movement of limb; you have air;
Have the smell of the wood, of the grasses; and then
What comfort to rest, as you lie thrown at length
All night and alone, with your fists full of strength!"

There is slovenliness in this, but there is also a pleasant sense of recklessness. The last phrase, "with your fists full of strength," is excellent. Some of the other songs are remarkably good. But on the whole there is nothing new to say about the book. Admirers will not fail to be pleased; others will hardly be won by it from their adverse opinion.

O'Reilly's "Songs, Legends and Ballads."*

FIVE years have passed since Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly asserted his right to be considered a poet by his "Songs from the Southern Seas." The Australian life depicted therein was novel to us, and several of the poems in which it was handled (notably "The King of the Vasse") indicated the possession of rare poetic qualities. Mr. O'Reilly seemed to be a born story-teller, whose chief merit was vigor of conception, and whose chief fault was carelessness of execution; his stories had the virtue of brevity, a virtue not found in the stories of William Morris.

Mr. O'Reilly was not an idle singer in his "Songs from the Southern Seas," nor has he been since, as his second venture shows, for it contains more than twice as many poems as are in that collection. We wish we could say that they were twice as good as those; but, unfortunately, we cannot. Mr. O'Reilly has grown, perhaps, but not poetically. He has become enamored of such prosaic themes as "The Value of Gold," "Bone, and Sinew, and Brain," "There is Blood on the Earth," "Love, and be Wise," and so on. That poems of the class to which these belong may be made, if not very poetical, agreeable at least, Mr. Longfellow has proved, and, in a much less degree, Mr. Charles Mackay. There is a charm in their didacticism which Mr. O'Reilly never attains. A stanza will indicate what he has attained as well as a whole poem. For example:

"Mere store of money is not wealth, but rather
The proof of poverty and need of bread.
Like men themselves is the bright gold they gather;
It may be living, or it may be dead."

We are sorry that Mr. O'Reilly has joined the cleric force of song. He had much better have remained the narrative poet that he was, and have left ethics to others. His lay sermons are unworthy of his genius. If the stanza just quoted does not convince the reader of this fact, the concluding stanzas of "Love, and be Wise," certainly will:

"Gather words patiently;
Harvest the seed;
Let the winged years fly,
Sifting the seed.

"Judging by harmony,
Learning by strife;
Seeking in unity
Precept and life.

"Seize the supernal—
Prometheus dies;
Take the external
On trust—and be wise."

Strong's "Poke o' Moonshine."*

A HEALTHY taste for nature in its external shell, a love for the noise of water-falls and breezes through leaves, a keen eye for what is happy and picturesque in forests, lakes and meadows—these are the qualities which give value to Mr. Strong's second trial at poetry. Add to them a good feeling for the rhythm of verse and enough judgment to avoid aggressive adjectives, a desire to write clean and healthy verse and a wish to be patriotic in his subject, and we have pretty nearly the measure of his frank attempt. Beyond these excellent preliminaries we cannot go. Although the poem is meant for an organic whole, there is little clearness in its plot or coherency in its parts; although it distinctly sets out to tell a story, it really sounds like the improvised poetic version of a legend so well known to the hearers that distinctness is not required under the circumstances. For this reason Mr. Strong is doubtless at odds with the probable truth when, in his introduction, he says of the reader: "If he becomes drowsy, let him at least note that he escapes irritation." In this he does himself injustice on the one side, and on the other assumes too easily that the reader will be pleased. It is doubtful if the ordinary reader, who does not look for a Milton in every young poet, will think of getting drowsy over "Poke o' Moonshine." For although it cannot be said to rivet the attention as the lays of Sir Walter Scott once did and often still do, there is sufficient freshness and frankness in the poem, sufficient breath of out-of-doors and suspension of plot, even sufficient movement in the current of the song, to keep the benignant reader from napping. On the other hand an element of irritation is present in the confusion of the plot, whether it be due to an endeavor to rouse the expectation by suspending the catastrophe, or because the author himself has become too familiar with the

* Songs, Legends and Ballads. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The "Pilot" Publishing Company.

* Poke o' Moonshine. By Latham Cornell Strong, Author of "Castle Windows." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

legend to explain it clearly and harmoniously from point to point. It may be that the greatest evil flows from spinning out the story too much, just as some of our American painters spread their powers over canvases so large that the general effect becomes weak. While the result is not altogether unfruitful, while the very spinning out of descriptions and situations produces a lazy charm which is relished by people who read poetry for a pastime and when time is plenty with them, it cannot prove otherwise than hurtful to the poem when judged as a thing to last the strain of years.

Poke o' Moonshine is the name of a picturesque mountain in the La Moille valley, where a deserter from the French army hid during the French war. He deserted to stay near his love, a young girl named Clemence La Moille to whom he had been betrothed in France. The poem has four parts, named respectively: "The Cabin among the Pines;" "The Realm of the Evening Star;" "Poke o' Moonshine;" and "The Cavern of Shadows." At least one of these parts has nothing to do with the legend, and only confuses matters. The love affair of Onewaskea the Indian not only breaks in upon the love affair of Du Bois and Clemence, but is in itself far too sensational and unreal to stand. Even in Cooper's day Indians of this kind would not be tolerated. The parts printed in italics which relate to France and a château on the Rhone are also discordant elements, exhibiting a lack of sound taste which must be laid to the author's inexperience. The poem begins with a dream:

THE DREAM.

The roses nodded and fell asleep
By the porter's lodge—o'er the donjon keep
The peacock basked—on the turrets old,
The banners drooped with drowsy fold,
And across the courtyard the mullioned windows
Flamed diamond panes of burnished gold.

This by the Rhone, when the days were spent
In court and camp, and in tournament,
When the maid to the minstrel beneath her bower
Would fling from her bosom the passion-flower
And lean from the half-shut, vine-clad lattice,
The moonlight standing athwart the tower.

After the dream comes a prologue which introduces the speaker of the piece, a wrinkled crone. Neither crone nor dream really assists the story, although they are told about in lines of as much melody as can be found in other parts of the volume:

PROLOGUE.

The laughing sun romped through the world
Shaking its long locks drenched with gold,
And the blue sea glistened beyond the line
Of the meadows rippling with shade and shine,
In a sweet sad summer of long ago—
In a summer of legend and song that flow
In my rhyme like a brook by rock and tree,
Half shadow and sun to a silent sea—
A legend that seems like a wild strange dream
Of the mountain path, and the forest stream—
A song that is sad as the lone sea-bird's
When it seeks its mate with plaintive words.

All the hundred pages of the little volume may not be as sweet and musical as the examples given above, but these are fair samples.

Verses of Two Children.*

IT cannot but cast a shadow on the enjoyment of these remarkably healthy and spontaneous songs to reflect that literary precocity has already found conspicuous martyrs in Chatterton and the Davidsons. And though the entire absence of morbidness is a fair omen for the future of these two New England girls of fifteen and twelve, yet one instinctively feels that such a publication is a dangerous example to set in a day and country cursed by over-stimulus of youth. One of the sisters has anticipated this regret in a stanza that may be imagined as standing for the mute plea of many a tired little brain:

"On the bud of promise sweet
Lavish no too fervent heat,—
Clearly, purely, softly shine;
Let not childhood lose too soon
All its fresh, unconscious bloom.
Touch us gently, gently, Time."

The mother's prefatory note also shows a recognition of the dangers to which this volume is likely to expose the young writers, and which all lovers of children and poetry must hope are greatly exaggerated.

The verses are chiefly noticeable for their rhythmical finish and their thrush-like freedom of song. The impression left by the book is of two joyous children who have caught their sentiments direct from nature, and their rhythm from light hearts and from an early reading of the best poets. For them it is still

"the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;"

and it is out of the fullness of this virginal delight in nature that their best songs come. There is a certain lightness in the treatment of their simple themes of home and rural life which conceals from the ear the commonplaceness which pervades the subjects, and which in an attempt to make more of them would be unpleasantly evident. As far as they go, too, the poems are generally complete. Often they have a compactness of description which is not rare in a child's mind, but which we begin to miss when intellectual experience comes in to make complex the former simple, definite impressions. It is thus the lyrical quality that is most prominent and best. This song of Elaine's is fairly representative:

"Oh, wild azalea, rosy red,
In every woody hollow,
Put out, put out your pretty head,
That I may see and follow!
That I may see and follow, dear,
That I may see and follow!"

Another is already better known:

"ASHES OF ROSES.

"Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
Ashes of roses.

"When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses."

*Apple Blossoms: Verses of Two Children. By Elaine and Dora Read Goodale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

And here is one by Dora, entitled

"HAY-MAKING.

"Daisied meadows, fields of clover,
Grasses juicy, fresh, and sweet,—
In a day the wild bees hover
Over many a fragrant heap;
Windrows all the meads do cover,
Blossoms fall, and farmers reap,—
In a month, and all is over—
Stored away for winter's keep."

So similar are the impulses and experience of the two girls, and so unformed is their individuality that it is often difficult to distinguish the authorship of the verses. Elaine's have perhaps more variety, with occasionally more of an introspective cast. Dora's have rather a deeper significance, with more promise of imaginative growth. It is she, for instance, who sings of

"A wind-blown brook in Spring,"—

and of

"Rosy tints in melting skies
As morning opes her dewy eyes—"

and in the charming little poem, "An Autumn Picture" (which, with others, was published first in this magazine), of

"Clouds that sail the heavens through,"—

"Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,"—

"And clover, which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through."

Such lines, however, are very rare. Most of the expression is ordinary if not hackneyed, and often the influence of Shakspere, Tennyson, or Barry Cornwall is more than palpable, as in the "Blow, blow thou winter wind," which recalls the song of *Amiens* in "As You Like It," and in the first quotation above, the refrain of which is identical with a line in Procter. But it is too much to expect originality of these young writers, and they will do well if they look no lower for their models.

It is a matter of considerable surprise that the last generation could have been so moved by the verses of Lucretia Davidson, the best of which were but faint echoes of the dull cadences of Pope or the singing rhythm of Moore, and flavored only with the pietism of Henry Kirke White. In these later rhymes there is something more than mere precocity. They give indications of a sense of literary art, the want of which was the most conspicuous defect of Lucretia's verse.

McKnight's "Life and Faith."*

SPONTANEITY of thought, Wordsworth's love of nature, true modesty, deep religiousness, and a cheerful healthiness of tone mark this book of sonnets. At times the poet seems to be trying to express too much and there is a little obscurity, requiring several readings; occasionally a decidedly prosaic line or a weak word placed by the exigency of the rhyme makes it questionable whether a simpler form of verse would not have been better. The use of monosyllables sometimes causes the rhythm to seem harsh, and the rhymed couplet at the end of each sonnet perhaps gives it too epigrammatic a form. In fact we doubt whether Mr. McKnight was wise in choosing the poetic form at all. Yet in substance, "Life and Faith" is a work of unusual merit and originality. Though introspective, there is no morbidness; though religious, there is no suspicion of cant; though personal, there is no petty egotism and conceit.

Among the sonnets we marked as specially worthy, the following perhaps gives the best idea of Mr. McKnight's style:

"RELATIVE TRUTH.

"SHOULD drooping eyelids from my eyes conceal
The sky's expanse, still to my downward sight
A pool's smooth surface in a cloudless night
Heaven's peaceful, starry aspect might reveal.
And though at times the stars might seem to reel
And tremble, if I then should note aright
The wavelets moving o'er that surface bright
And the disturbing breeze distinctly feel,
My reason would with full assurance know
The tumult in that earth-reflected view
Of heaven, to earthly tumult must be due;
And that the image the still waters show
Must in its look so tranquil and serene
Be truer to realities unseen."

Henry James's "Daisy Miller."*

THIS reprint of a short story contributed to an English magazine has been much criticised in the United States for the uncomplimentary character of its heroine. American women are so accustomed to being held up as models of cleverness and good taste, that they naturally feel a little sore when an experienced observer, like Mr. James, produces a character which cannot be meant otherwise than typical, and yet exhibits an American girl abroad in anything but a pleasing light. The character is denounced as exaggerated in the extreme, and only applicable to Americans in Europe who are the scandal and terror of their fellow-travelers. These denouncers are not satisfied with Winterburn's aunt, who represents the refined or merely sophisticated American women that will have nothing to do with the Daisy Millers they meet on their travels. The aunt is too shadowy to represent the indignation of Americans who are properly imbued with European notions of what freedom is allowable to young girls. Such criticisms emanate, as a general thing, from people who make far too much importance of what Europeans think. Mr. James is satirizing the opposite class, which is too well represented among English and American travelers,—the people who act as if the prejudices of foreigners were not worth the slightest thought; the people who not only do in Rome what Romans do, but add to the Roman customs all the list of free and easy manners to which they are habituated at home. Another point he brings out in powerful relief is the filial impiety of many American girls, their recklessness of advice and their positive disobedience to parents. Daisy Miller does combine in herself the manners of many travelers in Europe of her age and condition. What Mr. James has done is to show the attractiveness of such a girl, together with the astonishment and pain she inflicts on Europeans and more

* Life and Faith. Sonnets by George McKnight. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

* Daisy Miller. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. "Half Hour Series."

refined Americans by her unruliness and audacity. While quite free from any real impropriety herself, she lays herself open to the vulgar comments of the world.

In the eyes of people who think much of social etiquette, Daisy Millers appear far worse than women of real wickedness. An American abroad is apt to be in a ferment of patriotism, although at home he will hardly turn out to vote for a President. The Daisy Millers who go the grand round every year wound their compatriots in their tenderest sensibilities. Too much feeling of this kind is apt to degenerate into snobbishness; too little into a coarse disregard of the feelings of others. Winterburn was not much in love with Daisy Miller and had strong tendencies to snobbishness, being therein very typical of many young Americans who reside abroad. Daisy was ill-trained, reckless of what others thought and thoroughly satisfied that her judgment was equal to anybody's. The story is told with more than Mr. James's usual skill and good style.

Robert Lowell's "Stories from an Old Dutch Town."*

By his first work, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," Professor Lowell took rank among our most thoughtful writers of fiction. Later came his "Antony Brade," and now these short and simple stories, certainly not inferior to anything of his that has gone before, all bear the same authentic stamp of sincerity and individuality. The logical outcome of good undoubtedly is goodness; but the psychological outcome of a good man is not by any means, always or generally, goodness, pure and simple, but a mixture of bad and good, with the two so blended as scarcely to be separable, and so we have as the result, a good man with failings, but failings that lean to virtue's side. It is bad art to picture a man as perfect, for

> "There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
> A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

The perception of this psychological truth has enabled the author to give the *vraisemblance* of flesh and blood reality to such admirable creations as Abram Van Zandt, John Schermerhorn, and his friend Barendt, not to mention others. Each has his idiosyncrasies which help to individualize him, and to differentiate him from his fellows. It is the highest praise to say, that they are all natural and genuine. The odd man, who affects his oddities, is a fraud and a just object of contempt. Not so, however, when his oddities are an inseparable part of himself, and he is odd because he cannot help it, and odd without knowing it. Van Zandt, odd and odd-looking, is interesting by virtue of his unconsciousness, his guileless simplicity; these forming the appropriate background for bringing into stronger relief that superstitious credulity which endangered his sanity. His secret brooding over some idle thought, somehow injected into his mind, that he was somebody else, however amusing at first, became very soon a source of deep concern and alarm to his friends and neighbors, and to his physician likewise, who, one might almost imagine, had furnished a professional report of the case for the edification of his brethren, so keen is the analysis, and so judicious the treatment, and all so real. The partial unhingement of an unusually strong, affectionate, and noble nature under the shock, the anguish, the incurable wound of a terrible bereavement is exemplified in the case of John Schermerhorn. The violence was great, and the injury done to the smitten heart and brain was deep and lasting. What was strange and unnatural in his conduct were evidences of a diseased state. They were the abnormal manifestations, which belong to the pathology of grief in a nature reticent to the last degree, not uttering its sorrow because unutterable, keeping back its moan with a strong repression. It is curious to observe how, amid that morbid shrinking and hiding away from the innocent occasion of his loss, apparently because the sight revived within him an intolerable remembrance, he was constantly seeking to make amends and roundabout compensations. With his excellent friend Barendt, we pity while we blame, and are happy in the joy of his restoration.

* A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town. By Robert Lowell, Author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," "Antony Brade," "Poems," etc. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Charles de Kay's "The Bohemian."*

It would be a little more propitious outlook for the prophesied literary pre-eminence of New York City if more of its writers of fiction were turning their attention to the field which is the subject of the studies in this little volume. Since Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme" and Curtis's "Trumps"—a period of over sixteen years—very little has been done in the representation of metropolitan life. To those who are at all familiar with the resources and the contrasts of New York, this poverty of literary outcome has seemed inexplicable. That it is not due to want of dramatic conditions or vigorous types, Mr. de Kay's little book would be sufficient of itself to prove.

The key-note of the story is struck in the first chapter in the refrain of the Dunker song,—"Oh, 'tis awful, aw-aw-awful, awful!"—which De Courcy Lee, from whom the story is named, sings to himself behind the bars of his cashier's cage in contemplating the disparity between his success and his ardent ideal. This note is struck with a sharpness which is not to be obscured by the prominence given in the same chapter to a satire of the pseudo-Bohemianism which has attracted the unsophisticated young Lee in the person of Harpalion Bagger, president of the Expressionists and victim of a treacherous memory,—having confessedly "forgotten greater sonnets than any other living man can write." To the reader, the braggadocio and oracular talk of society conquests in which Bagger indulges are amusing enough; but to the inexperienced De Courcy, the disillusion which comes with his father's

* The Bohemian. A Tragedy of Modern Life. By Charles de Kay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

speech at the club is the revelation of one of the many social falsehoods being uncovered for the first time. The point which Mr. de Kay thus makes is a good one, though perhaps too subtly worked out for the general reader, who, in spite of the sub-title of the book, naturally expects more to be made of the Bagger element. But the tragedy is deeper than the mere discovery that there may be asses in lions' skins. The note that is struck in the refrain is repeated several times, each time on a lower octave. The tragic motives, though not obscure, are profoundly psychological, and are worked out with strong contrasts of mental temper, based on strong external action, and thus the interest is sustained for objective, as well as subjective, minds. The two chief motives of the book (though they are so skillfully dovetailed as to seem like one) we take to be, 1. the shock to an enthusiastic and ingenuous mind in discovering the hollowness of a love he has never doubted; and 2. the influence of an empty and faithless "society" life in making its victim incapable of responding at last to a love which she is not too blasé to recognize as genuine. In this case, the victim of false social education is Adelaide Bryce, an indulged and willful coquette, not incapable of generous impulses, yet with not enough depth of character for even sustained resentment, much less for sincere attachment. Wherever it comes near her, the tragedy flashes with a lurid light that is not due to any chemical mixture of the author's, as in Poe, but only to the peculiar atmosphere in which it shines. That two such persons as Adelaide and De Courcy should bear to each other the relation of lovers may seem improbable in this brief résumé; but in the setting of Mr. de Kay's book, with its significant and delicate shadows, it is not so at all. The latter half of the book is devoted to the discovery of Adelaide's perfidy, and the concluding chapter to the blind impulse that drives her lover away to a desperate and lonely death. The author has made a powerful ally of nature in the description of De Courcy's wanderings in the storm, which has all the force of Charlotte Brontë or Tourguéneff, and must take its place among the most successful pieces of imaginative writing in recent fiction.

Mr. de Kay approaches this climax with artistic skill, and with a concentration not evident in the somewhat incongruous opening chapters. Though marked by intense realism, the realism is always typical, and not of the merely photographic kind which is to so many of our writers the natural mold of the mind. The intensity is, moreover, abundantly relieved by humor. Indeed, in humorous characterization, Mr. de Kay has created one impersonation that is irresistibly human and real with the same charm that touches us in Captain Costigan and Major Pendennis. This is Major James De Courcy Lee, the father of the hero, and the representative of the old régime in Virginia, whose chivalrous regard for the other sex and whose readiness to "give satisfaction" are carried to the extent of killing an intimate friend for speaking slightingly of his own wife. The Major's speech before the Expressionists will delight many to whom its intimate connection with the general problem of caste—of which the volume treats—will not be immediately evident.

It is refreshing to find a young writer who has been content to wait for his audience until he has made himself master of so mature and unconscious a style; it is more fortunate that he is able also to use it to such permanent and worthy ends.

Phillips Brooks's "Sermons."*

PHILLIPS BROOKS is, in the truest sense of the word, a preacher, and a great preacher. The quality which most impresses one in his published sermons is not originality of thought, or soaring imagination, or beauty of language; it is straightforward and intense earnestness. It is the whole force of a large, ardent and disciplined nature thrown into the effort to produce in men a certain kind of character. These sermons are neither philosophical discussions nor devout meditations. They are persuasive appeals to ordinary American men and women, aiming to draw them into helpful, trustful, heroic lives. And, as such appeals, they carry in them the best elements of power. The chief secret of their power is the impression they produce of a personal life underlying and inspiring them. They have the true ring of experience. It is the leader saying, not "go," but "come!" There is no parade of self, and very little personal narration; but there comes always home to the reader the sense that this man is not speaking from theory, but out of what he has seen and felt. This is the first and almost the supreme requisite of true preaching.

The next requisite is that the preacher should understand and sympathize with human life in its homely and familiar forms. Here perhaps is where our bravest and most thoughtful religious teachers are apt to fail; they become so absorbed in the theological problems of the time that they forget to how small a part of the community the abstract forms of theology have any vital interest. Mr. Brooks does not make this mistake. He adapts himself to the needs of common people. He draws his illustrations from the family and the street. His style, too, is very direct and simple. It is not remarkable for literary beauty. There is not that distinctive quality of the poet which marks Bushnell and Bartol and Beecher and Swing. Illustrations are frequent, but they are almost always condensed,—terse, passing allusions rather than expanded pictures. Mr. Brooks's oratory is marred by an excessive rapidity of utterance, which sometimes requires an almost painfully close attention. In his sermons as printed, we are conscious of a somewhat similar rapidity of movement; but, as a quality of thought and style, it is probably a merit rather than a defect, for that practical purpose which is evidently supreme in the author's mind. It suits well with that eager, rushing American life, in the midst of which he stands and wields a power which is the greater because it is sympathetic with the temper of his audience.

* Sermons by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1878.

It is a positive relief to find a volume of contemporary sermons so free as this is from the phrases of the intellectual battle-field. It is a rest to mind and soul that "Darwinism," "evolution," "development," and all their congeners are so seldom met with in these pages. We suspect that few men better appreciate than their author the extent and gravity of the intellectual changes which are going on, and their bearing upon religious belief and practice. But, along with other great lessons of his craft, he has evidently learned well how remote is intellectual controversy from spiritual edification. The influence of modern thought is deeply traceable in these sermons, but not in the form of debate or of negations. The title of one of them, "The Positiveness of the Divine Life," expresses a quality which deeply inheres in the book and its author. Of his theological opinions, as they are here indicated, we should say that in a very free and broad spirit, but sincerely and reverentially, he holds the distinctive ideas which are most central and vital in what, for want of a better term, we call orthodox Christianity. He habitually presents the divinity of Christ in a way that must satisfy the many devout souls to whom any religion lacking this is incomplete; not maintaining it controversially, but assuming it as a fact from which to draw help and comfort. But, like all the best modern teachers, he gives great prominence and effectiveness to the human aspect of Jesus. Beyond these special questions, we should fix upon it as the most characteristic quality in the thought of these sermons that they give reality to the spiritual element in human character. That the business of religion is to form character is the idea which is drawing to itself the best minds of all religious schools. The truth and value of this idea is not menaced, directly at least, by anything in modern speculation, so far as it affects sober and healthy minds. The further idea, for which a stand needs to be made, is that in the full development of character there is a central and regnant quality of spirituality. This spiritual quality—not in theory, but in reality—deeply pervades these sermons. It gives to the moral virtues—to purity, integrity, fortitude, service—their firmest root and fairest flower. It makes the love of God as real as the love of man. It arms the soul for that victory, which nothing else can give, over its own weakness and the evil without; over loss and sorrow and death itself. It inspires, in this author as in the best religious minds of the time, a temper of large hopefulness, while it intensifies the sense of human responsibility. The intellectual debate between the spiritual and material interpretations of the universe has its fascination for the few, but does not come home to the many. But the true quality of spiritual feeling, existing in a genuine life, and expressing itself in a sympathetic temper and under homely forms, makes itself felt as irresistibly and attractively as the color and fragrance of a rose. This, we think, is the quality which gives to these sermons real greatness, as well as the highest practical value. They embody the power of spiritual manhood. They are an instance of the great opportunity which belongs to the Christian preacher, if he can use it,—the opportunity to send home to men the living word of inspiration toward the noblest kind of life. It is an encouraging circumstance that one of the most popular preachers in America should owe his power not to graces of rhetoric or oratory but to the earnest and sympathetic presentation of fundamental truths of character.

"The Prayer-Meeting."*

THAT the conventional prayer-meeting needs improvement, if not radical change, there can be no doubt. To call that a social meeting in which only people of one sex are allowed to speak, in which the speeches and prayers are all stiff and formal, and always from the same set of speakers, is mockery. A social gathering is always attractive; but people go to most prayer-meetings because they ought to, or because somebody thinks they ought to. Nothing is so melancholy as the drumming kept up by many pastors to fill up the prayer-meeting,—except the prayer-meeting itself. The best evidence of its lack of usefulness is the reluctance with which people attend and the readiness with which they depart. Mr. Thompson has evidently given the subject much thought, and his book is full of many excellent suggestions for the improvement of the prayer-meeting. Any pastor working in the spirit of this little book will soon see a manifest increase of interest. We cannot but think that some of his devices are too mechanical to be of permanent service; and we doubt if he has touched the most radical defects of the weekly meetings held in our churches. The time for that has not yet come, perhaps. But the book is the best help yet published to the perplexed pastor seeking to make the prayer-meeting of vital interest and general usefulness to his people. Mr. Thompson's ideal of such a meeting is what one may call the revivalistic. But we may be allowed to doubt whether any device will serve to keep religious fervor always at red heat, and whether any meeting can be made perennially interesting if the subjects discussed be confined to a narrow range, and be chiefly of an abstract sort. What is wanted most is a church carrying on practical and philanthropic work, and a meeting having a vital relation to the work of the church. Everything relating to the church life ought to find a place in it, and its talks ought not to be speeches.

* The Prayer-Meeting and its Improvement. By Rev. Lewis O. Thompson. Chicago: W. G. Holmes.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Wire Rolling Mill.

AN improved form of rolling mill for stretching round, square, and oval wire of very small diameter has recently been patented. In place of the two rolls placed one over the other, as in the present mills, three rolls having conical faces are set up with the face of each touching the others at an angle of 120 degrees. By making a fine groove in the center of each face an opening is made between the three rolls, and through this the wire is passed. The power to move the rolls is applied to the upper roll, and this moves the other by means of gearing. Screws are provided for regulating the distance between the rolls, and in front is a guide, designed to direct the wire into the mill, while at the back is a plate resembling an ordinary "draw-plate," for smoothing down the wire after it has passed the rolls. By this use of three rolls the wire is acted upon from three sides, and it is claimed that this form of mill produces a wire of better quality and finer diameter than by the usual methods of stretching wire.

New Cement.

A NEW cement, insoluble in hot or cold water or steam, and that will resist acids and alkalies, is reported. It is designed to be used in two portions, neither being of any value till moistened and joined to the other. One portion is composed of a preparation of chromium, and is made by dissolving crystallized chromic acid in water, in proportion of 2.5 grams of acid to 15 grams of water. Fifteen grams of ammonia are added to this, and then about ten drops of sulphuric acid are added, with finally thirty grams of sulphate of ammonia and four grams of fine white paper. The second preparation is made by dissolving isinglass in dilute acetic acid (one part acid to seven parts water). This cement is designed chiefly for envelopes, and in using it the chromium preparation is applied to the back of the envelope, and the isinglass to the flap. On wetting the flap and pressing it down the two preparations meet and instantly form a firm and insoluble cement, binding the paper against every effort to open it. The materials may be applied in the same manner to other uses.

New Alloy for Art Metal-work.

AN alloy resembling red gold has recently been reported, and the following formula shows its character and composition. Put 800 parts pure copper, 25 parts platinum and 10 parts tungstic acid in a crucible, and when melted and well stirred together, run the metal out into a bath composed of 500 grams of slaked lime and 500 grams of carbonate of potash for each cubic meter of water. This granulates and purifies the metal, when it may be dried and placed in a crucible for remelting. When melted the second time, 170 parts of fine gold may be added, and when the whole is finally run into ingots an alloy of a fine gold color is obtained, the shade of gold depending on the proportions of the materials. For a flux, equal portions of boric acid, nitrate of soda, and chloride of sodium are recommended in the proportion of 25 grams for each kilogram of the alloy.

Electric Spark Pen.

A NEW invention in the art of engraving, probably suggested by the familiar electric pen, has been brought out in Paris. A copper plate is prepared as for engraving, and over this is secured, in some convenient manner, a thin sheet of paper. The plate is then connected with one pole of a Ruhmkorff coil. The pen (presumably a simple insulated metallic rod or pencil with a fine point) is also connected by means of an insulated wire with the coil. Then, if the point of the pen (which is bare) is touched to the paper, a minute hole is burned in it by the spark that leaps from the point of the pen to the plate. By using the pen as a pencil, a drawing may be made on the paper in a series of fine holes precisely after the manner of the electric pen, except that in one case the holes are mechanically punched out and in the other case are burned out. When the drawing is finished the paper may be used as a stencil. A printer's roller carrying an oily ink is passed over the paper, and the ink penetrating the paper through the holes reproduces the drawing in ink on the copper plate. The paper may then be removed and the plate submitted to an acid bath when the surface will be cut away, except where the ink resists the acid, and those parts will be in relief and thus making an engraved plate ready for the printing-press. By this ingenious device, the artist, drawing upon the paper with the spark-giving pen, performs two operations at once, drawing the picture and engraving the plate at the same time.

Improved Style of Portable Motor.

STEAM-ENGINES for farms are usually made with horizontal boilers, for the simple reason that when thus laid down on four wheels the apparatus is less liable to tip over in traveling over rough roads. At the same time, the vertical type of motor has a number of advantages over the horizontal form, and in a new farm engine, a compromise has been effected by making an upright boiler and engine with a large and solid base so that when ready for work it rests on a firm foundation. On each side of the boiler, just above the fire, are secured strong iron brackets, and at the end of each are bearings for carriage wheels. Near the top of the boiler is another bracket designed to rest on the truck of a second and smaller pair of wheels. The boiler with its engine attached is accurately balanced on the larger wheels, and when it is desired to move the machine, the forward pair of wheels are brought up and the boiler is tipped over till it rests horizontally on the four wheels. The smoke-stack may

then be turned back on its hinge and laid down on top of the boiler. A pole may be put in, and the apparatus is ready for the road. To use it again, the boiler is simply tipped up till it rests on its base, when all the parts are re-adjusted again for immediate work.

Improved Method of Packing Butter.

By a new system of packing butter for market, much of the trouble, loss and inconvenience of the usual method of packing in tubs is avoided. The butter is first spread in a wooden tray having edges of a fixed height on three sides. It is then rolled down by means of a common wooden roller to a uniform level marked by the wooden edges. Strips of thin wood, sewed at the ends into rings of uniform size, with circular disks or covers, are prepared by soaking in brine, and by slipping one of the rings into a steel die, or form, and pressing the die down on the latter a circular block of butter is cut out of the mass. The ring and inclosed butter may be then slipped out of the die and the covers may be put on above and below, thus forming a neat package for a quantity of butter reckoned at one pound weight. A pile of these circular boxes may then be tied together with twine and packed in salt in cases for transportation. The advantages claimed for this method of putting up butter are found in the neat and ready system of weighing and packing the butter, and in the convenience of the package for retailing.

Memoranda.

Among the novelties shown at the recent International Paper Exhibition at Berlin, were samples of white paper made by submitting common paper stock to the action of a mixture of sodium sulphate and water glass. The stock is placed in a cold bath of these solutions, and under ordinary pressure and after soaking for some time, the dissolved vegetable fats, tannic acid, resinous matters, etc., may be easily washed out without injury to the vegetable fiber. The product obtained in this manner is said to be much larger than by the ordinary method of boiling in alkali, besides having greater strength and more readily yielding to bleaching. White rags first steeped in the water glass and then boiled in sulphide of sodium and water glass become brilliantly white, and paper made from jute refuse and straw by the same treatment gives a white paper of fair quality.

Among the many attempts that have been made to devise an apparatus for heating the feed-water for boilers of locomotives and other non-condensing engines, one of the latest and most promising throws the water after it has passed the pump into a fine spray in direct contact with a portion of the exhaust steam. The details of the plan are not given, but the idea is one that may be applied in a variety of ways, as the ingenuity of the engineer may suggest.

Black Venetian Glass.—The black glass of Venice has been made the subject of recent experiment, and M. Kazses, of Nuremberg, reports that in a mixture of sand and sulphur, he placed fifteen per cent. of peroxide of manganese, and obtained a deep black glass, showing, when broken, somber shades of violet, and exactly imitating the Venetian black glass.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

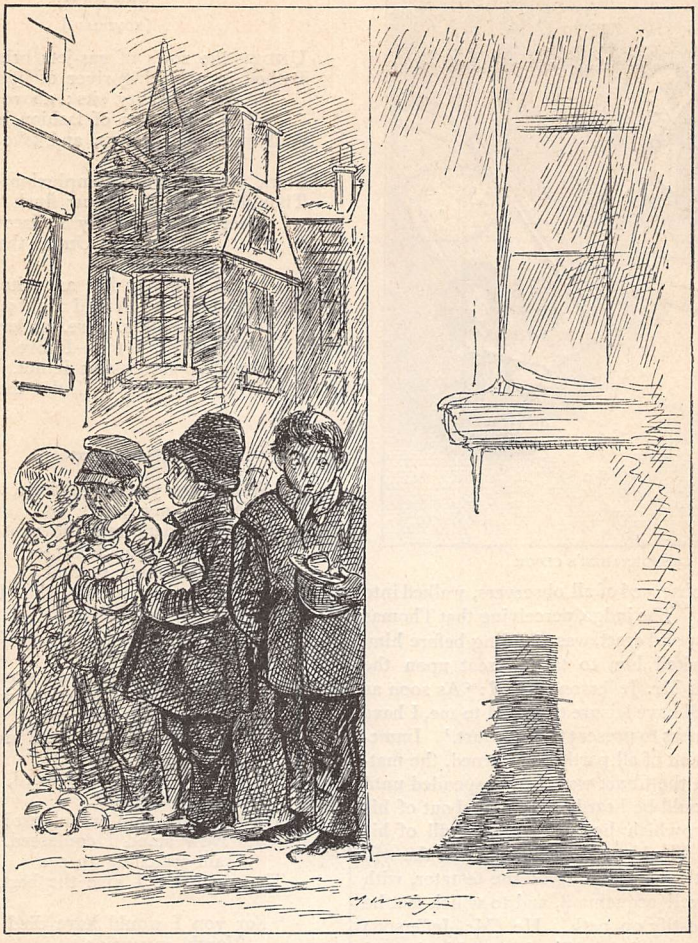
Kosciuzko's Will.

In the second year of the Revolutionary War, Thaddeus Kosciuzko, a young Polish noble of distinguished family and large estate, having not very long before been graduated from the French military school at Versailles, appeared in America, and offered his services to Washington in the cause of American freedom. A love affair at home, whose sequel was disappointment, had impelled the young Pole to leave his native country; and his philanthropic spirit and innate love of liberty pointed to the conflict then raging in the New World as the fittest place to seek forgetfulness of self in working out the good of others. In order that he might battle for freedom in America with a clearer conscience, one of his earliest acts had been to liberate the serfs upon his ancestral estates. On reaching America, he was cordially received by the colonial commanders, and assigned by Washington to a position as his aide-de-camp. That he fought courageously throughout the conflict; that he was the warm personal friend of Washington and of Jefferson; that he was commander-in-chief of the Polish army in the famous uprising of Poland in 1794, and that he was defeated and thrown into prison by the event of the disastrous battle of Macieowice, are all matters of history.

But there are, perhaps, few now living who are aware of the fact of his having left behind him in America a testimonial of his fervent love of liberty, so enthusiastic that it takes the colors of poetic beauty, and as eminently characteristic of the man as was his famous reply to the Emperor Paul, who, on his release from prison, wished to restore him his sword:

"I have now no need of a sword, since I have no longer a country."

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, hidden away among dust-covered records, lies a budget of time-stained documents which bears the inscription, "Wills: 1819." In this packet has slept, buried and almost forgotten for more than fifty years, the will and testament of Thaddeus Kosciuzko. It is a holograph, and genuine beyond doubt, as attested by Mr. Jefferson himself. The chirography is clear and bold, and the paper whereon it is inscribed is still well preserved, although bearing unmistakably the marks of its



HERE HE COMES.

antiquity. The will was written by Kosciuzko in 1798, on the occasion of his visit to America during that year, when, having been released from prison by the Emperor Paul, he came to renew his old associations, and perhaps again, if possible, to forget for a while his sad recollections of his later sorrows in Poland, in the company of such of his transatlantic comrades of the Revolution as then still survived. The will reads as follows:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciuzko, being just in my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas Jefferson to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name; in giving them an education, in trades or otherwise; and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers; and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful. And I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.

"T. Kosciuzko.

"5th day of May, 1798."

On the third leaf of the holograph will is inscribed the following attestation:

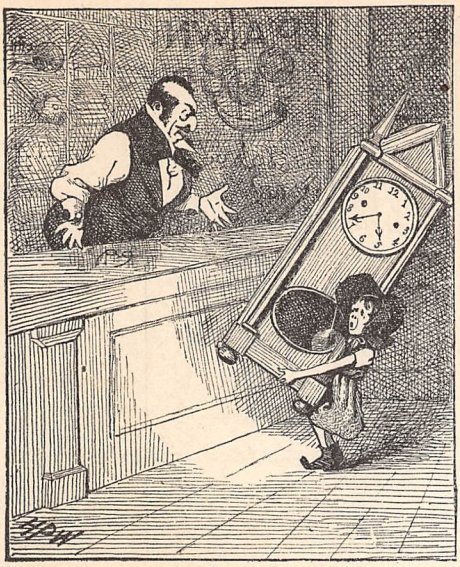
"At a Circuit Court held for Albemarle County, the 12th day of May, 1819:

"This instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Thaddeus Kosciuzko, deceased, was produced into court, and satisfactory proof being produced of its being written in the handwriting of the said Thaddeus Kosciuzko, the same was ordered to be recorded, and thereupon Thomas Jefferson, the executor therein named, refused to take upon himself the burthen of the execution of the said will.

"Teste:

"John Carr, C. C."

—so that it was not until almost two years after his death that Mr. Jefferson put the will to record. The venerable William Wertenbaker, who was appointed librarian to the University of Virginia by Mr. Jefferson in 1824, and who still (1878) holds that position, having filled it since his first appointment, was at the time of the recording of Kosciuzko's will a deputy clerk of the court. Accompanying the holograph in the clerk's office is a memorandum written by Mr. Wertenbaker, who was present in the court-room when Mr. Jefferson presented the will for record. This memorandum states that "the Circuit Court of Albemarle, Judge Archibald Stuart presiding, was in session. An illustrious man, then and



GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

at all times the observed of all observers, walked into the court-room. The judge, perceiving that Thomas Jefferson, stately and erect, was standing before him, bowed, and invited him to take a seat upon the bench. To this Mr. Jefferson replied: 'As soon as your Honor shall have leisure to attend to me, I have a matter of business to present to the Court.' Immediately, by consent of all parties concerned, the matter then before the Court was then suspended until Mr. Jefferson could be heard. He pulled out of his pocket a paper, which he said was the will of his friend, General Thaddeus Kosciuzko; that the will was written in the handwriting of the testator, with which he was well acquainted, and to which fact he was ready to testify on oath. He (Mr. Jefferson) was made executor of the will; but at his time of life it was not in his power to undertake the duties of the office, and that necessity compelled him to decline qualifying. The usual oath was administered to Mr. Jefferson by the clerk, and the will was ordered by the Court to be admitted to record."

It is not known in what the property of Kosciuzko in the United States consisted, where it was situated, nor, indeed, what disposition was made of it, upon Mr. Jefferson's declining to undertake the duties of executor. Whatever the property may have been, however great or small, the desire that it should be put to the use indicated by the will, is highly characteristic of the philanthropic patriot whose whole life was one continual sacrifice to the well-being of others; who had early emancipated his own Polish serfs; who had given money and personal service to the cause of American freedom; and whose last and most strenuous exertions—that found a sad culmination in his imprisonment for years and exile from his country—were in behalf of that down-trodden fatherland. A. C. G.

Sub Rosa.

[RONDEAU.]

UNDER the rows of gas-jets bright,
Bathed in a blazing river of light,
A regal beauty sits; above her
The butterflies of fashion hover,
And burn their wings, and take to flight.

Mark you her pure complexion,—white
Though flush may follow flush? Despite
Her blush, the lily I discover
Under the rose.

All compliments to her are trite;
She has adorers left and right;
And I confess, here, under cover
Of secrecy, I too—I love her!
Say naught; she knows it not. 'Tis quite
Under the rose.

J. B. M.

Misunderstood.

"WHAT are you doing here,
Norah, my dear,
Out in the dark and the mist?"
"Well, if you insist,—
I am looking to find
Some dark brown curls that I missed."

"But your hands are quite wet,
Norah, my pet.
Why are you walking so slow?"
"Well, if you must know,
I am waiting to hear
A voice that is tender and low."

"For me you have no word,
Norah, my bird.
Why do you stop so to rest?"
"Now stand I confessed.
I am watching to see
The eyes that I love the best."

"For you I would have died,
Norah, my pride,
And now you my love despise."
Then softly she cries,—
"But I have found them all,
'Twas your hair, your voice, your eyes."

MIRIAM KENYON.

To F. T. S.

WE stood at night atop of Buckwheat Hill;
We heard the town-clock thump the hour of nine;
We watched the winking stars above us till
Our eyes grew dim; we heard the woods repine.
We heard the singing of the night-hawk's wing,
As o'er our heads invisible it flew;
We felt a mystic spell around us cling,
And settle on us like the falling dew.
We talked of music, poetry, and friends;
Of weal and woe, of calm and full delight;
Of that which is, of that which never ends.
As cheek-by-jowl we walked the tranquil night.
May thus in harmony I ever tread
With thee, my friend, till Time shall have my head.

W. D. KELSEY.

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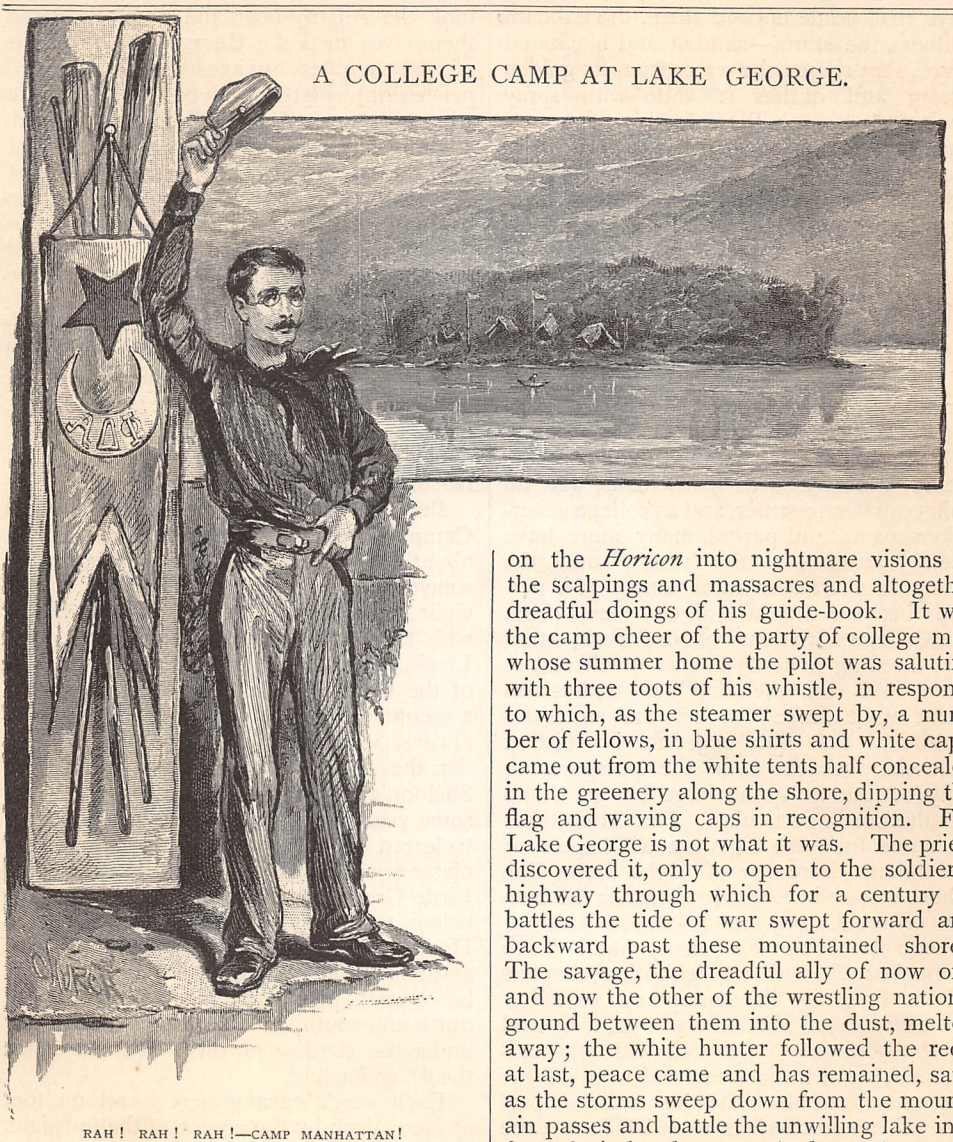
A COLLEGE CAMP AT LAKE GEORGE.



RAH! RAH! RAH!—CAMP MANHATTAN!

"RAH! rah! rah!—A—D—Phi!—Khoujhar-r-r!" It was not the war-whoop of a horde of painted savages, sweeping out from the ambush of the pretty island in their birch canoes, that startled the timid tourist on the *Horicon* into nightmare visions of the scalpings and massacres and altogether dreadful doings of his guide-book. It was the camp cheer of the party of college men whose summer home the pilot was saluting with three toots of his whistle, in response to which, as the steamer swept by, a number of fellows, in blue shirts and white caps, came out from the white tents half concealed in the greenery along the shore, dipping the flag and waving caps in recognition. For Lake George is not what it was. The priest discovered it, only to open to the soldier a highway through which for a century of battles the tide of war swept forward and backward past these mountained shores. The savage, the dreadful ally of now one and now the other of the wrestling nations, ground between them into the dust, melted away; the white hunter followed the red; at last, peace came and has remained, save as the storms sweep down from the mountain passes and battle the unwilling lake into fury of wind and wave. And now the crumbled forts are green with grass,—so nature teaches us to forget and to forgive war; Bloody Pond, tinged only with the twilight glow, is still with the lovely quiet of a lilied pool; and scarred Black Mountain beholds

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no longer the pageantry of Abercrombie's flotillas and the scout on his stealthy track, but the brisk little steamers, gay with parties of tourists, and the "summer boarder" in his aimless skiff.

It is in the glory of its eternal hills, the changeful beauty of its waters, the myriad islands that float like anchored ships, the piney points, the recessed and dreamy bays that nestle beyond them, the Sabbath stillness, the storm—sudden and black and fierce, that rouses the water from its golden dream and dashes it white with spray against the rocks; the splendor of sunsets bursting through gates of cloud,—it is in these that the lake remains what it has been from the beginning, through solitude, savagery, war, into the jaunty days of "through tickets." So it is that Lake George, as picturesque in its history as in its shores, is now a highway of pleasure and fashion, and so it is that these college fellows, enticed first by the beauty and historic associations of the place, have come here year by year for ten years, until Camp Manhattan is to them a second *alma mater*.

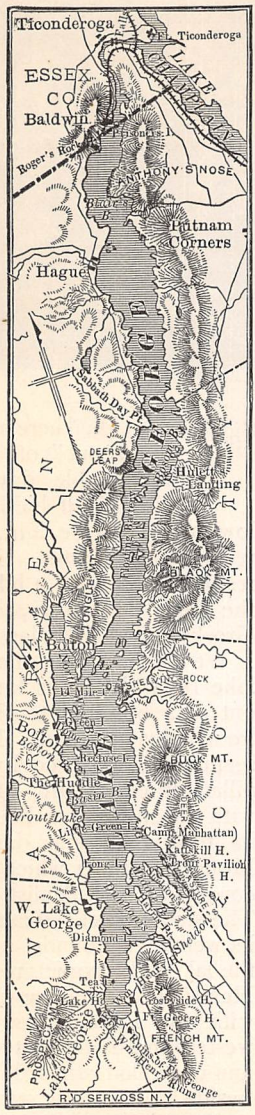
The conscript fathers, the founders of the Camp, known also as its sachems, were all college mates together, and as college generations came and passed, many more have been "gathered to the fathers," until the Camp numbers a score or more. It is perhaps because they are all city men,—from the College of the City of New York,—that this dwelling in tents has so much zest to them, and that their kindling enthusiasm anent "the Lake" makes the ambitious Freshman the more eager for his distant sheepskin because it is the passport not only to the world at large but to Camp Manhattan in particular. The Camp takes its name from the Manhattan Chapter of the college fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi, whose star-and-crescent emblem is the banner of the Camp, and in whose bonds of college friendship the "many hands" are "one heart." Other neighboring chapters of the fraternity have proposed to follow the example of Manhattan, so that by and by the lake may be dotted with star-and-crescent camps, the green and white of the fraternity varied with the college purple of mountain-shadowed Williams, the lavender of sedate Wesleyan, the garnet of rollicking Union, the orange of the mother-chapter, Hamilton, and the "cornelian" of victorious Cornell. It is a happy precedent thus to tempt college graduates, mostly professional men, into so entire and wholesome a change of life, in pleasant renewal of the associations of college days.

It was a dream of Freshman days—some expedition from the brick-and-mortar city out among the woods and waters which most college men enjoyed at their very doors. One memorable summer, five undaunted spirits, having borrowed a tent and laid in a short supply of provisions, took the Albany boat and presently found themselves at Lake George, in the hands of the merciless savages (of the colored persuasion) who then preyed upon the errant white man at the Fort William Henry Hotel. Escaping from their clutches at the dawn of day, they took ship with Captain Hulett, of the good craft *Ganouskie*, who sang to them camp-meeting songs, and told them that if they wanted to camp, perhaps they'd better try Sheldon's Point. Try it they did, and liked it well enough to stay—and starve. Not that they had nothing to eat, but being their own cooks, and very green, their hands could not keep pace with their mouths; they dropped one meal, two, three, behindhand, until it was impossible to tell whether to-day's breakfast was properly yesterday's dinner or the supper of the day before.

But after all the vicissitudes of the first Camp, there was a pleasant remembrance about it: the lake had already begun to weave its enchantments. The second year, eight camped at Sheldon's Point, taking with them a cook, the dusky and devoted Lewis, since canonized as the matron saint of the Camp. As the numbers increased, a second servant became necessary, known always, whatever his personal identity, under the nomenclature of "Johnson." At Sheldon's Point the Camp remained for some years, until the too obliging proprietor "cleared up" for it by removing all the picturesque undergrowth, and it moved to Little Green Island, on the east shore, just below the Trout Pavilion and Kaatskill Hotels, seven miles north from the Head, and six south-east from Bolton, a lovely bit of earth, having the full sweep of the lake north and south, and nestling in a quiet bay under the shadow of the mountains called the Deer Pasture.

Each year's encampment is set on foot at New York by the choice of the fortnight, with due regard to Mistress Luna,—usually the beginning of August,—and the selection of the Executive and Treasurer, who are the managers for the Camp, and who proceed forthwith to lay in sufficient stock of provisions for the number going, according to

tables compiled from the Treasurer's books of previous years. Canned goods and luxuries in general are expressed or carried as baggage from New York; the staples are laid in at Glenn's Falls and carried by wagon with the other baggage to the landing nearest the camp; meat, milk and fresh vegetables are supplied by a farmer on the lake shore, who rows to the camp each morning, and in whose barn the tents and camp equipage are stored through the winter. Boats are hired, at about $5 per week; the other chief expenditures are the servants' wages and expenses. The assessment is now levied at so much per day for each person's stay, a convenient system for a large camp, and usually runs under $2, about the charge of the smaller hotels at the lake. An advance party of three starts a couple of days ahead and pitches camp. The general start is commonly of a Thursday night, by Hudson River boat, when all the Knights of Discontent who can't get away gather to give the happier ones a send-off. A jolly breakfast at the Delavan House in Albany, and the boys feel fairly in camp again as they rush across to the cars.

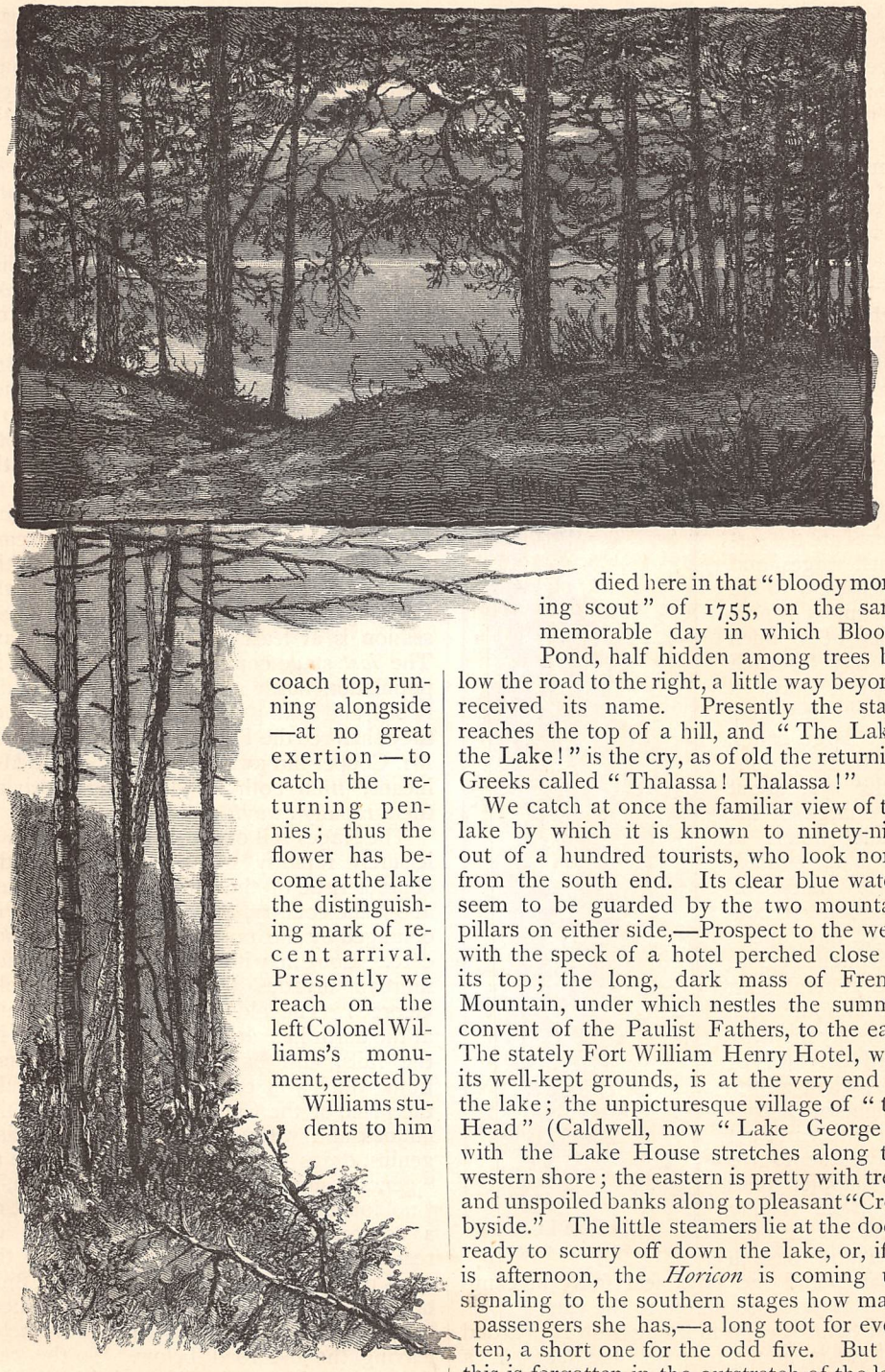


MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.

At Saratoga the morning train is boarded by tourists about to "do" the lakes in a day,—north through Champlain and south through Lake George,—on the round trip ticket which brings them back to the Springs in time for supper. This is the chief pleasure train of the continent, and its iron path follows (Lake George excepted) the very trail of Indian, colonial, and Revolutionary warfare,—the highway of history. The bright faces that look out from the windows of the palace cars, which presently you shall see at Lake George, Champlain, the Adirondacks, the Green Mountains or the White Hills, Montreal or Quebec, the St. Lawrence or the Saguenay, Niagara itself (to all of which these particular cars go or connect), are alive with associations from their history books, now for the first time become real. At Fort Edward there is a change to Glenn's Falls, so called since a modern Esau, an early settler named Abraham Wing, sold his name-right in what was then Wing's Falls, to a Colonel Glenn, for the mess of pottage of a wine supper. The new-comers beseech the obdurate conductor to telegraph ahead for secured seats on the stage, while the more knowing fringe the platforms of the cars, ready to drop off and run a race with the train in the hurry-scurry scramble for the first stage and the top seats, in which possession is at least eleven points of the law. The *last* stage commonly starts off first, its population busily reading up in their guide-books, and asking the unstoried driver when they shall see the Falls and the cave in which Mr. Cooper hid away "The Last of the Mohicans," from both of which he is driving them rapidly away.

The stages roll out of the village with that leisurely rapidity which seems to be the characteristic of the few stage-lines still left about the country, as though they were discouraged by the railroads, and didn't much care. Long may it be before the threatened railroad invades this approach to Lake George! The old picturesque stage-route at the north has already been superseded by the rails, and barren "observation cars," from which you can observe nothing, take the place of the Concord coaches; and the famous and witty Baldwin, their presiding genius, drags out a dampened existence as "general superintendent" of the branch,—"no longer a man," he says, "only part of a corporation." But the sole means of reaching the Head is still by stage. For the most part, the turnpike follows the old military road, though the planks here and there turn aside, by way of modern improvement, leaving the old road below. To the west the Luzerne Mountains lift, and those which surround Lake George loom to the north.

As we drive along, parties of boys throw bunches of fragrant water-lilies to the stage-



FROM THE OLD FORT.

coach top, running alongside—at no great exertion—to catch the returning pennies; thus the flower has become at the lake the distinguishing mark of recent arrival. Presently we reach on the left Colonel Williams's monument, erected by Williams students to him whose will founded the "free school" which has since become Williams College, and who died here in that "bloody morning scout" of 1755, on the same memorable day in which Bloody Pond, half hidden among trees below the road to the right, a little way beyond, received its name. Presently the stage reaches the top of a hill, and "The Lake! the Lake!" is the cry, as of old the returning Greeks called "Thalassa! Thalassa!"

We catch at once the familiar view of the lake by which it is known to ninety-nine out of a hundred tourists, who look north from the south end. Its clear blue waters seem to be guarded by the two mountain pillars on either side,—Prospect to the west, with the speck of a hotel perched close to its top; the long, dark mass of French Mountain, under which nestles the summer convent of the Paulist Fathers, to the east. The stately Fort William Henry Hotel, with its well-kept grounds, is at the very end of the lake; the unpicturesque village of "the Head" (Caldwell, now "Lake George"), with the Lake House stretches along the western shore; the eastern is pretty with trees and unspoiled banks along to pleasant "Crosbyside." The little steamers lie at the dock, ready to scurry off down the lake, or, if it is afternoon, the *Horicon* is coming up, signaling to the southern stages how many passengers she has,—a long toot for every ten, a short one for the odd five. But all this is forgotten in the outstretch of the lake itself, blue and bright, circled with mountains, along which the clouds float dreamily. Tea Island first catches the eye, a pretty bit

of green a mile or so down the western shore, but bluff little Diamond Island, standing out by itself four miles off, insists on being the prominent jewel in the circle. This, where still there are signs of earth-works, was once the scene of a memorable fight. Here are found the quartz crystals sold as "Lake George diamonds," and here, of old, dwelt the "Lady of the Lake." Beyond it a dozen miles to the north, Tongue Mountain laps the lake, the pretty village of Bolton hidden to the west, the picturesque Narrows with their hundred isles still beyond. Shelving Rock, a curious formation, though not much of a mountain is from almost any point of view a central promontory, and insists on intruding itself into every orthodox picture of Lake George. Over its shoulder looms Black Mountain, *the* mountain of these ranges; nearer on the east shore are Buck Mountain and the Deer Pasture, or Pilot Mountain, under which the flag and one tiny tent of Camp Manhattan may faintly be seen.

"That, madam," says a studious youth who has been diligently reading up in his guide-book, addressing his elderly neighbor: "that, madam, is Lake George, called by James Fenimore Cooper in his celebrated novel, 'The Last of the Mohicans,' madam, Lake Horicon.* Lake George, madam, called the 'Chromo of America,' is thirty-four miles long, madam, and one to four miles wide. It is elevated, madam, about 300 feet above the sea, and flows north, madam, into Lake Champlain. Lake George, madam ——"

"Give him ten; that'll do, Freshie," remarks a muffled voice, and the geography lesson is cut short in the middle. Presently the driver whips up, and the stage now bowls with a dash into the grounds of the Fort William Henry Hotel. The "round trip" tourists take a rapid glance at the lake from the fine piazza, rush out to the old fort, gaze with mingled emotions at the ruined earth-works and the game of Aunt Sally rigged on top, sentimentalize over the lime-kiln they mistake for Fort George, rush back again to the hotel, run upstairs to see the jumble of relics and curiosities in the upper hall, bolt a hasty dinner while the little steamers whistle provokingly, and finally hurry aboard to "do" the rest of Lake George.

But, despite the incongruities about the hotel, no one of any thoughtfulness can approach Lake George without a deep sense of the somber historic tinge that colors every scene. From the moment Bloody Pond is reached, each spot has its history, —the sunshine of to-day is tempered by the shadow of the past. At these old earth-works, plain enough yet, not a stone's throw from the gay hotel, men fought and died, there was a dreadful massacre, women were murdered with their babes at their breast. Desecrated as the place is, the ear closes to the sounds of pop-guns, clicking balls, and flirtatious chatter, and the imaginative eye sees only the somber mounds and the sad pines that have had a century's growth upon these graves of men.

The history of Lake George* is too absorbing to pass it by, even in a brief sketch of summer pleasuring. Arnold, of Rugby, in his lectures on history, counseled his students to study well the topography of a country before they undertook to compass its history. This is peculiarly desirable at Lake George, and Black Mountain offers an excellent observatory. From its peak the whole country is mapped out in the distance below, and one sees at a glance just why this region has been the battle-ground of the continent. Here is the open key to whole book-shelves of histories. To the east, the Green Mountains, to the west, the Adirondacks,—the "Black Mountains" (Aganuschion) of the Indians,—form great walls, between which lies the valley of the lakes, called "The Gate of the Country" (Caniaderi Guarunte) by the Iroquois. Lake George itself is a mountain valley, swept ages

* This is said by Cooper, who spells it Horican, to mean "silvery water," and to be the name of a tribe of Indians residing near. The nearest approach that can be historically traced is "Horoconi," another way of spelling Iroquois (Parkman), though an old Dutch map locates a tribe of "Horikons" near Cape Cod (De Costa).

* Rev. B. F. De Costa is the historical student of the lake and the best authority; see his "Narrative of Events at Lake George," virtually incorporated in his guide-book to "Lake George;" "Notes on the History of Fort George," with a late appendix; and a *brochure* on "The Fight at Diamond Island." A "History of the Town of Queensbury," by A. W. Holden, M. D., is full of interesting detail about the lake, though it has the failings of a local history. S. R. Stoddard's "Lake George Illustrated" is the latest guide-book; see also descriptive and historical guides by B. C. Butler and H. Marvin. The best map is a large one of the lake published by J. E. Beers & Co., New York, 1876. To complete the bibliography of the lake, see references in the general histories, particularly Parkman's, Bancroft's, and Lossing's; the early relations and colonial documents; military reports; the descriptions of travelers, particularly of the Baroness Riedesel, President Dwight, Trumbull, and Charles Carroll, and passages in Cooper's novels.

ago by deep floods, which ground the clear, fine sand that forms much of the bottom of the lake, and left the lower hill-tops peeping above the remaining waters as islands. Here is a continuous pass, by water, through the peaks and forests of the "endless mountains" (Appalachian), down to the great Hudson valley, through which, between the Catskills and the Berkshires, the mighty river carries its waters to the sea. Long before the white man set foot here, two great nations of Indians battled for these hunting-grounds, and the falls at the outlet of Lake George, the future battle-ground of many a famous general, were known to the wandering Indians of the north as Huncksoock, "the place where everybody fights." After generations of struggle, the Iroquois, the powerful league of the Six Nations, drove the more ancient settlers, known to white history as the Algonquin or Huron tribes, beyond the St. Lawrence and across Champlain, and in derision of the vanquished called their remnant the Adirondacks, "who eat the bark of trees." But their war parties still preyed across the border, and it was with one of these that Champlain, in 1609, the very year in which Hendrik Hudson was pushing up from the south, visited the lake which bears his name and defeated, probably not far from the familiar battle-ground, their Iroquois enemies. There is no evidence that he saw Lake George, though it is probable that he heard of it from the Indians. The first white man to gaze upon its waters was doubtless the Jesuit Father, Isaac Jogues, who saw the lake in 1648—some contend in 1642. On the thronged and splendid canvas of these historic scenes, the delicate and saintly figure of this heroic martyr stands forever first.

TWILIGHT AT BLOODY POND.

When the French conceived that splendid military campaign which their generals followed for the great part of a century,—the environment of the English settlements, by a line of forts from the mouth of the St. Lawrence up the great lakes and down thence to New Orleans, which should be drawn closer and closer to the Atlantic coast, until the English were swept off the continent,—this line of attack became of first importance, and the brilliant history of Lake George is chiefly connected with that final struggle for the supremacy of the continent, which we know as the French and Indian war.

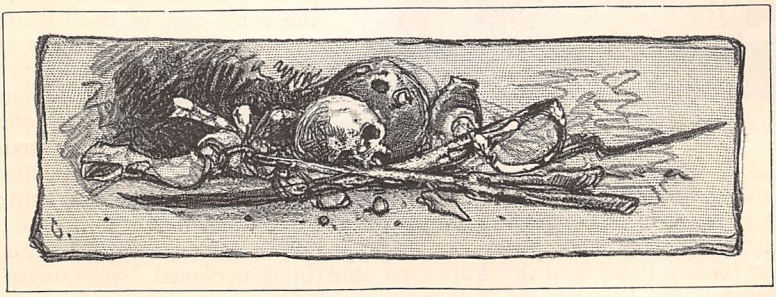
Here, in fact, was decided a question, the most pregnant in modern history,—whether what is now the great Republic should be an English or a French nation. Had this been otherwise determined, how much might have been lost to human progress!

In the year 1755, General, afterward Sir, William Johnson built the military road from the Hudson River to the lake, encamped at its head, and named it Lake George, "not only in honor of His Majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here." The country was covered with dense primeval forest, where, according to his report,—perhaps not quite correct,—"no house was ever before built, nor a spot of land cleared." It was on the 8th of September that, hearing of the French General Dieskau's approach, a skirmishing party was sent to the south to reconnoiter. The party was trapped into an ambush; Colonel Williams and King Hendrick fell at the first fire, and the French, who had come around the southern spur of French Mountain, pursued almost into the works of the camp. It was on their careless retreat from this first "Battle of Lake George," having failed to carry the fortifications, that a fresh force of 200 New Hampshire men, under Captain McGinnis, coming north from Fort Edward, attacked a party of three hundred, seated at their supper by the little pond near Half-way Brook, and killed so many that the pool was said to have been heaped dry with the slain, and from the dreadful hue of that slaughter took its name of "Bloody Pond." In this autumn, Fort William Henry was built. In July of 1757, the greatest of French-American generals, Montcalm, left Montreal with 9,000 men, among them those ruthless savages of whose cannibal orgies Father Roubaud tells the dreadful story. On the 3d of August, from near where the Lake House now stands, he planted his batteries against Fort William Henry, which some of the French records mistakenly call Fort George. The defense was brave, but fruitless; after six days it was agreed that the garrison should march out with honors and be given escort to Fort Edward. As the English troops filed out, the savages, defying the compact, began that dreadful massacre of Fort William Henry which is one of the most terrible scenes in American history. The first butchery, says poor Father Roubaud, "transformed them into so many ferocious beasts"; according to many of the accounts, not less than five hundred were most cruelly slain.

The next year the tide of war turned north, bearing upon its surface the most brilliant pageant in American history. On Wednesday morning, July 5, at eight o'clock, an army of 16,000 men, generaled by Abercrombie and young Lord Howe, the "Lycurgus" and idol of the troops, embarked from Fort William Henry in a thousand boats. It was a brilliant midsummer day, and not a cloud, say the chroniclers, was in the sky. The troops and the boats were decked as if for a holiday parade; it was a gala-day prefacing an easy and bloodless victory. The long lines fronting down the lake were gay with flags; the brilliant uniforms and glint of arms put to shame the sparkling waters; martial music inspired those not kindled by the pageantry itself. Three days afterward a melancholy procession of defeat, bearing the body of Lord Howe and the groaning wounded, returned over the course of the gay procession. Here, at once, are the two sides of glittering and dreadful war.

The next year, 1759, in which year Fort George proper was in part built, a third procession, Amherst's army of 11,000 men, passed along the lake. Fort Ti was precipitately evacuated and fell into the hands of the English; and September 21 a proclamation was issued declaring this region again quiet.

The Revolution made this country again a field of battle and the last event in Lake



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

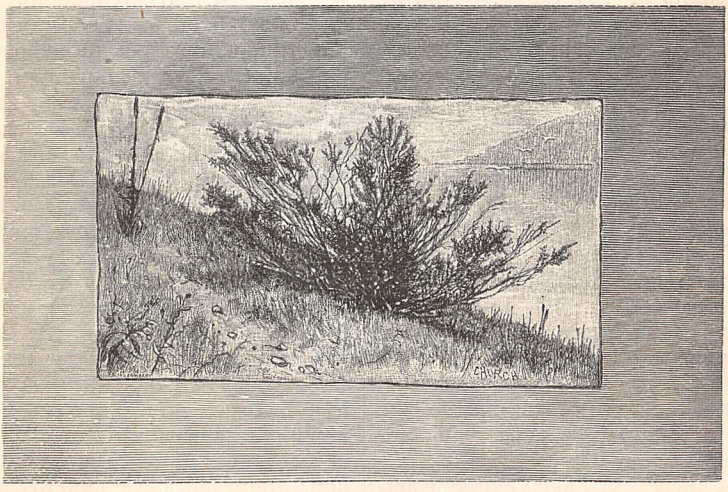
George's military annals was in 1780, when the American garrison of Fort George, venturing out against the enemy, was cut to pieces near Bloody Pond, and the Fort for the last time fell into British hands. It was presently left to abandonment, and since that time nothing has ruffled the quiet of Lake George, except the newspaper earthquake which in 1868 sent Recluse Island very unnecessarily to the bottom. The affair was nothing but an echo of the earthquake which really did disturb the lake in 1775.

Such is Lake George of the past—of the imaginative eye. But Lake George and camp life of the present, as observed by the average tourist, are of a different sort. Camp Manhattan is on the north-west shore of the little ten-acre island, with a fine sweep of outlook: north are Dome Island, Tongue Mountain and Bolton Bay; south, through the gap between Long Island and Harris Point, is the Fort William Henry Hotel, seven miles distant. New York is supposed to be 218, though some say a million, miles from Camp Manhattan, in the same direction. Opposite the camp, the lake is at its widest, about four miles across. To the south-east of the island the land projects in long, slim, picturesque points, between which are deep bays; into one of these a sluggish stream enters, thick with tangle of lily-pads and fringed with reeds. The shore is wooded mostly with the evergreen trees, though here and there are graceful clusters of elms, and the maple waits its autumn time of flowering. Two summer hotels, with a considerable bluff occupied by cottages between them, form a convenient base of supplies

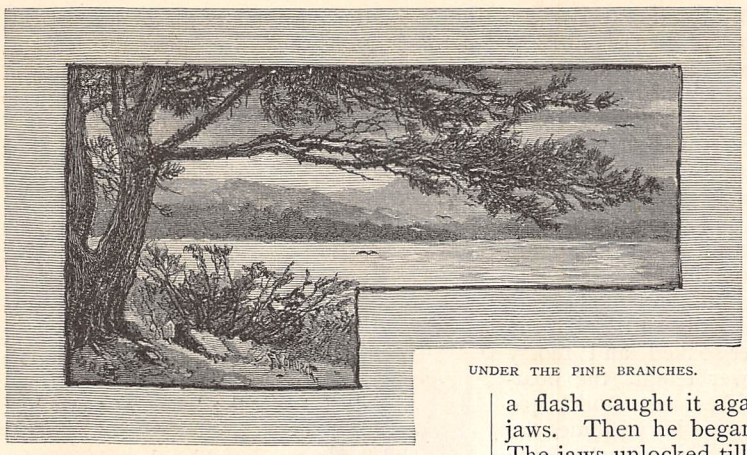
for the camp; these are the Trout Pavilion and the Kaatskill House. The island is cut off from the shore by a narrow and lovely inlet of crescent shape, named by the Camp Crescent Water; with it the island star forms the star-and-crescent of the Fraternity. It is in the very shadow of the great Deer Pasture mountain, which gives back echoes to the camp halloos; and about the foot of the mountain, just north from the camp, are hidden three quiet, rounded bays, so withdrawn that they are still unnamed,—tiny lakes themselves, where the turtles bask in the sun on the water-soaked and mossy logs, the cardinal-flower tempts the boatman into tangles of fallen trees and tropic undergrowth, and the water-lily perfumes the air with an odor that seems part of the dreamy, delicious scene. These are poets' bays; let the gay world keep away.

The visitor to the camp lands at a natural dock between two great masses of flat rock, and is ushered first to the "Head-quarters Tent," its name a relic of the mediæval military history of the Camp. It is always explained to visitors—by each member of the Camp who happens to converse with the victim—that "This is a historic tent—the very tent in which Napoleon, Little Mac, and Alexander the Great hob-nobbed together at the siege of Jerusalem." The first part is true: the shapely English tent—a genuine article, that has stood nearly a generation's wear and tear—was that used by General Delafield, General McClellan, and Major Mordecai, during the Crimean war, as Uncle Sam's corps of observation. This is the home of the all-hours-of-the-night element, particularly of the whist quartette, who at this writing stand 286 to 269, the sum total of two years' campaigns. Just south is the "Gospel Tent," founded on a rock by the very shore, with a lovely outlook, the waves lapping you to sleep at night, and bothering you exceedingly in the morning; it is inhabited by the Gospellers—the quiet men. It is so called because the lapse of years has made it not only venerable, but holy; its inhabitants love it, but they do criticise the impartiality with which the holes and the rain are distributed, so that the most extensive dry places are just short of six feet long. The third tent, north of "Head-quarters," is the "Nursery," where the younger men, infants of six feet two, sleep the sleep of the innocent. Near the landing are the cook's and provision tents, and the kitchen, where Lewis, best of cooks, has a single eye to the public good, holds the umbrella over the stove on rainy days, and always has frosted cake for lady visitors. The Camp prides itself on its *cuisine*, particularly its ice-cream made in camp, its flap-jacks, and its roast potatoes. The daily bills of fare are religiously

A CHAMPION FISHERMAN.



A JUNIPER BANK, LAKE GEORGE.



UNDER THE PINE BRANCHES.

recorded by the scribe. Past the kitchen, a pleasant woodland path leads to the leafy dining-room, with its northern sweep of view; the dining-table is of the highest style of constructive art-furniture, and portable, so that it may be floated off for the winter into the storage barn, or floated up on rainy days into the big "Nursery Tent," lest the children should get their feet wet by coming out-of-doors. A sheltered landing for the boats, in Crescent Bay, is near by, and another path leads to the "Jumping-off Point," the swimming-place, where, also, the camp-fire is built on gala nights.

"But what do you do all the time?" asks the visitor, after he—or oftener she—has been shown the sights of the Camp. And we have to confess that we are a lazy set, though lazy, perhaps, as a reaction from the busy life of the city. We don't fish very much, —a few Izaak Waltons excepted,—for the black bass and lake trout, and even the pickerel which "abound" in Lake George are uncommonly modest of late years, and permit the rock bass and horned pout and "punkin seeds" and other objectionable small fry to come too much to the surface. There *are* fish; Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, can catch them; but he has had a score of years' acquaintance with the finny Lake Georgians, and most people can't. But Mr. Seth Green has come to the rescue, and if the natives will not fish out the lake every spring, there may be some chance for "most people."

The most successful Lake George fisherman we knew was a water-snake, which swam ashore at the landing just as three of us were pushing off one day, with a huge horned pout, or cat-fish, in his mouth. When he saw us, he dived; but unless he held the fish above water, the latter had the advantage, so presently he came up and landed cargo. We waited and watched. The snake wriggled the fish well away from the shore; he had it in his jaws crosswise between the horns and the tail. Suddenly he gave it a throw, and in a flash caught it again, head first, in his jaws. Then he began to swallow it whole. The jaws unlocked till they were wide open in a straight line, and the swallowing went on charmingly till Mr. Snake came to the horns. Those bothered him; he wriggled and maneuvered for full fifteen minutes, till we thought he had given up the job, and was a strangler strangled; but presently he got the horns down on the head, and the fish quickly disappeared.

We don't hunt, except it be the Khoujahr-r-r. There is a game law that prevents our shooting the large droves of deer that daily come down to water from the Deer Pasture, whence its name (!), and rattlesnake-hunting is charming only to professionals. And now the Khoujahr-r-r himself has been hunted to death, and there is no more Khoujahr-r-r. Whereupon the camper endeavors to divert his fair visitor from further impertinent questions by telling the Camp ghost story of the Khoujahr-r-r.

The Khoujahr-r-r is a mysterious beast indigenous to Lake George, which prowled about the camp o' nights and struck terror into the bravest hearts. Mr. Church further on has introduced a sketch from life as a contribution to natural history, for fear natural history should never have another chance at him. He has a stealthy tread, and prowls. That is how he came to be a ghost. In the memorable summer of 1876, mysterious footsteps were heard about the camp, and since Little Green Island was not in the direct route between New York and Philadelphia, it could scarcely be "tramps." The Camp, alarmed at this mysterious being, "laid for him," shot bull's-eye lanterns suddenly at him, appointed deputations to sit up all night for him—in vain! The mystery became known variously as the Ghost, Annex (an *x* being the unknown quantity in algebra, and this being, also, the Centennial year), and at

last the Khoujahr-r-r. Finally, the Camp turned out all together one night, "dead set" on surrounding and capturing that Khou-

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE CAMP."

jahr-r-r. Armed with lanterns, torches, guns, pistols, axes, poles, stones, they waited patiently for the familiar tread, and at last they were rewarded. They formed a circle, flared up the lights, made ready their missiles, and closed in. The Khoujahr-r-r *was not there!* No sleep visited the Camp that night; discouraged, they returned to New York. Then came strange rumors from the breaking-up party. As they were striking the tents, an animal was seen deserting the island and swimming for a new camp on Long Island. They pursued it with their boat; savagely it turned on its pursuers, but they mastered and captured it. They telegraphed to New York: "We have met the Khoujahr-r-r, and it is ours!" They brought the animal back with them—but was it the Khoujahr-r-r? The mystery was never solved. It remains the bone of contention in the Camp to this day. During the winter following, the wag of the Camp hired one day a peripatetic show-bill to parade up and down Broadway with two huge placards:

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

KHOUJAHR-R-R?

MAJOR A. D.

—in view of which, by various ingenious devices, he managed to entice successively nearly every member of the Camp. The effect may be imagined. I am not sure but the thing got also into the "Herald" Personals. We have often wondered whether some of the great and curious public who happened upon that placard have ever ceased wondering why they never saw or heard more of the mysterious Khoujahr-r-r.

"But what do you do with yourselves?" reiterates the insistent visitor. Rowing gives plenty of exercise, and sailing is a favorite delight. The first thing after breakfast is writing letters and waiting for our own. The "Camp Manhattan" mail-bag hung always in front of the "Nursery Tent," while its mate was on the way to or from the post-office at the Head. As the little steamer *Lillie*, with ever-obliging Captain White, came along, she tooted for the mail-carrier, who pulled out in his boat, tossed our bag, caught the other and came ashore, the most popular man of letters in camp. Then, if it were "a rainy day in camp"—and there were twelve one year out of fourteen—we would start up the comb orchestra for a grand tin-pan-onion, skylark about the tents, or play "Duck-on-a-rock" in undress uniform out-of-doors, then, becoming desperate, take to the boats or the water, and defy the weather. Sometimes there would be a splendid storm,—and Lake George is grand in its storms—and we would all wait out on

the rocks and watch the storm-clouds rolling up over the darkened mountains, the white sails scurrying home, the straight line

DOWN THE LAKE.

of white-caps drawn across the lake and driving fast upon us, the booming dash of spray upon the shore, the crash and then the breaking of the storm, until the sun threw splendors of light from above the mountain rift, lighting up the middle lake with a golden glory, while north and south the storm still lowered and gloomed in all its blackness. And then between the storms there would be a hush—an expectant, a thrilling stillness, until again the wind and the rain were upon us, now north, now west, now south. Sometimes, in the silver moonlight, we locked the boats together and with paddling oars drifted about, under the shadowy shores, out in the spectral sheen of the open lake, and sang "the songs of other days" that to a college man bring back at once the fun and the pathos of his youth. Sometimes we visited and were pleasantly entertained, as at the comfortable Mohican or the Bolton House at Bolton, or at private friends', not least enjoying hospitable "Graynook" or the dilapidated woodshed at Bolton which ingenious mistresses, a branch mission of the Society of Decorative Art, had transformed into a household shrine. Sometimes we entertained in turn, and one day in each year was set apart as "reception day," when the tiny steam-yachts, the shrieking *Julia* and the screeching *Owl* brought friends, from all over the lake. The glee-club on these occasions offered their entire college *repertoire;* the soloists of the camp excelled themselves; as evening came, the island, lighted with Chinese lanterns among the trees, looked its best; Lewis rose superior to the occasion, and the only bitterness in our cup was the practical difficulty of satisfying a full hundred visitors with less than forty spoons.

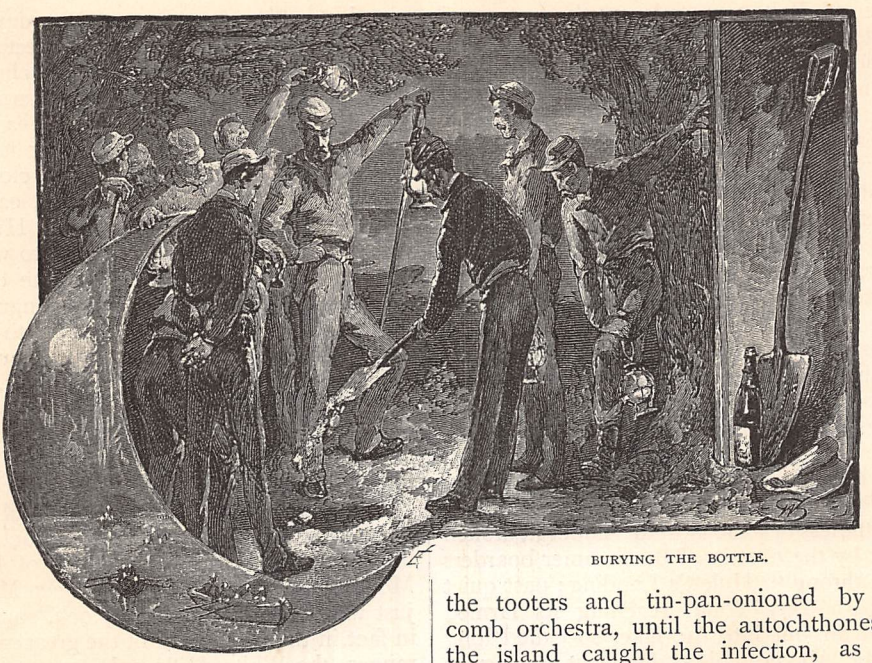
Sometimes, again, we would take a day to it, and start "down the lake," sailing to Ti, or towing part way after the *Lillie* or *Ganouskie*. (To the long unsolved question, why this boat is so called, there is at last a satisfactory answer, viz.: because it looks like one.) The landing-place might be Shelving Rock beach, where are lovely falls, a picturesque saw-mill perched on heights of rock, a road winding up and up across the divide toward Lake Champlain. This was the ground for the "circus," when the whole Camp took to lacustrine gymnastics. Thence a quiet inlet, threading which you saw neither your way in nor your way out among the islands, led under the shadow of the Shelving Rock precipice, to Fourteen Mile Island, with its hotel famed of old for good dinners—so called because it is *twelve* miles from the Head. Or, crossing to the west side of the lake, past large Green Island, we found our way to the black weather-beaten "Huddle" of houses which the post-office department still mistakes for the thriving summer vil-

lage of Bolton, a mile north; or rowed past Bolton, to the end of Northwest Bay, into which, hidden amongst willows, a little stream enters, up which you may push your boat, through a bit of Adirondack water, to the loveliest picnicking ground in the world. Or we threaded the Narrows, with its hundred islands, all unlike and all beautiful. There is a myth that the lake contains altogether 365, to which that veracious chronicler, Mr. Stoddard, artist-photographer and guide-book writer to the lake, adds that a tiny extra one pops up occasionally to represent the 29th of February, which, with the high and low water of successive years, is more true than the original story. Or the little steamer took us all the way, past frowning Black Mountain, the giant of the region, whose northern ridge forms the Lake George "Elephant"; past the peaceful stillness of "the Bosom" under it, broken only by the chatter of the summer boarders who throng to Hulett's Landing; past quiet Sabbath Day Point, reaching its farmed fields far out into the lake, so called long before Abercrombie's day, but taking its name, nevertheless, from the fact that his army rested there on Wednesday; past Rogers' Slide, where that famous ranger baffled the savages by turning his snow-shoes heel first and thus escaping down a gully to the frozen lake, where his pursuers seeing him, supposed he had slid down the precipice through the aid of the Great Spirit; past Anthony's Nose, which the steamer almost touches though in 400 feet of blue water, the deepest in the lake; past Prisoner's Isle, where the French kept their prisoners of war until they proved Yankees enough to find out that they could wade ashore; to the wide open whence, along Tremble Meadows, trembling still, perhaps, with the memory of dreadful scenes, and over the tumbling falls of Ticonderoga, Lake George finds its way under the ruins of the once frowning fort, to its mingling with Lake Champlain. Here is Baldwin, where the whilom humorist of that name waits with his train of "observation cars" to hurry-scurry would-be lingerers over to the Champlain boats. We take our pleasure hastily, these days.

Some of the Camp are mountaineers, who, spring and fall, explore, in "Alpha Delt" parties, the Catskills, the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, or the White Hills. These would take a stroll up Spruce or Finch Mountain, as the two peaks which make up the Deer Pasture or Pilot Mountain are separately called; or climb Buck Mountain, just to the north; or make a day of it and essay Black Mountain, 2,500 feet above the lake, yet of old the toughest climb in eastern mountains. From the western spur, the whole lake is spread out like a map, dotted with islands, a tiny steamer leaving its trail along waters flecked with cloud or rippled with wind. To the south, east of French Mountain, the valley of the Hudson can be seen, far beyond Saratoga, to where, on a clear day, the familiar outline of the northern Catskill ridge is just distinguished from the lines of cloud. To the north-west, the Adirondack ridges roll, Blue Mountain (of the south), Seward, the Gothics, and Marcy, unless we mistake the outlines, standing out. On the north-east, over the mass of forest, there are glimpses of Lake Champlain, and across it Mount Mansfield lifts as the presiding genius of the Green Mountains. South again is lovely Graylock and the lower Berkshires. This peak of Black Mountain, on an exact line between Marcy, just west of north, and Graylock, south, is in fact in the very center of the great eastern ranges, the White Hills only excepted; it presents that best of mountain views which you get always from a peak amphitheatred by higher mountains.

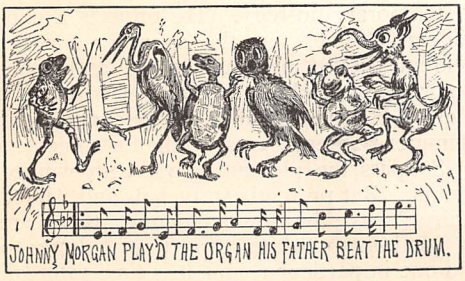
Now all but the view is changed, and for mountaineers the glory of Black Mountain is departed. Mr. Cyrus Butler, of New York, the owner of much of this shore, who has had built during the past summer a fine bridle-road to the very top, is nevertheless entitled to the thanks of the tourist who is willing to pay a dollar for the privilege of walking up the road or three for being carried, and who might not otherwise attain these splendid heights and their unfolding views. Mr. Butler has also purchased the hull of the old steamer *Minnehaha* and anchored it in a cove at the beginning of the path, as a temporary hostelry. He projects a considerable hotel on the shore, a smaller summit house near the peak, and other improvements about the lake, of which the new "Horicon Club," an association of summer residents, is to be the instrument.

So pass the pleasant days, with winged hours. But presently straw hats and "biled shirts" have become epidemic; there are a good many white caps that belong to no one in particular, and it is time to break camp. Then comes the solemn and mystic ceremony of "burying the bottle," which Mr. Tylor would call a "survival" from undergraduate days. The records of previous years are exhumed, the bottle being found



BURYING THE BOTTLE.

by a surveying formula that would do credit to the mixed Professor of Mathematics (as college parlance hath it), and the old-time jokes, though slightly mummified, soon awaken shouts of reminiscent laughter. The ceremonies vary from year to year with the ingenuity of the concoctor. A roll of the Camp, with the names and nicknames of the campers of the year, is first prepared for the bottle, with some record of events and the watchword of the year, "that solemn and mystic word by which you shall hereafter be known and recognized as members of the camp of '78." In '78 it was "Johnny Morgan plays the organ," that



AND EVEN THE NATIVES CAUGHT IT.

dire melody which, imported from New York by one member whose sins be upon his own head, was whistled by the whistlers and sung by the singers and tooted by the tooters and tin-pan-onioned by the comb orchestra, until the autochthones of the island caught the infection, as Mr. Church has depicted—the unfamiliar animal to the right being the ghost of the mysterious Khoujahr-r-r.

The Camp gathered, seated in camp chairs, in a solemn circle, in front of the "Nursery Tent," the scene lit up by the lurid glare of the "stable lantern." Here the bottle, empty, was passed from hand to hand; the records were then interred in it by the undertaker, the mournful strains of "Johnny Morgan" meanwhile wailing forth from the comb orchestra. Then the chairs were stacked, the lights partly extinguished, and a demoniac war dance ensued, which beggars description. The procession, headed by the chief mourners, the officers and sachems of the camp, the bearer of the bottle, the grave-digger and his assistants, then took up its line of march past all the tents and familiar places, stopping at each for salute with a verse of

"Good-bye,—Nurs'ry,
Good-bye,—'Quarters,
Good-bye,—Gospel,
We're going to leave you now."

Through the woods to the dining-room and the boat-landing in Crescent Bay, the solemn line moved on, and there took boats to the great camp-fire on Jumping-off Point, when another demoniac scene ensued. Returning to the grave, under the shadow of the great pine, they formed a circle, "hands grasped and toes touching," while

the bottle was inhumed, throwing each a handful of earth upon the corpse. A doleful howl, each person reading in concert at the top of his voice, the favorite passage from his favorite author, concluded this portion of the service.

At the last, the nonsense becomes serious earnest, as the thought of parting strikes home, while the boys gather in a circle before the main tent and, joining hands with "the grip," sing the parting-song of the fraternity:

"And bid a last good-bye,
And bid a last good-bye,
To all the joys we've known so long,
We bid a last good-bye."

After this the sleepy-heads turn in for the last time, and the wide-awakes sit by the camp-fire and talk over old days, perhaps of the distressing humors of the first year's camp, perhaps of that one sad year when the telegram came that put the flags at half-mast for the silent and gentle hero who died fighting the battles of science in the far West. "How the flag," they say, "followed us about camp, and would not let us forget! And here on this very rock, are still the traces of the last camp-fire old Harry"—so they called his prankish reserve—"ever built. Dear old Harry!"

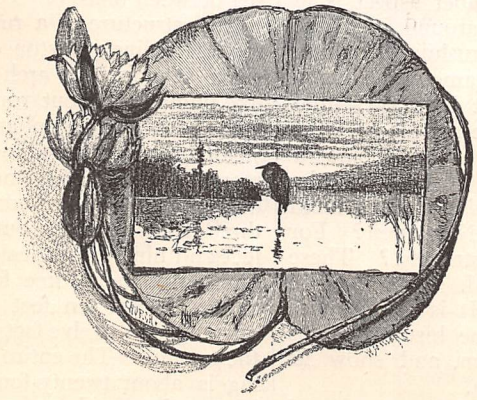
A few remain beyond the usual two weeks to pack and store the tents and camp equipage in a hospitable barn near by. Of old this was a ceremony, and as the tents fell together at the tap of the dish-pan which always did camp duty for a drum, there came a sudden sense of homelessness, of the lonely largeness of the world under the wide sky, such as one seldom feels save in this peculiar and petty circumstance of striking tent. From one camp to another, the year is divided in the intervals of business for "the boys," all busy men in busy New York, into looking back and looking forward. The New Year is simply the dividing line—such a thraldom does "the Lake" exercise over its votaries. It is a part of them, and they of it. Thus nature enchants us, and with her perpetual youth keeps us young. Amidst the hum and din and rattle of city streets, sound the roar of the winds through the pines and the lapping of the waves; in their dreams, they sleep under the stars; and, when the summer comes and they return, it is as to a familiar home whose peaceful blessedness they have never left.

(Written on the return to camp, 1876.)

Was it a year ago, dear friends, a year?
Have we so long been truants from our home?
I cannot think it. All things are the same.
Untouched by time, the purple mountains loom.
The changing clouds flit changeless o'er the sky.
Here are the self-same ripples on the lake—
The very leaves of the trees nod as old friends.

I lie and dream old dreams upon the shore,
And hear familiar voices of old days.
It cannot be that far away a year
We've known the streets of cities, jostled men,
Found only the sad solitude of crowds,
Bargained and bought and sold, learned and forgot.
—Nay, yesternight we dwelt here, and have slept.

Or is it, friends, a parable of Heaven,
That Heaven the golden-visioned poets dream,
Whereto returning, in the eternal round
Of birth and death, our petty life shall seem
Scarcely the dreamy interval of a night,
And we, the home of ages reached again,
Rest, heart-content in well-remembered bliss.



A DAY-DREAM.

THE "OLD MILL" AT NEWPORT:

A NEW STUDY OF AN OLD PUZZLE.

THE "OLD MILL" AT NEWPORT.

STANDING amid the neat, picturesque cottages of to-day, this mysterious relic of antiquity, so rough and unsightly, seems a cumbrous thing. Its somber aspect is in striking contrast with all around it. Like a huge, bleak rock amid rushing, laughing waters, it remains, the dead among the living.

With those who frequent Newport,—that most delightful of all watering-places,—the origin of the "Old Mill" is the theme of endless discussion. Was it built by the English colonists? Did the Indians build it? Was it erected by the Northmen? For what purpose was it constructed? These are questions often asked. Can they be satisfactorily answered? It is the purpose of this paper to review the history of this building, so far as known, and show its probable origin and design.

The "Old Mill" is on elevated ground within the city of Newport, R. I., in an ornamental inclosure called Touro Park, near the commencement of Bellevue avenue, a magnificent highway leading to the sea between miles of "cottages."

The structure is a ruin. It is simply a roofless, cylindrical stone-wall, elevated upon eight semicircular arches, sustained by a like number of stout round columns. The wall, arches and columns are built with small broken stones, laid in mortar in the manner technically termed "uncoursed rubble work." The cylindrical wall is twenty-three feet diameter outside, and eighteen feet and nine inches inside. The eight columns are each three feet and two inches diameter, and ten feet high. The arched openings are twelve feet six inches high from the ground. The entire height of the building is about twenty-four and a half feet. The columns have rough and irregular projections at top and bottom, indicating

the rudiments of capital and base. There are a few patches of hard white plastering still adhering to the walls and columns. From this it is evident that the rough surfaces were once covered with a coat of plastering, and were probably smooth and white. The masonry is crude and unsightly. It appears to have been laid by unskillful mechanics, or those at least who worked without proper mechanical implements. The plan, however, is regular and shapely. The curves of the wall, arches and columns are remarkably true for work executed with such rough materials. The building evidently had an intelligent architect.

There are beam-holes in the wall inside, just above the columns. Above these there are a fire-place and some small, irregularly shaped openings through the wall, and some which do not extend through. As these openings have no correspondence with the large arched openings below, it is apparent to the most careless observer that these openings, as also the beam-holes and the fire-place, are modifications of the original plan.

This is a remarkable building for a mill. Why is it called the "Old Mill?"

A Mr. Mumford, born in 1699, used to call it a powder-mill, but used it as a hay-mow. His son Joseph, who in 1834 was eighty years old, said he used to find powder in the crevices of the wall when he was a boy. By reference to the early records, we find that the building in 1678 belonged to Governor Benedict Arnold; for in his will of that date he refers to it as "my stone-built wind-mill." This was written just 200 years ago. It is a satisfactory reason for the popular name of "Old Mill."

The building undoubtedly was a wind-mill in 1678; but was it built for a wind-mill? The phrase of the will referring to it has been taken by some as conclusive that the building was built by Governor Arnold, and for a mill; but this by others is disputed. The phrase shows that he owned the mill, but not that he built it.

The colonial records have some facts bearing on this question. One of the early inhabitants, a Mr. Peter Easton, was in the habit of noting in his pocket-book the remarkable events occurring among the colonists. One of these entries reads: "1663. This year we erected the first wind-mill." Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution," says this mill was of wood, and describes its location. This wooden mill was esteemed of so much importance to the colony that the General Court, to reward Mr. Easton for his enterprise, made to him a grant of land a mile in length, along what is still known as Easton's Beach.

This wooden mill of 1663 was erected fifteen years before 1678, the date of Governor Arnold's will. As it was the *first*, therefore, Governor Arnold's mill must have been erected subsequently, and within the interval of the fifteen years occurring between 1663 and 1678. But the early records contain no notice of its erection. This building being of stone, and of remarkable form, was, without doubt, the most important of all the buildings then standing in Newport. Its erection, therefore, must have been an object of unusual interest to every colonist. Is it not then at least a little singular that neither in the records of passing events, nor in the proceedings of the General Court, there should be the slightest allusion to the erection of so remarkable a building? This ominous silence covers the fifteen years interval as with a cloud, and renders exceedingly doubtful the erection of the old mill during that time.

Having exhausted the historical record, we now turn to the monument itself and ask: Why this form for a wind-mill?—a round building elevated on arches and round columns; the whole not much over one diameter in height. What possible purpose could have been served by these peculiar features in a wind-mill? What a strong contrast does this structure present with the accustomed form of a wind-mill, which when built of stone, is usually a round tower slightly conical, about two diameters in height, and having a door at the ground and a few small windows arranged for lighting the several stories of the tower, every feature having its evident purpose. But the most prominent features of this structure are wholly at variance with the requisites of a wind-mill. May we not with great propriety add, in the words of George G. Channing in his "Early Recollections of Newport,"—"The very style and grace of the structure preclude the idea that it could have been erected upon almost a barren waste merely to grind Indian corn."

The author of "Controversy Touching the Old Stone Mill," 1851, claims that this old building was erected for a wind-mill, and erected by the English colonists; and to show that it was not an uncommon thing to build wind-mills in this manner, refers to a stone wind-mill built in 1632, at Chesterton, Warwickshire, England, which he thinks may have been the type of this stone struct-

ure at Newport. This seems a strong point, and if the character of the type were in accord with that of the antetype, would be a weighty argument in establishing the claim of the author.

On examination, however, the Chesterton mill (as shown by an engraving and description in "The Penny Magazine," 1836, p. 480; and a description in Smith's "History of Warwick," p. 92) shows such marked differences as to forbid the idea of relationship. For example,—the Newport building has eight arches and columns; the Chesterton building has only six arches and six square posts, or pilasters. The outer face of the columns of the Newport building is not in a vertical plane with the face of the wall above, but projects considerably; while in the Chesterton building there is no projection. The masonry of the Newport building is of rough undressed stone, laid as rubble-work; but the masonry of the Chesterton building is of good quality, of hewn stone laid in courses with close joints. But the most important difference consists in the style of the architecture. That of the Newport building, as will hereafter be shown, is of the tenth century, while that of the Chesterton building is evidently of the seventeenth century. The Chesterton mill therefore cannot, with any propriety, be cited as a type of the Newport tower, and hence is no proof that the English colonists erected it.

A relative of the author of "Controversy," etc., speaks of two round towers in the island of St. Thomas, which, from the description given, appear to be almost if not quite identical with the tower at Newport. So close is the likeness in material, style and size, that it is more than probable that they and the Newport tower were built contemporaneously, and for a like purpose. In regard to the origin of these round towers of St. Thomas, the author's relative, who gives the account of them, says, "It is unknown by the inhabitants when or by whom they were built,"—a statement equally applicable to the Newport tower. As these towers are not shown to be wind-mills they afford no proof that the Newport tower was intended originally for a wind-mill.

This investigation has shown thus far, first, that the Newport tower in 1678 was a wind-mill; but, second, that it is exceedingly doubtful that it was originally intended for a mill. Its architectural style, as well as its want of adaptation, forbids the idea of its having been erected in the seventeenth century, and for a wind-mill. There is a strong probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that the English colonists found the tower here when they landed, and that Governor Arnold modified it to serve the purposes of a wind-mill.

Lossing says: "There is now but little doubt that the old mill existed prior to the English immigration, and it is asserted that the Indians, when questioned on the subject by Mr. Coddington and other early settlers, could give no tradition as to the origin of the building."

From the fact that the American Indians, at the time of the English settlement, were in the lowest barbarism, and that there are no other proper architectural remains east of the Rocky Mountains, and that the ruins found west of the mountains and in Mexico and Central and South America are so totally dissimilar, we deem it beyond dispute that the Newport structure was not erected by the American Indians or their ancestors, or by any people whose architectural structures or ruins have been found elsewhere on this continent.

It is simply impossible that the "Old Mill" could have been the work of the mound-builders of the West, or of the builders of the Pueblos of the Colorado, or of the Aztecs or Incas, even if there were any proof or presumption that either of these had ever occupied what is now New England.

Professor Rafn, Secretary of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, claims that this "Old Mill" was erected by the Scandinavians or Northmen in the eleventh century.

Professor Rafn has shown—and his conclusions are now generally accepted as incontestable—that the portion of our country now known as Massachusetts and Rhode Island was discovered by the Scandinavians late in the tenth century, and that a colony of Northmen was established early in the eleventh century in the neighborhood of Rhode Island, and there remained some years.

Greenland was discovered in 981 or 983 by Gunbiörn, a Norwegian or Icelander, and soon after many families from Iceland emigrated there and settled mostly along the western coast. These colonists are known to have existed as a community for four centuries, when they numbered 300 villages and had twenty churches and convents. Whether from the excessive cold or by an epidemic or some other cause, it is not

known, but it is supposed that they all perished.

Extensive ruins of ancient buildings, especially of churches found along the western coast of Greenland, attest the previous existence of the colony. In 1824, a stone (now in the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen), inscribed with Runic characters and the date 1135, was found on Woman's Island in Baffin's Bay, north latitude 72° 55′.

The facts gathered in regard to the discovery of our coast are these:

In the summer of 986,—only three or four years after the discovery of Greenland,—a Norwegian by the name of Björn Herjulfson, voyaging from Iceland to Greenland, was driven out of his course by adverse winds. He sailed far to the south and west, and came in sight of our coasts, but did not land.

Sixteen years afterward an expedition was fitted out to colonize the newly discovered country. In the year 1002, Leif Erikson, at the head of a small colony, sailed from Greenland and settled somewhere in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard. A German, one of the colony, seeing the grapes growing wild on vines hanging from the trees, suggested the name, Vinland, as proper for the newly discovered country.

In the year 1003 came Leif Erikson's brother Thorvald. He remained two years, when, in an excursion made along the coast, he encountered the natives and was killed by them.

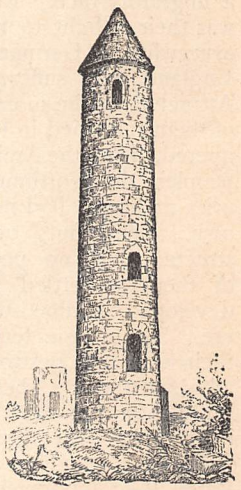
A colony of 160 persons from Greenland, headed by Thorfinn Karlsefni, an Icelander, settled in Vinland in 1007. Karlsefni remained three years; after which he made many voyages to Greenland, Norway, and Iceland, where he finally settled and died.

About the year 1030, a ship sailing from Iceland for Dublin, was blown out of its course far to the west and south. Coming to land, some of those who were on board went on shore and were captured by the natives, who carried them into the interior. Here they were met by an aged chieftain, who in the Icelandic tongue made inquiries concerning certain Northmen to whom he sent presents.

The incidents, thus briefly rehearsed, are gathered from the works of Professor Rafn and from Wheaton's "History of the Northmen." While some of the statements may not appear sufficiently authenticated to serve as a basis for historical conclusions, others present facts, such as the existence of the ruins of churches, etc., on the coast of Greenland, and the finding of the stone with the Runic inscriptions, now in the museum of Copenhagen, that are indisputable. The statements that are not authenticated accord and harmonize so perfectly with the indisputable facts, that together they prove conclusively that the Northmen lived on the shores of Massachusetts and Rhode Island at least six hundred years before the *May-flower* reached Plymouth Rock.

The residence of the Northmen in Rhode Island in the eleventh century is not of itself conclusive evidence, but is an important part of the proof, that the Newport tower was built by them. Other colonists may have resided here after the extinction of the Northmen, and these may have built the tower.

The incident related above, of a ship sailing to Dublin, being blown out of her course and to these shores, suggests the possibility of an Irish colony having located here. This possibility has suggested the inquiry whether the builders of the round towers of Ireland were not the builders of the Newport tower? The character of the work, however, in the two cases is so dissimilar that a decided negative to this question must be unhesitatingly given.



ROUND TOWER AT DEVENISH, IRELAND.

The accompanying sketch is a fair specimen of the Irish towers. They are tall and slender, tapering conically to the top. They are generally from 80 to 100 feet high, and about one-fifth or one-sixth of their height in diameter. The stones of which they are built are carefully shaped to the proper form and generally put together with small joints. A small window lights each story. Four or more just beneath the roof appear to have served for convenience of observation. Access to the tower was gained by its single door, placed at a point ten or fifteen feet above the ground. The part of the tower below the door was generally filled in with solid masonry.

How different the Newport tower! It is

cylindrical, not conical. It is short,—only about one diameter high,—not tall and slender. It is quite open at the bottom, set on stone posts,—not closed and solid. It is built of broken fragmentary stone,—not of hewn stone. It has columns and arches,—not a plain walled surface at the ground. These marked differences are conclusive against the supposition that the builders of the round towers of Ireland erected the Newport tower. Neither could these towers have been erected for the same purpose.

Professor Rafn's claim that the Newport tower was built by the Northmen, is based upon a similarity of style with what he terms the "ante-Gothic, common in the north and west of Europe from the eighth to the twelfth centuries." "The circular form, low columns * * * and entire want of ornament, all point to this epoch." He might have added, that this manner of building was *originated* by the Northmen, as this will now be shown.

The Scandinavians,—a branch of the great German family,—in the early centuries, were a migratory race. Either by land or sea, it was their delight to rove at will anywhere, everywhere. Germany, Italy, France and England, each suffered by their incursions. Attracted by the more genial climate, some of them remained in the countries they conquered. Like the Arab, and other migratory peoples, the Northmen, in the early centuries at home, had no architecture of their own. Their huts of wood, rudely constructed, had no permanence. But such of them as settled in southern countries developed in time some taste for architecture. The classic temples, which they in their wars had destroyed, lay in fragments all about them. These monuments, beautiful in their ruin, must have had an influence in turning their attention to architecture. Their first attempts, however, only manifested their ignorance and want of taste. They formed colonnades with columns of differing styles and sizes, gathered from the ruins they had made. Some of this work still remains; such, for example, as that which is seen at Rome, in the church of Sta. Maria di Ara Cœli of the sixth century, —where the columns are taken from various ancient temples; the shorter ones are pieced out by being elevated on pedestals of varying heights; the bases and capitals are very dissimilar,—the whole forming a strange contrast with the order and harmony characteristic of classic architecture.

By degrees, however, the Northmen came to construct buildings with more order and system, and evolved a style wholly different from those the fragments of which at first formed their only materials of construction.

In this manner through the incursion of barbarians, so called, and by a development of their own, there was originated at Constantinople, the Byzantine style; in Northern Italy, the Lombard style; in France, the Norman style; and in England, the Saxon style. From the fall of the Roman empire to the revival of the arts, these styles of building prevailed. They were originated by the migratory hordes from the north, not all of them from Scandinavia, but from this and other parts of northern and northeastern Europe. The Norman style, however, was wholly the creation of the Northmen. Their incursions into France in the ninth century were terribly devastating. The people of France became disheartened and hopeless. Unable to conquer peace, they were glad to purchase it at any sacrifice. Tired of contending with their daring and resolute enemies, they concluded a treaty with them in the tenth century by which they ceded to them 1,100 square miles of territory which then came to be known as Normandy, and the Northmen who settled there were known as Normans.

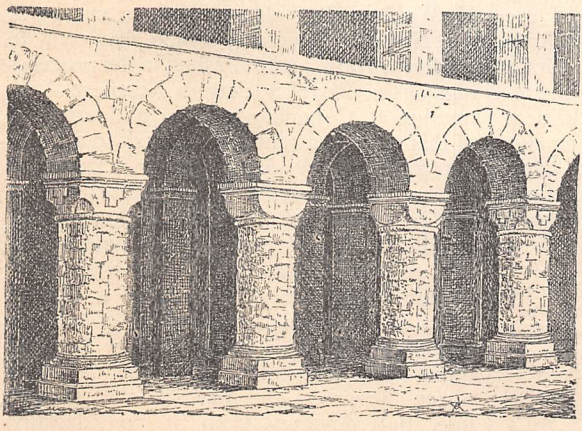
This was nearly a century before the discovery of Vinland. During this century they erected some buildings which still remain. One of the most remarkable of these is the church at Léry, a small place on the river Eure, between Louviers and Pont de l'Arche, Normandy. The columns shown in the cut at top of next page are those which sustain the wall which separates the nave and aisle. The absence of a base indicates that possibly a part of the height of the column is hidden beneath the floor, but it is said that there are no indications in other parts of the church that the floor has been raised. The height of these columns is only about two diameters. This example is probably one of the earliest of early Norman architecture. The prominent thought symbolized here in these short, round columns, heavy walls and round arches, is strength,—the controlling feature in the character of the Northmen. As the natural harshness of these Vulcans of human nature was softened and smoothed by the influences of the sunshine and flowers of the new lands in which they were living, the character of their architecture improved. The column gradually assumed more grace-

ful proportions, and correspondingly, the wall and arch became lighter, and in time ornamental. The Normans conquered England in 1066. William the Conqueror, in 1081, added to the Tower of London what is known as the White Tower. The chapel of this tower, the columns of which are seen in the cut given below, is esteemed one of the most remarkable examples of early Norman architecture in England. These columns are about three and a half diameters high; they are built of small stones.

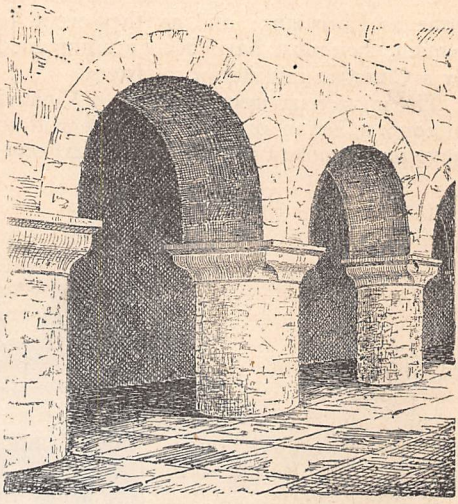
In many places in England, as at Gloucester, Chester, Rochester, Cambridge, Waltham, Great Malvern and Durham, remarkable examples of early Norman architecture occur, and in these are found stout round columns of from three to four diameters high, sustaining plain, semicircular arches. The columns and arches are generally built with small stones, and treated with great simplicity.

These are the characteristics of the style originated by the Normans. They correspond precisely and in every particular with the characteristics of the Newport tower. Hence the conviction is irresistible that the Northmen in Vinland, near relatives of the Normans, of the same people and country and language, must have built the Newport tower. This conclusion is confirmed by the fact already shown that the Northmen colonized Vinland early in the eleventh century, just about the time in which the early Norman style flourished in France and England.

The most probable origin of the building at Newport having been indicated, it remains to show the purpose for which it was built.



COLUMNS FROM CHAPEL OF THE WHITE TOWER, LONDON.



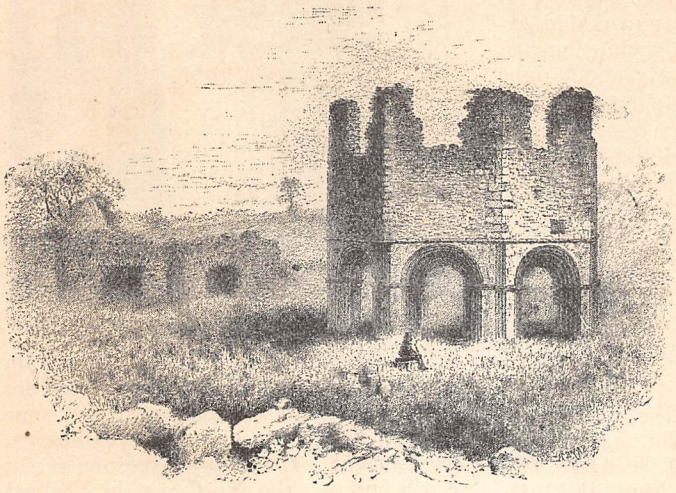
EARLY NORMAN COLUMNS FROM CHURCH AT LÉRY, NORMANDY.

It has been suggested by Professor Rafn that the Newport building was erected for sacred use; that it was the property of some Christian monastery or other ecclesiastical establishment. This appears reasonable, for we will find that the Northmen in Vinland were Christianized. The Scandinavians were pagans until after the eighth century. During the ninth century, Christian missionaries were sent among them, and met with marked success. In the year 822, Ebbo, the Saxon archbishop of Rheims, with the monk Halitgar, went to the Northmen. Attracted by the pomp and splendor of the Roman ceremonials, many received baptism and thus became nominally Christians.

In the year 827, the monks Anschar and Aubert visited these heathen of the north, and devoted themselves to their work with such ardor that Anschar is justly regarded as the apostle to the Scandinavians. Anschar received the approbation and protection of Eric, King of Denmark, in 850, and of Olaf, King of Sweden, in 854. During the latter half of the ninth century, the mission was greatly prospered. A century later, in the year 999, Leif Ericson was baptized and accompanied a missionary to Greenland, who preached to the people there and baptized them. This Leif Ericson is the man who, three years afterward, was at the head of the first colony which, in 1002, settled in Vinland. He and those with him must, therefore, have

gone as Christians; and as they went to remain, they must have been accompanied by a Christian minister or ministers.

The missionary from Iceland to Vinland in 1059, a Saxon or Irish priest, is said to have met a violent death. In the next century, in 1121, Erik, a bishop of Greenland, visited Vinland for missionary purposes.



BAPTISTERY AT MELIFONT, IRELAND.

These incidents are sufficient to show that the people of Vinland had received the Christian faith. The remains of several churches among the ruins of the ancient villages of Greenland, before referred to, may be taken as strongly corroborative of the Christian character of the people there, and inferentially, also, of those of Vinland.

We therefore conclude that the people of Vinland were Christian; and if Christian, then the building at Newport erected by them may have been for some sacred use of the Christian religion. Professor Rafn suggests that the "Old Mill" was in fact a Christian baptistery.* He refers to the remains of several round buildings found near the ruins of churches in Greenland as also baptisteries. These ruins were so overgrown and covered with the accumulations of centuries as to present but few recognizable features. He speaks of one of these round buildings, twenty-six feet in diameter, as being within 300 feet of the great church of Igalikko; another, forty-four feet diameter, within 440 feet of the church in Kakortok. He speaks also of others, but not enough of any of them is known to show their style of architecture, except that they were circular in plan.

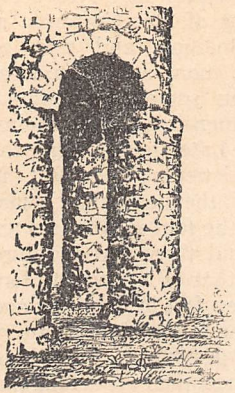
Professor Rafn refers to the octagonal baptistery at Melifont, Ireland, as being similar to the Newport building, and infers therefrom that the latter was intended for a similar Christian use.

The Melifont building (a representation of which, taken from a photograph, is herewith given) resembles the Newport tower to this extent, that it is sustained upon eight supports, between which there are eight openings by which to gain access to the interior. Beyond this there are marked differences. Instead of stout round columns, the supports are plane-surfaced piers, formed by so much of the wall of the building as remained after cutting through the eight door-ways; and these are ornamented with neat colonnettes and moldings, while the arches are richly decorated. Beside this, the Melifont baptistery is built of squared stones. It is undoubtedly a work of the twelfth century, built at least 150 years after the Newport tower.

About forty years ago, Mr. Catherwood, the architect, at the request of Dr. Thomas H. Webb of Providence, made a survey of the Newport structure, which was sent to Professor Rafn, and published in the proceedings of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen. In a description of this survey, attention is called to a peculiar and notable feature of the structure, but without referring to its importance as an indication of the destination of the building. This feature is, the position of the columns relatively to the wall they sustain. Ordinarily, the axis of a column is in a line passing vertically through the center of the wall supported by the column. In the columns of the Newport tower, however, the axis is not in this line, but deviates from it considerably, as is shown in the next sketch. This

* "The northern antiquaries are backed by the opinion of such authorities in matters of art and archæology as Boisserée, Klenze, Thiersch and Kallenbach, who, judging from drawings of the old stone mill sent from America, have all declared in favor of the ruin being the remains of a baptismal chapel in the early style of the Middle Ages." ("Pre-Columbian Discovery of America," p. 29, vol. vi. Chambers's Papers for the People).

is no mere accident, for each column has this peculiar divergence. This eccentricity in construction is a key to the original plan of the building. These columns were thus set projecting from the face of the wall, to receive and support part of the roof of what is termed a lean-to building, which once surrounded the present structure. These projections prove that originally the building was something like what is shown in the plan and section (see next page for latter).

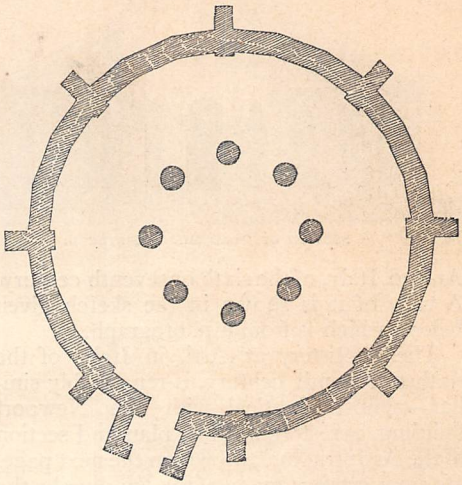


COLUMNS FROM THE "OLD MILL," NEWPORT.

Technically speaking, the present tower is only the circular nave of the building, while the parts which have been removed were the circular aisles. The eight stout, round posts which originally occupied the middle of the general area, were what are termed clere-story columns.

The patches of stucco still adhering to the columns show that they were once fully covered with it. In all probability, the columns were furnished with properly formed bases and capitals, molded in stucco, similar, perhaps, to what is shown in the restoration (see next page).

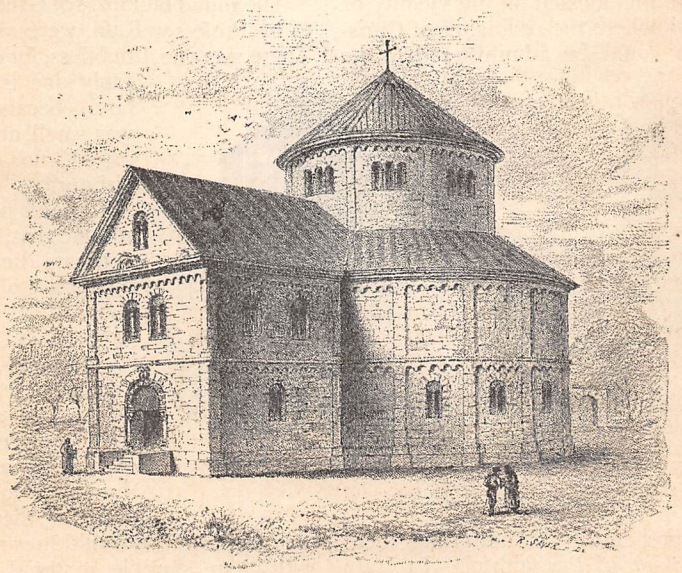
In Europe there are extant many similar structures. In Germany there is one at Fulda, of the ninth or tenth century. There was also one of the eighth century, at Bonn, on the Rhine. This was removed about half a century since. The accompanying



PLAN OF "OLD MILL" RESTORED.

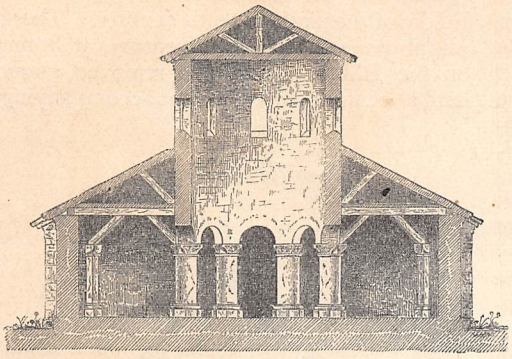
sketch of it is from Ferguson's "Hand-Book of Architecture."

In Holland there is one at Nymegen, a polygon of sixteen sides, which was conse-



BAPTISTERY AT BONN.

crated by Pope Leo III., in 799. There are a few of these buildings in France. In Italy there are many of them. There is one at

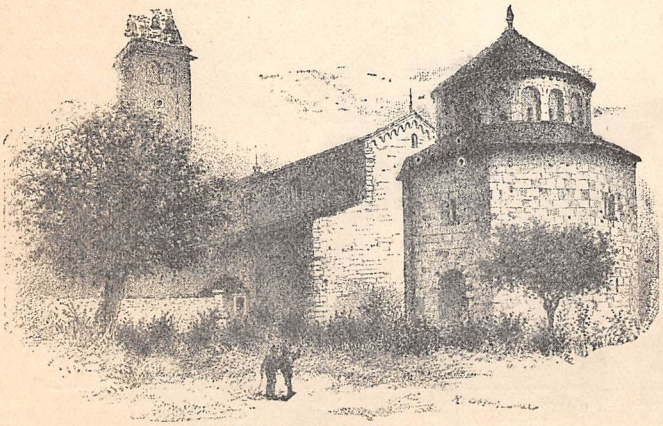


SECTION OF "OLD MILL" RESTORED.

Arsago, Italy, of the sixth or seventh century. A view of it is shown in the sketch given below, which is from a photograph.

The baptistery at Asti, in Italy, of the sixth or seventh century, is remarkably similar—almost identical with the Newport building, as restored. The plan and section of the Asti structure, shown on the next page, are from surveys made of the building by the writer of this paper, and from drawings published by Frederick Osten. Sketches of this building may also be seen in Chambers's "Cyclopædia," article, "Baptistery."

In the early centuries it was considered indispensable that every cathedral, or church of a bishop, should have its baptistery,—a separate building located in the vicinity of the cathedral, where the ordinance of Christian baptism could be administered to the



BAPTISTERY AT ARSAGO, ITALY.

candidates, preparatory to admitting them to the assemblies of the faithful. In Italy alone about sixty of these buildings are still extant. Some of them are in ruins, as at Canosa, in Apulia, and at Castel-Seprio; others are desecrated to secular use, as at Como; others still have had the font removed, and as chapels made to serve for worship, as that of Sta. Costanza, at Rome, that of Bologna, and that of Rovigno, in Istria; many are still used as baptisteries, and in some, the original font, of ample dimensions, yet remains, as in Rome, at the Lateran baptistery, the font of which is twenty-seven feet in diameter; that of the beautiful circular baptistery of Pisa, the font in which is ten feet in diameter and three and one-third feet deep; as also that of Nocera, the font in which is seventeen feet in diameter and four feet deep. The font of the baptistery of Florence was destroyed three hundred years since; it occupied an octangular space twenty-seven feet in diameter, now paved with marble differing from the other pavement, and surrounded by a white marble coping, on which, plainly visible, is an inscription designating the inclosed area as the place of the original font. Dante, in his immortal poem, refers to this font, a part of which he broke in his efforts to save a child from drowning. These facts afford incontestable proof, in addition to the historical traditions concerning them, of the use for which these buildings were originally constructed. If these were baptisteries,—and it cannot be questioned,—then the Newport structure also was one.

The round buildings of Greenland, referred to by Professor Rafn, were also baptisteries. There was one, doubtless, for each bishopric. Only one is found in Vinland, because the colony was small, and was all comprised, no doubt, in one bishopric.

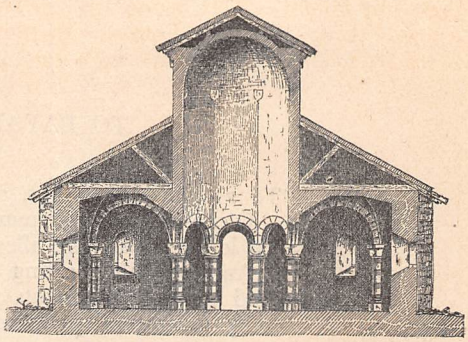
It need not be thought strange that, if the Newport structure be a baptistery, there are no remains of the church near which it must have stood. In a country like Vinland, abounding in timber at that early time, the first structures of the colonists were undoubtedly of wood, and not until they came to feel that their residence there was likely to prove permanent, would they resolve to build with more durable material. Then, after having constructed the baptistery of stone,

they may have intended to follow this up by the more important work of building the cathedral of the same material; but failed to realize these intentions through apprehension of trouble with the Indians, or by actual war, which may have ended in the extermination of the colonists.

It may be claimed by some objector that, because in certain excavations made beneath the Newport tower some years since, no remains of a baptismal font were found, therefore the structure could not have been a baptistery.

This point is not well taken, for it is well known that the *piscina*, or depressed baptismal basin, was common only to baptisteries of the early centuries; those erected after the ninth century were generally provided with a baptismal basin, which, like a piece of furniture, was a distinct construction, placed *upon* the floor. Among many examples of this which might be referred to, it will suffice to name the fonts of those two splendid baptisteries of Pisa and Parma, which were erected at this period. The Newport baptistery, without doubt, had its font placed *upon* the floor, and for the want of proper stone-masons, capable of cutting stone, as is conspicuously evident in the character of the stone-work of the building, the font was probably made of wood, and has long since perished.

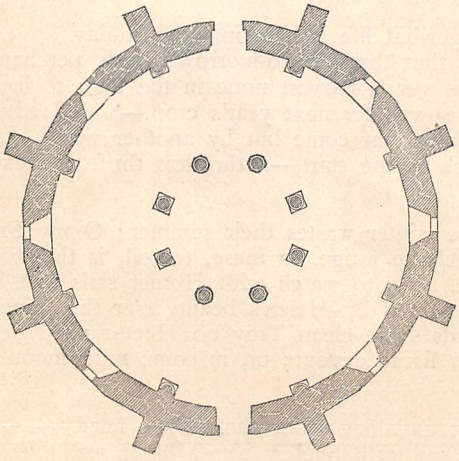
There can be no further doubt of the origin and purpose of the "Old Mill." It should henceforth be designated by its proper name, and be known only as the Vinland Baptistery.



SECTION OF THE BAPTISTERY AT ASTI, NORTHERN ITALY.

This antique relic, the most ancient Christian building in the United States, is eight centuries old. It deserves the care due to a most valuable historic monument. The vines, which annually furnish the old walls with a clothing of verdure, are its most insidious enemies.* The tendrils, if allowed to push their way into every crevice for support, would soon wedge apart and dislocate the well-cemented stones, and crumble the antique pile in hopeless ruin. This precious relic of the past deserves a better fate. Let the building be properly restored, and used as a museum of American antiquities.

* It is gratifying to know that the vines covering the tower at the writing of this paper in January, 1878, have since been removed.



PLAN OF THE BAPTISTERY AT ASTI, NORTHERN ITALY.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

To RANGE, deep-wrapt, along a heavenly height,
O'erseeing all that man but undersees;
To loiter down lone alleys of delight,
And hear the beating of the hearts of trees,
And think the thoughts that lilies speak in white
By greenwood pools and pleasant passages;

With healthy dreams a-dream in flesh and soul,
To pace, in mighty meditations drawn,
From out the forest to the open knoll
Where much thyme is, whence blissful leagues of lawn
Betwixt the fringing woods to southward roll
By tender inclinations; mad with dawn,

Ablaze with fires that flame in silver dew
When each small globe doth glass the morning-star,
Long ere the sun, sweet-smitten through and through
With dappled revelations read afar,
Suffused with saintly ecstasies of blue
As all the holy eastern heavens are,—

To fare thus fervid to what daily toil
Employs thy spirit in that larger Land
Where thou art gone; to strive, but not to moil
In nothings that do mar the artist's hand,
Not drudge unriched, as grain rots back to soil,—
No profit out of death,—going, yet still at stand,—

Giving what life is here in hand to-day
For that that's in to-morrow's bush, perchance,—
Of this year's harvest none in the barn to lay,
All sowed for next year's crop,—a dull advance
In curves that come but by another way
Back to the start,—a thriftless thrift of ants

Whose winter wastes their summer; O my Friend,
Freely to range, to muse, to toil, is thine:
Thine, now, to watch with Homer sails that bend
Unstained by Helen's beauty o'er the brine
Tow'rds some clean Troy no Hector need defend
Nor flame devour; or, in some mild moon's shine,

Where amiabler winds the whistle heed,
To sail with Shelley o'er a bluer sea,
And mark Prometheus, from his fetters freed,
Pass with Deucalion over Italy,
While bursts the flame from out his eager reed
Wild-stretching towards the West of destiny;

Or, prone with Plato, Shakspere and a throng
  Of bards beneath some plane-tree's cool eclipse
To gaze on glowing meads where, lingering long,
  Psyche's large Butterfly her honey sips;
Or, mingling free in choirs of German song,
  To learn of Goethe's life from Goethe's lips;

These, these are thine, and we, who still are dead,
  Do yearn—nay, not to kill thee back again
Into this charnel life, this lowlihead,
  Not to the dark of sense, the blinking brain,
The hugged delusion drear, the hunger fed
  On husks of guess, the monarchy of pain,

The cross of love, the wrench of faith, the shame
  Of science that cannot prove proof is, the twist
Of blame for praise and bitter praise for blame,
  The silly stake and tether round the wrist
By fashion fixed, the virtue that doth claim
  The gains of vice, the lofty mark that's missed

By all the mortal space 'twixt heaven and hell,
  The soul's sad growth o'er stationary friends
Who hear us from our height not well, not well,
  The slant of accident, the sudden bends
Of purpose tempered strong, the gambler's spell,
  The son's disgrace, the plan that e'er depends

On others' plots, the tricks that passion plays
  (I loving you, you him, he none at all),
The artist's pain—to walk his blood-stained ways,
  A special soul, yet judged as general—
The endless grief of art, the sneer that slays,
  The war, the wound, the groan, the funeral pall—

Not into these, bright spirit, do we yearn
  To bring thee back, but oh, to be, to be
Unbound of all these gyves, to stretch, to spurn
  The dark from off our dolorous lids, to see
Our spark, Conjecture, blaze and sunwise burn,
  And suddenly to stand again by thee!

Ah, not for us, not yet, by thee to stand:
  For us, the fret, the dark, the thorn, the chill;
For us, to call across unto thy Land,
  "Friend, get thee to the minstrels' holy hill,
And kiss those brethren for us, mouth and hand,
  And make our duty to our master Will."

THE PASSES OF THE SIERRA.

THE sustained grandeur of the California Alps is forcibly illustrated by the fact that, throughout their whole extent, there is not a single pass lower than 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In a distance of 140 miles, between Latitude 36° 20′ and 38°, the lowest I have yet found exceeds 9,000 feet, and the average height of all that are in use is, perhaps, not far from 11,000.

A carriage-road has been constructed through what is known as the Sonora Pass, on the Stanislaus and Walker's rivers, the summit of which is 9,600 feet above the sea. Substantial wagon-roads have also been built through the Carson and Johnson passes, near the head of Lake Tahoe, over which immense quantities of freight were hauled from California to the mining regions of Nevada, prior to the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad.

A considerable number of comparatively low passes, accessible to wheeled vehicles, occur in the northern half of the range, through whose rugged defiles long emigrant trains toiled wearily during the exciting years of the gold period. But, however interesting, these northern passes cannot properly be brought within the scope of this work.

Between the Sonora Pass and the southern extremity of the Alps, a distance of nearly 160 miles, there are only five passes through which trails conduct from one side of the range to the other. These are barely practicable for animals; a pass in these regions meaning simply any notch or cañon through which one may, by the exercise of unlimited patience, make out to lead a mule, or sure-footed mustang. Only three of the five passes may be said to be in use, viz.: the Kearsarge, Mono, and Virginia Creek, the tracks leading through the others being only obscure Indian trails, not graded in the least, and scarce at all traceable by white men; for much of the way is over solid rock pavements and bosses, where the unshod ponies of the Indians leave no appreciable sign, while only skilled mountaineers are able to detect the marks that serve to guide the Indians, such as slight abrasions of the looser rocks, the displacement of stones here and there, and bent bushes and weeds. A general knowledge of the topography, however, is the main guide, enabling one to determine where the trail ought to go—*must* go. One of these Indian trails crosses the range by a nameless pass between the head waters of the south and middle forks of the San Joaquin, the other between the north and middle forks of the same river, just to the south of the Minarets; this last being about 9,000 feet high, the lowest of the five. The Kearsarge is the highest, crossing the summit of the range near the head of the south fork of Kings River, about eight miles to the north of Mount Tyndall, through the midst of the most stupendous rock-scenery to be found anywhere in the Alps. The summit of the pass is over 12,000 feet above sea-level; nevertheless, it is one of the safest of the five, and is used every summer, from July to October or November, by hunters, prospectors, and stock-owners, and to some extent by enterprising pleasure-seekers, also. For, besides the surpassing grandeur of the scenery about the summit, the trail, in ascending the western flank, conducts through a grove of the giant sequoias, and through the magnificent Yosemite Valley of the south fork of King's River. This is, perhaps, the highest traveled pass on the North American continent.

The Mono Pass extends across the Alps, to the east of Yosemite Valley, at the head of one of the tributaries of the south fork of the Tuolumne. This is the best known and most extensively traveled of all that exist in the "High Sierra." A trail was made through it about the time of the Mono gold excitement, in the year 1868, and has been in use ever since by mountaineers of every kind. Though more than a thousand feet lower than the Kearsarge, it is scarcely inferior in the terrible sublimity of its rock-scenery, while in snowy, falling water it far surpasses it. Being so favorably situated for the stream of Yosemite travel, the more adventurous tourists cross over through this glorious gate-way to the volcanic region around Mono Lake. It has therefore gained a name and fame above every other pass in the range. According to the few barometrical observations made upon it, its highest point is 10,765 feet above the sea. The other pass of the five we have been considering is somewhat lower, and crosses the axis of the range a few miles to the north of the Mono Pass, at the head of the southmost tributary of Walker's River. It is used chiefly by roaming bands of the Pah Ute Indians and "sheepmen."

But, leaving wheels and animals out of the question, the free mountaineer can make

his way across the range almost everywhere, and at any time of year. To him nearly every notch between the peaks is a pass, though much patient step-cutting is at times required up and down steeply inclined glaciers, and cautious climbing over precipices, that at first sight would seem hopelessly inaccessible to the lowlander.

In pursuing my studies during the last eight years, I have crossed from side to side of the range at intervals of a few miles all along the highest portion of the chain, with far less real danger than one would naturally count on. And what fine wildness was thus developed—storms and avalanches, lakes and water-falls, gardens and meadows —only those will ever know who give the freest and most buoyant portion of their lives to climbing and seeing for themselves.

All the passes of the alpine portion of the range make their steepest ascents on the eastern flank. On this side the average rise is not far from a thousand feet to the mile, while on the west it is about two hundred feet. Another marked difference between the eastern and western portions of the passes is that the former begin at the very foot of the range, while the latter can hardly be said to begin until an elevation of from seven to ten thousand feet is reached. Approaching the range from the gray levels of Mono and Owen's Valley on the east, the traveler sees before him the steep, short passes in full view, fenced in by rugged spurs that come plunging down from the shoulders of the peaks on either side, the courses of the more direct being disclosed from top to bottom without a single interruption. But from the west one sees nothing of the pass he may be seeking until near the summit, after days have been spent in threading the forests growing on the main dividing ridges between the river cañons.

It is interesting to observe how surely the alp-crossing animals of every kind fall into the same trails. The more rugged and inaccessible the general character of the topography of any particular region, the more surely will the trails of white men, Indians, bears, deer, wild sheep, etc., be found converging into the best passes. The Indians of the western slope venture cautiously over the passes in settled weather to attend dances, and obtain loads of pine-nuts and the larvæ of a small fly that breeds in Mono and Owens lakes, which, when dried, forms an important article of food; while the Pah Utes cross over from the east to hunt the deer and obtain supplies of acorns, and it is truly astonishing to see what immense loads the haggard old squaws make out to carry barefooted through these rough passes, oftentimes for a distance of sixty or seventy miles. They are always accompanied by the men, who stride on unburdened and erect a little in advance, stooping occasionally to pile stepping-stones for them against steep rocks, just as they would prepare the way in difficult places for their ponies.

Bears evince great sagacity as mountaineers, but although fond of traveling, they seldom cross the range. I have several times tracked them through the Mono Pass, but only in late years after cattle and sheep had passed that way, when they doubtless were following to feed on the stragglers and on those that had been killed by falling over the rocks. Even the wild sheep, the best mountaineers of all, choose regular passes in making journeys across the summits. Deer seldom pass from one side of the range to the other. I have never yet observed a single specimen of the mule-deer of the Great Basin west of the summit, and rarely one of the black-tailed species on the eastern slope, notwithstanding many of the latter ascend the range nearly to the summit every summer, to feed safely in the wild gardens and bring forth their young.

The glaciers are the pass-makers, and it is by them that the courses of all mountaineers are predestined. Every pass without exception in the Californian Alps was created by them without the slightest aid or predetermining guidance from any of the cataclysmic agents. We have seen elaborate statements of the amount of drilling and blasting accomplished in the construction of the railroad across the Sierra, above Donner Lake; but for every pound of rock moved in this way, the glaciers which descended east and west through this same pass, crushed and carried away more than a hundred tons.

The so-called practicable road-passes are simply those portions of the range more degraded by glacial action than the adjacent portions, and degraded in such a way as to leave the summits rounded, instead of sharp and impracticable; while the peaks, from the superior strength and hardness of their rocks, or from more favorable position, having suffered less degradation, are left towering above the passes as if they had been heaved into the sky by some force acting from beneath.

The scenery of all the passes, especially at the head, is of the very wildest and grand-

est description,—lofty peaks massed together and laden around their bases with ice and snow; chains of glacier lakes; cascading streams in endless variety, with glorious views, westward over a sea of rocks and woods, and eastward over the strange ashy plains and volcanoes and mountain ranges of Mono and Inyo. Every pass, however, possesses treasures of beauty all its own, and the finding of these is one of the mountaineer's exceeding great rewards.

Having thus in a comprehensive way indicated the height and leading features and the geographical distribution of the principal passes, I will now endeavor to give a plain description of the Mono Pass in particular, which may, I think, be regarded as a fair sample of the higher alpine passes in general.

The main portion of the Mono Pass is formed by Bloody Cañon, which begins at the very summit of the range, and runs in a general east-north-easterly direction to the edge of the Mono Plain.

The first grand rush of white men that forced a way through its somber depths were eager gold-seekers, during the exciting discoveries made in the year 1858. But the cañon was known and traveled as a pass by the Indians and mountain animals long before its discovery by white men, as is shown by their numerous tributary trails which converge at the head of the pass from every direction. Its name accords well with the character of the "early times" in California, and may perhaps have been suggested by the predominant color of the metamorphic slates in which it is in great part eroded; or more probably by blood-stains made by the unfortunate animals which were compelled to slip and shuffle awkwardly over its rough, cutting rocks. I have never known an animal, either mule or horse, to make its way through the cañon, either in going up or down, without losing more or less blood from wounds on the legs. Occasionally one is killed outright—falling headlong and rolling over precipices like a bowlder. But such instances are far rarer than from the terrible appearance of the trail one would be led to expect; the more experienced when driven loose find their way over the most dangerous places with a caution and sagacity that is truly wonderful. During the gold excitement it was at times a matter of considerable pecuniary importance to force a way through the cañon with pack-trains early in the spring, while it was yet heavily blocked toward the head with snow; and then the mules with their loads had sometimes to be let down over the steepest drifts by means of ropes.

A good bridle-path leads from Yosemite through many a grove and meadow up to the head of the cañon, a distance of about thirty miles. Here the scenery undergoes a sudden and startling condensation. Mountains, red, gray and black, rise close at hand on the right, whitened around their bases with banks of enduring snow; on the left swells the huge red mass of Mount Gibbs, while in front the eye wanders down the shadowy cañon, and out on the warm plain of Mono, where the lake is seen gleaming like a burnished metallic disk, and clusters of lofty volcanic cones, with blue mountain ranges in the distance.

When at length we enter the mountain gate-way, the somber rocks seem conscious of our presence, and seem to come thronging close about us. Happily the ouzel and old familiar robin are here to sing us welcome, and azure daisies beaming with trustfulness and sympathy, enabling us to feel something of Nature's love even here, beneath the gaze of her coldest rocks.

The effect of this expressive outspokenness on the part of the cañon-rocks is greatly enhanced by the quiet aspect of the alpine meadows through which we pass just before entering the narrow gate-way. The forests in which they lie, and the mountain-tops rising beyond them, seem hushed and tranquil. We catch their restful spirit, yield to the soothing influences of the sunshine, and saunter dreamily on through flowers and bees, scarce touched by a definite thought, then suddenly find ourselves in the shadowy cañon, closeted with Nature in one of her wildest and most secret strongholds.

After the first bewildering impression begins to wear off, we perceive it is not altogether terrible; for, besides the re-assuring birds and flowers, we discover a chain of shining lakelets hanging down from the very summit of the pass, and linked together by a silvery stream. The highest are set in bleak, rough bowls, scantily fringed with yellow sedges. Winter storms blow snow through the pass in blinding drifts, and avalanches shoot from the heights, rushing and booming like waterfalls. Then are these sparkling tarns filled and buried, leaving not a hint of their existence. In June and July they begin to blink and thaw out like sleepy eyes, the carices thrust up their short brown spikes, the daisies bloom in turn, and the most

profoundly buried of them all is at length warmed and summered as if winter were only a dream.

Red Lake is the lowest of the chain, and also the largest. It seems rather dull and forbidding at first sight, lying motionless in its deep, dark bed. Its real character, however, will not long be hidden from those who have the love to see it. The cañon wall rises sheer from the water's edge on the south, but on the opposite side there is sufficient space and sunshine for a fine sedgy garden. Daisies star the sod around the margin, and the center is brilliantly lighted with lilies, castilleias, larkspurs and columbines, while broad, leafy willows shelter them from the wind, the whole forming a most joyful outburst of plant-life keenly emphasized by the chill baldness of the on-looking cliffs.

After indulging here in a dozing, shimmering lake-rest, the happy stream sets forth again, warbling and trilling like an ouzel, ever delightfully confiding, no matter how dark the way, leaping, gliding, hither, thither, clear or foamy, manifesting the ravishing beauty of its young virgin wildness in every sound and gesture.

One of its most beautiful developments is the Diamond Cascade, situated a short distance below Red Lake. In the formation of this charming fall, the tense, crystalline water is first dashed into a mass of coarse, granular spray mixed with dusty foam, and then divided into a diamond pattern by following the diagonal cleavage planes that intersect the face of the precipice over which it pours. Viewed in front, it resembles a strip of embroidery, varying through the seasons with the temperature and the volume of water. Scarce a flower may be seen along its snowy border. A few bent pines look on from a distance, and small fringes of cassiope and rock-ferns are growing in fissures near the head, but these are so lowly and undemonstrative that only the attentive observer will be likely to notice them.

On the north wall of the cañon, a little below the Diamond Cascade, a glittering side stream makes its appearance, seeming to leap directly out of the deep sky. It first resembles a crinkled ribbon of silver hanging loosely down the wall, but grows wider as it descends, and dashes the dull rock with foam. A long rough talus curves up against this part of the cliff, overgrown with snow-pressed willows, in which the fall disappears with many an eager surge and swirl and plashing leap, and finally beats its way down to its confluence with the main cañon stream.

Below this point the climate is no longer arctic. Butterflies become larger and more abundant, grasses with imposing spread of panicle wave above your shoulders, and the warm summery drone of the bumble-bee thickens the air. *Pinus albicaulis*, the tree-mountaineer that climbs highest, and braves the coldest blasts, is found scattered in dwarfed wind-bent clumps from the summit of the pass about half-way down the cañon. Here it is succeeded by the hardy two-leafed pine, which is speedily joined by the taller yellow and mountain pines. These, with the burly juniper, and shimmering aspen, rapidly grow larger as the sunshine becomes richer, forming groves that block the view; or they stand more apart here and there in picturesque groups, that make beautiful and obvious harmony with the rocks and with one another. Blooming underbrush becomes abundant,—azalea, spiræa, and the brier-rose,—weaving rich fringes for the streams, and shaggy rugs to relieve the stern, unflinching rock-bosses.

Through this delightful wilderness, Cañon Creek roves like an Arab without any constraining channel, throbbing and wavering, now in sunshine, now in thoughtful shade; flashing from side to side in weariless exuberance of energy. A glorious milky-way of cascades is thus developed, whose individual beauties might well call forth volumes of description; but to those already described we have space here for only one more, the

BOWER CASCADE,

which, though comparatively inconspicuous, ranking among the smallest as to size, is yet perhaps the most surpassingly beautiful of them all. It is situated in the lower region of the pass, just where the sunshine begins to mellow between the cold and warm climates. Here the glad creek, grown strong with tribute gathered from many a snowy fountain, sings richer strains, and becomes more human and lovable at every step. Now you may find the rose and yarrow by its side, and small meadows filled with grasses and clover. At the head of a low-browed rock, luxuriant dogwood bushes and willows arch over from bank to bank, embowering the stream with their leafy branches; and waving plumes, kept in motion by the current, fringe the brow of the cascade in front. From this leafy covert the stream leaps vigorously out into the

light in a fluted curve thick sown with sparkling crystals, and falls into a pool filled with brown bowlders, out of which it creeps gray with foam-bells and disappears in a tangle of verdure like that from which it came.

Hence, to the foot of the cañon, the metamorphic slates give place to granite, whose nobler sculpture calls forth expressions of corresponding beauty from the stream in passing over it,—bright trills of rapids, booming notes of falls, solemn hushes of smooth-gliding sheets, all chanting and blending in glorious harmony. When, at length, its impetuous alpine life is done, it slips through a meadow with scarce an audible whisper and falls asleep in Moraine Lake.

This water-bed is one of the finest I ever beheld. The azure sky makes its canopy, evergreens wave soothingly at head and foot, and the breath of flowers floats over it like incense. Here our blessed stream rests from its rocky wanderings, all its mountaineering done,—no more foaming rock-leaping, no more loud-resounding song. It falls into a smooth, glassy sleep, stirred only by the night wind, which, coming down the cañon, makes it croon and mutter in ripples along its broidered shores.

Leaving the lake, it glides quietly through the rushes, destined never more to touch the living rock. Henceforth its path lies through ancient moraines and reaches of ashy sage-plain, which nowhere afford rocks suitable for the development of cascades or sheer falls. Yet this beauty of maturity, though less striking, is of a still higher order, enticing us lovingly on through gentian meadows and groves of rustling aspen to Lake Mono, where, spirit-like, our happy stream vanishes in vapor, and floats free again in the sky.

Bloody Cañon, like every other cañon in the California Alps, was recently occupied by a glacier, which derived its fountain snows from the adjacent summits, and descended into Mono Lake, at a time when its waters stood at a much higher level than now. The principal characters in which the history of the ancient glaciers is preserved are displayed all through the cañon in marvelous freshness and simplicity, furnishing the student with extraordinary advantages for the acquisition of knowledge of this sort. The most striking passages are polished and striated surfaces, which in many places reflect the rays of the sun like smooth water. The dam of Red Lake is an elegantly modeled rib of metamorphic slate, brought into relief because of its superior strength, and because of the greater intensity of the glacial erosion of the rock immediately above it, caused by a steeply inclined tributary glacier, which entered the main trunk with a heavy down-thrust at the head of the lake.

Moraine Lake furnishes an equally interesting example of a basin formed wholly, or in part, by a terminal moraine dam curved across the path of a stream between two lateral moraines.

At Moraine Lake the cañon proper terminates, although apparently continued by the two lateral moraines of the vanished glacier. These moraines extend unbrokenly from the sides of the cañon into the plain, a distance of about five miles; curving and tapering in lines of exquisite beauty; while in magnitude they are truly sublime, being over three hundred feet in height where they are joined to the mountain. Their sunward sides are gardens, their shady sides are groves; the former devoted chiefly to eriogonæ, compositæ, and graminæ; a square rod containing five or six profusely flowered eriogonums of several species, about the same number of bahias and linosyris, and a few grass tufts; each species planted trimly apart, with bare gravel between, as if cultivated artificially.

My first visit to Bloody Cañon was made in the summer of 1869, under circumstances well calculated to heighten the impressions that are the peculiar offspring of mountains. I came from the blooming tangles of Florida, and waded out into the plant-gold of the great central plain of California, when its flora was as yet untrodden. Never before had I beheld congregations of social flowers half so extensive or half so glorious. Golden compositæ covered all the ground from the coast range to the Sierra like a stratum of curdled sunshine, in which I reveled for weeks, watching the rising and setting of their innumerable suns; then gave myself up to be borne forward on the crest of the summer wave that sweeps annually up the Sierra flank and spends itself on the snowy Alps.

At the Big Tuolumne Meadows I remained more than a month, sketching, botanizing, and climbing among the surrounding mountains. The mountaineer with whom I was camping is one of those remarkable men one so frequently meets in California, the hard angles and bosses of whose characters have been brought into striking relief by the grinding excitements of the gold period, until they come to resemble glacial landscapes. But at this late day, my friend's

PASS THROUGH THE MINARITOS.

activities had subsided, and his craving for rest caused him to become a gentle shepherd and literally to lie down with the lamb.

Recognizing the unsatisfiable longings of my Scotch Highland instincts, he threw out some hints concerning Bloody Cañon, and advised me to explore it. "I have never seen it myself," he said, "for I never was so unfortunate as to pass that way. But I have heard many a strange story about it, and I warrant you will at least find it wild enough."

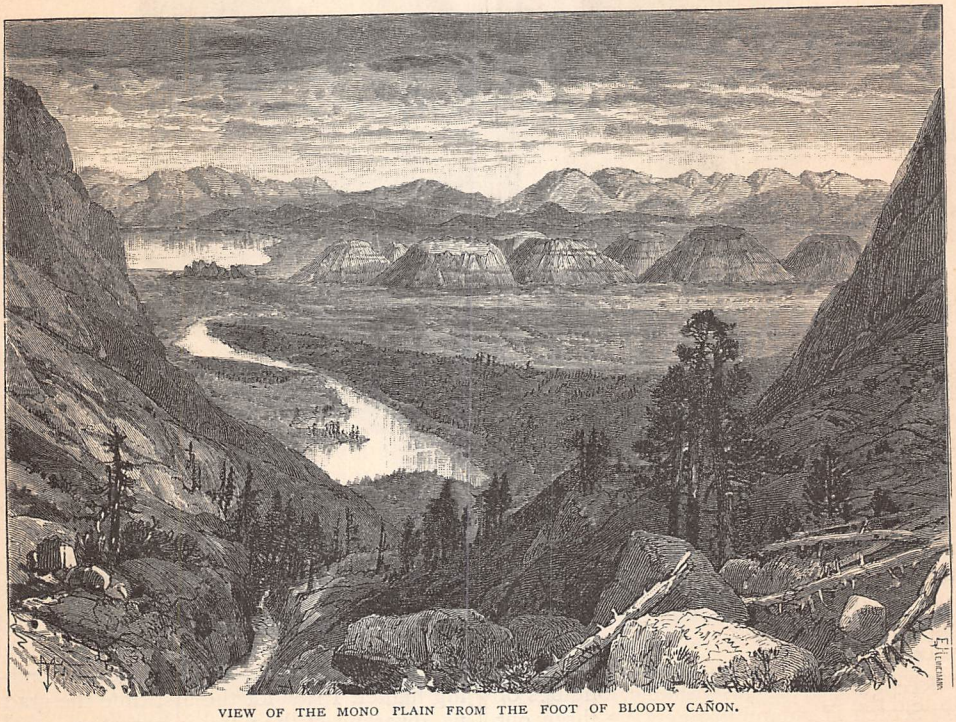
Next day I made up a bundle of bread, tied my note-book to my belt, and strode away in the bracing air, full of eager, indefinite hope. The plushy lawns that lay in my path served to soothe my morning haste. The sod in many places was starred with daisies and blue gentians, over which I lingered. I traced the paths of the ancient glaciers over many a shining pavement, and marked the gaps in the upper forests that told the power of the winter avalanches. Climbing higher, I saw for the first time the gradual dwarfing of the pines in compliance with climate, and on the summit discovered creeping mats of the Arctic willow overgrown with silky catkins, and patches of the dwarf vaccinium with its round flowers sprinkled in the grass like purple hail; while in every direction the landscape stretched sublimely away in fresh wildness—a manuscript written by the hand of Nature alone.

At length, as I entered the pass, the huge rocks began to close around in all their wild mysterious impressiveness, when suddenly a drove of gray hairy beings came in sight, lumbering toward me with a kind of boneless, wallowing motion like bears.

I never turn back, though often so in-

clined, and in this particular instance, amid such surroundings, everything seemed singularly unfavorable for the calm acceptance of so grim a company. Suppressing my fears, I soon discovered, that although crooked as summit pines, the strange creatures were sufficiently erect to belong to our own species. They proved to be nothing more formidable than Mono Indians dressed in the skins of sage-rabbits, nicely sewed together into square robes. Both the men and the women begged persistently for whisky and tobacco, and seemed so accustomed to denials that I found it impossible to convince them that I had none to give. Exsignificance. The older faces were moreover strangely blurred and divided into sections by furrows that looked like cleavage joints, suggesting exposure in a castaway condition on the mountains for ages. Viewed at a little distance they appeared as mere dirt specks in the landscape, and I was glad to see them fading down the pass out of sight.

Then came evening, and the somber cliffs were inspired with the ineffable beauty of the alpenglow. A solemn calm fell upon every feature of the landscape. All the lower portion of the cañon was in gloaming shadow, and I crept into a hollow near



VIEW OF THE MONO PLAIN FROM THE FOOT OF BLOODY CAÑON.

cepting the names of these two products of civilization, they seemed to understand not a word of English; but I afterward learned that they were on their way to Yosemite Valley, to feast a while on fish, and procure a load of acorns to carry back through the pass to their huts on the shore of Mono Lake.

Occasionally a good countenance may be seen among the Mono Indians, but these, my first specimens, were mostly old and ugly, and some of them altogether hideous. The dirt on their faces was fairly stratified, and seemed so ancient in some places and so undisturbed as almost to possess a geological one of the upper lakelets to smooth away the burrs from a sheltered spot for a bed. When the short twilight faded I kindled a sunny fire, made a cup of tea, and lay down with my face to the deep clean sky. Soon the night-wind began to flow and pour in torrents among the jagged peaks, mingling its strange tones with those of the waterfalls sounding far below; and as I drifted toward sleep I began to experience an uncomfortable feeling of nearness to the furred Monos. Then the full moon looked down over the edge of the cañon wall, her countenance seemingly filled with intense concern, and apparently so near as to produce a start-

ling effect as if she had entered one's bedroom.

The whole night was full of strange sounds, and I gladly welcomed the morning. Breakfast was soon done, and I set forth in the exhilarating freshness of the new day, rejoicing in the abundance of pure wildness so close about me. The stupendous rock walls stood forward in the thin light, hacked and scarred with centuries of storms; while down in the bottom of the cañon grooved and polished bosses heaved and glistened like swelling sea-waves, telling a grand old story of the ancient glacier that once poured its crushing floods above them.

Here for the first time I met the Arctic daisies in all their perfection of purity and spirituality,—gentle mountaineers face to face with the stormy sky, kept safe and warm by a thousand miracles. I leaped lightly from rock to rock, glorying in the eternal freshness and sufficiency of Nature, and in the ineffable tenderness with which she nurtures her mountain darlings in the very fountains of storms.

Fresh beauty appeared at every step, delicate rock-ferns, and groups of the fairest flowers. Now a lake came to view, now a water-fall. Never fell light in brighter spangles, never fell water in whiter foam. I floated through the cañon enchanted, and was out in the Mono levels before I was aware.

Looking back from the shore of Moraine Lake, my morning ramble seemed all a dream. There curved Bloody Cañon, a mere glacial furrow 2,000 feet deep, with montoneed rocks proceeding from the sides and braided together in the middle, like rounded, swelling muscles. Here the lilies were higher than my head, and the sunshine was warm enough for palms. Yet the snow around the Arctic willows was plainly visible only four miles away, and between were narrow specimen zones of all the principal climates of the globe.

On the bank of a small brook that comes gurgling down the side of the left lateral moraine, I found a camp-fire still burning, which no doubt belonged to the Gray Indians I had met on the summit, and I listened instinctively and moved cautiously forward, half expecting to see some of their grim faces peering out of the bushes. But these silly fears were speedily forgotten. I gave heed to the confiding stream, mingled freely with the flowers and the light, and shared in the confidence of their exceeding peace.

Passing on toward the open plain, I noticed three well-defined terminal moraines curving gracefully across the cañon stream, and joining themselves by long splices to the two noble laterals. These mark the halting-places of the vanished glacier when it was retreating into its summit shadows on the breaking-up of the glacial winter.

Five miles below the foot of Moraine Lake, just where the lateral moraines lose themselves in the plain, there was a field of wild rye, growing in magnificent waving bunches six to eight feet high, bearing heads from six to twelve inches long. Rubbing out some of the grains, I found them about five-eighths of an inch long, dark-colored, and deliciously sweet. Indian women were gathering it in baskets, bending down large handfuls, beating it out, and fanning it in the wind. They were quite picturesque, coming through the rye, as one caught glimpses of them here and there, in winding lanes and openings, with splendid tufts arching above their heads, while their incessant chat and laughter showed their heedless joy.

Like the rye-field, I found the so-called desert of Mono blooming in a high state of natural cultivation with the wild rose, cherry, aster, and the delicate abronia, and innumerable gilias, phloxes, poppies, and bush-compositæ. I observed their gestures and the various expressions of their corollas, inquiring how they could be so fresh and beautiful out in this volcanic desert. They told as happy a life as any plant-company I ever met, and seemed to enjoy even the hot sand and the wind.

But since these notes were written the vegetation of the pass has been in great part destroyed, and the same may be said of all the more accessible passes throughout the range. Immense numbers of starving sheep and cattle have been driven through them into Nevada, trampling the wild gardens and meadows almost out of existence. The lofty walls are untouched by any foot, and the falls sing on unchanged; but the sight of crushed flowers and stripped, bitten bushes goes far toward destroying the charm of wildness.

The cañon should be seen in winter. A good, strong traveler, shod with Norwegian snow-shoes and *led by a cautious guide*, might easily make a safe excursion through it from Yosemite Valley during some tranquil time, when the storms are hushed. The lakes and falls would be buried then; but so, also, would be the traces of destructive feet, while the views of the mountains in their winter

INDIAN WOMEN GATHERING WILD RICE.

garb, and the ride at lightning speed down the pass between the snowy walls, would be truly glorious.

There are no deserts, as we understand them. Nature's love is universal, and in no other place have I heard this doctrine proclaimed in plainer terms than in the storm-beaten solitudes of the Mono pass.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"TEN SHILLINGS' WORTH."

THE same evening Mr. Briarley, having partaken of an early tea and some vigorous advice from his wife, had suddenly, during a lull in the storm, vanished from the domestic circle, possibly called therefrom by the recollection of a previous engagement. Mrs. Briarley had gone out to do her "Sunday shoppin'," the younger children had been put to bed, the older ones were disporting themselves in the streets and by-ways, and consequently Janey was left alone, uncheered save by the presence of Granny Dixon, who had fallen asleep in her chair with her cap unbecomingly disarranged.

Janey sat down upon her stool at a discreet distance from the hearth. She had taken down from its place her last book of "memoirs,"—a volume of a more than usually orthodox and peppery flavor. She held it within range of the light of the fire and began to read in a subdued tone with much unction.

But she had only mastered the interesting circumstance that "James Joseph William was born November 8th," when her attention was called to the fact that wheels had stopped before the gate and she paused to listen.

"Bless us!" she said. "Some un's comin' in."

The person in question was Haworth, who so far dispensed with ceremony as to walk up to the firelight without even knocking at the door, which stood open.

"Where's your father?" he demanded.

"He's takken hissen off to th' beer-house,"

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said Janey, "as he allus does o' Saturday neet,—an' ivvery other neet too, as he gets th' chance."

A chair stood near and Haworth took it.

"I'll sit down and wait for him," he replied.

"You're a sharp little lass, I'll warrant," he said again.

"I ha' to be," she responded, tartly. "Tha'd be sharp thysen if tha had as mich to look after as I ha'."

"I dare say," he answered. "I dare say."

"HE LEANED FORWARD AND TOUCHED HER WITH THE HANDLE OF THE WHIP."

"Tha'lt ha' to wait a good bit then," said Miss Briarley. "He'll noan be whoam till midneet."

She stood in no awe of her visitor. She had heard him discussed too freely and too often. Of late years she had not unfrequently assisted in the discussions herself. She was familiar with his sins and shortcomings and regarded him with due severity.

"He'll noan be whoam till midneet," she repeated as she seated herself on her stool.

But Haworth did not move. He was in a mysterious humor, it was plain. In a minute more his young companion began to stare at him with open eyes. She saw something in his face which bewildered her.

"He's getten more than's good fur him," she was about to decide shrewdly, when he leaned forward and touched her with the handle of the whip he held.

"You're a sharp little lass, I warrant," he said.

Janey regarded him with some impatience. He was flushed and somewhat disheveled and spoke awkwardly.

Then added even more awkwardly still, "I've heard Murdoch say you were—Murdoch."

The disfavor with which she had examined him began to be mingled with distrust. She hitched her stool a few inches backward.

"Mester Murdoch!" she echoed. "Aye, I know him well enow."

"He comes here every day or so?"

"Aye, him an' me's good friends."

"He's got a good many friends," he said.

"Aye," she answered. "He's a noice chap. Most o' folk tak' to him. Theer's Mr. Ffrench now and *her*."

"He goes there pretty often?"

"Aye, oftener than he goes any wheer else. They mak' as mich o' him as if he wur a gentleman."

"Did *he* tell you that?"

"Nay," she answered. "He does na talk mich about it. I've fun it out fro' them as knows."

Then a new idea presented itself to her.

"What does tha want to know fur?" she demanded with unceremonious candor.

He did not tell her why. He gave no notice to her question save by turning away from the fire suddenly and asking her another.

"What does he say about *her?*" he asked.

He spoke in such a manner that she pushed her stool still farther back, and sat staring at him blankly and with some indignation.

"He does na say *nowt* about her," she exclaimed. "What's up wi' thee?"

The next moment she uttered an ejaculation and the book of memoirs fell upon the floor. A flame shot up from the fire and showed her his face. He drew forth his purse and, opening it, took out a coin. The light fell upon that too and showed her what it was.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"Aye," she answered, "it's a half-sov-'rin."

"I'll give it to you," he said, "if you'll tell me what he says and what he does. You're sharp enow to have seen summat, I'll swear, and I'll give it you if you'll tell me."

He did not care what impression he made on her or how he entangled himself. He only thought of one thing.

"Tell me what he says and what he does," he repeated, "and I'll give it to you."

Janey rose from her stool in such a hurry that it lost its balance and fell over.

"I—I dunnot want it!" she cried. "I dunnot want it. I can na mak' thee out!"

"You're not as sharp as I took you for, if you don't want it," he answered. "You'll not earn another as easy, my lass."

Only stern common sense rescued her from the weakness of backing out of the room into the next apartment.

"I dunnot know what tha'rt drivin' at," she said. "I tell thee—I dunnot know nowt."

"Does he never say," he put it to her, "that he's been there—and that he's seen her—and that she's sat and talked—and that he's looked at her—and listened—and thought over it afterward?"

This was the last straw. Bewilderment turned to contempt.

"*That* would na be worth ten shillin'," she said. "Tha knows he's been theer, an' tha knows he's seen her, an' tha knows he could na see her wi'out lookin' at her. I dunnot see as theer's owt i' lookin' at her, or i' listenin' neyther. Wheer's th' use o' givin' ten shillin' to hear summat yo' know yo'rsen?" Theer's nowt i' that!"

"Has he ever said it?" he persisted.

"No," she answered, "he has na. He nivver wur much give to talk, an' he says less than ivver i' these days."

"Has he never said that she treated him well, and—was easier to please than he'd thought; has he never said nowt like that?"

"Nay, that he has na!" with vigor. "Nowt o' t' soart."

He got up as unceremoniously and abruptly as he had sat down.

"I was an accursed fool for coming," she heard him mutter.

He threw the half-sovereign toward her, and it fell on the floor.

"Art tha goin' to gi' it me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and he strode through the door-way into the darkness, leaving her staring at it.

She went to the fire and, bending down, examined it closely and rubbed it with a corner of her apron. Then she tried its ring upon the flagged floor.

"Aye," she said, "it's a good un, sure enow! It's a good un!"

She had quite lost her breath. She sat down upon her stool again, forgetting the memoirs altogether.

"I nivver heard so mich doment made over nowt i' aw my days," she said. "I conna see now what he wur up to, axin' questions as if he wur i' drink. He mun ha' been i' drink or he'd nivver ha' gi'en it to me."

And on the mother's return she explained the affair to her upon this sound and common-sense basis.

"Mester Haworth's been here," she said, "an' he wur i' drink an' give me ten shillin'. I could na mak' out what he wur drivin' at. He wur askin' questions as put me out o' patience. Eh! what foo's men is when they've getten too much."

When he left the house, Haworth sprang into his gig with an oath. Since the morning he had had time to think over things slowly. He had worked himself up into a desperate, headlong mood. His blood burned in his veins, his pulses throbbed. He went home to his dinner, but ate nothing. He drank heavily, and sat at the table wearing such a look that his mother was stricken with wonder.

"I'm out o' humor, old lady," he said to her. "Stick to your dinner, and don't mind me. A chap with a place like mine on his mind can't always be up to the mark."

"If you aint ill, Jem," she said, "it don't

matter your not talkin'. You mustn't think o' me, my dear! I'm used to havin' lived alone so long."

After dinner he went out again, but before he left the room he went to her and kissed her.

"There's nowt wrong wi' me," he said. "You've no need to trouble yourself about that. I'm right enow, never fear."

"There's nothin' else could trouble me," she said, "nothin', so long as you're well an' happy."

"There's nowt to go agen me bein' happy," he said, a little grimly. "Not yet, as I know on. I don't let things go agen me easy."

About half an hour later, he stood in the road before his partner's house. The night was warm, and the windows of the drawing-room were thrown open. He stood and looked up at them for a minute and then spoke aloud.

"Aye," he said, "he's there, by George!"

He could see inside plainly, but the things he saw best were Rachel Ffrench and Murdoch. Ffrench himself sat in a large chair, reading. Miss Ffrench stood upon the hearth. She rested an arm upon the low mantel, and talked to Murdoch, who stood opposite to her. The man who watched uttered an oath at the sight of her.

"Him!" he said. "Him—damn him!" and grew hot and cold by turns.

He kept his stand for full ten minutes, and then crossed the road.

The servant who answered his summons at the door regarded him with amazement.

"I know they're in," he said, making his way past him. "I saw 'em through the window."

Those in the drawing-room heard his heavy feet as he mounted the staircase. It is possible that each recognized the sound. Ffrench rose hurriedly, and, it must be owned, with some slight trepidation. Rachel merely turned her face toward the door. She did not change her position otherwise at all. Murdoch did not move.

"My dear fellow," said Ffrench, with misplaced enthusiasm. "I am glad to see you."

But Haworth passed him over with a nod. His eyes were fixed on Murdoch. He gave him a nod also and spoke to him.

"What, you're here, are you?" he said. "That's a good thing."

"We think so," said Mr. Ffrench, with fresh fervor. "My dear fellow, sit down."

He took the chair offered him, but still looked at Murdoch and spoke to him.

"I've been to Briarley's," he said. "I've had a talk with that little lass of his. She gave me the notion you'd be here. She's a sharp little un, by George!"

"They're all sharp," said Mr. Ffrench. "The precocity one finds in these manufacturing towns is something astonishing—astonishing."

He launched at once into a dissertation upon the causes of precocity in a manufacturing town and became so absorbed in his theme that it mattered very little that Haworth paid no attention to him. He was leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, not moving his eyes from Murdoch.

Mr. Ffrench was in the middle of his dissertation when, half an hour afterward, Haworth got up without ceremony. Murdoch was going.

"I'll go with you," he said to him.

They went out of the room and down the staircase together without speaking. They did not even look at each other, in fact.

When they were fairly out of the room Mr. Ffrench glanced somewhat uneasily at his daughter.

"Really," he said, "he is not always a pleasant fellow to deal with. One is never sure of reaching him." And then, as he received no answer, he returned in some embarrassment to his book.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT AN END.

WHEN they stood in the road, Haworth laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder heavily.

"Come up to the Works, lad," he said, "and let's have a bit of a talk."

His voice and his touch had something in common. Murdoch understood them both. There was no need for clearer speech.

"Why there?" he asked.

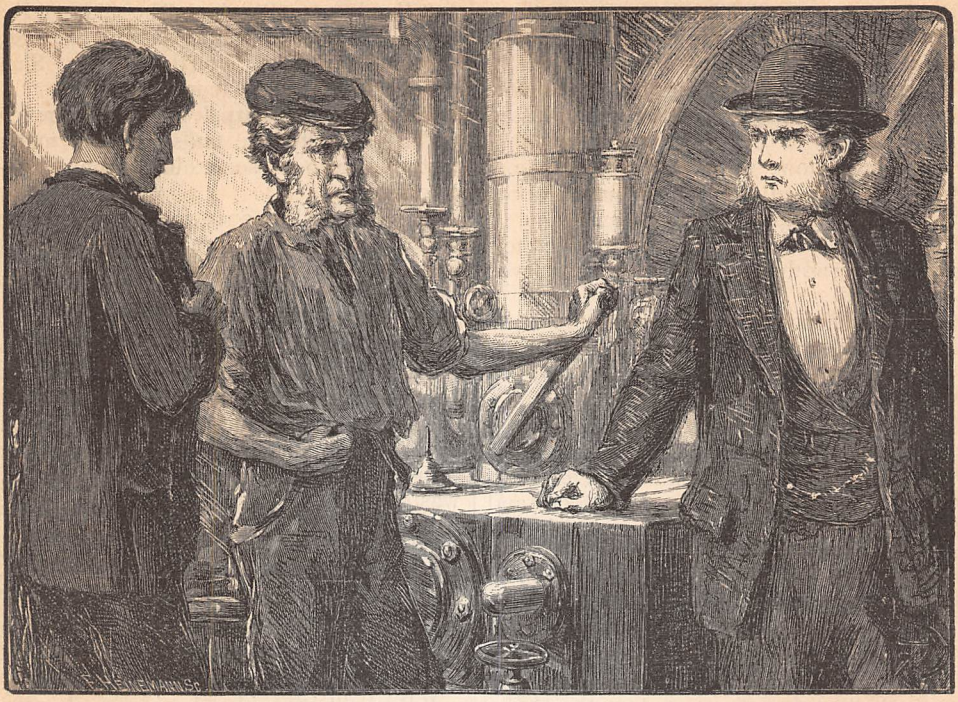
"It's quiet there. I've a fancy for it."

"I have no fancy against it. As well there as anywhere else."

"Aye," said Haworth. "Not only as well, but better."

He led the way into his own room and struck a light. He flung his keys upon the table; they struck it with a heavy clang. Then he spoke his first words since they had turned from the gate-way.

"Aye," he said, "not only as well, but better. I'm at home here, if I'm out every-



"I STAND HERE, MY LAD," HE ANSWERED.

where else. The place knows me and I know it. I'm best man here, by ——! if I'm out everywhere else."

He sat down at the table and rested his chin upon his hand. His hand shook, and his forehead was clammy.

Murdoch threw himself into the chair opposite to him.

"Go on," he said. "Say what you have to say."

Haworth bent forward a little.

"You've got on better than I'd have thought, lad," he said,—"better than I'd have thought."

"What!" hoarsely. "Does she treat me as she treats other men?"

"Nay," said Haworth, "not as she treats me—by the Lord Harry!"

The deadly bitterness which possessed him was terrible; he was livid with it.

"I've thought of a good many," he said. "I've looked on at 'em as they stood round her—chaps of her own sort, with money and the rest of it; but I never thought of you—not once."

"No," said Murdoch, "I dare say not."

"No—not once," the man repeated. "Get up, and let's take a look at you," he said. "Happen I've not had the right notion on you."

"Don't say anything you'll repent," said Murdoch. "It's bad enough as it is."

But his words were like chaff before the wind.

"You!" cried the man. "You were the chap that knew naught of women's ways. You'd scarce look one on 'em in the face. *You're* not the build I thought they took to."

"You told me that once before," said Murdoch, with a bitter laugh. "I've not forgotten it."

Haworth's clenched fist fell upon the table with a force which made the keys ring.

"Blast you!" he said. "You're nigher to her now than me—*now!*"

"Then," Murdoch answered, "you may give up."

"Give up!" was the reply. "Nay, not that, my lad. I've not come to that yet."

Then his rage broke forth again.

"*You* to be going there on the quiet!" he cried. "*You* to be making way with her, and finding her easy to please, and priding yourself on it!"

"*I* please her!" said Murdoch. "*I* pride myself!"

He got up and began to pace the floor.

"You're mad!" he said. "Mad!"

Haworth checked himself to stare at him.

"What did you go for," he asked, "if it wasn't for that?"

Murdoch stopped in his walk. He turned himself about.

"I don't know," he said, "I don't know."

"Do you think," he said, in a hushed voice, after the pause which followed,—"do you think I expect anything? Do you think I look forward or backward? Can you understand that it is enough as it stands—enough?"

Haworth still stared at him dully.

"Nay," he returned, "that I cannot."

"*I* to stand before her as a man with a best side which might win her favor! What is there in *me*, that she should give me a thought when I am not near her? What have I done? What has my life been worth? It may be nothing in the end! Good God! nothing!"

He said it almost as if stunned. For the moment he was overwhelmed, and had forgotten.

"You're nigher to her than I am," said Haworth. "You think because you're one o' the gentleman sort——"

"Gentleman!" said Murdoch, speculatively. "I a gentleman?"

"Aye, damn you," said Haworth, bitterly, "and you know it."

The very words seemed to rouse him. He shook his clenched hand.

"That's it!" he cried. "There's where it is. You've got it in you, and you know it—and she knows it too!"

"I have never asked myself whether I was or not," said Murdoch. "I have not cared. What did it matter? What you said just now was true, after all. I know nothing of women. I know little enough of men. I have been a dull fellow, I think, and slow to learn. I can only take what comes."

He came back to the table, and threw himself into his chair.

"Does either of us know what we came here for?" he asked.

"We came to talk it over," was Haworth's answer, "and we've done it."

"Then, if we have done it, let us go our ways."

"Nay, not yet. I've summat more to say."

"Say it," Murdoch replied, "and let us have it over."

"It's this," he returned. "You're a different chap from what I took you for—a different chap. I never thought of you—not once."

"You've said that before."

"Aye," grimly, "I've said it before. Like enough I shall say it again. It sticks to me. We've been good friends, after a manner, and that makes it stick to me. I don't say you're to blame. I haven't quite made the thing out yet. We're of a different build, and—there's been times before when I haven't quite been up to you. But we've been friends, after a manner, and now th' time's come when we're done with that."

"Done with it!" repeated Murdoch, mechanically.

"Aye," meeting his glance fully, "done with it! We'll begin fair and square, lad. It's done with. Do you think," with deadly coolness, "I'd stop at aught if th' time come?"

He rose a little from his seat, bending forward.

"Naught's never come in my way, yet, that's stopped me," he said. "Things has gone agen me and I've got th' best on 'em in one way or another. I've not minded how. I've gone on till I've reached this. Naught's stopped me—naught never shall!"

He fell back in his chair and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I wish," he said, "it had been another chap. I never thought of you—not once."

CHAPTER XXV.

"I SHALL NOT TURN BACK."

MURDOCH went out into the night alone. When he found himself outside the iron gate he stood still for a moment.

"I will not go home yet," he said; "not yet."

He knew this time where he was going when he turned his steps upon the road again. He had only left the place a few hours before.

The moonlight gave it almost a desolate look, he thought, as he passed through the entrance. The wind still swayed the grass upon the mounds fitfully, and the headstones cast darker shadows upon them. There was no shadow upon the one under which Stephen Murdoch rested. It lay in the broad moonlight. Murdoch noticed this as he stopped beside it. He sat down upon the grass, just as he had done in the afternoon.

"Better not go home, just yet," he said again. "There is time enough."

Suddenly an almost unnatural calmness had fallen upon him. His passions and

uncertainties of the past few months seemed small things. He had reached a climax and for a moment there seemed time enough. He thought of the past almost coldly—going over the ground mentally, step by step. It was as if he thought of the doings of another man—one who was younger and simpler and whose life was now over.

"There are a good many things that are done with," he said mechanically, recalling Haworth's words.

He thought of the model standing in its old place in the empty room. It was a living thing awaiting his coming. The end might be anything—calamity, failure, death! —but to-night he had taken his first step toward that end.

"To-night I shall begin as he began," he thought; "to-night."

He threw himself full length upon the grass, clasping his hands beneath his head, his face turned upward to the vast clearness and depth above him. He had known it would come some day, but he never thought of its coming in this way. The man who slept under the earth at his side had begun with hope; he began as one who neither hoped nor feared, yielding only to a force stronger than himself.

He lay in this manner looking up for nearly an hour. Then he arose and stood with bared head in the white light and stillness.

"I shall not turn back," he said aloud at last, as if to some presence near him. "I shall not turn back, at least. Do not fear it."

And he turned away.

It was his mother who opened the door for him when he reached home.

"Come in," he said to her, with a gesture toward the inner room. "I have something to say to you."

She followed him in silence. Her expression was cold and fixed. It struck him that she, too, had lived past hope and dread.

She did not sit down when she had closed the door, but stood upright, facing him.

He spoke hoarsely.

"I am going upstairs," he said. "I told you once that some day it would see the light again in spite of us both. You can guess what work I shall do to-night."

"Yes," she answered, "I can guess. I gave up long ago."

She looked at him steadily; her eyes dilated a little as if with slow-growing fear of him.

"I knew it would end so," she went on. "I fought against my belief that it would, but it grew stronger every day—every hour. There was no other way."

"No," he replied, "there was no other way."

"I have seen it in your face," she said. "I have heard it in your voice. It has never been absent from your thoughts a moment—nor mine."

He did not speak.

"At first, when he died——"

Her voice faltered and broke, and then rose in a cry almost shrill.

"He did not die!" she cried. "He is not dead. He lives now—*here!* There is no death for him—not even death until it is done."

She panted for breath; her thin chest rose and fell—and yet suddenly she had checked herself again and stood before him with her first strained calm.

"Go," she said. "I cannot hold you. If there is an end to be reached, reach it for God's sake and let him rest."

"Wish me God-speed," he said. "I—have more to bear than you think of."

For answer she repeated steadily words which she had uttered before.

"I do not believe in it; I have never believed for one hour."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A REVOLUTION."

In a month's time the Broxton Bank was an established fact. It had sprung into existence in a manner which astonished even its originator. Haworth had come to him in cool blood and talked the matter over. He had listened to the expounding of his views, and without being apparently much moved by his eloquence, had still shown a disposition to weigh the plan, and having given a few days to deliberation, he had returned a favorable decision.

"The thing sounds well," he said, "and it may be a sharp stroke that way. When the rest on 'em hear on it, it'll set 'em thinkin'. Blast 'em! I like to astonish 'em, an' give 'em summat to chew."

Mr. Ffrench could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He had been secretly conscious of playing a minor part in all business transactions. His pet theories had been thrust aside as worthy of small notice. His continental experience had been openly set at naught. When he had gone to the trouble of explaining his ideas

to the heads of the various departments, he had been conscious of illuminating smiles on the grimy countenances around him. His rather frail physique, his good breeding, his well-modulated voice, had each been the subject of derisive comment.

"Gi' him a puddlin' rake an' let him puddle a bit," he had heard a brawny fellow say, after one of his most practical dissertations.

After his final interview with Haworth, he went home jubilant. At dinner he could speak of nothing else. Miss Ffrench heard the details from beginning to end, and enjoyed them in a manner peculiarly her own.

At the "Who'd ha Thowt it" no little excitement prevailed when the movement was discussed.

"A bank!" said Foxy Gibbs. "An' wheer did he get th' money to set up a bank wi'? Why, he getten it out o' th' workin' mon, an' th' sweat o' th' workin' mon's brow. If theer wur na no banks, theer'd be more money to put in 'em. I dunnot believe i' banks mysen. Let the brass cerkylate—let it cerkylate."

"Aye," said Mr. Briarley, who had reached his second quart, "let it cerkylate, an' he'll ha' more comfort, will th' workin' mon. Theer's too many on 'em," with natural emotion. "They're th' ruin o' th' country. Theer's summat wrong wi' 'em. If they'd gi' a chap summat to put i' 'em theer'd be some chance for him; but that's allus th' way. He has na no chance, hasn't th' workin' mon—he has na no——"

"Shut up!" said Foxy Gibbs.

"Eh?" inquired the orator, weakly and uncertainly.

"Shut up, till tha's getten less beer i' thee!"

"Shut—" repeated Mr. Briarley, winking his eyes slowly,—"up?"

He seized his beer mug and gazed into its depths in some confusion. A deep sigh escaped him.

"That's allus th' road," he faltered. "It's th' road wi' Sararann, an' it's th' road wi' aw on 'em. He has no chance, has na a mon as is misforchnit." And he happily disposed of the beer before Janey opened the door and appeared to marshal him homeward.

But the Broxton Bank was an established fact, and created no small sensation.

"He is a bold fellow, this Haworth," it was said among his rivals, but he will overstep himself one of these days."

"He's set up a bank, has he?" shouted Granny Dixon, on Murdoch's first visit after she had heard the story.

"Yes," Murdoch answered.

She sat glowering at the fire a few moments almost bent double, and then, having deluded her audience into believing she had subsided, suddenly started and came to life again with increased vigor.

"I've getten my brass i' th' Manchester Savin's," she cried, "an' I'll keep it theer."

It seemed unnecessary to reply, and nobody made any remark upon this statement of facts. But the venerable matron had not concluded.

"I'll keep it theer!" she repeated—"keep it theer! I conna bide him, no more than I can bide her." And then she returned to her fire, fixing her great eyes upon it and mumbling with no small elation.

"Th' thing'll break now, for sure," commented her much-tried hostess, sardonically. "It conna stand up agen that, i' reason. Haworth ud better sell th' Works at th' start afore it's too late."

There had been some vague wonder in Murdoch's mind as to what the result of Haworth's outburst against himself would be.

The first time he found himself confronting him as he went to his work-room he spoke to him:

"You said once," he remarked, "that you had kept this room empty because you did not care to be at close quarters with every man. Now——"

"Get thee in, my lad," he interrupted, dryly. "It suits me well enow to ha' you nigh me. Never fear that."

The only outward change made was in his manner. He went about his labor with a deadly persistence. He came early and went home late. The simplest "hand" saw that some powerful force was at work. He was silent and harder in his rule of those under him. He made closer bargains and more daring plans. Men who had been his rivals began to have a kind of fear of him. All he took in hand throve.

"He is a wonderful fellow," said Ffrench to his friends. "Wonderful—wonderful!"

Even the friends in question who were, some of them, county magnates of great dignity, began to find their opinion of the man shaken. In these days there was actually nothing to complain of. The simple little country woman reigned in his household. She attended the Broxton Chapel and dispensed her innocent charities on all sides. Finally a dowager of

high degree (the patroness of a charitable society) made the bold move of calling upon her for a subscription.

"It weren't as hard to talk to her, Jem, as I'd have thought," said Mrs. Haworth afterward. "She began to tell me about the poor women as suffers so, an' somehow I forgot about her bein' so grand. I couldn't think of nothin' but the poor creturs an' their pain, an' when I come to sign my name my 'and trembled so an' my eyes was that full I couldn't hardly tell what I'd put down. To think of them poor things——"

"How much did you give her?" asked Haworth.

"I give her ten pound, my dear, an' ——"

He wrote out a check and handed it to her.

"Go to her to-morrow and give her that," he said. "Happen it 'll be summat new fur her to get fifty at a stroke."

So it began to be understood that the master of "Haworth's" was a bugbear with redeeming points after all. The Broxton Bank had its weight too, and the new cottages which it was necessary to build.

"It is to Haworth after all that you owe the fact that the place is growing," said Ffrench.

There came an evening, when on entering the drawing-room of a county potentate with whom she and her father were to dine, Rachel Ffrench found herself looking directly at Haworth, who stood in the center of a group of guests. They were talking to him with an air of great interest and listening to his off-hand replies with actual respect. Suddenly the tide had turned. Before the evening had passed the man was a lion, and all the more a lion because he had been so long tabooed. He went in to dinner with the lady patroness, and she afterward announced her intention of calling upon his mother in state.

"There is a rough candor about the man, my dear," she said, "which one must respect, and it appears that he has really reformed."

There was no difficulty after this. Mrs. Haworth had visitors every day, who came and examined her and wondered, and, somehow, were never displeased by her tender credulity. She admired them all and believed in them, and was always ready with tears and relief for their pensioners and charities.

"Don't thank me, ma'am," she would say. "Don't never thank me, for it's not me that deserves it, but him that's so ready and generous to every one that suffers. There never was such a kind heart before, it seems to me, ma'am, nor such a lovin' one."

Haworth's wealth, his success, his open-handedness, his past sins, were the chief topics of conversation. To speak of Broxton was to speak of the man who had made it what it was by his daring and his power, and who was an absolute ruler over it and its inhabitants.

Ffrench was a triumphant man. He was a potentate also; he could ride his hobby to the sound of applause. When he expatiated upon "processes," he could gain an audience which was attentive and appreciative. He had not failed this time, at least, and was put down as a shrewd fellow after all.

In the festivities which seemed, somehow, the result of this sudden revulsion of feeling, Rachel Ffrench was naturally a marked figure. Among the women, with whom she was not exactly a favorite, it was still conceded that she was not a young woman whom it was easy to ignore. Her beauty —of which it was impossible to say that she was conscious—was of a type not to be rivaled. When she entered a room, glancing neither to right nor left, those who had seen her before unavoidably looked again, and those who had not were silent as she passed. There was a delicate suggestion of indifference in her manner, which might be real or it might not. Her demeanor toward Haworth never altered, even to the extent of the finest shadow of change.

When they were in a room together his eye followed her with stealthy vigilance, and her knowledge of the fact was not a disturbing one. The intensity of her consciousness was her great strength. She was never unprepared. When he approached her she met him with her little untranslatable smile. He might be bold, or awkward, or desperate, but he never found her outwardly conscious or disturbed, or a shade colder or warmer.

It was only natural that it should not be long before others saw what she, seeing, showed no knowledge of. It was easily seen that he made no effort at concealment. His passion revealed itself in every look and gesture. He could not have controlled it if he would, and would not if he could.

"Let 'em see," he said to himself. "It's naught to them. It's betwixt her and me." He even bore himself with a sullen air of defiance at times, knowing that he had

gained one thing at least. He was nearer to her in one way than any other man; he might come and go as he chose, he saw her day after day, he knew her in-goings and out-comings. The success which had restored her father's fortunes was his success.

"I can make her like a queen among 'em," he said,—like a queen, by George, —and I'll do it."

Every triumph which fell to him he regarded only as it would have weight in her eyes. When society opened its doors to him, he said to himself, "Now she'll see that I can stand up with the best of 'em, gentlemen or no gentlemen!"

When he suddenly found himself a prominent figure—a man deferred to and talked of, he waited with secret feverishness to see what the effect upon her would be.

"It's what women like," he said. "It's what *she* likes more than most on 'em. It'll be bound to tell in the end."

He labored as he had never labored before; his ambitions were boundless; he strove and planned and ventured, lying awake through long hours of the night pondering and building, his daring growing with his success.

There occurred one thing, however, which he had not bargained for. In his laudable enthusiasm Mr. Ffrench could not resist the temptation to sound the praises of his *protégé*. His belief in him had increased instead of diminished with time, as he had been forced regretfully to acknowledge had been the case during the eras of the young man from Manchester and his fellows. He had reason to suspect that a climax had been reached and that his hopes might be realized. It is not every man who keeps on hand a genius. Naturally his friends heard of Murdoch often. Those who came to the Works were taken to his work-room as to a point of interest. He became in time, a feature and was spoken of with a mixture of curiosity and bewilderment. To each visitor Ffrench told in strict confidence the story of his father with due effect.

"And it's my impression," he always added, "that we shall hear more of this invention one of these days. He is a singular fellow—reserved and not easy to read—just the man to carry a purpose in his mind and say nothing of it, and in the end startle society by accomplishing what he has held in view.

Finally, upon one occasion, when his daughter was making her list of invitations for a dinner party they were to give, he turned to her suddenly, with some hesitation in his manner.

"Oh—by the way," he said, "there's Murdoch, we've never had Murdoch."

She wrote the name without comment.

"Who next?" she asked after having done it.

"You see," he went on, waveringly, "there is really nothing which could be an obstacle in the way of our inviting him—really nothing. He is—he is all that we could wish."

The reply he received staggered him.

"It is nonsense," she said, looking up calmly, "to talk of obstacles. I should have invited him long ago."

"You!" he exclaimed. "Would you—really?"

"Yes," she answered. "Why not?"

"Why—not?" he repeated, feebly. "I don't know why not. I thought that perhaps——" and then he broke off. "I wish I had known as much before," he added.

When he received the invitation, Murdoch declined it.

"I should only be out of place," he said candidly to Miss Ffrench. "I should know nobody and nobody would know me. Why should I come?"

"There is a very good reason why you should come," answered the young woman with perfect composure. "*I* am the reason."

There was no further discussion of the point. He was present and Haworth sat opposite to him at the table.

"It's the first time for *him?*" said Haworth to Miss Ffrench afterward.

"It is the first time he has dined here with other people," she answered. "Have you a reason for asking?"

He held his coffee-cup in his hand and glanced over it across the room.

"He is not like the rest on 'em," he said, "but he stands it pretty well, by George!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE BEGINNING."

For some time there had hung over the conduct of Mr. Briarley an air of deep mystery. The boon of his society had been granted to his family even less frequently than ever. His habit of sudden and apparently unaccountable disappearance from the home circle after or even in the midst of an argument had become more than usually pronounced. He went out every night and

invariably returned under the influence of malt liquor.

"Wheer he gets th' brass bangs me," said Mrs. Briarley. "He does na tak' it out o' his wage, that's certain, fur he has na been a ha'penny short fur three week, an' he does na get it o' tick, *that* I know. Bannett at th' 'Public' is na a foo'. Wheer does he get th' brass fro'?"

But this was not easily explained. On being catechised Mr. Briarley either shed tears of penitence or shook his head with deep solemnity of meaning. At times when he began to shake it—if the hour was late and his condition specially foggy—he was with difficulty induced to stop shaking it, but frequently continued to do so with protracted fervor and significance gradually decreasing until he fell asleep. When he was sober he was timorous and abstracted. He started at the sound of the opening door, and apparently existed in a state of secret expectation and alarm.

"I conna tell thee, Sararann," he would say. "At least," with some tremor, "I wunnot tell thee just yet. Thou'lt know i' toime."

He did not patronize the "Who'd ha' Thowt it" as much as formerly, in these days, Janey discovered. He evidently got the beer elsewhere, and at somebody's expense. His explanation of this was a brilliant and happy one, but it was only offered once, in consequence of the mode of its reception by his hearers. He presented it suddenly one night after some moments of silence and mental research.

"Theer's a gentlemon as is a friend o' moine," he said, "as has had uncommon luck. His heirs has deed an' left him a forchin, an' he's come into it, an' he's very mich tuk wi' me. I dunnot know as I ivver seed ony one as mich tuk wi' me, Sararann—an' his heirs deein' an' leavin' him a forchin—that theer's how it is, Sararann,—that theer's how it is."

"Tha brazant leer!" cried Mrs. Briarley, aghast. "Tha brazant leer! Get out wi' thee!" in an outburst of indignation. "Thee an' thy forchins an' heirs deein'—as if it wur na bad enow at th' start. A noice chap tha art to set thysen up to know gentlefolks wi' heirs to dee an' leave 'em brass. Eh! Bless us! what art tha comin' too?"

The result was not satisfactory, as Mr. Briarley felt keenly.

"Tha hast getten no confydence i' me, Sararann," he said in weak protest. "Tha has na no faith—nor yet," following the train of thought with manifest uncertainty, —"nor yet no works."

The situation was so painful, however, that he made no further efforts of the imagination to elucidate the matter, and it remained temporarily obscured in mystery.

Only temporarily, however. A few weeks afterward Ffrench came down to the Works in great excitement. He went to Haworth's room, and finding him there, shut the door and almost dropped into a chair.

"What's up?" demanded Haworth, with some impatience. "What's up, man?"

"You haven't heard the report?" Ffrench answered, tremulously. "It hasn't reached you yet?"

"I've heard nowt to upset me. Out with it! What's up?"

He was plainly startled, and lost a shade of color, but he held himself boldly. Ffrench explained himself with trepidation.

"The hands in Marfort and Molton and Howton are on the strike, and those in Dillup and Burton are plainly about to follow suit. I've just got a Manchester paper, which says the lookout is bad all over the country. Meetings have been going on in secret for some time."

He stopped and sat staring at his partner. Haworth was deathly pale. He seemed, for a moment, to lack breath, and then suddenly the dark color rushed to his face again.

"By——" he began, and stopped with the oath upon his lips.

"Don't swear, for pity's sake," broke forth Ffrench, finding courage for protest in his very desperation. "It's not the time for it. Let's look the thing in the face."

"Look it in the face," Haworth repeated. "Aye, let's."

He said the words with a fierce sneer.

"Aye, look it in the face, man," he said again. "That's th' thing to do."

He bent forward, extending his hand across the table.

"Let's see th' paper," he demanded.

Ffrench gave it to him, and he read the paragraphs referred to in silence. When he had finished them, he folded the paper again mechanically.

"They might have done it last year and welcome, blast 'em!" he said.

Ffrench began to tremble.

"You've ventured a good deal of late, Haworth," he said, weakly. "You've done some pretty daring things, you know—and ——"

Haworth turned on him.

"If I lose all I've made," he said, hoarsely, "shall I lose aught of yours, lad?"

Ffrench did not reply. He sat playing with his watch-chain nervously. He had cause for anxiousness on his own score, and his soul quaked within him.

"What is to be done?" he ventured at last.

"There's only one thing to be done," Haworth answered, pushing his chair back. "Stop it here—at th' start."

"Stop it?" Ffrench echoed, in amazement.

"Aye, stop it."

He got up and took his hat down and put it on.

"I'm going round th' place and about th' yards and into th' town," he said. "There's naught for you to do but keep quiet. Th' quieter you keep th' better for us. Go on as if you'd heard naught. Stay here a bit, and then walk over to th' bank, Look alive, man!"

He went out and left Ffrench alone. In the passage he came upon a couple of men who were talking together in low voices. They started at sight of him and walked away slowly.

He went first to the engine-room. There he found Floxham and Murdoch talking also. The old engineer wore an irritable air, and was plainly in a testy mood. Murdoch looked fagged and pale. Of late he was often so. As Haworth entered he turned toward him, uttering an exclamation.

"He is here now," he said. "That is well enough."

Floxham gave him a glance from under his bent, bushy brows.

"Aye," he answered. "We may as well out wi' it."

He touched his cap clumsily.

"Tell him," he said to Murdoch, "an' ha' it over."

Murdoch spoke in a cool, low voice.

"I have found out," he said "that there is trouble on foot. I began to suspect it a week ago. Some rough fellows from Manchester and Molton have been holding secret meetings at a low place here. Some of the hands have been attending them. Last night a worse and larger gang came and remained in the town. They are here now. They mean mischief at least, and there are reports afloat that strikes are breaking out on all sides."

Haworth turned abruptly to Floxham.

"Where do you stand?" he asked roughly.

The old fellow laid his grimy hand upon his engine.

"I stand here, my lad," he answered. "That's wheer—an' I'll stick to it, unions or no unions."

"That's the worst side of the trouble," said Murdoch. "Those who would hold themselves aloof from the rest will be afraid of the trades unions. If worst comes to worst, their very lives will be in danger. They know that, and so do we."

"Aye, lad," said Floxham, "an' tha'rt reet theer."

Haworth ground his teeth and swore under his breath. Then he spoke to Murdoch.

"How is it going on here?" he asked.

"Badly enough, in a quiet way. You had better go and see for yourself."

He went out, walking from room to room, through the yards and wherever men were at work. Here and there a place was vacant. Where the work went on, it went on dully; he saw dogged faces and subdued ones; those who looked up as he passed wore an almost deprecatory air; those who did not look up at all, bent over their tasks with an expression which was at least negatively defiant. His keen eye discovered favorable symptoms, however; those who were in evil mood were his worst workmen—men who had their off days of drunken stupor and idleness, and the heads of departments were plainly making an effort to stir briskly and ignore the presence of any cloud upon their labor.

By the time he had made the rounds he had grasped the situation fully. The strait was desperate, but not as bad as it might have been.

"I *may* hold 'em," he said to himself, between his teeth. "And by the Lord Harry I'll try hard for it."

He went over to the bank and found Ffrench in his private room, pale and out of all courage.

"There will be a run on us by this time to-morrow," he said. "I see signs of it already."

"Will there?" said Haworth. "We'll see about that. Wait a bit, my lads!"

He went into the town and spent an hour or so taking a sharp lookout. Nothing escaped him. There were more idlers than usual about the ale houses, and more than once he passed two or three women talking together with anxious faces and in undertones. As he was passing one such group one of the women saw him and started.

"Theer he is!" she said, and her companion turned with her and they both stopped talking to look after him.

Before returning he went up to his partner's house. He asked for Miss Ffrench and was shown into the room where she sat writing letters. She neither looked pleased nor displeased when she saw him, but rose to greet him at once. She gave him a rather long look.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Suddenly he felt less bold. The heat of his excitement failed to sustain him. He was all unstrung.

"I've come to tell you not to go out," he said. "There's trouble afoot—in the trade. There's no knowing how it'll turn out. There's a lot of chaps in th' town who are not in th' mood to see aught that'll fret 'em. They're ready for mischief, and have got drink in 'em. Stay you here until we see which way th' thing's going."

"Do you mean," she demanded, "that there are signs of a strike?"

"There's more than signs of it," he answered, sullenly. "Before night the whole place will be astir."

She moved across the room and pulled the bell. A servant answered the summons instantly.

"I want the carriage," she said.

Then she turned to Haworth with a smile of actual triumph.

"*Nothing* would keep me at home," she said. "I shall drive through the town and back again. Do you think I will let them fancy that *I* am afraid of them?"

"You're not afraid?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"I afraid?" she answered, "*I?*"

"Wait here," she added. She left the room, and in less than ten minutes returned. He had never before seen in her the fire he saw then. There was a spark of light in her eyes, a color on her cheek. She had chosen her dress with distinct care for its luxurious richness. His exclamation, as she entered buttoning her long, delicate glove, was a repressed oath. He exulted in her. His fear for her was gone, and only this exultation remained.

"You've made up your mind to that?" he said. He wanted to make her say more.

"I am going to see your mother," she answered. "That will take me outside of the town, then I shall drive back again—slowly. They shall understand me at least."

She let him lead her out to the carriage, which by this time was waiting. After she was seated in it, she bent forward and spoke to him.

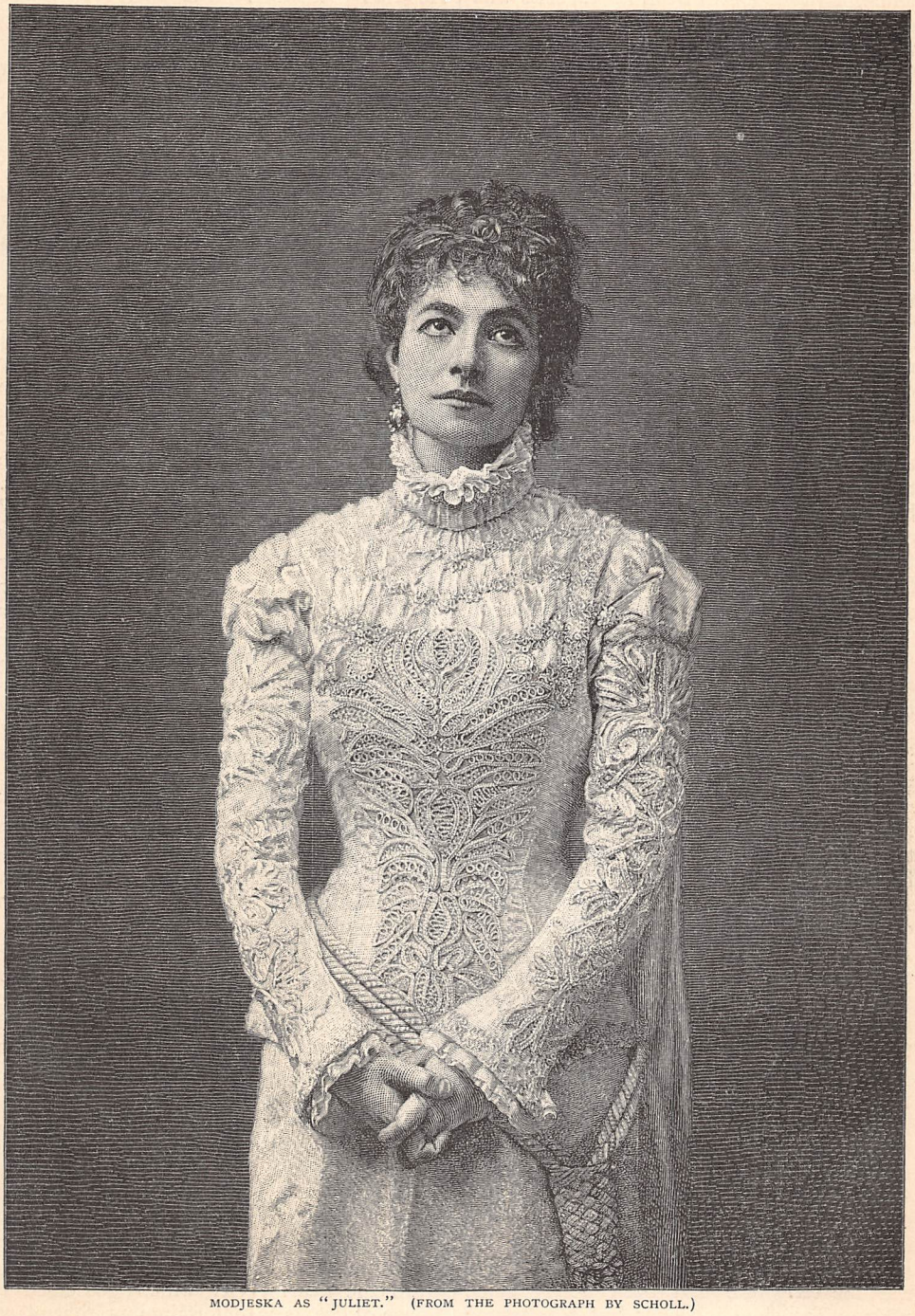
"Tell my father where I am going and why," she said.

(To be continued.)

THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long,
They watch their sheep on the wide, silent plain;
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
Blithe Pan is dead and tales of ancient wrong
Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,
Chanted to waxèd pipes, no prize can gain:
O sweetest singer of the olden days,
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead,
The gods are gone, but poets never die;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
Sicilian nightingales enrapturèd
Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

MODJESKA.



MODJESKA AS "JULIET." (FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHOLL.)

In the year of our Centenary, a son and daughter of Poland reached Philadelphia *via* Hamburg, visited the Exhibition, and took the Pacific Mail Steamer to Panama and San Francisco. It seemed natural to the man to be an exile; he belonged to an an-

cient noble family of Poland, in which the crime of patriotism is hereditary. His wife needed rest after many years of exciting work at a profession in which few excel. Charles Bozenta was glad to get away from the ignoble censorship of Russia; Helena Modjeska, from the worries of the Imperial theater of Warsaw. The proscribed exile, prisoner, and "shadowed" editor longed for rest in the broad bosom of the United States. The vexed and too noisily admired actress needed a holiday to recruit her health; she dreamed of the happiness of a farmer's life far across the sea. So it was that California awoke one morning with two new citizens, so far as applications for that honor could make them citizens,—with two Polish investors in real estate. What could be better than a rancheria in Southern California? Quick then! cattle for a dairy and creamy milk, fowls for new laid eggs, and, above all things, mustangs for wild rides across the bare stretches of the Western slope! Whoever has seen the entrance of a family of Germans upon that farm of Indiana which they at last have bought with their hard-earned thalers will appreciate the humor of the situation. For these are settlers who neither sleep in a hut until a house is built, nor add one cow to another until the herd is formed. How can you expect it? They are children off for a grand holiday; not German immigrants. When they get finally settled and going they will write out to their friends in Warsaw,—some of the editors and artists, noblemen and merchants, who frequented their house of old,—and these will come to build up a small free Poland in California. Madame Helena wants a pastoral life, but, of course, without drudgery. She longs for Arcadia and all its flocks, with the base particulars of murrain and wolves left out. And so, as a matter of course, the cows give no milk whatever; the fowls indeed will sometimes deign to lay an egg; but Madame's poodle finds it and the bull-dog of Monsieur devours it. Well, what does it matter? They are artists and Poles.

Helena Benda, born in Cracow in 1844, married to G. S. Modjeski in 1860, and to Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski in 1868, deprived the stage of Warsaw of its chief boast, when in 1876 she insisted on an indefinite leave of absence from the Imperial theater. She had been acting since 1861, when she made her first appearance in the small town of Bochnia. She traveled afterward with her brothers, both of them actors, and in 1863 performed at a theater of her own in Czerniowce, the capital of the Austrian Bukowina. The year 1865 found her the leading actress in Cracow, and in 1868 she made a triumphant *entrée* upon the Warsaw stage. The following year she was engaged for life to the Imperial theaters there, and began to introduce to the Poles the highest class of tragedy. Shakspere, Corneille, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Moreto—these were the authors she put on the stage. Coming of a family of actors, actresses and musicians, she was taught by Jasinski, a dramatic author of repute, who was also scenic manager in Cracow and Warsaw. But not only did she become the first actress of the land; she was personally beloved. On the night of her farewell performance, after having been called innumerable times before the curtain, she found the street from the theater to her house packed with enthusiastic fellow-countrymen. When she drove to the railway station the ways were again crowded. Their cries were "*Niech zyge Modrzejewska!*" ("Viva Modjeska!") "*Pani Helena, wracaj do kraju!*" ("Madame Helena, return to thy native land!") Among many cartoons in the illustrated papers there was one in which the popular idol is represented aboard ship. In the air a cloud of little winged hearts fly after her, and the legend underneath explains that all the hearts of her countrymen follow her. The poets and poetasters of Warsaw lament in graceful lines her departure. What wonder that after fifteen years of the feverish triumphs, worries and inevitable vexations of an actor's life, the very opposite extreme—to manage a rancheria of Southern California—seemed the best thing in the world? But what wonder, too, that Arcadia should soon begin to cloy?

The stage is a candle that the actor-moth cannot escape. The actress who has seen an amphitheater kindle with the excitement she herself has called forth and partly shares sooner or later must return to the boards. It is true that on the California farm the mustangs fully come up to expectation, but in the long run even the success of rides on horseback will not atone for the fiasco of milkless kine and eggless poultry. Alas, theatricals on a rancho are worse than private! Now San Francisco was not Warsaw; but it has a stage. Madame Modjeska gravitated naturally toward the nearest city which possessed a house of dramatic entertainment, that place of spells where pleasures and vexations succeed each other in equal force. In February she took it into her head to learn English,

beginning with her A, B, C. In June of the same year she was offered a chief rôle in a play in San Francisco,—why not accept it? To attempt English drama while yet so imperfect in the language was somewhat mad, but the whole journey was on a holiday basis, and a little craziness was only one item on the programme. If failure awaited her, who would hear of it? Few outside of Poland were acquainted with her name, because she spoke neither French nor German well enough to figure on the stage of Paris or Berlin. Being a still greater stranger in the United States, not even New York would hear of a fiasco. She accepted, played "Adrienne Lecouvreur," made a success. At once came offers for "star engagements" through the States. Then it was that we first began to hear of a new actress with a strange name who had been heralded through none of the approved channels of theatrical report. Owing partly to differences of language, but more to the ignorance in which Europe is maintained concerning Russianized Poland, this newcomer missed the support which other artists gain from laurels previously won in Italy, France, England or Germany. Warsaw is but a minor city of the gigantic Russian commonwealth.

The handsome old town on the west bank of the Weichsel is guarded with unflinching vigilance by the powerful Alexander fort. Warsaw at the present day has a mixed population of Poles, Jews, Germans and Russians. In past centuries races were still more blended. Now it was the Swedes under Charles, now the Saxons and Poles, now the Russians, now the Prussians who stormed or took peaceable possession of Warsaw. While remaining with singular unanimity Polish in sentiment, the populace became much mixed with various strains of race. Cracow, the ancient capital of the early Polish princes, where Madame Modjeska was born, had almost as eventful a history. Bohemians, Mongols, Swedes and Russians captured it in turn. How much the same forces were at work before historical times no one knows. Madame Modjeska, at any rate, has some German and some Hungarian blood in her veins. Her husband is more purely Polish. His great-uncle was that General Chlapowski who was *aide-de-camp* to Napoleon and commanded a wing of the French army on the march to Moscow. His uncle conducted the Polish rising in 1830, when those royal cannibals, Russia, Prussia and Austria, strangled unhappy Poland and divided her up among themselves. Since 1846 Cracow has been incorporated with Austria. Since 1835 the Russian cannon in the Alexander fort have kept Warsaw quiet, and the nephew and grand-nephew of the Chlapowskis has made himself useful in various honorable employments. His career as editor in various cities has been interrupted by visits to Prussian and Russian political prisons because he was thought a dangerous person to governments, uneasy, as all robbers must be, lest their ill-gotten spoil be taken from them again. He has also been a manager of a company in Warsaw for insurance against fire; but his best title to our respect and gratitude lies in the fact that he brought to the United States so admirable an artist as his wife.

The word artist has been much abused, particularly in Europe. Madame Modjeska, however, is an artist in the highest sense —as her fellow-countryman, Chopin, was an artist in music, as De Musset in poetry, Millet in painting, Rachel in acting. She not merely served an apprenticeship to the profession and learned early to be at home on the stage in the face of an excitable, demonstrative audience, but has taken the step beyond excellence into the rank of master. In her *Juliet* it is enough to hear the tone of voice and see the gesture with which she asks her nurse who the masked *Romeo* may be. She strikes at once the key-note of passion and tragedy which, piling up higher and higher, culminates in the savage triumph of death in the last scene. Independently of the play, her acting culminates in the potion scene where *Juliet* conjures up the specters of her dead and slaughtered kinsman in the well-known ghastly words. In this scene, Modjeska rises to the highest of her art. The look she gives is that of a victim of hallucination; her action in flying across the stage and throwing herself into a chair is marvelous; the cry that issues from her parted lips is not loud, but for that reason far more terrible. Neither is it a whisper or a gasp. Such points are the results of a life-time of careful training in one who has a natural genius for the actor's craft.

Owing to comparative obscurity, Modjeska is compelled to play a number of dramas in which she does not fully believe. She does them conscientiously, and would resent the idea that her acting in one is not as good as in another. But it is noticeable that the greater the caliber of the play, the stronger shines her art. This is the test of genius. In "Frou-Frou" she is popular and successful—

but she is playing at a loss; her talents are wasted. In "Camille" she shows better, yet even then her whole heart is not in it. There is room for doubt whether she likes the play or not. In "Romeo and Juliet" her whole force is aroused, for Shakspere speaks to the artistic nature, be it that of the theater or not. Her acting of *Juliet* presents a series of modulations delicately felt and most carefully thought out. Modjeska is not weighed down by the immediate action of the scene to the extent of losing sight for a moment of the story as a whole. Everything is proportioned. And yet, in seeing her, who would think that she kept such general ideas in mind? For the minuteness and beauty of particular attitudes, tones and gestures,

MODJESKA. (FROM THE PAINTING BY CAROLUS DURAN, PLACED BY PARIS HALDEMAN, ESQ., IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.)

MODJESKA AS "CLEOPATRA." (BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.)

suggest constant thought and attention. They are all studied—but only in a certain sense. They are studied in the deep sense. The real work has gone before and the true integral meaning of the scene been fixed in mind of the actress. Yet that these very particulars are not slavishly learned is apparent from the fact that they are not always the same in two successive representations. This gives them spontaneity. When we read how Rachel counted her steps and dropped, just so, each fold of her dress, whenever the same action recurred, we feel, either that she has been misreported, or that to-day her genius can be eclipsed. For step-counting and rigid adherence to a fixed formula of gesture must be looked upon as nothing short of slavishness in the highest walks of the profession.

That Madame Modjeska should play Shakspere will not seem so bold when it is remembered that the Polish stage, like that of Germany, is supplied with admirable translations of his dramas. Germany and Poland appreciate Shakspere far better than England and America, if we measure appreciation by the number of his plays acted during the current year. It was a financial sacrifice on the part of Madame Modjeska to offer "Romeo and Juliet" to a lukewarm community. Dumas is far better appreciated. In respect to the favorite play by Dumas which has shown Madame Modjeska to the greatest number of American audiences, it must be said that no actress has equally purified and ennobled the character of *Marguérite Gautier*, or as we call her, *Camille*. The atmosphere of baseness that surrounds the heroine in that drama must be adhered to—for

without it the play does not exist. But it is Madame Modjeska's privilege as an actress to show with great realism the pathos of *Camille's* fate, and yet as a woman to invest her with so ideal a dignity that the spectator absolutely forgets to think of her as belonging to a dishonorable class. Had the actress been one whit less delicate-minded or less intelligent, realism would have triumphed over the ideal, and we should have felt the same disgust that must arise in clean minds on reading the play called "La Dame aux Camélias." We should have seen an exhibition of the questionable taste that inspires Mademoiselle Croizette when, on the classic boards of the Théâtre Français, she copies faithfully the contortions of death, said to have been learned from physicians and from personal study in the hospitals of Paris.

It may well be a feather in the cap of any actor to have learned English in so short a time and to have made a creditable appearance. Madame Modjeska had more to cope with than a foreign accent. She was wanting in that *sine qua non*—a European reputation. Considering that fact her success was great. For beyond all doubt the bulk of theater-goers in this country care little for, and know little about, the stage. They are much more influenced by a reputation than by real merits, for they respect the former and are not critical enough for the latter. This must be the explanation for the singular and deceptive success which attends the first season of any celebrity in the United States. The mass of people go once for the novelty; few go often because they really appreciate the artist. Each representation of "Romeo and Juliet" was a fresh combat with the prejudices roused by her accent, by the poor support that appears to be inevitable in "star" acting, and by the want of theatrical education on the part of audiences. Applause was not ready to burst forth; it was extorted by sheer force of excellence from our unemotional fellow-countrymen. No European successes pointed the way, as was the case with Rachel, Ristori and Salvini. The frankly ignorant and the weak-kneed would-be connoisseur were forced to return a verdict on their own responsibilities. An actor who can win unbiased plaudits after this fashion has roots in past energies of one kind or another. Acting is not an art for prodigies. Madame Modjeska comes of a family of actors. Her father was a musician of note and she has not neglected, in the study of her own profession, kindred arts that seem at first blush wholly unconnected with the stage. It was while reading Homer that she had her first dawning consciousness of what art is. Music has taught her things in her own profession that the composer little dreamed of. Sculpture has given her ideas of scenic effects akin to those that ruled the Athenian stage, and poetry has taught her to feel the beauty of what she is to act before she puts the ideas into plastic forms and adds action to the highest efforts of literature. That is why she moves unwilling or indifferent audiences. The acting of Madame Modjeska stands on the same high level with the best in literature, music and the fine arts.

It is indeed a fact that the noblest efforts of civilization radiate from one common center; the drama, when exercised in the right spirit, shows its fundamental kinship with poetry and the arts. That such a claim is not too great for the drama in general, and, in particular, for this Polish genius, is proved by the effect which the acting of Madame Modjeska exerts on poets, musicians, artists. In Warsaw the best artistic and literary people make her house a rendezvous. She possesses many substantial, if not costly, testimonials of the admiration and personal esteem of men and women whose names are known all over Europe for genius in various fields of art. The poets and scribblers of Poland have sung her triumphs on the boards and her charms of character in domestic life. Painters find her acting a school of emotion expressed in tableaux, and sculptors can profit by the natural grace combined with intelligent posing with which she places herself on the stage. Her acting presents a series of delightful studies; she falls both naturally and through wise management into one graceful or expressive pose after another. In this she is helped by her physique; spare, without being thin; she is slender yet well knit, and endowed by nature with what painters call "fine lengths," that is to say, harmonious and noble proportions. Women who think much of dress are in ecstasies over her choice of materials, the beauty and appropriateness of her costumes, and the lady-like management both of her person and garments. Naturally enough this is no unimportant part, as all theater-goers are aware. Musicians will hear in the vibrations of her harmonious and well-trained voice that deep intensity which is sometimes lacking in their own

art, but, when it is struck, forms their greatest triumph. Indeed, for average theatergoers, Modjeska may be said to act too well. She is too intense, too varied, too sudden and unexpected in her changes of tone and position to be accepted at once and heartily by persons who are used, as American and English people are, to see every one about them thoroughly under self-control, and who are often cautious to a ludicrous degree in expressing themselves. A Boston woman said of her: "If I only once dared to admire her acting, I should be carried away by it." That struck the note. We do not dare admire what clashes with our national reserve. Yet in spite of ourselves we Americans soon thawed from our reserve and steadily increased our applause from the first scene to the last.

In the late Mr. Lewes's book on actors and the art of acting, he says: "Rachel was the panther of the stage; with a panther's terrible beauty and undulating grace she moved and stood, glared and sprang. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust, and merciless malignity she could represent in symbols of irresistible power; but she had little tenderness, no womanly caressing softness, no gayety, no heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable. But somehow you always felt in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent wickedness." So far as can be learned from those who saw her, Rachel was hardly the superior of Modjeska in stage skill. According to Mr. Lewes, she was wanting in qualities in which the Polish actress is pre-eminent. Madame Modjeska is full of gayety, not violent or riotous, but well controlled, and her womanly manner is winning her admirers in this country almost as warm as those in Poland. Unlike so many women who have reached high levels in the dramatic art, she has lost nothing of her womanliness. Men, who are more sensitive than women to that lack, find her personality feminine, and women have no charge of masculinity to bring against her. But particularly does she not possess the slightest suggestion of wickedness. So far is she from such a character that in her hands rôles which exhibit depraved women are elevated and purified by her management of them. Goodness, rather than wickedness, is the suggestion flowing from Madame Modjeska's theory and practice. Her tendency is upward, and the influence she carries with her before the foot-lights is highly moral as well as æsthetic. In this she is the superior of Sarah Bernhardt, the actress of the present with whom she is most likely to be compared. Moreover, she is a most conscientious artist, and in that like Ristori, while in other respects greater. She does not, like Rachel in her later days and like Sarah Bernhardt already, play indifferently at times—almost carelessly—until the moment comes for a telling point, in order to flash out then into action of the highest strain. Madame Modjeska gives sufficient attention to all parts of a rôle, and modifies and subordinates the parts in such a manner that the play becomes a finely molded, organic whole. Of course so thorough a workman leaves none of the minor things undone,—those minor things which it is the tendency in all the arts to raise to the dignity of major questions. Thus she studies her costumes for *Cleopatra* or *Juliet*, looks up Greek bass-reliefs for *Medea*, and tries to bring realism into strong play without letting it usurp the interest of an audience.

Modjeska may have her equal, possibly her superior in certain directions, but it is doubtful if Europe possess so well rounded a genius for the stage as she. Madame Walter of Berlin is said to be unrivaled in heavy tragedy; Janauschek has proved in America her marked tragic genius; Bernhardt has her rôles in which she is unsurpassed; but none of these can run the gamut of the emotions like Modjeska. It is noticeable that although the lack of public taste forces her to play the lighter tragedy of the late French Empire, she improves in her acting exactly in proportion to the beauty and depth of the play. Having seen her *Juliet* one thinks of *Medea*. How she would throw fire and terror into that wonderful drama! And her *Cleopatra!* No living actress, unless it be Bernhardt, could enact with equal power the "serpent of old Nile." It is a pity that such a rare bird of passage could not be caught and persuaded to stay with us. She alone would form a powerful school for the education of our youthful actors and actresses.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

"EINAR KNEW IT AT THE FIRST GLANCE."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASTOR HAS AN IDEA.

It was the week before the November elections. Einar was sitting alone in the office, reading a still damp copy of "The Banner," containing the pastor's latest onslaught on Norderud. It was entitled "Slanderous and Lying Insinuations Refuted and a Question Answered"; was divided into nine heads, each containing a distinct charge against the offender, and well fortified with Biblical quotations. The quarrel had been running on for several weeks, and had now reached a degree of acerbity that, if the combatants had been men of southern fervor and susceptibility, would necessarily have led to challenges and sanguinary encounters. The northern nature is cooler, I suppose, and less dramatic, but it

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still retains the memory of an insult and nurses it with a certain vindictive fondness. Thus the insulting epithets which the pastor had applied to his name kept rankling in Norderud's bosom, and the assailant, who had, on his part, little or nothing to resent, felt, aside from personal considerations, a certain moral obligation to continue the controversy, because he would be doing God a service if he succeeded in making it impossible for Norderud to be a candidate. To this end he busied himself with various ingenious schemes, which certainly must have appeared good in the eyes of Providence, judging by the wholly unexpected manner in which it played into his hands. It is fortunate that the acts of Providence lend themselves to such a variety of interpretations; at all events, Mr. Falconberg never smote his personal enemies without having the comfortable conviction that the Almighty was on his side. He was really too proud to be a hypocrite—too profoundly impressed with his own grandeur to feel the need of a moral disguise. He was conscious of housing such an abundant store of laudable motives within his capacious breast that even an act which, on the face of it, appeared anything but sublime, was sufficiently sanctioned by the fact that he was its author. And this may, in a measure, account for the unblushing directness with which, in the interview which I am about to relate, he divulged his plans for Norderud's political destruction to the man from whom he had presumably the least possible reason to expect sympathy in such an undertaking.

The hour immediately succeeding dinner was the time when Hardanger usually took its afternoon siesta, and when, consequently, calls were rare at "The Citizen" office. Having finished the reading of the article upon "Slanderous and Lying Insinuations," Einar had lighted a cigar, and was leaning back in his chair, with his legs resting on the corner of the mahogany writing-desk. He was plotting a pungent rejoinder, and was chuckling inwardly at the thought of a certain *naive* fierceness in the pastor's effusions, which offered beautiful opportunities for ridicule; then suddenly there came a very determined rap on the door, and, to his unutterable surprise, Einar saw in the next moment Mr. Falconberg's massive figure filling the opening. He sprang from his seat, made a bow of slightly exaggerated politeness, and placed a chair for his visitor. The pastor extended his hand, and his nephew shook it, a little frigidly, perhaps, and with a look of grave, wondering inquiry. He felt sure that his uncle had come on some portentous errand, and a second glance at his face immediately convinced him what it was. With a sort of prophetic dread he had long anticipated the scene which was now impending; but his sanguine trust that the providential arrangement of things would somehow be in accordance with his own wishes, had inclined him to defer it to an indefinite future. The pastor seated himself with pompous deliberateness; for the concavity of his back and the corresponding convexity of his frontal development restrained in his physical being that rashness which not unfrequently characterized his mental movements. His eyes rested on Einar's features with a look which the latter had never observed in them before; it was, as far as he could interpret it, a look of interest mingled with a half paternal severity.

"My visit seems to surprise you," began he, in his splendid sonorous bass. "To be sure, our intercourse has not been very intimate of late,—not what you would expect *inter fratres et amicos*, eh?"

Mr. Falconberg, who piqued himself on his diplomatic tact, thought this rather a dexterous hint, and by way of a smile displayed two magnificent rows of teeth—the effect of which was, however, anything but mirthful.

"I have long ago ceased to wonder, Mr. Pastor," responded Einar, with a vexation which he found it hard to suppress. "Since you have, so to speak, become the right hand of 'The Banner,' nothing can surprise me, not even if you were to offer your left —to me."

His manners toward the pastor had never been conciliatory, and now he gave himself the satisfaction of showing that, come what might, he would have sufficient spirit left to grapple with it. Mr. Falconberg, unprepared for such a reception, jumped up as suddenly as the amplitude of his person would permit, took a few long strides across the floor, then turned abruptly toward Einar, and, with a glance at the door leading into the next room, said:

"Are we alone?"

"We are."

"And you will be at leisure for the next hour?"

"Probably; but we may be interrupted."

The pastor took a step toward the outer door, turned the key, and put it in his pocket.

"Pardon me," he said, while his eyes

rested with a cold, uncomfortable glitter on his interlocutor, "if I take precautions against that possibility. We *must* not be interrupted. The matter I have come to discuss with you is one of the utmost importance."

If Einar had had any doubt as to the object of his uncle's visit, that doubt would now have been dispelled. And still, as long as there was the faintest possibility that he might be mistaken, he had clung to that possibility with feverish tenacity. It seemed so hard to believe that God, who had permitted him by patient toil to rebuild his fair name in this new world, should thus suddenly sweep away the well-earned fruits of his labor, and turn him out once more as a wanderer and a vagabond upon the earth. In a swift flash the terribleness of his situation stood before him; the certainty of dishonor staring him in the face, and the sense of the utter futility of all his endeavors, rushed in upon him with a wild, overwhelming force; and the bitterest of all—no longer to meet Helga's gaze with that sweet consciousness of fellowship and mutual understanding, but to quail before it like a culprit. He had an instinctive conviction that, with all its generosity, her nature was not without a touch of sternness; to her no compromise with evil was possible; if she were brought face to face with sin, her judgment would, therefore, hardly be a lenient one. Her very uprightness and that singleness of purpose which characterized all her actions would make it next to impossible to explain to her that intricacy of motives which had led him away from the path of right.

With all these bitter thoughts whirling through his head, Einar felt no impulse to remonstrate with the pastor, but could only quietly acquiesce in his preparations for the disclosure.

"My young friend," began Mr. Falconberg in a softer voice, as he drew his chair up to the desk where Einar was sitting, "I should like to preface what I have to say with a few words concerning our personal relations in the past. Let me therefore tell you that you have hitherto, probably without intention, persistently misinterpreted all my actions, and misunderstood the motives which prompted them. But let me say no more of that, as I trust that we shall understand each other better in the future. From the first moment I saw you, I was greatly impressed, not only with your gentlemanly and dignified exterior, but also with your culture and your varied accomplishments. Since you took charge of this paper, your talents, although you were constantly employing them against my interests, have caused me to wonder. This, I thought, is something more than common cleverness, something more than the common volubility of self-confident youth. It is, if I may use the word, closely akin to genius. This led me to the suspicion that you were for some reason or other concealing your real name, and that you possibly belonged to one of the great families of our native land, in which dignity of presence and strength of intellect have long been transmitted from father to son, as the surest heritage."

These last sentences were pronounced with a solemn emphasis, which could not have failed to impress Einar, even if they had not been uttered in a voice which had the power to rouse the most painful remembrances from that past which he had vainly striven to forget. Moreover, with all their shrewdness of intention, they were not without a certain ring of sincerity. For Mr. Falconberg was profoundly skeptical of genius outside of his own family. If any of his neighbors who had children told him of a precocious act or a clever repartee, he always accepted it as a vague challenge, and never failed to relate an exactly parallel case about his own or his brother's children. It gave him a good deal of satisfaction, therefore, to know that this young man, who had dealt him so many a severe blow, was somehow remotely indebted to him or to his own blood for his very power to do him injury.

"You have nothing to answer," continued he, in the same mild, persuasive bass. "I may be allowed to infer, then, that my suspicions were not altogether unfounded."

Einar ran his fingers nervously through his hair, then rubbed his eyes, as with a desperate effort to clear his mental vision.

"Perhaps," the pastor went on, "you may recognize this name and this handwriting."

He carefully unfolded a letter, and laid it before Einar on the desk. That minute, timid hand, with the small, thin letters so scrupulously dotted, how expressive of the tender, subdued spirit of the writer! Einar knew it at the first glance, and the tears blinded his sight.

"It is my mother's," he whispered, hoarsely, as he caught up the paper and gazed at it with dim, affectionate eyes.

He was well aware that his uncle had

nothing beyond his own suspicions whereby to prove his identity—that all rested upon his own confession, and a denial might, in all likelihood, save him from disgrace. But who could hear his mother's appeal, and willfully deny her?

Mr. Falconberg, too, found it incumbent upon him to make some show of emotion. He leaned forward, and laid his arm on his nephew's shoulder.

"I cannot but regret," he said, "that we should have lived so long in each other's presence without knowing each other. Your mother has but recently written me your history and the cause of your exile. From your father I have also had several letters, but he has never referred to you. But if you had applied to me in the first place as a kinsman, instead of assuming a false mask, I should have opened my arms and my heart to receive you, and I might easily have prevented your forming these baleful associations, which, I am afraid, you cannot break without considerable difficulty."

Einar gave a quick glance from his letter to the pastor's face, as if he did not quite comprehend his meaning.

"Of course," continued the prelate with imperturbable confidence, "I take it for granted, that now, recognizing the claims of blood, we shall no longer be divided in our aims but join hands, as it behooves those whom God has placed in so close a relation to each other. I am willing to let the past be past. I do not condemn you for what you have done, for I know how easy it is to make a misstep and how long and hard is the path of repentance. You may rely upon my silence, which my own self-interest would prompt no less than my regard for you. And in return I ask nothing except that you shall break off your connection with Norderud and abandon the editorship of this paper. I have many influential friends, and I will open a new sphere of usefulness for you either here or elsewhere."

Einar looked up once more with a vague sense of alarm, and the dim intensity of feeling which had been laboring within him began to crystallize into two definite alternatives. The choice was evidently still his own. Should he betray those who with noble unselfishness had offered him their hands when he stood on the brink of ruin, strike a compromise with his uncle and continue his former course of concealment and duplicity? Or should he gather all his strength for a final great resolve, bid defiance to the power which, though shrouded in soft words, still hung threateningly over his head, and by a fearless avowal of his past rid himself of the burden which had clung like a damp, sickening vapor to his soul? It may seem strange that this constant consciousness of guilt had not produced a reckless apathy, an indiscriminating bluntness of vision, both toward good and evil. But it must be remembered that that youthful elasticity of spirit which had in the fatal moment made the guilt possible, was in itself a safeguard against permanent prostration. During these uneasy years of mental conflict he had never ceased to yearn for his lost purity, and the ever present thought of her whom he loved had intensified this yearning into an active need, and a burning aspiration. Now was the moment to prove that he was not unworthy of her trust, that the love he bore her was a warm and living love, giving him strength even to renounce her.

With an impetuous movement he sprang up from his seat; the pastor, unprepared for such a demonstration, pushed his chair back and raised his arms in an attitude of defense, as if he were expecting a blow.

"Young man," he cried, "consider well what you do. I know that a hot temper runs in our blood. I am peacefully inclined. If we separate as enemies to-day it is yourself you will have to blame for it."

"Enemies! enemies!" repeated Einar, while a deep inward tremor shook his voice. "What can we be but enemies when you come to insult me with dishonorable offers of peace? Do I not know what dissimulation and concealment and dishonor mean? Ah, I have drunk too deeply of that cup and I know its bitterness. It shall never touch my lips again, so help me God. I do not fear the power I have of my own free will given you over me, and I do not delude myself with any vain hope that you will not use it to the utmost. But I am no child, and still less a coward who would sell his convictions and his friends for the promise of personal safety. You say I have employed my talents against you and your interests. You are right. I have done so, and I shall continue to do so as long as I have an atom of strength left in mind and body. I should like to say that I cherish no resentment against you personally, but I cannot say even that with sincerity. The cause you represent and the means you have taken in furthering it are equally obnoxious to me, and if I have persistently combated them it was because my conscience

prompted me to do so, and not because of any outward pressure that may have been brought to bear upon me as editor of this paper."

The pastor, to whom this interview seemed a series of the most unaccountable surprises, needed now no longer an artificial stimulus to his emotion. His florid complexion had blanched and his breath came and went rapidly. This fledgeling whom he had counted an easy prey had evidently a considerable sweep of wing and full-grown talons capable of a fierce resistance. And still, angry as he was at being thus foiled in his most benevolent intentions, he could not repress a certain paternal admiration of his nephew's courage, the magnificent unconsciousness of his attitude and the aristocratic elegance of his form. Whatever he had done, there was doubtless the right stuff in him; no number of pseudonyms could disguise the fact that he was a Falconberg.

"My young deluded friend," he said in a tone of pitying superiority, "I will not answer you as you deserve. You still persist in misunderstanding my intentions. It is a very erroneous impression on your part, when you think that I have come here to further some scheme of my own. *I* have no blot upon my name and need no assistance from others to guard it from dishonor. It was for your own sake that I sought you. You are certainly shrewd enough to see that as soon as your previous history becomes known, as inevitably it will" (here the pastor gave a darkly significant glance at his interlocutor), "your remaining here in the position which you now occupy is an impossibility. I therefore came to open to you a safe path of retreat before it is too late. You are well aware, too, that I have the power to enforce my demand, in case you do not voluntarily accede to it."

These words, spoken in a voice so perfectly gentle, like a velvet-pawed touch hiding the sharp claws within, fell upon Einar's ear with strange oppressive foreboding. A strong revulsion of feeling toward his uncle took possession of him; he rebelled against Providence for having placed this cold unscrupulous man in so near a relation to him, and having given the key of his fate into his hands. But since the decisive moment now must come, he could easily anticipate him; he would consent to no compromise, which must add to the load which had so long crippled his soul, but by an immediate avowal of his past thwart the triumph of his oppressor.

"I am far from misunderstanding your intentions, Mr. Falconberg," he said with an enforced coolness, in sharp contrast to his former vehemence. "On the contrary, I believe you capable of using every possible means for the accomplishment of your end. But I too have chosen my line of conduct after mature deliberation; and threats are powerless to change it. You know Mr. Norderud has befriended me ever since my arrival here, and I am under deep obligations to him. I could not, therefore, prove unfaithful to him in the present crisis, even if by so doing I could secure temporary safety for myself. And with this understanding let us part. When the inevitable shall come to pass, I may no longer be of any use to him, but I shall at least be guiltless of treachery."

The pastor's long-suppressed anger had now completely overbalanced his lurking generosity. He had come expecting to administer wholesome rebuke and consolation to a penitent transgressor, and instead of that he had himself been put to shame by the superior morality of this high-principled miscreant. The very loyalty of his nephew to his benefactor, and the fineness of his instincts, made him hate him the more. For a moment he struggled between the impulse to resort to muscular arguments and the equally impolitic desire to drown him under a torrent of abusive rhetoric. But as neither was quite accordant with his clerical dignity, he wheeled round on his heel, burst into a scornful laugh, took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

"And this is your last word?" he cried, giving Einar a wrathful glance over his shoulder.

"My last word."

"Then the blame is your own. I have given you warning."

With a mighty slam the door closed behind him and Einar was alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN INTERVIEW.

THERE was one consideration which Einar had neglected to take into account when he brought the pastor's wrath down upon his head, and this neglect was now causing him considerable disquietude. He had regarded it as an easy matter (that is, in point of practicability) to anticipate the pastor in his

intended disclosures, but he had forgotten that such disclosures would inevitably affect the prospects of Norderud's election, and probably include him in the martyrdom which he had intended for himself alone. He well knew with what eagerness opposing parties seize upon the merest whisper that may throw discredit upon the name of a rival candidate, and he suffered acutely at the thought that Norderud's friendship for him might thus be made the cause of his political ruin. He had strong grounds for believing that Mr. Falconberg would not babble his precious secret into the ear of chance visitors, but would bring it out with many polysyllabic headings through the columns of "The Banner." Its explosive effect would then be well-nigh incalculable. It would be telegraphed to The Associated Press, and would be trumpeted abroad the next morning by every newspaper in the country. "The Banner" for that week, however, had already appeared, and by the time the next issue left the press, the election would already have taken place. Not from cowardice, then, but because, as he thought, his duty toward Norderud demanded it, he resolved to defer his confession. "The Citizen," which now published a semi-weekly besides its weekly edition, would appear on Tuesday, the day of the elections, and by delaying the publication until sun-down he could manage to avert from Norderud's head the threatened disaster.

It was with much heart-ache and after a long and passionate struggle that he arrived at this resolution, and as it was built purely upon hypotheses which, however, for the moment carried considerable plausibility, the issue might still in the end be contrary to his expectation.

The next morning, which was a Sunday, Einar rose, after a brief, uneasy slumber, to meet the calamity which had now irrevocably overtaken him. It was a cold, dreary day. A sharp wind whistled through the maples in the garden, now divested of their autumnal splendor, and the dry leaves were whirling in a fantastic dance before the windows. The sun was just sending a momentary gleam through the wide expanse of cloud which darkened the eastern sky, and by its cold light he saw his future opening before him in long barren vistas; no hope to brighten it, no aim beyond its endless monotony—only a vast, desert-like expanse of dreariness and desolation. "To live merely for the sake of living, is the source of all vulgarity," says a German philosopher. But to a sensitive soul who sees this prospect forced upon him, it is the source of the most exquisite refinement of suffering. It requires a heroism of no ordinary kind to face unquailingly the vision of inevitable disgrace, when the means of escape is still possibly in one's own hands. But to Einar the question was now irrevocably closed; in the state of physical weakness which possessed him, he shrank from re-opening the struggle, even though his victory seemed bitter beyond his power to bear. And he, whose position had compelled him to assume the attitude of a mentor toward his fellow-citizens—ah, that the earth might hide him, so that he might be spared the humiliation of meeting their glances again!

With a feeling of chilliness and a strange sense of numbness in his limbs he descended into the study. The doctor, who usually took his ease on Sunday mornings, was heard marching about on the floor overhead, probably in the process of making his toilet. He was singing an air from a German opera (his voice, by the way, was not well adapted for musical purposes) in an easy, careless way, now rising into the wildest *fortissimos*, then running through the most indescribable *piano* movements and occasionally descending into the sepulchral regions of bass. Einar remained standing at the door listening with a dreamy shudder to his friend's musical diversions; there was to him something positively terrible about it. With a sudden resolution he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a few words upon it and attached it to the top of the cigar-case, where the doctor would be sure to find it; he then snatched some crackers from the dining-room table and hastened down to the office, where he threw himself on the sofa, having first locked the door on the inside. Here he could at least abandon himself without restraint to his misery without having to meet Van Flint's sympathetic inquiries regarding his health (naturally suggested by his haggard appearance) with hypocritical smiles and evasions. It was no unusual thing for him to take a Sunday tramp out to Lumber Creek, and the doctor, judging from his note, would probably conclude that he was spending the day with Knut or Thorarin Norderud.

It was not until late in the afternoon, when the exhaustion which always follows in the wake of violent emotions had somehow

blunted the edge of his sufferings, that Einar was seen emerging from the Norderud block and sauntering with reckless, uncertain steps, contrasting strangely with his usual elegant erectness, down the leaf-strewn sidewalks of Main street. He felt no longer any pain, except a dull aching in his limbs and a sense of heaviness in his eyes. But, as the cold breeze kept blowing in his face, his thoughts began once more to assume a more definite shape, and he became possessed of a desire to see Helga—a desire which gradually grew into an uncontrollable yearning. He might, perhaps, gather courage to unburden his mind to her; and how much better that she should know the worst from his own lips, rather than from those of his enemies. He had hardly anything to hope, except perhaps a gentler judgment, a milder condemnation. By the time he reached Mrs. Raven's dwelling in Elm street, this resolution to make Helga the sharer of his fatal secret so filled his mind as almost to exclude the vision of the desolate autumnal landscape around him. And his ear, too, was dimmed to outward sounds, and the clear young voice which at that moment mingled with the fitful whistlings of the wind fell with a remote indistinctness upon his sense. But, as he put his hand on the gate to open it, he became suddenly aware of a tall, stately woman standing on the inside and pulling it in the opposite direction. Einar met her gaze with vague bewilderment, and stammered something about his pleasure at seeing her.

"You seem thoroughly preoccupied, Mr. Finnson," said Helga, in a merry voice. "I suppose it is the elections which have been absorbing your thoughts of late, to the exclusion of your friends. But," she added, suddenly changing into a graver tone, "you look wretched. You are certainly not well. Wont you go in and keep mother company? I am going to see Ingrid, who is ill, and I shall probably spend the night with her."

"No, I thank you," murmured he, while the hope which had for a moment lighted his face suddenly died out of it. "If you will permit me, I would rather accompany you."

"Certainly. Your company is always welcome."

They moved out into the street, while their footsteps rustled through the dry leaves which covered the sidewalks.

"You do not look as happy as I had expected," began Helga, after a pause. "Perhaps you do not feel so sanguine about the elections as most of our countrymen do. Mr. Norderud's chances, I hear, are excellent."

"Yes, I suppose they are. I wish I could be happy on his account."

"Has anything happened?" she asked, with a quick glance of apprehension.

"Yes."

"If you would only allow me to share your unhappiness ——"

With a strong impulse of sympathy, the exclamation had rushed to her lips before she had had time to consider it. It had hardly occurred to her that this unaccountable dejection could have any relation to her, and, with her usual unsuspecting frankness, she had perhaps urged him on to the declaration which, for some indefinable reason, she feared as much as she desired it. For a strong, life-absorbing passion has, with all its sweetness, still a remote element of terror in it. She unconsciously hastened her steps, setting her brow fiercely against the cold blast which whirled about her ears, hushing the loud beatings of her heart. In her blind haste she came very near running against a small, fierce-eyed man in a semi-clerical attire, who had planted himself in the middle of the walk with the evident purpose of intercepting her.

"Madam," he said, in a shrill, piercing voice, "are you a Christian?"

"Yes," answered she gravely, meeting his searching look without fear or surprise. "I hope I am."

"And the young gentleman there—is he a Christian?"

"He will answer for himself. Ask him."

Einar was too impatient of this most inopportune interruption to have anything but resentment for the intruder. But as he saw that Helga treated him with respect, he made an effort to conceal his vexation and to answer his questions with becoming dignity.

In spite of the boasted religious liberty in Hardanger, the latitude allowed in matters of faith was very limited. A man might perhaps claim the right to think very much as he pleased, if he only kept his heresies to himself. For the Methodists, being the most powerful religious body in the town, kept a vigilant supervision over public opinion. You might be a Lutheran, or a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, and remain unmolested; but if you were nothing at all, you were the legitimate prey of all these sects, and invited the proselyting ardor of every new minister.

And if you resisted all attempts at conversion, you might, in times of exceptional religious excitement, be presented with the alternative between Methodism and tar and feathers. Roman Catholics stood low in the social scale, Catholicism being an equivalent for Irish brogue, an odor of garlic, and unevangelical manners. Among the other churches (with the exception of the Anglican, which was but slimly represented), it was perfect etiquette to confront a stranger with questions concerning the state of his soul, whether he loved Jesus, enjoyed prayer, and the like.

The small man, whose manners were every moment becoming more aggressive, was not to be dismissed with evasive answers or polite hints to take his leave. He clung to the young girl with the tenacity of a leech, cross-examining both her and her companion on the most vital topics pertaining to this life and the life to come, and accompanying them to the very gate of the Norderud mansion, thus cutting off Einar's last hope of coming to an understanding with Helga before the long-threatened event should perhaps separate them forever. The colporter's faith, although strongly tinged with fanaticism, was evidently sincere and earnest, and Einar owned with shame that the quiet dignity of Helga's demeanor toward him implied a just rebuke to his own impatience. Alas, the opportunity now gone might never return! There seemed to be some dark fatality constantly at play in his life, frustrating all his noblest intentions when they were on the very verge of fulfillment.

"And you will come to see me very soon, wont you?" she said cordially, reaching him her hand as they parted at the gate. "You know I should be so happy if you would allow me to be of any service to you. It grieves me more than I can tell to see you so sad—you, who seemed born only for happiness."

There was to him a terrible irony in these last words. He born for happiness—he, who had been pursued by grievous mischances from the very cradle! Reviewing with many bitter reflections the events of these latter years, he hastened homeward, and found the doctor the central figure in a gray world of smoke, lighted in its equatorial region by a green-shaded luminary, but otherwise enveloped in primeval gloom.

"*Ecce*," exclaimed the doctor, as he heard the familiar footstep on the floor, for his own near-sightedness and the dense tobacco-smoke prevented him from gaining a clear impression of the face. "Thou whom I had chosen as the comfort of my declining years —*præsidium et dulce decus meum*, as it were —how hast thou returned the love I bore thee? Scouring the country, from the early dawn to the dewy eve, for the sake of one or two paltry votes; with a grimly facetious smile stretching out thy aristocratic hand —*trans pondera*, as Horace has it, or worse —across the dunghill; alas, thou son of the Muses, I pity thee! And how fare our bucolic friends at Lumber Creek?"

"I have not been at Lumber Creek," answered Einar, perhaps a little ill-humoredly, for the doctor's mock solemnity was very annoying. "I have spent the day at the office."

"Exaggerated zeal, my boy. Mere youthful hot-headedness. You will break down under it, get softening of the brain and die, as sure as you live. Pardon the paradox. I am rather in a declamatory mood to-night. I have missed you more than I like to confess. For want of anything better to do, I have been jotting down some notes for an article, which I am burning to communicate to you. I don't know what to call it yet, but it is to be an onslaught on that literary vice which the newspapers call word-painting. As for really fine descriptive epithets, we have never quite reached the standard of the Greeks. The ανήριθμον γέλασμα of Æschylus, from which Byron no doubt borrowed his 'myriad-dimpled deep,' is still unsurpassed. Shakspere's 'multitudinous sea incarnadine' is certainly very fine; but it hasn't to me quite the ring of the Greek. But our modern poets and poetasters, in their mania for melodious words, have quite forgotten that the value of a word depends entirely upon the degree of completeness with which it expresses the idea or the object to which it owes its origin. Words that thrust themselves upon your attention by their obtrusive fineness are really nothing but literary monstrosities."

When Van Flint was well launched upon a monologue of this order, the alluring sequence of his thoughts absorbed all his attention, and he was not apt to exercise much control over his audience. Einar could therefore hide in the twilight of the sofa, sometimes throwing in an occasional "Yes," "No," "To be sure," and the like, when a rising inflection on the speaker's part indicated an interrogatory pause. Preoccupied as he was with his own misfortunes, he could not suppress a smile at the thought that, of all men, the doctor, who gloried in his

rich vocabulary, and whose phrases certainly at times were "obtrusively fine," should write an article denouncing his fellow-sinners.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE BANNER" MAKES A SENSATION.

THE next morning—it was the day preceding the election—the wind had subsided and the still maples lifted their bare crowns against the clear, cloudless sky. And yet, as Einar trod his wonted way to the office, through the long, bleak avenues, there was, as he thought, a strange quiver of excitement in the air. It might be due to the impending election, which is notably the most momentous event of the year in the drowsy annals of a country community; but somehow this explanation hardly seemed satisfactory. As he approached the public square the conviction grew intenser with him that something unusual had happened. At the opposite corner, outside the office of "The Banner," a crowd of people had gathered, —mostly loafers, and laborers in corduroy and fustian,—and now and then a voice, rising in angry tones above the rest, was flung toward him, followed by a chorus of jeering, hooting and laughter. A large canvas bulletin depended from the windows of "The Banner" office, covering nearly half the front of the building. He only read the words, "Extra Edition of 'The Banner'—A Villain Unmasked." He needed no further assurance; the crisis had come; his conscientious devices had been in vain; he was ruined.

That aggressive courage which rushes headlong into danger had never been his. He shrank from contact with rude, violent men, and no amount of excitement or passion could conquer this natural impulse with him to seek safety from physical indignities. But, for all that, he was anything but a coward. The pastor would probably in an excess of wrath, have thought nothing of receiving, and still less of giving, a blow; but in a question of right and wrong (that is, where the profit was on the side of Mammon) he had at times consented to a compromise which the tenderer conscience of his nephew would have spurned. And when in spite of this, the former could point to a stainless public record, while the latter writhed with the secret sense of guilt, it was, no doubt, owing to the fact that in the critical moment of his life, this native dread of violence had asserted itself, at the expense of his nobler impulses.

As he stood there at the corner of the square, pale and trembling, gazing with dimmed eyes at the fateful bulletin, he would certainly have aroused compassion in the stoniest breast. With a violent effort he tore himself away, and started with rapid steps toward the Norderud block. The earth billowed under his feet, and the blood rushed with a deafening, surging motion in his ears. He was fortunate enough to reach the office without being observed by any but a few apathetic shop-keepers, who were unfastening the shutters from their front windows. He had hardly had time to fling himself down in his chair when the messenger entered and placed a damp half-sheet of "The Banner" on the desk before him. He clutched it between his trembling fingers and began to read the headings, which were printed with a variety of big type, and covered nearly the whole of the first column. They ran as follows: "Startling Revelations—A Villain Unmasked—The Republican Candidate for the Senate Strongly Compromised—Birds of a Feather Flock Together—A Marvelous Story of Crime and Successful Concealment —The Swindler Rises to Honor and Dignity—He Disguises Himself Under a False Name—Vengeance Overtakes Him at Last —The Scandinavian Populace Enraged— A Hint to Norwegian Voters."

He could read no more. His head swam. He hid his face in his hands, and strove hard to collect his thoughts. His lips were dry and feverish, and a cold shiver shook his frame. With an effort he roused himself, wrung his hands until his fingers cracked in their joints, and rose to drink a glass of water. As he staggered into the next room, where a small mirror hung over the wash-basin, he saw a ghastly reflection of himself, pale, haggard, with bloodshot eyes and a strange strained expression about the mouth. With horror he shrank back from the phantom-like image—it was as if he had seen himself dead. A long-forgotten dream of his childhood suddenly rushed through his brain. He had entered a large, empty room, at the further end of which stood a black coffin, where a corpse lay with shrouded face. An irresistible impulse had compelled him to lift the shroud, and he had seen his own face, with blue lips and dead, sunken eyes. The nameless dread which had then overmastered him now returned with renewed vividness. He sank

down upon the sofa, and thought and felt no more.

Presently a great noise in the next room pierced through his torpid sense. He strove to rise, but his limbs seemed feelingless and benumbed. Some one grasped him hard by the arm, and opening his eyes he saw Norderud and Van Flint bending down over him, both with the traces of unusual excitement in their features.

"Great heavens!" cried the doctor. "He is mortally ill. He has worked himself to death, and now this damnable affair in the bargain. It is enough to kill any man. I told him so yesterday. I warned him to take care of himself."

"Wait one moment," responded Norderud, while the doctor seated himself on the sofa, and raised Einar in his arms. "I believe there is some brandy in this closet. It may only be a fainting-fit, and a stimulant may restore him."

The stimulant was administered, and in half an hour Einar was once more at the editorial desk.

"This is a devilish trick they have played us," said Norderud, pounding the floor with his cane to give vent to his vexation. "We must have an extra of the paper out before sundown, or the chances of the election are hopelessly ruined. Since Finnson is rather low, we shall have to depend upon you, doctor, as usual. It isn't the first time you have helped us out of a bad scrape. But I hope you are strong enough," he added, turning to Einar, "to write a brief refutation, over your own name, of that damnable campaign lie."

There was a pause, which seemed the more intense for the excited expectancy with which both men watched the struggle which for a moment distorted Einar's countenance.

"I cannot."

He almost thrust the words out, as if they cost him a terrible physical exertion.

"You can't!" cried Norderud, springing up from his chair.

"No, I cannot."

"And why can't you?"

"Because it is all true," came in a low, painful whisper.

Norderud stood horror-stricken. His large, ruddy face blanched, and his lips moved nervously, but brought forth no sound. The doctor, having rapidly recovered himself from the first shock of surprise, was disposed to believe that they were all the victims of some cruel misunderstanding, and his features assumed an expression of good-natured bewilderment.

"Mr. Norderud," he said, laying his hand pacifyingly upon the latter's arm, "do not act rashly. It will all be cleared up, if you will only give him time. Remember he is ill, and hardly knows what he is saying."

The farmer tore himself loose from the doctor's grasp, and darted a savage glance at the stooping figure before him.

"If you have anything to say," he said, hoarsely, "then say it."

"I have nothing to say," responded Einar, calmly. "I have told you the truth."

Now that all was lost, what had he to fear? He began to feel his bodily weakness as something unworthy of him, and with a strong effort of will succeeded in rousing himself.

"And you came here, then," Norderud went on, with growing excitement, "with the deliberate purpose of imposing upon me, to drag me down into the dirt——"

"My dear Mr. Norderud," interposed the peaceful Van Flint, "do me the favor to leave this affair to me. I will talk it over with Finnson, and tell you the result. I know I can appeal to your sense of justice; angry abuse will never bring the truth to light, and you will regret to-morrow what your indignation may prompt you to say to-day."

The farmer paused in his vehement speech, and stood for a moment in silent conflict with himself. Then, as if utterly foiled, he threw himself down on the sofa, thrust both his hands deeply into his pockets and said:

"Well, I suppose I am to be counted out of this business. Talk all you have a mind to, and be sure you handle him with gloves on, as he has doubtless deserved."

The doctor, interpreting his acquiescence by his manner rather than by his words, drew Einar gently into the next room and closed the door.

"My dear boy," he said, affectionately, as soon as they were seated opposite each other, "there is evidently something you have been concealing from me all this while. I am sorry you have not trusted me enough to allow me to bear the burden which you have so long borne alone. I have often noticed that you shrank from speaking of your life at home, and I have guessed, too, that there was some painful memory in your past which you were striving to hush. I should not like to appear importunate, and therefore I have hitherto forborne question-

ing you. But now, since there can no longer be any cause for secrecy, I must ask you to speak frankly and without reserve to me. I have not read 'The Banner,' not even the bulletin board, which I purposely avoided seeing, because I wished to hear your own account of it, before I listened to the exaggerated and perverted versions of those who have reason to fear you."

Deeply touched at this friendly generosity, Einar began to speak, but his emotion often came near choking his voice. After all the din and excitement of these last days, with their restlessness, mortification, and keen reproach, it was sweet to escape into the serene sunshine of Van Flint's affectionate, uncritical eyes. He could speak now fearlessly of that past which had cast its oppressive gloom upon his present life, crippling his energies and blighting his fairest hope. And he experienced a sense of deliverance, almost akin to happiness, in being now able to rid himself of a life-long burden.

He spoke without restraint of the circumstances which had led to the fatal deed, dwelling with retrospective tenderness upon his mother's timid indulgence of her favorite child, but touching only in the lightest possible manner upon his father's imperious dictation regarding his course of study and his future calling. His evident disinclination to shield himself, however, enabled the doctor to draw his inferences regarding things which were treated as casual or passed over in silence. There was something so warm and cheering in the sympathy of this tender-hearted man that Einar could not but wonder that he had so long resisted his desire to confide in him.

An hour after noon the door was unlocked, and as the square was almost deserted, they ventured forth into the open air. Fearing to attract attention, they chose an unfrequented street, and reached home just as Miss Van Flint's dinner-bell was frightening the robins away from the withered morning-glory vines around the front piazza.

Einar's plans for the future were as yet undetermined, but his friend was inclined to think that the most prudent course would be to leave Hardanger, at least temporarily, until the popular excitement consequent upon the election should have abated. In the meanwhile he would consult Norderud, and bring back answer before night.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMERCIAL CRISIS OF 1837.

THE decade from 1830 to 1840 is the most important and interesting in the history of the United States. The political, social and industrial forces which were in action were grand, and their interaction produced such complicated results that it is difficult to obtain a just and comprehensive view of their relations and influences. In the first place, the United States advanced, between the second war with England and 1830, to a position of full and high standing in the family of nations. The security and stability of the government were accepted as established. England and France, on the other hand, just before and after 1830, were involved in social and political troubles of an alarming kind. By contrast, the United States, with a rapidly increasing population, expanding production and trade, a contented people and a surplus revenue, offered great attractions to both laborers and capital. At the same time the pride of the Americans in their country produced self-reliance, energy and enterprise which laughed at difficulties. New means of transportation by steamboats and canals were opening up the country and offering to the population the advantages of a new and untouched continent. Production therefore offered high returns to both labor and capital.

The advantages of a new country were credited to the political institutions of democracy, and increasing prosperity, due to the fresh resources brought within reach, was held to be proof of the truth of the political dogmas entertained by the workers. A sort of boyish exuberance, compounded of inexperience, ignorance and fearless enterprise, marked politics as well as industry. Jackson's election in 1828 brought to power a party which had been produced by these circumstances.

The English Corn Laws cut off the best market for the best product of the northern half of the Union, but the supremacy of the

southern states as the cotton producers of the world was established. The former fact seemed to be the great justification for protective duties on manufactures, and indeed to make them necessary for the northern states. Such taxes, however, really subtracted from the natural profit of the industries which treated the soil directly. The circumstances were such that this injury fell most upon the South, and the agitation which was produced threatened civil war until it was allayed by the compromise tariff of 1833. That law fixed the rates of import duty until 1842, and put it beyond the power of Congress to deal with them unless by violating the compromise.

The war debt of 1812 became payable in the years after 1824, and was distributed over the years down to 1835. With growth and increasing prosperity, the revenue increased with such rapidity that the debt could be paid almost as fast as it became payable. The chief purposes for which the Bank of the United States had been founded in 1816 were to provide a sound and uniform paper currency, convertible with specie, of uniform value throughout the Union, and to act as fiscal agent for the government, holding the revenue wherever collected, and disbursing the expenditures wherever they were to be made. The interest of the government and the people was the motive, and the bank charter was a contract with the bank to perform the services for specified considerations. One of these considerations was the right of the bank to use the deposits as loanable capital. The government was not bound to keep any balance over expenditure, but the revenue was so large that the bank came to hold annually increasing average deposits, from five to eight or nine millions of public money, which it used for profit. From this vicious arrangement two consequences followed: first, public attention was directed to the deposits, not as existing for the public service but for the profit of the bank; and second, the public considered itself entitled to claim something of the bank besides true business credit in matter of discounts.

Jackson opened the war on the bank publicly in his first message. Sharp correspondence had been going on already between the Secretary of the Treasury and the bank, which had reached such a point that the Secretary had referred to the removal of the deposits as a power in his hands to coerce the bank. Generally speaking, the state of the bank and the state of the currency were satisfactory in 1830; but the bank had begun in 1827 to issue branch drafts, which stimulated credit and soon produced mischief. Of the war on the bank, it is not necessary to speak in detail. The charter of the bank was to expire, by limitation, in 1836. In December, 1831, Clay was nominated for President by the National Republicans, and he and his friends determined to bring on the question of the re-charter of the bank as a campaign question. The re-charter was passed by Congress and vetoed by the President in 1832. The issue in the campaign was thus made up between the personal popularity of Jackson and the bank. The former won an overwhelming victory, which Jackson construed to mean that the people had weighed the question of re-chartering the bank, and had decided against it.

In September, 1833, he removed the deposits from the national bank on his own responsibility, and placed them in selected state banks which would agree to keep one-third of their note circulation in coin, redeem all notes on demand, and issue no notes under five dollars. This was to be an experiment. In the meantime, the administration was eagerly pressing on the extinction of the public debt. The consequences were such as to prove that, however popular such a policy may be, it may easily be carried too far. The public deposits were loaned by the bank to merchants, then recalled and paid to the public creditors, and then re-invested by them, so that the money market was subjected to continual and sudden shocks. The withdrawal and transfer of the deposits was another and more violent operation of the same kind, so that there was a crisis and panic in the spring of 1834. The eight or nine millions of public deposits were a continual source of mischief to the money market. By the contraction of the Bank of the United States to pay the deposits, and the contraction of the state banks to put themselves within the rule for receiving the same, the currency, in the summer of 1834, was perhaps better than ever before. The coinage act of June, 1834, turned the standard over from silver to gold.

The deposit banks were urged to discount freely, so as to satisfy the public with the change. Banks were organized in great numbers all over the country to take the place of the great bank, and to get a share in the profits of handling the public money. January 1, 1835, the debt was all paid, and the government had no further use for its surplus revenues. There was but one correct

and straightforward course to pursue in such a case, and that was to lower taxes, so as not to collect any surplus; but this the Compromise Act forbade. The surplus revenue was the greatest annoyance to the protectionists, who wanted to keep duties high for "incidental protection," and they proposed scheme after scheme for distributing the lands, or the proceeds of the lands, or, finally, the surplus revenue itself, so as to cut down the revenues without reducing the import duties.

With the increase of banks and bank issues, speculation began. It became marked in the spring of 1835, and went on increasing for two years. The Erie Canal had opened up all the lands bordering on the great lakes, and they were being rapidly settled. They accordingly rose in value with great rapidity. The states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana were found to be the best cotton lands in the world, and they were receiving a great immigration from the older slave states. Cotton was rising in price, for the new machinery and new means of transportation in England, together with the extension of joint-stock banks there, had given a great stimulus to the cotton manufacture, and there was an increasing demand for the raw material. It followed that the cities in which the exchange and banking of all this industry were carried on also enjoyed great prosperity. Railroads were just being introduced. Ships were needed to transport the products. Thus, from natural causes, the period was one of immense industrial development. The great need for carrying it on was capital, and the political incidents which brought about or encouraged the bank expansion may be regarded as accidental. The combination of the two in fact, however, produced a wild speculation. The banks furnished credit, not capital; and, being restrained by usury laws from exerting, through the rate of discount, the proper check upon an inflated or speculative market, they embarked with the business community on a course where all landmarks were soon lost.

No sooner, however, was this condition of the commercial and banking community well established than a new shock was given by another political interference. The administration had now advanced to the point of desiring to establish a specie currency for the country. The object was laudable and the means taken were proper, but, following as they did in the train of the events already mentioned, they produced new confusion. In 1836, various acts were passed to bring about a specie currency, and in July of that year the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the receivers of public money to take only gold and silver for lands. The circumstances warranted this order. The sales of lands had risen from two or three to twenty-four million dollars in a year, and the amount was paid in the notes of "banks"* which deserved no credit. If the nation was not to be swindled out of the lands, the measure was necessary. It then became necessary for the purchasers of land to carry specie to the West, and vast amounts of it accumulated in the offices of the receivers or were transferred, at great trouble and expense, to deposit banks. The specie was obtained from the eastern banks, and, inasmuch as the whole existing system had pushed them to the utmost limit of expansion, those demands for specie were embarrassing. Two points here deserve notice. It is strange to notice what a superstition about "specie" had taken possession of the public mind. It was regarded as a good thing to have, but too good to use. A specie dollar was regarded as an excuse for its owner to print and circulate from three to twenty paper ones, but it was not regarded as having any other use. The withdrawal of the specie basis from an inflated paper was, no doubt, a serious blow to the whole fabric, but if the paper had not been redundant, the transfer of specie to the West would only have forced an importation of so much more. This superstition about specie also prevented any demand upon the banks for specie for any purpose. Such a demand was regarded as a kind of social or business crime. Hence the "convertibility" of the notes was a polite fiction. The second point worth noticing is that the bank advocates continually talked about "the credit system" when they meant the system of issuing credit bank-notes, and they grew eloquent about the advantages of credit, as if those advantages could only be won by using worthless bank-notes, and not by lending gold or silver or capital in any form.

We are not yet, however, at the end of the political acts which threw the money

* Some counterfeiters were arrested at New York in a garret where they had $20,000 in notes of the "Ottawa Bank," and $800 in specie. They were very indignant,—said they were a "bank," and were printing their notes at New York for economy. They came so nearly within the definition of a "bank" current at this time that they escaped on this plea.

market into convulsions. The opposition succeeded, in the summer of the Presidential election year, 1836, in passing an act to deposit with the states, the surplus over a balance of five millions in the Treasury, January 1, 1837. The amount was thirty-seven millions. This sum was scattered in eighty-nine deposit banks, all over the country. Its distribution was, therefore, controlled by local pressure and political favoritism, not by the needs of the government (for it did not need the money at all) or by the demand and supply of capital. The banks had regarded it as a permanent deposit, and had loaned it in aid of the various public and private enterprises which were being pushed on every hand at such a rate that labor was said to be drawn away from agriculture, and the country was importing bread-stuffs. It was now to be withdrawn and transferred once more, and this time it was said that, if these "deposits" were such an advantage, the states ought to have it, and they could be called on to give back the money as well as the banks, whenever it might be needed. The deposit with the states took place in 1837, in three installments, January, April and July, amounting to twenty-eight millions. The fourth installment was never paid. The money was all squandered, or worse.

The charter of the Bank of the United States was to expire on the third of March, 1836. One year before that time the directors ordered the "exchange committee" to loan the capital, so fast as it should be released, on stocks, so as to prepare for winding up. From this resolution dates the subsequent history of the bank, for the exchange committee consisted of the president and two directors selected by him, to whose hands the whole business of the bank was hereby intrusted. The branches were sold and the capital gradually released throughout 1835, but, in February, 1836, an act was suddenly passed by the Pennsylvania legislature to charter the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, continuing the old bank. The act was said to have been obtained by bribery, but investigation failed to prove it. The most open bribery was on the face of it, for it provided for several pet local schemes of public improvement, for a bonus and loans to the state by the bank, and for abolishing taxes,—provisions which secured the necessary support to carry it.

During the year 1836 the money market was very stringent. The enterprises, speculations and internal improvements demanded continual new supplies of capital. The amount of securities exported grew greater and greater, and kept the foreign exchanges depressed. American importing houses contracted larger and longer debts to foreign merchants. The money-market in England became very stringent likewise, and these long credits became harder and harder to carry. Three English houses, Willson, Wildes, and Wiggins, had become especially engaged in these American credits which they found it necessary to curtail. The winter was one of continual stringency, aggravated by popular discontent, riots and trades union disturbances, arising from high prices and high rents. The failures commenced on the fourth of March, 1837,—the day that Van Buren was inaugurated,—in Mississippi and Louisiana. Hermann, Briggs & Co., of New Orleans, failed with liabilities said to be from four to eight millions. As soon as this was known in New York, their correspondents, J. L. & S. Joseph & Co., failed. The first break in the expanded fabric of credit therefore came in connection with cotton. The price had advanced so much during the last three or four years as to draw many thousands of persons into cotton production who had no capital, but the profits were so great that a good crop or two would pay for all the capital. The planters of Mississippi especially had accordingly organized themselves into banking corporations and issued notes as the easiest way to borrow the capital they wanted. From 1830 to 1839 the banking capital of Mississippi increased from three to seventy-five millions, which of course represented one credit built upon another, or renewed and extended debt, as the old planters bought more slaves and took up more land instead of paying for the old, or as new settlers came in. Mississippi was therefore indebted to the North-east for the redemption of this immense bank debt, or for the capital bought with it. The high rates for money in England and this country at last checked the rise in cotton in 1836. Bad harvests and high prices for food fell in with a glut of manufactured cotton, and when cotton began to fall ruin was certain. As soon as the revulsion came it ran through the whole speculative system. The new suburbs which had been laid out in every city and village never came to anything. Western lands lost all speculative value, and railroad and canal stock fell with rapidity.

The first resort for help was to Mr. Biddle.

The calamity most apprehended was a shipment of specie, and the effort was to gain an extension of credit or the substitution of a better for a less-known credit. The Bank of the United States had high credit in Europe, and indeed all over the world. Ultimately payment must be made by crops yet to be produced or forwarded. Biddle entered into an agreement with the New York banks which seems to have been only partially carried out, but he sold post-notes payable one year from date at Barings' in London. He received 112½ for these, specie being at 107. The bonds were discounted in England at five per cent. United States Bank stock was at 120.

The situation in England was so serious that all seemed to depend on remittances from the United States. The Bank of England extended aid to the "three W's" to the extent of five hundred thousand pounds, on a guarantee made up in the city, and opened a credit of two million pounds for the United States Bank, if one-half the amount should be shipped in specie. To this condition the United States Bank would not agree. The proposition attributed to the Bank of the United States a strength which it did not possess. The management of the Bank of England in this and the two following years was bad, and did much to enhance the mischief in both countries. France participated in the distress, although there had been no speculation there.

A delegation of New York merchants was sent to Washington, May 3, to ask the President to recall the specie circular, to defer the collection of duty bonds, and to call an extra session of Congress. In their address to him they said of the situation: In six months, at New York, real estate had shrunk forty millions; in two months two hundred and fifty firms had failed, and stocks had shrunk twenty millions; merchandise had fallen thirty per cent., and within a few weeks twenty thousand persons had been thrown out of employment.

Early in May three banks in Buffalo failed. May 8, the Dry Dock Bank (N.Y.) failed. On the 10th all the New York City banks suspended. The militia were under arms, and there were fears of a riot. On the 11th the Philadelphia banks suspended because the New York banks had, and because, although they had plenty of specie for themselves, they had not enough for the whole "Atlantic seaboard." They said, however, that they were debtors, on balance, to New York. As the news spread through the country, the banks, with few exceptions, suspended. It was one of the notions born of the bank war that the United States Bank was guilty of oppression when it called on state banks for their balances, and the state banks had practiced "leniency" toward each other. Bank statements of the period show enormous sums as due to and from other banks. This was what carried them all down together, for one could not stand alone unless its debits and credits were with the same banks.

During the summer the governors of several states called extra sessions of the legislatures. The President had refused to recall the specie circular, or to call an extra session of Congress; but the embarrassments of the Treasury forced him to do the latter. The collection of duty bonds was deferred, and the revenue thereby cut off. The public money was in the suspended banks, and the Treasury, nominally possessed of forty millions, at the very time when part of this sum was being paid to the states, had to drag along from day to day by the use of drafts on its collectors for the small sums received, or by chance left over in their hands, since the suspension. As notes under five dollars had been forbidden by nearly all the states, and as specie was at ten per cent. premium, all small change disappeared, and the towns were flooded with notes and tickets for small sums issued by municipalities, corporations and individuals.

The most interesting fact connected with this commercial crisis is that New York and Philadelphia took opposite policies in regard to it, and offered, in their different experience, an experimental test of those policies. The New York legislature passed an act allowing suspension for one year. The New York policy then was to contract liabilities and prepare for resumption at the date fixed. The Philadelphia policy, in which Mr. Biddle was the leader, was to wait for things to get better without active exertions. In his letter to Adams of May 13, Biddle said that his bank could have gone on without trouble, but that consideration for the rest forced him to go with them. What especially moved him was that, if the Pennsylvania banks had not suspended, Pennsylvanians would have had to do business with a better currency than the New Yorkers, which would have been unfair. Mr. Biddle knew perfectly well that the exchanges would arrange all that. He was an adept at writing plausible letters. The truth—which was

not known until four years later—was, that the capital of the bank had never been withdrawn from the stock loans; that the chief officers of the bank were plundering it; and that suspension was not more welcome to any institution in the country than to the great bank. The jealousy between New York and Philadelphia was very great at this time. Mr. Biddle's personal vanity seems to have been greatly flattered when he was called on by the New Yorkers to help them, in March. He was still the leading financier of the country. The business men could not spare him, if the government had thrown him off. There seems, also, to be some evidence that he hoped a great and universal revulsion would force the general government to re-charter his bank. The success of his post-notes in England and France was another source of gratified vanity to him. In his theory of banking he was one of those who believe that the redemption of the bank-note is effected by the merchandise. Hence banking was, for him, an art by which the banker regulated commerce through expansions and contractions of the circulation, according to the circumstances which he might observe in the market.

The first effect of the opposite courses taken by New York and Philadelphia was very favorable to his views. The Southern trade was transferred from New York to Philadelphia. Southern notes were at a discount of twenty or twenty-five per cent. Receiving these notes from the merchants, the bank employed them through Bevan & Humphreys in buying cotton. This operation began in July, and was intended to move the cotton to Europe in order to meet the post-notes of the bank when they should become due. The firm of Biddle & Humphreys was also formed and established at Liverpool, as the agent of this operation. In the extension of the transaction, cotton was bought and paid for by drafts on Bevan & Humphreys of Philadelphia, which drafts were discounted by the bank. Biddle & Humphreys, having sold the cotton, remitted the proceeds to Mr. Jaudon, former cashier of the bank, sent to England as its agent in July. To all this it must be added that the bank assumed the function of securing a good or fair price for cotton, for its producers. Jaudon's instructions were to protect the interests of the bank, "and of the country at large." If the bank had simply been a strong, sound bank, intent on earning profits, it would have sent two or three millions to Europe, selling exchange at 112, and would not have suspended. The rest of the story would then have been very different for all concerned. The arrival of a ship in England with $100,000 specie in June sufficed to sustain American credit, and to revive American securities. When the credit of a debtor is tainted, nothing restores it like payment.

The extra session of Congress met September 4. The fourth installment of the State Deposit Fund was postponed until January 1, 1839, but it was locked up in the suspended banks, and, as the former installments had been drawn from the better banks, the balance due was all in the worst banks of the country—those of the southwestern states. As they had loaned it to their customers, it was, in fact, amongst the people of those states. A law was passed to institute suit against these banks unless they paid on demand, or gave bonds to do so in three installments before July 1, 1839. There were only six deposit banks then paying specie; one was new, four had not suspended, and one had resumed. Power to call on the states for the funds "deposited" with them was taken from the Secretary of the Treasury and held by Congress. Interest-bearing treasury notes were provided for one year to meet expenses, and an extension of nine months was given on duty bonds. At this session the sub-treasury system was brought forward as an administration measure. It split the party. The "Bank Democrats" (state bank interest which joined the Jackson party in 1832, to break down the United States Bank) went into opposition. The advocates of the "credit system" said the sub-treasury scheme, by giving the government control of the specie in the country, would give it control of all credit. Meanwhile, Benton said that the eighty millions specie in the country was its bulwark against adversity, and the Locofocos said any one who exported specie was a British hireling; so that there was a fine confusion of financial notions.

In the fall, the English money market became much easier, and the same tendency appeared here. Specie at New York was at about seven per cent. premium, but steadily declining. Prices of breadstuffs remained very high (flour $9.00—$9.50 at New York), and the stagnation of industry was complete. Migration to the West was large.

On the 18th of August, the New York banks called a convention of banks to deliberate on resumption. The Philadelphia

banks frustrated the proposition by refusing. A convention met in October, but adjourned without action until April. On the 7th of April, the New York banks had assets two and one-half times their liabilities, excluding real estate, and were creditors of the Philadelphia banks for $1,200,000. They had reduced their liabilities from $25,400,000 on January 1, 1837, to $12,900,000 on January 1, 1838, and the foreign exchanges were favorable.

The bank convention met April 11, 1838, and voted by states to resume January 1, 1839, without precluding an earlier day. New York and Mississippi alone voted nay, the former, because the date was too remote; the latter, because it was too early. New England joined Philadelphia and Baltimore for the later day. Mr. Biddle published another letter in which he blamed the rigor of the contraction at New York. He wanted to remain "prepared to resume but not resuming," and looked to Congress to do the work. The exchange between New York and Philadelphia was then 4½ per cent. against the latter. The south-western exchanges were growing worse. May 1, the Philadelphia banks resolved to pay specie for demands of one dollar and under. The Bank of England engaged to send £1,000,000 in specie to support resumption, and did send £100,000, but then receded from the undertaking. Her stock of specie was now very large and increasing. The New York banks resumed during the first week in May, the Boston and New England banks generally at the same time. Specie was coming into New York. May 31, Congress repealed the specie circular, whereupon Mr. Biddle published another letter saying that, since Congress had acted, he saw his way to resumption and would "co-operate." The bank had, at this time, over thirteen millions loaned on "bills receivable," that is, on securities put in the teller's drawer as cash to replace cash taken out.

After the adjournment of Congress on the ninth of July there was a much better feeling, especially on account of the defeat of the sub-treasurybill, and, on the tenth of July Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania published a proclamation requiring the bank to resume August 13, and to pay and withdraw all notes under five dollars. On the 23d of July, a bank convention met at Philadelphia, composed of delegates from the middle states. It was agreed to resume August 13. The Philadelphia banks were obliged to contract very suddenly and money was very dear there. As soon as they resumed, there were demands on them from New York, exchange being against them. This caused excitement and indignation. The banks generally declared dividends as soon as they resumed. Elsewhere here and in England, money was easy and the times rapidly improving. There was, however, a feverish and uncertain market for cotton. Biddle & Humphreys were carrying an immense stock, and buyers and sellers differed as to prices.

December 10, 1838, Biddle published another letter to Adams, in which he reviewed his policy of the last two years, and withdrew the bank from all its former public activity. He says: "It abdicates its involuntary power." He defended the cotton speculations, saying that he had saved the great staple of our country from being sacrificed, by introducing a new competitor into the market. Here then was a buyer who had gone into the market on purpose to "bull" some one else's property. His fate could not be very doubtful. At this very time the Liverpool market was very dull, and the spinners were curtailing their demands because the supply was under the control of speculators. It was true, as was asserted, that the crop was short, but the buyers took that for a speculator's story, and, anticipating a break in the corner and a fall in price, they refused to buy. The speculation, no doubt, unduly depressed the price. The south-western agents of the Bank of the United States were offering advances from two to five cents above the market price to secure consignments to Biddle & Humphreys, and Mr. Jaudon was paying ruinous rates for money to carry on his operations, because he had lost instead of winning confidence.

During the winter, most of the southern and western banks resumed, at least nominally, but as spring approached (1839), the southern exchanges again fell and many of the banks suspended again. March 29, Biddle resigned the presidency of the bank, saying that he left it strong and prosperous. The stock fell from 116 to 112, but soon recovered. The money market became stringent again, influenced by fears of the South.

In March, by speculative sales, and by the diminution of stock, and by the real shortness of the crop, cotton was forced up one and a quarter pence at Liverpool, and Biddle & Humphreys sold out their entire stock. The net profit was $600,000. This was regarded as a great triumph, and as a

complete vindication of Biddle's policy. In July, 1839, the Bank of the United States paid a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.,—its last one.

The success of the cotton speculation led to a plan for renewing it on a grander scale. June 6th, an unsigned circular was published at New York, which proposed a scheme for advancing three-quarters of the value, at fourteen cents, on all cotton consigned to Biddle & Humphreys. They were to "hold on until prices vigorously rally." The agent, Mr. Wilder, declared that this had nothing to do with the United States Bank, so far as he knew. It was, however, a scheme of the bank. The south-western notes were falling lower and lower, and the post-notes issued in the south-west the year before were now falling due, and were not paid. The pressure of this fell on Philadelphia, where money was up to fifteen per cent., and the banks were curtailing. The news from England was also bad. Cotton was down two cents. The specie of the Bank of England was rapidly declining, and money was at five per cent. The arrangements from this side in 1837 had simply consisted in renewals or extensions, and as yet few payments had been made. Stocks, etc., were sent over, but they fell upon a glutted and stringent market, and the prices declined. These securities, therefore, did not furnish means of payment, and specie shipments were found to be necessary. The Bank of the United States had prevented any shipment of specie by offering all the bills demanded at 109½, and Mr. Jaudon had been obliged to adopt the most reckless means to meet these bills. In August he wrote to Biddle & Humphreys to supply him with money at any sacrifice of cotton. "Life or death to the Bank of the United States is the issue." The bank here urged Bevan & Humphreys to direct their agents to meet Jaudon's demands, and the bank assumed the loss. In August the bank sent an agent to New York to draw all the bills he could sell on Hottingeur, at Paris; to draw the proceeds in specie from the New York banks, and to ship it to meet the bills, the object being to force the New York banks to suspend in order that their example might again be quoted. The bank also sold its post-notes at a discount of eighteen per cent. per annum in Boston, New York, Baltimore and smaller places, and gathered up capital to meet the emergency at Philadelphia, caused by the failure of the southern remittances. The money markets in all these cities were very stringent until October. On the 9th of that month the Bank of the United States failed on drafts from New York, and on the 10th the news was received that the drafts on Hottingeur had been protested. He had given notice that he would not pay unless he was covered, and the drafts arrived before the specie did. Jaudon succeeded in getting Rothschild to take up the bills. The amount was seven million francs.

The banks south and west of New York, and some of the Rhode Island banks, now suspended again. Specie at Philadelphia was at 107–107½, United States Bank stock 70. October 15 it was at 80. Gold at New York one-fourth premium. Scarcely any New York City notes were in circulation.

This suspension was the real catastrophe of the speculative period which preceded. A great and general liquidation now began. Perhaps as many as two hundred of these banks never resumed. The stagnation of industry lasted for three or four years. The public improvements, so rashly begun, were suspended or abandoned. The states were struggling with the debts contracted. Some repudiated; some suspended the payment of interest. The New England states and New York escaped all the harsher features of this depression, and emerged from it first. In proportion as we go farther south and west, we find the distress more intense and more prolonged. The recovery was never marked by any distinct point of time, but came gradually and imperceptibly.

The credit of the Bank of the United States bore up wonderfully under the shock of its second suspension. Its friends were ready to attribute its misfortunes to conspiracies, jealousy, or any other cause but its own faults. They did not, indeed, know its internal history. It might have recovered, if it had not been ruined from within. The cotton speculations showed a loss, in the summer of 1840, of $630,000 for the speculators, after saddling the bank with all possible charges. The legislature of Pennsylvania ordered the banks to resume January 15, 1841. On the first of January, 1841, a statement of the assets of the bank was made, when it appeared that they consisted of a mass of doubtful and worthless securities. The losses to date were over five millions, according to the report of the directors, but over seventeen millions, taking the stocks at their market value. The bank resumed January 15, with the other Philadelphia banks, and the great bank loaned the state

$400,000, agreeing to loan as much more. In twenty days the Philadelphia banks lost eleven millions in specie, of which six millions were taken from the Bank of the United States. On the 4th of February the bank failed, for the third and last time. Its final failure was said to be due to stock-jobbers. Suits were at once begun in such numbers that all hope of ever resuscitating it had to be abandoned. Its deposits, when it failed, were $1,100,000, and its notes in circulation, $2,800,000. Twenty-seven millions out of the thirty-five of its capital were held in Europe. The stock, in March, 1841, was at 17. A committee of the stockholders reported in April, showing the internal history of the bank for five years. This brought out six letters from Mr. Biddle, of explanation, defense, and recrimination, which are chiefly valuable for the further insight they give into the history. As to the winding-up of the bank, it is very difficult to obtain information. Private inquiries lead to the following results: Three trusts were constituted, —one for the city banks, to which the bank owed five or six millions; one for the noteholders and depositors; and one for the other creditors. The city banks, the noteholders, and the depositors, were ultimately paid in full. The other claims were bought up by one or two persons, who took the assets. What they made of them is not matter of history.

The attempt of the Pennsylvania banks to resume in January, 1841, had been the signal for similar attempts in the other states. The banks on the seaboard as far south as South Carolina generally resumed, and in the western and gulf states some took the same step. All were indebted to the Northeast, and were asked to pay as soon as they said they were ready to pay. Like the Philadelphia banks, they succumbed to this demand. The Virginia banks held out until April, when the suspension was once more universal south of New York.

All the states, except New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina and Delaware, had debts amounting in all to nearly two hundred millions. The southern states had generally contracted these debts to found banks. The middle and western states had contracted debts for public works. In the former case the profits of the banks were expected to cover the interest on the debt. In the latter case the works were expected to be remunerative in a short time, and the interest was provided for in the meantime by bank dividends (on stocks owned by the state, which only constituted another debt), by taxes on banks and by royalties. Both schemes were plausible, and might have been successful if managed with good judgment and moderation. Under the actual circumstances they were subject to political control, the methods of which were reckless and ignorant. The consequence was that when credit collapsed and the English market no longer absorbed the state stocks with avidity, the states found themselves heavily indebted, bound to pay large interest charges, and without the anticipated revenue. The state banks of the South had loaned their borrowed capital to legislators and politicians and had no assets but "suspended debt." The improvement states had become heavily indebted to their own banks, and depended on bank dividends to pay interest. The state banks all held state stocks as assets, and when these declined in value the banks became insolvent. Thus the banking system was interlocked with the state finances and with the mania for improvements unwisely planned and attempted without reference to the capital at command. The aversion to taxation was very strong, and as taxation was delayed, one state after another defaulted on its interest. The delinquent states were Pennsylvania (which laid taxes in 1840, but inadequate to meet the deficiency), Michigan (of which the Bank of the United States held two millions in bonds not paid for when it failed), Mississippi (of which the same bank held five millions in bonds, the obligation of which was disputed and never met), Indiana (whose debt was one-fifth of the total valuation), Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland and Arkansas, and Florida territory: total amount, one hundred and eleven millions. In five years the Bank of the United States gave to Pennsylvania three millions, subscribed nearly half a million to public improvements by corporations, and loaned the state eight and a half millions. In 1857 and 1858 Pennsylvania sold out her works, which had cost thirty-five millions, for eleven millions. The bonds deposited in New York to secure circulation had a par value of $4,600,000, but were worth only $1,600,000 on the 1st January, 1843. As early as March, 1841, this decline caused a panic in "Safety Fund" and "Free Bank" notes at New York.

Pennsylvania now entered on another experiment, which threatened to ruin her remaining banks, as the reckless demands

on the Bank of the United States had helped to ruin that institution. May 3, 1841, the legislature passed, over a veto, a "Relief Act." The object was to secure a loan of three millions from the banks. The act allowed them to issue that amount in small notes, which they were to subscribe to a five-per-cent. loan. They were to redeem the notes in five-per-cent. stock on demand, in amounts over $100. The stocks were then at 80, and specie at seven per cent. premium.

The summer of 1841 was marked by intense distress in Pennsylvania. A table of the best investment stocks of Philadelphia shows a shrinkage, between August, 1838, and August, 1841, from sixty millions to three and one-half millions. The wages class was exposed to the bitterest poverty and distress. The Pennsylvanians attributed the trouble to the want of a protective tariff. For a time, in the autumn, the relief notes seemed to act beneficially. The banks took them, and they circulated at par, with the rest of the state currency. In January, 1842, the Girard Bank failed, and about the same time the Pennsylvania, and three others less important; and by March a crisis was reached worse than anything which had preceded. A bill was suddenly passed by the legislature, commanding immediate resumption. An amendment was proposed,—that the banks should no longer be bound to receive the relief notes, although the state should do so. The amendment was afterward withdrawn; but the relief notes were ruined. They fell, some to 75 and some to 50, in state currency, and then became merchandise, after six months and three days of use. Capital was now not to be had at four per cent. per month; but this bankruptcy had cleared the situation. The eleven banks which had not failed agreed to resume on the 18th of March. The exchanges with New York turned in favor of Philadelphia. The years 1842 and 1843 were years of great depression. The banks throughout the West and South were liquidating, after which they either perished or resumed. From 1843 a new, sound, and healthy development of industry and credit began. The recovery, however, was very slow, and banks sprang up again sooner and faster than anything else.

The total amount of relief notes issued in Pennsylvania was $2,100,000. In January, 1843, the amount outstanding was: of depreciated, $639,834; of specie value (issued by banks which had resumed), $240,801. "Bicknell's Reporter" said: "If any one can devise an immediate plan whereby the people can get rid of about $700,000 of paper trash, he will be entitled to the name of a public benefactor." In February, 1843, the legislature ordered the treasurer to cancel $100,000 relief notes at once, and $100,000 monthly until all were destroyed, but, in June, 1843, there were still $684,521 out.

The reader can, no doubt, make his own reflections on this story, but the following points are especially worth attention:

1. The influence of politics on currency, and of currency on politics, was exceedingly mischievous to both.

2. While credit adds greatly to the efficiency of capital it does not increase it, or supply the place of it. Abuses of credit were the real underlying cause of all this misery, where the natural circumstances were such as to produce prosperity beyond the experience of men.

3. When the error had been committed the consequences could not be avoided. The only question was: How to make them as small as possible, and to be done with them as quickly as possible, in order to begin again. The New York policy of sharp and relentless contraction was bitter while it lasted. It, however, reduced the total losses to be borne to a minimum, abbreviated as much as possible the period of distress, and gave New York three or four years the start of the suspending states, on the course of recovery.

4. The losses during this period were estimated at $847,000,000. This estimate is as good as any, but no such estimates have much value. The real question is: How much richer would the people of the United States have been in 1845 than they were, if they had gone forward steadily and surely from 1830, with a sober industry, a sound currency, and a normal development of credit? There is also another question for those who believed that the "credit system" helped poor men to get rich: How much richer would the "poor men" of 1830 have been in 1845 than they were, if they had never used credit at all, but had kept to the slow accumulation of capital? As it was, nearly all the poor men of 1830 were bankrupts in 1845.

5. A resumption of specie payments while the currency is redundant is an impossibility, unless resumption means that means of redeeming the excess are on hand, and will be freely used for that purpose.

POMONA'S BRIDAL TRIP.

OUR life at Rudder Grange seemed to be in no way materially changed by my becoming a vestryman. The cow gave about as much milk as before, and the hens laid the usual number of eggs. Euphemia went to church with a little more of an air, perhaps, but as the wardens were never absent, and I was never, therefore, called upon to assist in taking up the collection, her sense of my position was not inordinately manifested.

For a year or two, indeed, there was no radical change in anything about Rudder Grange, except in Pomona. In her there was a change. She grew up.

She performed this feat quite suddenly. She was a young girl when she first came to us, and we had never considered her as anything else, when one evening she had a young man to see her. Then we knew she had grown up.

We made no objections to her visitors, —she had several, from time to time,—"for," said Euphemia, "suppose my parents had objected to your visits." I could not consider the mere possibility of anything like this, and we gave Pomona all the ordinary opportunities for entertaining her visitors. To tell the truth, I think we gave her more than the ordinary opportunities. I know that Euphemia would wait on herself to almost any extent, rather than call upon Pomona, when the latter was entertaining an evening visitor in the kitchen or on the back porch.

"Suppose my mother," she once remarked, in answer to a mild remonstrance from me in regard to a circumstance of this nature,—"suppose my mother had rushed into our presence when we were plighting our vows, and had told me to go down into the cellar and crack ice!"

It was of no use to talk to Euphemia on such subjects; she always had an answer ready.

"You don't want Pomona to go off and be married, do you?" I asked, one day as she was putting up some new muslin curtains in the kitchen. "You seem to be helping her to do this all you can, and yet I don't know where on earth you will get another girl who will suit you so well."

"I don't know, either," replied Euphemia, with a tack in her mouth, "and I'm sure I don't want her to go. But neither do I want winter to come, or to have to wear spectacles; but I suppose both of these things will happen, whether I like it or not."

For some time after this Pomona had very little company, and we began to think that there was no danger of any present matrimonial engagement on her part,—a thought which was very gratifying to us, although we did not wish in any way to interfere with her prospects,—when, one afternoon, she quietly went up into the village and was married.

Her husband was a tall young fellow, a son of a farmer in the county, who had occasionally been to see her, but whom she must have frequently met on her "afternoons out."

When Pomona came home and told us this news we were certainly well surprised.

"What on earth are we to do for a girl?" cried Euphemia.

"You're to have me till you can get another one," said Pomona quietly. "I hope you don't think I'd go 'way, and leave you without anybody."

"But a wife ought to go to her husband," said Euphemia, "especially so recent a bride. Why didn't you let me know all about it? I would have helped to fit you out. We would have given you the nicest kind of a little wedding."

"I know that," said Pomona; "you're jus' good enough. But I didn't want to put you to all that trouble—right in preserving-time too. An' he wanted it quiet, for he's awful backward about shows. An' as I'm to go to live with his folks,—at least in a little house on the farm,—I might as well stay here as anywhere, even if I didn't want to, for I can't go there till after frost."

"Why not?" I asked.

"The chills and fever," said she. "They have it awful down in that valley. Why, he had a chill while we was bein' married, right at the bridal altar."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Euphemia. "How dreadful!"

"Yes indeed," said Pomona. "He must 'a' forgot it was his chill-day, and he didn't take his quinine, and so it come on him jus' as he was a-promisin' to love an' pertect. But he stuck it out, at the minister's house, and walked home by hisself to finish his chill."

"And you didn't go with him?" cried Euphemia, indignantly.

"He said, no. It was better thus. He felt it weren't the right thing to mingle the agur with his marriage vows. He promised to take sixteen grains to-morrow, and so I came away. He'll be all right in a month or so, an' then we'll go an' keep house. You see it aint likely I could help him any by goin' there an' gettin' it myself."

"Pomona," said Euphemia, "this is dreadful. You ought to go and take a bridal tour and get him rid of those fearful chills."

"I never thought of that," said Pomona, her face lighting up wonderfully.

Now that Euphemia had fallen upon this happy idea, she never dropped it until she had made all the necessary plans, and had put them into execution. In the course of a week, she had engaged another servant, and had started Pomona and her husband off on a bridal-tour, stipulating nothing but that they should take plenty of quinine in their trunk.

It was about three weeks after this, and Euphemia and I were sitting on our front steps,—I had come home early, and we had been potting some of the tenderest plants,—when Pomona walked in at the gate. She looked well, and had on a very bright new dress. Euphemia noticed this the moment she came in. We welcomed her warmly, for we felt a great interest in this girl, who had grown up in our family and under our care.

"Have you had your bridal trip?" asked Euphemia.

"Oh yes!" said Pomona. "It's all over an' done with, an' we're settled in our house."

"Well, sit right down here on the steps and tell us all about it," said Euphemia, in a glow of delightful expectancy, and Pomona, nothing loth, sat down and told her tale.

"You see," said she, untying her bonnet strings, to give an easier movement to her chin, "we didn't say where we was goin' when we started out, for the truth was we didn't know. We couldn't afford to take no big trip, and yet we wanted to do the thing up jus' as right as we could, seein' as you had set your heart on it, an' as we had, too, for that matter. Niagery Fall was what I wanted, but he said that it cost so much to see the sights there that he hadn't money to spare to take us there an' pay for all the sight-seein', too. We might go, he said, without seein' the sights, or, if there was any way of seein' the sights without goin', that might do, but he couldn't do both. So we give that up, and after thinkin' a good deal, we agreed to go to some other falls, which might come cheaper, an' may-be be jus' as good to begin on. So we thought of Passaic Falls, up to Paterson, an' we went there, an' took a room at a little hotel, an' walked over to the falls. But they wasn't no good, after all, for there wasn't no water runnin' over 'em. There was rocks and precipicers, an' direful depths, and everything for a good falls, except water, and that was all bein' used at the mills. 'Well, Miguel,' says I, 'this is about as nice a place for a falls as ever I see,' but—"

"Miguel!" cried Euphemia. "Is that your husband's name?"

"Well, no," said Pomona, "it isn't. His given name is Jonas, but I hated to call him Jonas, an' on a bridal trip, too. He might jus' as well have had a more romantic-er name, if his parents had 'a' thought of it. So I determined I'd give him a better one, while we was on our journey, anyhow, an' I changed his name to Miguel, which was the name of a Spanish count. He wanted me to call him Jiguel, because, he said, that would have a kind of a floating smell of his old name, but I didn't never do it. Well, neither of us didn't care to stay about no dry falls, so we went back to the hotel and got our supper, and begun to wonder what we should do next day. He said we'd better put it off and dream about it, and make up our minds nex' mornin', which I agreed to, an', that evenin', as we was sittin' in our room I asked Miguel to tell me the story of his life. He said, at first, it hadn't none, but when I seemed a kinder put out at this, he told me I mustn't mind, an' he would reveal the whole. So he told me this story:

"'My grandfather,' said he, 'was a rich and powerful Portugee, a-livin' on the island of Jamaica. He had heaps o' slaves, an' owned a black brigantine, that he sailed in on secret voyages, an', when he come back, the decks an' the gunnels was often bloody, but nobody knew why or wherefore. He was a big man with black hair an' very violent. He could never have kept no help, if he hadn't owned 'em, but he was so rich, that people respected him, in spite of all his crimes. My grandmother was a native o' the Isle o' Wight. She was a frail an' tender woman, with yeller hair, and deep blue eyes, an' gentle, an' soft, an' good to the poor. She used to take baskits of vittles aroun' to sick folks, an' set down on the side o' their beds an' read "The Shepherd o' Salisbury Plains" to 'em. She hardly

ever speaked above her breath, an' always wore white gowns with a silk kerchief a-folded placidly aroun' her neck.' 'Them was awful different kind o' people,' I says to him, 'I wonder how they ever come to be married.' 'They never was married,' says he. 'Never married!' I hollers, a-jumpin' up from my chair, 'and you sit there carmly an' look me in the eye.' 'Yes,' says he, 'they was never married. They never met; one was my mother's father, and the other one my father's mother. 'Twas well they did not wed.' 'I should think so,' said I, 'an' now, what's the good uv tellin' me a thing like that?'

"'It's about as near the mark as most of the stories of people's lives, I reckon,' says he, 'an' besides I'd only jus' begun it.'

"'Well, I don't want no more,' says I, an' I jus' tell this story of his to show what kind uv stories he told about that time. He said they was pleasant fictions, but I told him that ef he didn't look out he'd hear 'em called by a good deal of a worse kind of a name than that. The nex' mornin' he asked me what was my dream, an' I tole him I didn't have exactly no dream about it, but my idea was to have somethin' real romantic for the rest of our bridal days.

"'Well,' says he, 'what would you like? I had a dream, but it wasn't no ways romantic, and I'll jus' fall in with whatever you'd like best.'

"'All right,' says I, 'an' the most romantic-est thing that I can think of is for us to jus' make-believe for the rest of this trip. We can make-believe we're anything we please, an' if we think so in real earnest it will be pretty much the same thing as if we really was. We aint likely to have no chance ag'in of being jus' what we've a mind to, an' so let's try it now.'

"'What would you have a mind to be?' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'let's be an earl an' a earl-ess.'

"'Earl-ess'? says he, 'there aint no such a person.'

"'Why, yes there is, of course,' I says to him. 'What's a she-earl if she isn't a earl-ess?'

"'Well, I don't know,' says he, 'never havin' lived with any of 'em, but we'll let it go at that. An' how do you want to work the thing out?'

"'This way,' says I. 'You, Miguel——'

"'Jiguel,' says he.

"'The earl,' says I, not mindin' his interruption, 'an' me, your noble earl-ess, will go to some good place or other—it don't matter much jus' where, and whatever house we live in we'll call our castle, an' we'll consider it's got draw-bridges an' portcullises an' moats an' secrik dungeons, an' we'll remember our noble ancesters, an' behave accordin'. An' the people we meet we can make into counts and dukes and princes, without their knowin' anything about it; an' we can think our clothes is silk an' satin an' welwet, all covered with dimuns an' precious stones, jus' as well as not.'

"'Jus' as well,' says he.

"'An' then,' I went on, 'we kin go an' have chi-*val*-rous adventures,—or make believe we're havin' 'em,—an' build up a atmosphere uv romanticness aroun' us that 'll carry us back——'

"'To ole Virginny,' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'for thousands of years, or at least enough back for the times of tournaments and chi-*val*-ry.'

"'An' so your idea is that we jus' make believe all these things, an' don't pay for none of 'em, is it?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I; 'an' you, Miguel——'

"'Jiguel,' says he.

"'Kin jus' ask me, ef you don't know what chi-*val*-ric or romantic thing you ought to do or to say so as to feel yourself truly an' reely a earl, for I've read a lot about these people, an' know jus' what ought to be did.'

"Well, he set hisself down an' thought a while, an' then he says, 'All right. We'll do that, an' we'll begin to-morrer mornin', for I've got a little business to do in the city which wouldn't be exactly the right thing for me to stoop to after I'm a earl, so I'll go in an' do it while I'm a common person, an' come back this afternoon, an' you kin jus' walk about an' look at the dry falls, an' amuse yourself gen'rally, till I come back.'

"'All right,' says I, an' off he goes.

"He come back afore dark, an' the nex' mornin' we got ready to start off.

"'Have you any particular place to go?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'one place is as likely to be as good as another for our style o' thing. If it don't suit, we can imagine it does.'

"'That'll do,' says he, an' we had our trunk sent to the station, and walked ourselves. When we got there, he says to me,

"'Which number will you have, five or seven?'

"'Either one will suit me, Earl Miguel,' says I.

"'Jiguel,' says he, 'an' we'll make it

seven. An' now I'll go an' look at the time-table, an' we'll buy tickets for the seventh station from here. The seventh station,' says he, comin' back, 'is Pokus. We'll go to Pokus.'

"So when the train come we got in, an' got out at Pokus. It was a pretty sort of a place, out in the country, with the houses scattered a long ways apart, like stingy chicken-feed.

"'Let's walk down this road,' says he, 'till we come to a good house for a castle, an' then we kin ask 'em to take us to board, an' ef they wont do it we'll go to the next, an' so on.'

"'All right,' says I, glad enough to see how pat he entered into the thing.

"We walked a good ways, an' passed some little houses that neither of us thought would do, without more imaginin' than would pay, till we came to a pretty big house near the river, which struck our fancy in a minute. It was a stone house, an' it had trees aroun' it, an' there was a garden with a wall, an' things seemed to suit first-rate, so we made up our minds right off that we'd try this place.

"'You wait here under this tree,' says he, 'an' I'll go an' ask 'em ef they'll take us to board for a while.'

"So I waits, an' he goes in the gate, an' pretty soon he comes out an' says, 'All right, they'll take us, an' they'll send a man with a wheelbarrer to the station for our trunk.' So in we goes. The man was a country-like lookin' man, an' his wife was a very pleasant woman. The house wasn't furnished very fine, but we didn't care for that, an' they gave us a big room that had rafters instid of a ceilin', an' a big fire-place, an' that, I said, was jus' exac'ly what we wanted. The room was almos' like a donjon itself, which he said he reckoned had once been a kitchin, but I tole him that a earl hadn't nothin' to do with kitchins, an' that this was a tapestry chamber, an' I'd tell him all about the strange figgers on the embroidered hangin's, when the shadders begun to fall.

"It rained a little that afternoon, an' we stayed in our room, and hung our clothes an' things about on nails an' hooks, an' made believe they was armor an' ancient trophies an' portraits of a long line of ancesters. I did most of the make-believin'; but he agreed to ev'rything. The man who kep' the house's wife brought us our supper about dark, because she said she thought we might like to have it together cozy, an' so we did, an' was glad enough of it; an' after supper we sat before the fire-place, where we made-believe the flames was a-roarin' an' cracklin' an' a-lightin' up the bright places on the armor a-hangin' aroun', while the storm —which we made-believe—was a-ragin' an' whirlin' outside. I told him a long story about a lord an' a lady, which was two or three stories I had read, run together, an' we had a splendid time. It all seemed real real to me.

"The nex' mornin' was fine an' nice, an' after our breakfast had been brought to us, we went out in the grounds to take a walk. There was lots of trees back of the house, with walks among 'em, an' altogether it was so ole-timey an' castleish that I was as happy as a lark.

"'Come along, Earl Miguel,' I says; 'let us tread a measure 'neath these mantlin' trees.'

"'All right,' says he. 'Your Jiguel attends you. An' what might our noble second name be? What is we earl an' earl-ess of?'

"'Oh, anything,' says I. 'Let's take any name at random.'

"'All right,' says he. 'Let it be random. Earl an' Earl-ess Random. Come along.'

"So we walks about, I feelin' mighty noble an' springy, an' afore long we sees another couple a-walkin' about under the trees.

"'Who's them?' says I.

"'Don't know,' says he, 'but I expect they're some o' the other boarders. The man said he had other boarders when I spoke to him about takin' us.'

"'Let's make-believe they're a count an' countess,' says I. 'Count and Countess of——'

"'Milwaukee,' says he.

"I didn't think much of this for a noble name, but still it would do well enough, an' so we called 'em the Count an' Countess of Milwaukee, an' we kep' on a meanderin'. Pretty soon he gets tired an' says he was a-goin' back to the house to have a smoke because he thought it was time to have a little fun which weren't all imaginations, an' I says to him to go along, but it would be the hardest thing in this world for me to imagine any fun in smokin'. He laughed an' went back, while I walked on, a-makin'-believe a page, in blue puffed breeches, was a-holdin' up my train, which was of light-green velvet trimmed with silver lace. Pretty soon, turnin' a little corner, I meets the Count and Countess of Milwaukee. She

was a small lady, dressed in black, and he was a big fat man about fifty years old, with a grayish beard. They both wore little straw hats, exac'ly alike, an' had on green carpet-slippers.

"They stops when they sees me, an' the lady she bows and says 'good-mornin',' an' then she smiles, very pleasant, an' asks if I was a-livin' here, an' when I said I was, she says she was too, for the present, an' what was my name. I had half a mind to say the Earl-ess Random, but she was so pleasant and sociable that I didn't like to seem to be makin' fun, an' so I said I was Mrs. DeHenderson.

"'An' I,' says she, 'am Mrs. General Andrew Jackson, widow of the ex-President of the United States. I am staying here on business connected with the United States Bank. This is my brother,' says she, pointin' to the big man.

"'How d'ye do?' says he, a-puttin' his hands together, turnin' his toes out an' makin' a funny little bow. 'I am General Tom Thumb,' he says in a deep, gruff voice, 'an' I've been before all the crown-ed heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, America an' Australia, —all a's but one,—an' I'm watin' here for a team of four little milk-white oxen, no bigger than tall cats, which is to be hitched to a little hay-wagon, which I am to ride in, with a little pitch-fork an' real farmer's clothes, only small. This will come to-morrow, when I will pay for it an' ride away to exhibit. It may be here now, an' I will go an' see. Good-bye.'

"'Good-bye, likewise,' says the lady. 'I hope you'll have all you're thinkin' you're havin', an' more too, but less ef you'd like it. Farewell.' An' away they goes.

"Well, you may be sure, I stood there amazed enough, an' mad too when I heard her talk about my bein' all I was a-thinkin' I was. I was sure my husband—scarce two weeks old, a husband—had told all. It was too bad. I wished I had jus' said I was the Earl-ess of Random an' brassed it out.

"I rushed back an' foun' him smokin' a pipe on a back porch. I charged him with his perfidy, but he vowed so earnest that he had not told these people of our fancies, or ever had spoke to 'em, that I had to believe him.

"'I expec',' says he, 'that they're jus' makin'-believe—as we are. There aint no patent on make-believes.'

"This didn't satisfy me, an' as he seemed to be so careless about it I walked away, an' left him to his pipe. I determined to go take a walk along some of the country roads an' think this thing over for myself. I went aroun' to the front gate, where the woman of the house was a-standin' talkin' to somebody, an' I jus' bowed to her, for I didn't feel like sayin' anything, an' walked past her.

"'Hello!' said she, jumpin' in front of me an' shuttin' the gate. 'You can't go out here. If you want to walk you can walk about in the grounds. There's lots of shady paths.'

"'Can't go out!' says I. 'Can't go out! What do you mean by that?'

"'I mean jus' what I say,' said she, an' she locked the gate.

"I was so mad that I could have pushed her over an' broke the gate, but I thought that if there was anything of that kind to do I had a husband whose business it was to attend to it, an' so I runs aroun' to him to tell him. He had gone in, but I met Mrs. Jackson an' her brother.

"'What's the matter?' said she, seein' what a hurry I was in.

"'That woman at the gate,' I said, almost chokin' as I spoke, 'wont let me out.'

"'She wont?' said Mrs. Jackson. 'Well, that's a way she has. Four times the Bank of the United States has closed its doors before I was able to get there, on account of that woman's obstinacy about the gate. Indeed, I have not been to the Bank at all yet, for of course it is of no use to go after banking hours.'

"'An' I believe, too,' said her brother in his heavy voice, 'that she has kept out my team of little oxen. Otherwise it would be here now.'

"I couldn't stand any more of this an' ran into our room where my husband was. When I told him what had happened, he was real sorry.

"'I didn't know you thought of going out,' he said, 'or I would have told you all about it. An' now sit down an' quiet yourself, an' I'll tell you jus' how things is.' So down we sits, an' says he, jus' as carm as a summer cloud, 'My dear, this is a lunertic asylum. Now, don't jump,' he says; 'I didn't bring you here, because I thought you was crazy, but because I wanted you to see what kind of people they was who imagined themselves earls and earl-esses, an' all that sort o' thing, an' to have an idea how the thing worked after you'd been doing it a good while an' had got used to it. I thought it would be a good thing,

while I was Earl Jiguel and you was a noble earl-ess, to come to a place where people acted that way. I knowed you had read lots o' books about knights and princes an' bloody towers, an' that you knowed all about them things, but I didn't suppose you did know how them same things looked in these days, an' a lunertic asylum was the only place where you could see 'em. So I went to a doctor I knowed,' he says, 'an' got a certificate from him to this private institution, where we could stay for a while an' git posted on romantics.'

"'Then,' says I, 'the upshot was that you wanted to teach a lesson.'

"'Jus' that,' says he.

"'All right,' says I; 'it's teached. An' now let's git out of this jus' as quick as we kin.'

"'That'll suit me,' he says, 'an' we'll leave by the noon train. I'll go an' see about the trunk bein' sent down.'

"So off he went to see the man who kept the house, while I falls to packin' up the trunk as fast as I could."

"Weren't you dreadfully angry at him?" asked Euphemia, who, having a romantic streak in her own composition, did not sympathize altogether with this heroic remedy for Pomona's disease.

"No, ma'am," said Pomona, "not long. When I thought of Mrs. General Jackson and Tom Thumb, I couldn't help thinkin' that I must have looked pretty much the same to my husband, who, I knowed now, had only been makin'-believe to make-believe. An' besides, I couldn't be angry very long for laughin', for when he come back in a minute, as mad as a March hare, an' said they wouldn't let me out nor him nuther, I fell to laughin' ready to crack my sides.

"'They say,' said he, as soon as he could speak straight, 'that we can't go out without another certificate from the doctor. I told 'em I'd go myself an' see him about it, but they said no, I couldn't, for if they did that way everybody who ever was sent here would be goin' out the next day to see about leavin'. I didn't want to make no fuss, so I told them I'd write a letter to the doctor and tell him to send an order that would soon show them whether we could go out or not. They said that would be the best thing to do, an' so I'm goin' to write it this minute,'—which he did.

"'How long will we have to wait?' says I, when the letter was done.

"'Well,' says he, 'the doctor can't get this before to-morrow mornin', an' even if he answers right away, we wont get our order to go out until the next day. So we'll jus' have to grin an' bear it for a day an' a half.'

"'This is a lively old bridal-trip,' said I, —'dry falls an' a lunertic asylum.'

"'We'll try to make the rest of it better,' said he.

"But the next day wasn't no better. We staid in our room all day, for we didn't care to meet Mrs. Jackson an' her crazy brother, an' I'm sure we didn't want to see the mean creatures who kept the house. We knew well enough that they only wanted us to stay so that they could get more board-money out of us."

"I should have broken out," cried Euphemia. "I would never have staid an hour in that place, after I found out what it was, especially on a bridal trip."

"If we'd done that," said Pomona, "they'd have got men after us, an' then everybody would have thought we was real crazy. We jus' made up our minds to wait for the doctor's letter, but it wasn't much fun. An' I didn't tell no romantic stories to fill up the time. We jus' sat down an' behaved like the commonest kind o' people. You never saw anybody sicker of romantics than I was when I thought of them two loons that called themselves Mrs. Andrew Jackson and General Tom Thumb. I dropped Miguel altogether, an' he dropped Jiguel, which was a relief to me, an' I took strong to Jonas, even callin' him Jone, which I consider a good deal uglier an' commoner even than Jonas. He didn't like this much, but said that if it would help me out of the Miguel, he didn't care.

"Well, on the mornin' of the next day I went into the little front room that they called the office, to see if there was a letter for us yet, an' there wasn't nobody there to ask. But I saw a little pile of letters under a weight on the table, an' I jus' looked at these to see if one of 'em was for us, an' if there wasn't the very letter Jone had written to the doctor! They'd never sent it! I rushes back to Jone an tells him, an' he jus' set an' looked at me without sayin' a word. I didn't wonder he couldn't speak.

"'I'll go an' let them people know what I think of 'em,' says I.

"Don't do that,' said Jone, catchin' me by the sleeve. 'It wont do no good. Leave the letter there, an' don't say nothin' about it. We'll stay here till afternoon

quite quiet, an' then we'll go away. That garden wall isn't high.'

"'An' how about the trunk?' says I.

"'Oh, we'll jus' take a few things in our pockets, an' lock up the trunk, an' ask the doctor to send for it when we get to the city.'

"'All right,' says I. An' we went to work to get ready to leave.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was a nice time to take a walk under the trees, we meandered quietly down to a corner of the back wall, where Jone thought it would be rather convenient to get over. He hunted up a short piece of board which he leaned up ag'in the wall, an' then he put his foot on the top of that an' got hold of the top of the wall an' climbed up, as easy as nuthin'. Then he reached down to help me step onto the board. But jus' as he was agoin' to take me by the hand: 'Hello!' says he. 'Look a-there!' An' I turned round an' looked, an' if there wasn't Mrs. Andrew Jackson an' General Tom Thumb a-walkin' down the path.

"'What shall we do?' says I.

"'Come along,' says he. 'We aint a-goin' to stop for them. Get up, all the same.'

"I tried to get up as he said, but it wasn't so easy for me on account of my not bein' such a high stepper as Jone, an' I was a good while a-gettin' a good footin' on the board.

"Mrs. Jackson an' the General, they came right up to us an' set down on a bench which was fastened between two trees near the wall. An' there they set, a-lookin' steady at us with their four little eyes, like four empty thimbles.

"'You appear to be goin' away,' says Mrs. Jackson.

"'Yes,' says Jone from the top of the wall. 'We're agoin' to take a slight stroll outside, this salu-brious evenin'.'

"'Do you think,' says she, 'that the United States Bank would be open this time of day?'

"'Oh no,' says Jone, 'the banks all close at three o'clock. It's a good deal after that now.'

"'But if I told the officers who I was, wouldn't that make a difference?' says she. 'Wouldn't they go down an' open the bank?'

"'Not much,' says Jone, givin' a pull which brought me right up to the top o' the wall an' almost clean down the other side, with one jerk. 'I never knowed no officers that would do that. But,' says he, a kind o' shuttin' his eyes so that he shouldn't see he was lyin', 'we'll talk about that when we come back.'

"'If you see that team of little oxen,' says the big man, 'send 'em 'round to the front gate.'

"'All right,' says Jone; an' he let me down the outside of the wall as if I had been a bag o' horse-feed.

"'But if the bank isn't open you can't pay for it when it does come,' we heard the old lady a-sayin' as we hurried off.

"We didn't lose no time agoin' down to that station, an' it's lucky we didn't, for a train for the city was comin' jus' as we got there, an' we jumped aboard without havin' no time to buy tickets. There wasn't many people in our car, an' we got a seat together.

"'Now then,' says Jone, as the cars went a-buzzin' along, 'I feel as if I was really on a bridal-trip, which I mus' say I didn't at that there asylum.'

"An' then I said:

"'I should think not,' an' we both bust out a-laughin', as well we might, feelin' sich a change of surroundin's.

"'Do you think,' says somebody behind us, when we'd got through laughin', 'that if I was to send a boy up to the cashier he would either come down or send me the key of the bank?'

"We both turned aroun' as quick as lightnin', an' if there wasn't them two lunertics in the seat behind us!

"It nearly took our breaths away to see them settin' there, staring at us with their thimble eyes, an' a-wearin' their little straw hats, both alike.

"'How on the livin' earth did you two get here?' says I, as soon as I could speak.

"'Oh, we come by the same way you come—by the tem-per-ary stairs,' says Mrs. Jackson. 'We thought if it was too late to draw any money to-night, it might be well to be on hand bright an' early in the mornin'. An' so we followed you two, jus' as close as we could, because we knew you could take us right to the very bank doors, an' we didn't know the way ourselves, not never havin' had no occasion to attend to nothin' of this kind before.'

"Jone an' I looked at each other, but we didn't speak for a minute.

"'Then,' says I, 'here's a pretty kittle o' fish.'

"'I should kinder say so,' says Jone.

'We've got these here two lunertics on our hands, sure enough, for there aint no train back to Pokus to-night, an' I wouldn't go back with 'em if there was. We must keep an eye on 'em till we can see the doctor to-morrow.'

"'I suppose we must,' said I, 'but this don't seem jus' as much like a bridal-trip as it did a while ago.'

"'You're right there,' says Jone.

"When the conductor came along we had to pay the fare of them two lunertics, besides our own, for neither of 'em had a cent about 'em. When we got to town we went to a smallish hotel, near the ferry, where Jone knowed the man who kep' it, who wouldn't bother about none of us havin' a scrap of baggage, knowin' he'd git his money all the same, out of either Jone or his father. The General an' his sister looked a kind o' funny in their little straw hats an' green carpet-slippers, an' the clerk didn't know whether he hadn't forgot how to read writin' when the big man put down the names of General Tom Thumb and Mrs. ex-President Andrew Jackson, which he wasn't ex-President anyway, bein' dead; but Jone he whispered they was travelin' under nommys dess plummys (I told him to say that), an' he would fix it all right in the mornin'. An' then we got some supper, which it took them two lunertics a long time to eat, for they was all the time forgettin' what particular kind o' business they was about, an' then we was showed to our rooms. They had two rooms right across the hall from ours. We hadn't been inside our room five minutes before Mrs. General Jackson come a-knockin' at the door.

"'Look a-here," she says to me, 'there's a unforeseen contingency in my room. An' it smells.'

"So I went right in, an' sure enough it did smell, for she had turned on all the gases, besides the one that was lighted.

"'What did you do that for?' says I, a-turnin' them off as fast as I could.

"'I'd like to know what they're made for,' says she, 'if they isn't to be turned on.'

"When I told Jone about this he looked real serious, an' jus' then a waiter came upstairs an' went into the big man's room. In a minute he come out an' says to Jone an' me, a-grinnin':

"'We can'tsuit him no better in this house.'

"'What does he want?' asks Jone.

"'Why, he wants a smaller bed,' says the waiter. 'He says he can't sleep in a bed as big as that, an' we haven't none smaller in this house, which he couldn't get into if we had, in my opinion,' says he.

"'All right,' says Jone. 'Jus' you go down-stairs, an' I'll fix him.' So the man goes off, still a-grinnin'. 'I tell you what it is,' says Jone, 'it wont do to let them two lunertics have rooms to themselves. They'll set this house afire or turn it upside down in the middle of the night, if they has. There's nuthin' to be done but for you to sleep with the woman an' for me to sleep with the man, an' to keep 'em from cuttin' up till mornin'.'

"So Jone he went into the room where General Tom Thumb was a-settin' with his hat on, a-lookin' doleful at the bed, an' says he:

"'What's the matter with the bed?'

"'Oh, it's too large entirely,' says the General. 'It wouldn't do for me to sleep in a bed like that. It would ruin my character as a genuine Thumb.'

"'Well,' says Jone, 'it's nearly two times too big for you, but if you an' me was both to sleep in it, it would be about right, wouldn't it?'

"'Oh yes,' says the General. An' he takes off his hat, an' Jone says good-night to me an' shuts the door. Our room was better than Mrs. General Jackson's, so I takes her in there, an' the fust thing she does is to turn on all the gases.

"'Stop that!' I hollers. 'If you do that again,—I'll—I'll break the United States Bank to-morrow!'

"'How'll you do that?' says she.

"'I'll draw out all my capital,' says I.

"'I hope really you wont,' says she, 'till I've been there,' an' she leans out of the open winder to look into the street, but while she was a-lookin' out I see her left hand a-creepin' up to the gas by the winder, that wasn't lighted. I felt mad enough to take her by the feet an' pitch her out, as you an' the boarder," said Pomona, turning to me, "h'isted me out of the canal-boat winder. But I didn't do it, for there wasn't no soft water underneath for her to fall into. After we went to bed I kep' awake for a long time, bein' afraid she'd get up in the night an' turn on all the gases and smother me alive. But I fell asleep at last, an' when I woke up, early in the mornin', the first thing I did was to feel for that lunertic. But she was gone!"

"Gone?" cried Euphemia, who, with myself, had been listening most intently to Pomona's story.

"Yes," continued Pomona, "she was

gone. I give one jump out of bed and felt the gases, but they was all right. But she was gone, an' her clothes was gone. I dressed, as pale as death, I do expect, an' hurried to Jone's room, an' he an' me an' the big man was all ready in no time to go an' look for her. General Tom Thumb didn't seem very anxious, but we made him hurry up an' come along with us. We couldn't afford to leave him nowheres. The clerk down-stairs—a different one from the chap who was there the night before—said that a middle-aged, elderly lady came down about an hour before an' asked him to tell her the way to the United States Bank, an' when he told her he didn't know of any sich bank, she jus' stared at him, an' wanted to know what he was put there for. So he didn't have no more to say to her, an' she went out, an' he didn't take no notice which way she went. We had about the same idea about him that Mrs. Jackson had, but we didn't stop to tell him so. We hunted up an' down the streets for an hour or more; we asked every policeman we met if he'd seen her; we went to a police station; we did everything we could think of, but no Mrs. Jackson turned up. Then we was so tired an' hungry that we went into some place or other an' got our breakfast. When we started out ag'in, we kep' on up one street an' down another, an' askin' everybody who looked as if they had two grains of sense,—which most of 'em didn't look as if they had mor'n one, an' that was in use to get 'em to where they was goin.' At last, a little ways down a small street, we seed a crowd, an' the minute we see it Jone an' me both said in our inside hearts: 'There she is!' An' sure enough, when we got there, who should we see, with a ring of street-loafers an' boys around her, but Mrs. Andrew Jackson, with her little straw hat an' her green carpet-slippers, a-dancin' some kind of a skippin' fandango, an' a-holdin' out her skirts with the tips of her fingers. I was jus' agoin' to rush in an' grab her when a man walks quick into the ring and touches her on the shoulder. The minute I seed him I knowed him. It was our old boarder!"

"It was?" exclaimed Euphemia.

"Yes it was truly him, an' I didn't want him to see me there in sich company, an' he most likely knowin' I was on my bridal-trip, an' so I made a dive at my bonnet to see if I had a vail on; an' findin' one, I hauled it down.

"'Madam,' says the boarder, very respectful, to Mrs. Jackson, 'where do you live? Can't I take you home?' 'No, sir,' says she, 'at least not now. If you have a carriage, you may come for me after a while. I am waiting for the Bank of the United States to open, an' until which time I must support myself on the light fantastic toe,' an' then she tuk up her skirts, an' begun to dance ag'in. But she didn't make mor'n two skips before I rushed in, an' takin' her by the arm hauled her out o' the ring. An' then up comes the big man with his face as red as fire. 'Look here!' says he to her as if he was ready to eat her up. 'Did you draw every cent of that money?' 'Not yet, not yet,' says she. 'You did, you purse-proud cantalope,' says he. 'You know very well you did, an' now I'd like to know where my ox-money is to come from.' But Jone an' me didn't intend to wait for no sich talk as this, an' he tuk the man by the arm, and I tuk the old woman, an' we jus' walked 'em off. The boarder he told the loafers to get out an' go home, an' none of 'em follered us, for they know'd if they did he'd a batted 'em over the head. But he comes up alongside o' me, as I was a' walkin' behind with Mrs. Jackson, an' says he: 'How d'ye do, Pomona?' I must say I felt as if I could slip in between two bricks, but as I couldn't get away, I said I was pretty well. 'I heared you was on your bridal-trip,' says he ag'in; 'is this it?' It was jus' like him to know that, an' as there was no help for it, I said it was. 'Is that your husband?' says he, pointin' to Jone. 'Yes,' says I. 'It was very good in him to come along,' says he. 'Is these two your groomsman and bridesmaid?' 'No sir,' says I. 'They're crazy.' 'No wonder,' says he. 'It's enough to drive 'em so, to see you two,' an' then he went ahead an' shuck hands with Jone, an' told him he'd know'd me a long time; but he didn't say nuthin' about havin' histed me out of a winder, for which I was obliged to him. An' then he come back to me an' says he, 'Good-mornin', I must go to the office. I hope you'll have a good time for the rest of your trip. If you happen to run short o' lunertics, jus' let me know, and I'll furnish you with another pair.' 'All right,' says I; 'but you mustn't bring your little girl along.'

"He kinder laughed at this, as he walked away, an' then he turned around an' come back, and says he, 'Have you been to any the-ay-ters, or anything, since you've been in town?' 'No,' says I, 'not one.' 'Well,'

says he, 'you ought to go. Which do you like best, the the-ay-ter, the cir-cus, or wild-beasts?' I did really like the the-ay-ter best, havin' thought of bein' a play-actor, as you know, but I considered I'd better let that kind o' thing slide jus' now, as bein' a little too romantic, right after the 'sylum, an' so I says, 'I've been once to a circus, an' once to a wild-beast garden, an' I like 'em both. I hardly know which I like best—the roarin' beasts, a-prancin' about in their cages, with the smell of blood an' hay, an' the towerin' elephants; or the horses, an' the music, an' the gauzy figgers at the circus, an' the splendid knights in armor an' flashin' pennants, all on fiery steeds, a-plungin' ag'in the sides of the ring, with their flags a-flyin' in the grand entry,' says I, real excited with what I remembered about these shows.

"'Well,' says he, 'I don't wonder at your feelin's. An' now, here's two tickets for to-night, which you an' your husband can have, if you like, for I can't go. They're to a meetin' of the Hudson County Enter-mological Society, over to Hoboken, at eight o'clock.'

"'Over to Hoboken!' says I; 'that's a long way.'

"'Oh no, it aint,' says he. 'An' it wont cost you a cent, but the ferry. They couldn't have them shows in the city, for, if the creatures was to get loose, there's no knowin' what might happen. So take 'em, an' have as much fun as you can for the rest of your trip. Good-bye!' An' off he went.

"Well, we kep' straight on to the doctor's, an' glad we was when we got there, an' mad he was when we lef' Mrs. Jackson an' the General on his hands, for we wouldn't have no more to do with 'em, an' he couldn't back out from seein' to their goin' back. I thought at first he wouldn't lift a finger to get us our trunk; but he cooled down after a bit, an' said he hoped we'd try some different kind of institution for the rest of our trip, which we said we thought we would.

"That afternoon we gawked around, a-lookin' at all the outside shows, for Jone said he'd have to be pretty careful of his money now, an' he was glad when I told him I had two free tickets in my pocket for a show in the evenin.'

"As we was a-walkin' down to the ferry, after supper, says he:

"'Suppose you let me have a look at them tickets.'

"So I hands 'em to him. He reads one of 'em, and then he reads the other, which he needn't 'a' done, for they was both alike, an' then he turns to me, an' says he:

"'What kind of a man is your boarder as was?'

"It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to say jus' what he was, but I give Jone the idea, in a general sort of way, that he was pretty lively.

"'So I should think,' says he. 'He's been tryin' a trick on us, and sendin' us to the wrong place. It's rather late in the season for a show of the kind, but the place we ought to go to is a potato-field.'

"'What on earth are you talkin' about?' says I, dumbfoundered.

"'Well,' says he, 'it's a trick he's been playin'. He thought a bridal trip like ours ought to have some sort of a outlandish wind-up, an' so he sent us to this place, which is a meetin' of chaps who are agoin' to talk about insec's,—principally potato-bugs, I expec'—an' anything stupider than that, I s'pose your boarder as was couldn't think of, without havin' a good deal o' time to consider.'

"'It's jus' like him,' says I. 'Let's turn round and go back,' which we did, prompt.

"We gave the tickets to a little boy who was sellin' papers, but I don't believe he went.

"'Now then,' says Jone, after he'd been thinkin' awhile, 'there'll be no more foolin' on this trip. I've blocked out the whole of the rest of it, an' we'll wind up a sight better than that boarder as was has any idea of. To-morrow we'll go to father's an' if the old gentleman has got any money on the crops, which I expec' he has, by this time, I'll take up a part o' my share, an' we'll have a trip to Washington, an' see the President, an' Congress, an' the White House, an' the lamp always a-burnin' before the Supreme Court, an' ——'

"'Don't say no more,' says I, 'it's splendid!'

"So, early the nex' day, we goes off jus' as fast as trains would take us to his father's, an' we hadn't been there mor'n ten minutes, before Jone found out he had been summoned on a jury.

"'When must you go?' says I, when he come, lookin' a kind o' pale, to tell me this.

"'Right off,' says he. 'The court meets this mornin'. If I don't hurry up, I'll have some of 'em after me. But I wouldn't cry about it. I don't believe the case 'll last more'n a day.'

"The old man harnessed up an' took Jone to the court-house, an' I went too, for I

might as well keep up the idea of a bridal-trip as not. I went up into the gallery, and Jone, he was set among the other men in the jury-box.

"The case was about a man named Brown, who married the half-sister of a man named Adams, who afterward married Brown's mother, and sold Brown a house he had got from Brown's grandfather, in trade for half a grist-mill, which the other half of was owned by Adams's half-sister's first husband, who left all his property to a soup society, in trust, till his son should come of age, which he never did, but left a will which give his half of the mill to Brown, and the suit was between Brown and Adams and Brown again, and Adams's half-sister, who was divorced from Brown, and a man named Ramsey, who had put up a new over-shot wheel to the grist-mill."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Euphemia. "How could you remember all that?"

"I heard it so often, I couldn't help remembering it," replied Pomona. And she went on with her narrative.

"That case wasn't a easy one to understand, as you may see for yourselves, and it didn't get finished that day. They argyed over it a full week. When there wasn't no more witnesses to carve up, one lawyer made a speech, an' he set that crooked case so straight, that you could see through it from the over-shot wheel clean back to Brown's grandfather. Then another feller made a speech, and he set the whole thing up another way. It was jus' as clear, to look through, but it was another case altogether, no more like the other one than a apple-pie is like a mug o' cider. An' then they both took it up, an' they swung it around between them, till it was all twisted an' knotted an' wound up, an' tangled, worse than a skein o' yarn in a nest o' kittens, an' then they give it to the jury.

"Well, when them jurymen went out, there wasn't none of 'em, as Jone tole me afterward, as knew whether it was Brown or Adams as was dead, or whether the mill was to grind soup, or to be run by soup-power. Of course they couldn't agree; three of 'em wanted to give a verdict for the boy that died, two of 'em was for Brown's grandfather, an' the rest was scattered, some goin' in for damages to the witnesses, who ought to get somethin' for havin' their char-*ac*-ters ruined. Jone he jus' held back, ready to jine the other eleven as soon as they'd agree. But they couldn't do it, an' they was locked up three days and four nights. You'd better believe I got pretty wild about it, but I come to court every day an' waited an' waited, bringin' somethin' to eat in a baskit.

"One day, at dinner-time, I seed the judge a-standin' at the court-room door, a-wipin' his forrid with a handkerchief, an' I went up to him an' said, 'Do you think, sir, they'll get through this thing soon?'

"'I can't say, indeed, said he. Are you interested in the case?'

"'I should think I was,' said I, an' then I told him about Jone's bein' a juryman, an' how we was on our bridal-trip.

"'You've got my sympathy, madam,' says he, 'but it's a difficult case to decide, an' I don't wonder it takes a good while.'

"'Nor I nuther,' says I, 'an' my opinion about these things is, that if you'd jus' keep them lawyers shut up in another room, an' make 'em do their talkin' to theirselves, the jury could keep their minds clear, and settle the cases in no time.'

"'There's some sense in that, madam,' says he, an' then he went into court ag'in.

"Jone never had no chance to jine in with the other fellers, for they couldn't agree, an' they were all discharged, at last. So the whole thing went for nuthin.

"When Jone come out, he looked like he'd been drawn through a pump-log, an' he says to me, tired-like,

"'Has there been a frost?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'two of 'em.'

"'All right, then,' says he. 'I've had enough of bridal-trips, with their dry falls, their lunatic asylums, an' their jury-boxes. Let's go home and settle down. We need n't be afraid, now that there's been a frost.'"

"Oh, why will you live in such a dreadful place?" cried Euphemia. "You ought to go somewhere where you needn't be afraid of chills."

"That's jus' what I thought, ma'am," returned Pomona. "But Jone an' me got a disease-map of this country an' we looked all over it careful, an' wherever there wasn't chills there was somethin' that seemed a good deal wuss to us. An' says Jone, 'If I'm to have anything the matter with me, give me somethin' I'm used to. It don't do for a man o' my time o' life to go changin' his diseases.'

So home we went. An' there we is now. An' as this is the end of the bridal-trip story, I'll go an' take a look at the cow an' the chickens an' the horse, if you don't mind."

Which we didn't,—and we gladly went with her over the estate.

THE LATE GEORGE RAPP AND THE HARMONISTS.*

It was my privilege, a third of a century ago, to spend a social evening in company with Mr. Rapp, the subject of this paper, drinking tea with him at the house of a common friend. The Harmonist chief, then an octogenarian, was dressed, I remember, in the quaint blue homespun garments peculiar to the society. In retrospect I can yet hail the old man's grand, Teutonic build and broad, dignified face, but more especially his large, dreamy blue eyes, that seemed most of the time to be looking at something far off,—a peculiarity which invested them with a preternatural expression not easily forgotten. After the fashion of the old German divines, he wore his hair (what remained of it) long, letting it drop in silvery ringlets over his coat-collar, while his patriarchal beard rested like a drift of snow upon his breast. The Harmonists who attended him—perhaps half a dozen men and women—watched him closely during the evening, anticipating his wants with the solicitude and reverence of children. He conversed in German, the society's physician (Doctor Teught) acting as interpreter for those present who were ignorant of that language. His manners were plebeian, showing no past acquaintance with the polite world, and his remarks, while often displaying originality, evinced but little intellectual culture. He was, of course, the cynosure of general observation in the room during the evening, and his table-talk, from a full consciousness on his part of that distinction, was delivered by him with loud precision and a dogmatism perhaps not unlike that which armed the old Pythian responses. He discussed chiefly religious topics, and seldom smiled. I remember he asserted that scholastic divinity should be regarded as exclusively the professional property of the clergy. Laymen were prone to become vain and arrogant when they assumed to expound the abstruse problems of theology. The pastoral office was dishonored, and sound orthodoxy, he had observed, was always imperiled, by laic attempts at doctrinal exegesis.

The polity of the Harmony Society, during Mr. Rapp's life-time, was that of a thorough patriarchal despotism. His administration, as a rule, was lenient, but simply for the reason that his religious tact and great force of character on the one side, and the abject devotion to his will steadily observed by the members on the other, rendered it but seldom necessary for him to vindicate his authority by any harsh exercise of power. His word was law. "Father Rapp says it" was enough to settle all questions of duty, sacred or secular, and quiet controversy. He was regarded by the Harmonists as in a special sense the vicegerent of the Deity, and the doctrines he taught were acknowledged as inspirations. Not only had the fundamental compact, upon which the society rested, been prescribed by him without consultation with others, but also its rules of government subsequently established, even down to the simplest details of its domestic economy. Said one of the members: "The laws and rules of the society were made by George Rapp according to his own arbitrary will and command. The members were never consulted as to what rules should be adopted; they had no voice in making the laws." It is true that Mr. Rapp, when the society was organized at Old Harmony, proposed to bestow some share of autonomy on its members. He instituted an Advisory Council, consisting of twelve elders, to be chosen by the people, and also elevated to the executive daïs by his side a colleague ostensibly to share with himself the sovereign authority. That, however, was only a nominal concession, although sufficient to satisfy the modicum of democratic conception found there. His colleague from the very start was but a Consul Bibulus, and his official advisors were uniformly treated as figure-heads at the council-board; and not unfrequently, when his policy would gain by it, their official rank was travestied without scruple. In fact, they degenerated

* The Harmony Society was organized February 15th, 1805, at what was subsequently called Old Harmony, on the bank of the Connoquenessing Creek, in Butler County, Pennsylvania. After a ten years' residence there the Harmonists sold their lands, with the improvements, and migrated in a body to the state of Indiana, where they founded, in 1815, on the bank of the Wabash, the town of New Harmony. They remained in Indiana during a second decennary, and then, in 1825, having disposed of their estate to Robert Owen, the Socialist, returned to Pennsylvania and built the town of Economy (their final location), on the north bank of the Ohio, eighteen miles below Pittsburg.

insensibly into a useful police for the enforcement in the society of distasteful measures. It must be conceded, however, that Mr. Rapp administered that irresponsible power throughout—if we except the enforcement of celibacy—with singular fidelity to the well-being of the society. That grand-looking, blue-eyed old man embodied for its members an ever present, tutelary Providence. He watched over them with kind, proleptic concern in all their ways, regulating their hours of labor and of recreation, and assigning them their work in the factory or in the field. He provided bountifully for their comfort in health, and by his dual ministry, as ruler and priest, always lightened the burden of their troubles in seasons of infirmity.

During his life-time, as was generally known, Mr. Rapp was a Millenarian. He held the doctrine of an approaching personal reign of Christ on earth, which would be visible and glorious. Few knew of the paramount influence exercised by that tenet upon his communistic policy. From an early period indeed it had become the lodestar of his faith, by which his whole career in after life was guided. This inspiration must be kept in mind in order to comprehend the full design of the Harmony Community, while we contemplate the phenomena its history presents.

George Rapp was born in 1757, in the petty kingdom of Würtemberg, that prolific nursery of German pietism. Some fifteen years after he had reached manhood he abandoned his small patrimonial estate and the culture of the vine, that he might exercise more effectively the rare native gifts he possessed as an exhorter or lay preacher. During his early ministry he advocated "supernaturalism" and spiritual Christianity. In his humble sphere he inculcated with enthusiastic devotion the old thermic pietism of Spener and Francke; for that only, he felt, was the church's tower of strength in its conflicts with the aggressive neology of Dr. Paulus and the rationalists. Ignorant as Mr. Rapp then was of scholastic theology, and a stranger to the professional training of the university, his simple homiletics fitted him only to address the illiterate masses. But his native eloquence, heightened by enthusiasm and sublimated by a certain accompaniment of mysticism, redeemed the want of learning and drew to his lectures admiring crowds, many of whom soon became his disciples. Very soon the rustic vine-dresser, by the glamour of his fervent oratory, became transfigured to the minds of his superstitious followers, and stood before them endowed with the credentials of an inspired prophet. One of the most intelligent of the Harmonists, many years after, thus confessed the religious power of his speech as felt during that early period of his ministry: "Of all the preachers we had ever heard there was none whose words had power to touch our hearts like those of Father Rapp."

As might be supposed, Mr. Rapp's intensely devout temperament soon rendered him an extremist in his religious opinions. His theology, while elevated somewhat by the study of Oetinger and the eccentric Jung Stilling, had through the influence of those writers become thoroughly impregnated with the elements of mysticism. Michael Hahn, the Swabian theosophist, was for some years his bosom friend. No wonder then, with a constitutional temper so happily accordant, he was early led, in the wake of those evangelical magnates, to embrace and count as the richest gem in his creed the thrilling conviction then cherished in Germany concerning the near approach of Christ's second advent. From that time, his life, all unsuspected by himself, became a pure, chiliastic romance. His project of a communistic association was then first conceived—an association that should be patriarchal and somewhat theocratic in its polity, in which the highest psychical development of his adherents might be obtained against the coming Messianic epiphany. The loose, popular impression that Mr. Rapp was nothing better than a shrewd, saintly adventurer who, in entering upon his communistic scheme, had followed only the beckonings of ambition, does grave injustice to his character. By taking as our clew the millennial inspirations, just noted, we shall find that his career, in the main, was marked by unselfishness and sanctity of purpose. At home, in Protestant Germany, the established (Lutheran) church had lost for him its venerable prestige. The neological party had engrossed its pulpits, and had secularized its public worship by the adoption of a mongrel service, borrowed chiefly from the literature and art of the day, and which Mr. Rapp and his pietistic brethren held was but a semi-pagan travesty of the grand old liturgy, whose vital doctrines and rich devotional sentiment it grossly libeled. "The oratorios and cantata of the beer garden," wrote the indignant Hurst, "were the Sabbath accompaniments

of the sermons. Literature with its captivating notes had well-nigh destroyed what was left of the old pietistic fervor. The poets of the day were publicly recited in the temples where the reformers had preached. The peasantry received frequent and labored instructions from the pulpit on the raising of cattle, bees and fruit."

His recoil from that desecration placed Mr. Rapp in the ranks of the "separatists." However, his doctrinal dissent from the old Lutheran symbol, in relation to his idolized conviction of a literal millennial reign, antecedent to the general judgment, and also to the belief he entertained of the final restoration of all mankind to happiness,—tenets jointly condemned in the morning of the Reformation (Augsburg Confession, Article 17),—served materially to reconcile him to his action in breaking with the establishment. But now his unwonted zeal as a dissenting preacher, and the wide-spread religious excitement which followed on his sermons, soon aroused the jealousy of the neighboring parochial clergy, and drew upon him the frown of the civil government. Foreseeing too how utterly hopeless any attempt must prove to found a communistic association in the densely peopled Fatherland, he at length turned his eyes toward the United States in quest of a location for his projected enterprise.

The spot chosen for the first Harmonist settlement in this country was singularly adapted to further the ends Mr. Rapp had pictured to himself, by reason of its rich, virgin soil, its local isolation and withal its proximity to the market towns of Pittsburg and Beaver on the Ohio. The tract of land purchased by the immigrants (embracing 5000 acres) lay in Butler County, Pennsylvania, and extended several miles along the meandering course of the Connoquenessing Creek. When the society was founded, in 1805, the whole region about was still a wilderness. Primeval forests shrouded the adjacent hills and waved luxuriantly up and down the winding, romantic valley. Antlered deer not unfrequently were seen browsing in fellowship with the young cattle and sheep under the green covering of the adjoining timber. Wild turkeys roamed fearlessly among the chestnut-trees along the borders of the initial clearings; and ruffed grouse came whirring every morning from their laurel coverts by the creek into the society's new barn-yards to feed with the domestic fowls.

Mr. Rapp's golden opportunity had come at last. Intrusted alone in the wilderness with the fortunes of his followers, and left in the formation of his plans to be wholly a law unto himself, unmolested by civil magistrate or parochial parson, he joyously applied himself to the realization of his communistic ideal. He was at that time in the mellowed glory of his manhood, being forty-eight years old. It happened that the foreign speech of the immigrants fortuitously conspired with the solitude of the place to further the exclusive, dissocial policy which he hastened to establish in the embryo community. The few bold hunters and settlers sprinkled around through the great forest, being generally of Scotch-Irish extraction, were effectually debarred by the society's alien vernacular from all dangerous social communication with its members. So highly indeed was that providential circumstance valued by Mr. Rapp that, to perpetuate the advantage it afforded him, he early established some severe rules: "The members of the society," testified one of his followers, "were not allowed to learn the English language; never were allowed to have intercourse with persons who spoke English, except those whose business required it, that is, those engaged in the mechanical and commercial affairs of the society. For that reason members were not permitted to walk outside the lands of the society; they were forbidden to do so by Mr. Rapp."

Thus, Mr. Rapp raised a wall around the society at the beginning, over which its members might not pass; and by an authority supported throughout, certainly not by evil or forbidden arts, but by the profound conviction superstitiously cherished of his superhuman wisdom and virtue, both Rapp and his successors have ever held the community—one notable secession excepted—spell-bound and content within the magic inclosure. For seventy years the Harmonists have dwelt alone, wholly segregated at each of their successive locations from their fellow-men, and indifferent to the industrial, social and political changes which have illustrated the time. They have never adopted American ideas, nor learned to estimate things by other than their Old Country standards, now obsolete. Although closely approached on every side, in their present location, by the advanced lines of American enterprise, and for half a century almost within hearing of the tilt-hammers of Pittsburg, few of them, besides their leaders, have seen more of the world than was visi-

ble from their church tower. They have consequently failed to draw inspiration from our free institutions, and have never aspired to cherish political convictions.* To-day, the stranger who visits Economy is confronted by the paradox of native American citizens (born at Old Harmony before the adoption of celibacy), men and women now of three score and ten, to whom the vernacular of their country, wherein every moment of their long lives has been passed, is totally unknown.

Some will insist, however, that the Harmonist system has made an atonement for political nonentity by the industrial and ethical contributions it has added to the country's sum of practical good. The Harmonists, it is true, taken collectively, have always shown themselves docile, good-tempered and honest. But their morality has ended there. Resting with the recognition of brotherhood among themselves, no sense of a common manhood has ever bound them to other men. Without the charmed boundaries of the society lay a world from which they have, as a body, been utterly isolated. As to material results, the community, it must be acknowledged, was for a time a brilliant success. Mr. Rapp's predilections were agricultural. He looked on the society's splendid landed estate, and its tillage, with special favor; for out-door employment, in fellowship with nature and the changing seasons, he held, predisposed the mind to meditation on the after life, and to general purity of thought. So the culture of the fields was raised into a sacred obligation. That preference, while accepted generally by the Harmonists as beneficial to the society, was met on more occasions than one by an angry, though covert, protest from Frederick Rapp, his adopted son and titular colleague in office. Was it for their moral exaltation (!) that the society's younger females were frequently required to toil in the fields,—hoeing corn, raking hay, or burning brush?

Forty years ago the society's domain at Economy, then at its culmination of culture, furnished a model of superior tillage to all the farmers around. At midsummer, the prospect viewed from one of the neighboring heights was, indeed, inspiring to one familiar with good tilth, combining carefully pruned orchards, pastures flecked with superb cattle, and endless fields—square, oblong and triangular—glowing in the sun with parti-colored crops of clover, wheat and young maize, that stretched four miles along the broad river-bottom. But that miracle of culture, which thus enchanted the spectator, I am sorry to add, was not accomplished by labor-saving machinery or improved modern methods of farming; it was the costly product of plodding, manual toil, perfected in its glory by old-fashioned, slavish drudgery, to which communists, male and female, were marched in strong detachments every day.

Mr. Rapp's socialism was essentially Scriptural. He, indeed, knew but little about anthropology and social science, and would as soon have looked to the devil for suggestions touching his communistic scheme as to the deistic theories of Bernardin de Saint Pierre or Rousseau. He found his model in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter iv., verse 32: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Upon that sacred example as a ground-plan he constructed the society's fundamental compact at Old Harmony. Its leading article read: "The members agree with George Rapp and his associates for themselves, their heirs and descendants, to deliver up all their estates and property—cash, lands and chattels—as a free gift or donation for the benefit and use of the association, binding themselves, their heirs, executors and administrators to do all such other acts as may be necessary to vest a perfect title to the same in said association." The newly arrived Harmonists were generally poor, and the ocean passage had consumed their scanty savings of the past. But among them were found some immigrants who were possessed of moderate wealth. These latter would hardly have consented to their leader's proposition of a community of goods simply through exalted conceptions of Christian brotherhood. The German immi-

* The Harmonists at an early day were duly naturalized and they occasionally voted by Mr. Rapp's orders, and under his direction at the general elections, down to the year 1840. During the exciting presidential canvass of that year, several anonymous letters were received by the society, in which the writers threatened to burn the town at night, if Mr. Rapp should cast the solid Harmonist vote—some three hundred ballots—for the Whig or Harrison electors, as it was given out he proposed to do. Apprehensive of trouble, Mr. Rapp kept his people away from the polls on the day of election; and ever since, I believe, they have declined to exercise their right of suffrage, save at elections for township officers.

grant's phlegmatic nature recoils instinctively from those sacrifices, to render which men are prompted merely by romantic sentiment or high-wrought devotion. But Mr. Rapp possessed in his millennial budget a talisman by virtue of which he became master of the occasion. "It was our expectation of the Lord's coming," said a venerable Harmonist recently, "that made us ready to enter into a mutual covenant of community of goods. We could have no wish for accumulation; we would have enough, we knew, in common for our wants, and would have no heirs to lay up for." But all this—the society's social isolation and apostolic communism—formed but the lower elevations upon which Mr. Rapp led his followers up to the lofty summit of meritorious self-denial attained in a state of celibacy. That monastic element of the society deserves prominent notice here, both for its bearing on the millennial preparations of the Harmonists, and because the phenomenon it disclosed has given them a world-wide, unenviable notoriety, having furnished for two-thirds of a century a prolific theme for ribald jests in low saloons and country taverns, and even supplied sometimes a clever mark for the polished shafts of transatlantic genius and wit, as in the cynical lines in Don Juan:

"When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage
In his harmonious settlement, * * * *
Why called he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I've got the preacher at a dead-lock."

Some years ago, during a summer afternoon, I drove into Economy in company with Professor F——, late of the State University of Kansas. After we had gone through the time-honored curriculum of sight-seeing established for visitors, which culminated at the novel grotto in "Rapp's garden," we entered at length the society's store, where the late R. L. Baker, then the principal trustee of the association, kindly received us. He presently invited us into a side room or private office, and treated us to some of the society's celebrated domestic wine. Finding our host in a highly genial mood, the professor improved the opportunity to get some information respecting the society's practice of celibacy. Mr. Baker frankly gave us a brief account of the circumstances attending its introduction. The celibate ordinance was adopted during "a fresh religious revival," which the society enjoyed in 1807, two years after its organization. "Father Rapp," said he, "suggested the measure at one of our meetings, during the height of the religious excitement. The immolation of endeared family ties on the altar of religion which the step would require, at first startled our adult members, but as we looked on our venerated leader and saw, as we thought, the light of holy inspiration on his face, we felt re-assured, and resolved almost unanimously to take up the cross. A covenant-bond embracing the ordinance was signed by the members, which from that time became a part of our constitution."

"What arguments did Mr. Rapp offer in behalf of the measure?" inquired the professor.

"He told us," replied Baker, "that through special illumination, as he believed, from above, he now saw that the marriage relation, even in its purest form, was incompatible with that penance of the flesh and perfecting of the moral nature, which were required of the elect in view of the approaching advent of Christ. But," continued Baker, we needed no arguments: the celibate ordinance was adopted voluntarily by our people."

"That being so, let us suppose," queried the professor, "that some of your people, husbands or wives or betrothed lovers, had objected to the measure and refused to sign the bond, would they have been suffered to remain still within the association?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "your supposition happily was not put to the test; indeed it was morally impossible it should have been. Some few worldly minded members, it is true, who had never been with us in spirit, did then refuse their assent to the new ordinance; but of their own accord, after the manner of Demas, they forsook the association. No true Harmonist at the time questioned the wisdom and beneficial intent of Father Rapp's recommendation; we felt that 'his counsel was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God.' And so you see, with the millennium, as we thought, just before us, it was morally impossible, as I have said, for any of us to have rebelled against the measure."

The professor next wanted some light on the society's subsequent domestic story, and inquired what remodeling of the family constitution was found necessary at the time to carry out practically the celibate law.

"Husband and wife," said Baker, "were not required to live in different houses, but occupied as before the same dwelling with their family, having separate sleeping apartments—the husband's in the upper story

and the wife's in the lower—and treated each other as brother and sister in Christ. It was easier to bear because it was general through the whole community, and all bore their share alike."

Such in substance was Mr. Baker's statement. We must look behind the drawn curtain, however, to find the efficient cause of the celibate resolve. The predominance of the mystic element in Mr. Rapp's temperament has been mentioned already. He had found in the writings or reported lectures of Jacob Böhme, which he held in great reverence, abundant aliment for the dreamy longings of his spirit. The "Hirten Brief," a work which unfolds much of Böhme's system of theosophic mysticism, was under his direction republished by the society, and may be found to this day lying side by side with the Bible in every house at Economy. The story of our great forefather, Adam, in the garden of Eden, as given in its pages, might be readily accepted as a waif from the beautiful mythology of ancient Greece. It was here Mr. Rapp found his convincing argument in favor of celibacy.

According to Böhme's theory in the "Hirten Brief," Adam was created a divine being, subordinate in station only to the Creator himself. He possessed in his person in a mystical manner both the sexual elements, which were designated by the terms "Fire-tincture" and "Light-tincture." When he beheld God's lower creatures all in pairs, so beautiful in their fellowship, he was led, through promptings of the Satanic Shade lurking behind him, to murmur because "there was not found a helpmeet for him." This was the true original transgression. For that he forfeited his godhood.

It is known that during the early part of the present century the more enthusiastic of the German chiliasts confidently believed that the millennial era was just at hand. The appalling emblems employed in the millennial prophecies to depict the moral and political convulsions that would immediately precede the opening of the Messianic reign, such as "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven," were thought to have been amply verified by the Reign of Terror, and the subsequent international wars which had crimsoned the plains of all Europe with human blood. Mr. Rapp sympathized profoundly with that belief. He had warmly espoused Bengel's and Jung Stilling's rendering of the prophecies, which assigned to the year 1836 the inauguration of the Messianic sovereignty, and designated Palestine as the favored land where the Messiah's earthly throne would be established. And so it was in pursuance of his glowing convictions on the subject that he enjoined, so soon after the formation of the society in this country, a life of celibacy upon its members. His people, he fancied, during the years of probation still remaining before our Lord's advent, might not only find an antidote through that penance to the moral distemper entailed on the race by Adam's unhallowed prurience, but through its virtue might rise into the sunlight of a higher life, and, perhaps, cleansed from the old carnal stain, might almost attain to the perfection of the primal man,

"As in the golden days before that sin."

Mr. Baker, for his part, was a cool-headed, sagacious business man with frank manners, which atoned for a certain bluntness of speech and coarse mother-wit. It sounded strange that afternoon to hear a man whose temper was so little leavened with religious exaltation extolling celibacy and citing the morals of the Harmonists in proof of its goodly fruits. I remember pleasantly the triumph that beamed in his honest brown eyes while he took from a drawer and proceeded to read the following declaration on the subject in hand: "Convinced of the truth and holiness of our purpose, we voluntarily and unanimously adopted celibacy, altogether from religious motives, in order to withdraw our love entirely from the lusts of the flesh, which, with the help of God and much prayer and spiritual warfare, we have succeeded well in doing now for more than fifty years."

Infractions of the celibate ordinance, even such as were of honorable conception, were held by Mr. Rapp to be cardinal sins, which could only be expiated by millions of years of suffering. A casual incident lights up the exceptional austerity of his convictions on this point. Jacob Sheaffer at one time was arraigned before him to answer to the indictment of "having talked to one of the girls about marrying her." The young man was penitent and asked pardon, yet for all that Mr. Rapp berated him with all the ferocity of a Jeffreys; he threatened (according to one who witnessed the scene) "that if ever he should talk to the girl again he would have to take his bundle and

go, and that he (Rapp) then, as the priest of the society, would heap all the sins he had committed upon him, for which he would be damned for millions of years. He then told him he would give him grace or pardon once more, but if he should get to hear that he had any conversation with the girl, he would let his power or violence loose against him, and would mash him up to a hundred pieces himself and tramp on him with his feet." It was doubtless that infirmity of temper, whose existence was betrayed only when the celibate statute stood in peril, which suggested the scurrilous rumor, set on foot at an early day, respecting the alleged mutilation by the old chief of his only son, John, whose premature decline and death, it was said, had resulted from the unseemly outrage. It is hardly necessary to say that the rumor throughout was a cruel fiction.

Mr. Rapp's ideas of communism centered wholly upon the benefits it promised him in his preparations for the Second Advent. The towns he built were, in his mind, but training camps, in which his followers might be aptly drilled for posts of special honor in the millennial kingdom. His policy throughout was formed to impress on the Harmonists the biblical sentiment that they were only strangers and sojourners here. And yet Economy, forty years ago, might have sorely tempted with its venerable attractions the saintliest of German saints, and its chieftainship have more than countervailed, the world would think, the brightest honors of a problematical future. It lay in a beautiful expansion of the great valley of the Ohio, and resembled, as a Heidelberg professor once told me, a fine Rhenish village left behind intact from the eighteenth century. The intelligent visitor was sure to find himself transformed into an interested antiquary when he entered the town and saw around him the blue, square-cut garments and heard the guttural vernacular of a by-gone Fatherland. Suggestions of a departed past were constantly raised by his surroundings as he traversed the streets,—by the quaint-looking dwellings so uniform in appearance and appointments, with doors opening on side yards and windows fronting only on the pavements; lattice frames covered with vines attached to all the house-fronts high above the pedestrian's reach, supporting in season an abundance of grapes and closing in the streets with walls of living green; aged men seated on the half-concealed door-steps within the palings, dreamily puffing their meerschaums, and stout washerwomen bearing tubs of water from the town pumps along the pavements, poised steadily on their heads.

True, strangely combined with that perpetuation of a social past, Economy had its symbols of modern enterprise,—its large cotton mill and its woolen and silk factories, one of each. For a short time indeed its looms had obtained more than a local celebrity. The fabrics produced there—broadcloths, muslins, satins, and velvets—actually commanded at one time, I remember, a premium over similar eastern goods in the Pittsburg market. That industrial anomaly in the affairs of the society, however, was wholly due to the enterprise, and was wholly sustained by the resolution of, Frederick Rapp. Accordingly, after his untimely death in 1833, the society's manufactures began at once to decline. The English and French overseers, procured by him, were soon discharged, and the mills were permanently closed.

Near the center of the wealthy, somnolent town, opposite to the church, stood Mr. Rapp's exceptionally spacious mansion, where he maintained his court, and exercised a mingled civil and sacerdotal authority fully as absolute as that of the Mormon prophet. Yet, notwithstanding his enviable fortune, he felt there as "a wayfaring man who should tarry only for a night." His eyes were bent wistfully upon the orient, waiting and watching for the Messiah to "come in the glory of his father with his angels." "It was still his custom," said an elder, "as the year of promise (1836) approached, to counsel us to be getting ready, with the women, the old and blind, the lame and crippled, to set out for the Holy Land." And long afterward another remarked, referring to that period: "For a number of years he (Rapp) kept everything in readiness which the society would have needed for the journey to the land of Israel." Among administerial arts employed by him to tone up the minds of his people into harmony with his earnest life-aim, was a novel police regulation. The solitary night-watchman was required to call out hourly, as he patrolled his beat: "A day is past, and a step made nearer the end: our time runs away, but the joys of the kingdom will be our reward."

The only critical period that has occurred in the society's quiet annals, was due to the memorable Count Leon imbroglio. As early as 1829, a letter from Germany came to hand, addressed to Mr. Rapp, ostensibly

written by a certain John George Gontgen, who styled himself "private secretary of Count Maximilian de Leon," also "chief librarian of the free city of Frankfort, and Doctor of Philosophy and Theology." The letter abounded in studied mysticism, and was interlarded with phrases which would have rendered their author liable to an indictment for blasphemy, had they been submitted to an American grand jury. The count was termed "the great Ambassador and Anointed One of God"; his descent was traced from "the Stem of Judah and the Root of David"; and his mission, like that of John the Baptist, was to prepare the way for the coming beatific kingdom of Christ. The Harmonists were complimented on their advanced chiliastic stand, and promised, should they yield themselves to the guidance of his chief, the new legate of heaven, a post of signal honor at the Messiah's grand levee in Palestine. With that ominous missive dispatched, Gontgen would seem to have withdrawn from the proceeding, having apparently, like John Doe of legal renown, fulfilled his part by bringing the principal in the case upon the stage. After some interchange of letters, the count was invited to join the society; and accordingly, during the autumn of 1831, he arrived at Pittsburg, accompanied by a small escort of German visionaries. From that city he sent before him to Economy two of his attendants, to herald his advent. It was during the beautiful season of Indian summer, and Nature, in her latter-day glory, seemed to be in sympathy with the temper and expectations of the Harmonists.

The count and his suite entered the town in coaches, and were welcomed by the Harmonists along the street with floral offerings and laudatory anthems; while at the same time the brass band, under the leadership of Frederick Rapp, poured forth from the church-tower strains of greeting that filled the great valley with prolonged reverberations. The carriages stopped in front of the church, where the party alighted. The count at once entered the building, preceded by his "minister of justice,"—a quasi-official wearing a sable gown lined with ermine, and having a gold-hilted sword attached to his belted waist. At that juncture, Mr. Rapp appeared in the scene, appareled in a robe of dark, embroidered silk,—a costume only assumed by him on important state occasions. He conducted his distinguished guest into the pulpit, and formally introduced him to the assembled society. What golden moments of expectation followed then! "The whisperings of the dawn" entranced, for the instant, eight hundred waiting souls!

Soon the count arose, and, taking from his pocket a small, richly bound volume, placed it on the desk, remarking that it was the "Golden Book," or gospel of the approaching dispensation. He first read some passages from the volume, and then varied the service with an apparently off-hand exposition of the text. Even then, in that glad hour of reception, Mr. Rapp and the Harmonist elders became somewhat alarmed at the "strange doctrines" they detected in the selections read. Their apprehensions were presently shared by others, and soon a vague, unpleasant revulsion of feeling followed throughout the entire assembly. Disappointed, and wearing a despondent air that contrasted strangely with the brightness and hope of their welcome given an hour before, the Harmonists moodily withdrew from the inaugural ceremony. Before many days the count's strange doctrines were fully divulged. According to the Golden Book, the Lord's elect might anticipate the Messiah's advent, and begin from the present, in token of their divine birthright, to enjoy the bounties of the land to their heart's content. The time had come, the count oracularly affirmed, for the Harmonists to adopt an improved style of dress and living. Matrimony should be restored in the society, and, according to divine appointment, "the solitary be set in families." Thus it appeared that the views of Mr. Rapp and the new legate, on leading communistic questions, were radically antagonistic; and, besides, the imperious temper of the former, ordinarily quiescent for want of provocation, could ill brook the tone of superiority now assumed by the latter. Worst of all, letters soon followed from Germany, disclosing the fact that the count was but a crack-brained adventurer and cheat, who had been known at home only as plain Bernhard Müller! To the Harmonists, this transition of the Apostle of the Millennium, from whom they had looked for the "New Revelation," into a demented, sensual impostor, proved indeed a bitter disappointment. An open rupture ensued, and social intercourse with the strangers was suspended. Separate, but comfortable, quarters in the town were, indeed, conceded to them, as the winter was now imminent; but only upon their solemn pledge that, with the opening spring, they would depart from the place. It was

not, of course, to be expected that the famous amity recorded of "the two kings of Brentford" would be revived between the independent chiefs in Economy. The count's disappointment and fancied wrongs had produced a deeper impression on his disordered intellect than the hospitality so grudgingly extended to him. Resentment and interest conspired to override in his mind the dictates of honor, and to justify treachery that was employed to avenge supposed injustice. In that temper he improved his time and eccentric powers, during the winter, Absalom-like, in sowing the seeds of discontent and fostering dissension throughout the society, and to such purpose that, before the snows were gone, he had "stolen the hearts" of fully one-third of the members. Then, for once, the euphonic title of the society became a misnomer. The angry factions mustered around their respective chiefs, and for a time the dissolution of the association seemed imminent. The malcontents claimed "certain rights and privileges," and scoffed at Mr. Rapp's menace to dismiss them, as beggared apostates, from the society's magnificent free-hold. Civil and criminal suits were entered by both parties in the county court at Beaver. Finally, however, through the good offices of eminent legal counselors called in from Pittsburg, a compromise was effected, and articles of agreement setting forth the terms were signed March 6, 1832, which closed—at least for a time—the perilous controversy. Mr. Rapp and his associates engaged to pay the seceding members the sum of $105,000, in consideration of which the latter agreed to relinquish all their right and title in the society's property, and to withdraw from the place within three months. The sixth article tersely stipulated that: "The Count de Leon and his suite shall, on or before the expiration of six weeks from this date, leave Economy." *

When at length the prophetic year of 1836, long singled out for the Redeemer's return in glory to the world, had come and gone, Mr. Rapp, notwithstanding a feeling of intense disappointment, maintained still unshaken faith in the chiliastic promises. He declined, however, after that to fix the date of the expected advent. Yet when the society, during the winter of 1844–5, was blest with a notable religious revival, its venerable chief discerned in the event a sure prognostic of the approaching era, and, although on the verge of ninety, buckled himself to the work of preparation for the saintly march to Jerusalem with all the enthusiasm of youth. Two years later he was laid on his death-bed; and then, last of all the Harmonists was the old prophet of the society to recognize his impending mortality. He was taken by surprise, and was only disenchanted in the end from the beatific spell of half a century by the cold touch of the angel of death. One of his elders, who watched at his bedside through the last night of his life, put on record the following memorandum, descriptive of the final scene: "Father Rapp's strong faith in the literal fulfillment of the promises concerning the personal coming of Jesus Christ, and the gathering of the whole of Israel, remained unshaken to his last moments, as was shown by his last words, when he felt the strong gripe of the hand of approaching death, saying: 'If I did not so fully believe that the Lord has designed me to place our society before his presence in the land of Canaan, I would consider this my last.'" He died August 7th, 1847, aged ninety; and, with no deviation from the ordinary mortuary custom of the Harmonists, his remains, inclosed in a plain coffin, were borne during the evening twilight to the orchard, and interred among his departed associates, under the apple-trees.

The Harmony society, at present, has apparently reached its last stage of senile decadence. Economy presents to-day an aspect of desertion, reminding one of a plague-stricken town from which the people have generally fled. Its grass-grown avenues have become favorite feeding-grounds for the society's poultry, where Polands and Brahmas pursue unmolested rising clouds of winged grasshoppers. A quiet solemnity, like that of a Puritan Sabbath, reigns not only through the purlieus of the village, but also about the old central resorts,—hotel, store and town-hall. Old people, who knew the society in its days of glory, now come back only to find desolate memorials at every turn in the silent streets.

* The count, like his namesake, St. Leon, of William Godwin's story, claimed to have found the elixir of life, and assured his dupes of his power to transmute not only the baser metals, but even common rocks, into gold. He exhibited some red powder in his possession, which he told them was the veritable *lapis philosophorum*. At Phillipsburg,—ten miles down the river from Economy,—where he had established himself with his adherents, he constructed a laboratory, providing it with furnace, crucibles, etc.; and when at last urged by his poverty-stricken followers to redeem his promises, he actually attempted some futile experiments with stones gathered from a neighboring quarry.

About seventy Harmonists, men and women, still survive in the society, secluded within their quiet homes, awaiting their time. No parental concern or magnetism of kindred blood exists to draw them out toward the pragmatical world of to-day. They "have no heirs to lay up for." Generally the brethren have passed into their second childhood. For all that, they still retain our homage as the personified memory of herculean powers no longer possessed, by which, in the morning of this century, they produced to order, one after another, the three goodly towns of Old Harmony, New Harmony, and Economy, and caused the primeval wilds around them to blossom as the rose. The sisters of the society, too, generally have no longer active use of their faculties, and only challenge attention by their quaint, unmodish dress, and the vacant amiability of their wrinkled features. The present trustees are Jacob Henrici and Jonathan Lentz. The former, who sat during his youth as a divinity student at the feet of Mr. Rapp, now officiates as the religious pastor of the society. Poor old Joseph, so well known as the purveyor and landlord of the historic hotel for half a century, and remembered by thousands of good people over the land as the Matthew Bramble of the society, was "carried to the orchard" a few years ago. The society is dependent on hired labor for the culture of its fields, and its great capital is now employed through agents away from home, chiefly in extensive manufacturing works at Beaver Falls. The Harmonists now left, as might be expected, continue faithful to their millennial indoctrination. These ancient celibates, with their hearts set on the advent and the after life, entertain no dread whatever of death. Their career is now in its closing scene; and little do they care whether it shall turn out their lot to be found yet lingering incarnate above the mold, or sleeping low in the orchard beneath it, on that glorious morning soon to come, when Father Rapp shall summon by roll-call his loyal Harmonists, both the living and the dead, to fall into line for the triumphal march to the Holy Land.

SUCCESS.

Oft have I brooded on defeat and pain,
The pathos of the stupid, stumbling throng.
These I ignore to-day and only long
To pour my soul forth in one trumpet strain,
One clear, grief-shattering, triumphant song,
For all the victories of man's high endeavor,
Palm-bearing, laureled deeds that live forever,
The splendor clothing him whose will is strong.
Hast thou beheld the deep, glad eyes of one
Who has persisted and achieved? Rejoice!
On naught diviner shines the all-seeing sun.
Salute him with free heart and choral voice,
Midst flippant, feeble crowds of specters wan,
The bold, significant, successful man.

A BUFFALO HUNT IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

THE START VIVA. (SEE PAGE 717.)

PART I. GOING TO THE HUNT.

ONE traveling to the far city of Chihuahua by way of Monterey and Saltillo must cross what the Mexicans call El Desierto, which is not to be understood as a region of shifting sand and mud-gray mountains, like the deserts of the Bedawee. It is only a rainless belt—rainless in the summer and fall and part of the winter. More fertile land, speaking of the land itself, is not on the globe. The results of irrigation by the sufficient water-courses are incredible to strangers, while the plateaus and long swales between mountains, and frequently the mountains clear to their crests, are covered with rank grasses which, grown in the brief season of rain, are peculiar in that they cure themselves in the standing stalk. Such are the *pasturas* of Durango and Chihuahua, vast enough and rich enough to feed and fatten all the herds of whatever kind owned by men.

The resting-places on the way to the desert are Parras, celebrated for its sweet red wines and the wonderful beauty of its site and surroundings; Alamos, most rural of Mexican towns, dominating the great Laguna district, once so coveted by the dead President of the Latter Day Saints, and Mapimi, whence, off the road right or left, lo, the dreaded wilderness!

The towns named are two and three days apart, with certain ranchos between them, but for which the wayfarer would be compelled to bivouac where the night found him, on the open plain or under some great

rock, and I am not certain but the plain or the rock would furnish preferable lodging. The peon, however, to whom the sunburnt and perishing habitations have fallen, is of simple soul, full of easy content. He and Nature live close neighbors, and what with much borrowing from her, he has few needs ungratified, and no experience of better things to dog him with vain wishes. Of these places of torment—I speak as somewhat used to civilized ways—there rise vividly to mind Seguein, Bocarilla, Tierra Leon, and Salitre. Should my reader be of the class sometimes smitten with a longing for a home in a desert, let me recommend to him a day and night in Salitre. Besides the solitude of the waste place it is squatted in, the flavor of *muscal*, in constant distillation, hangs round it all the year. Superb specimen of a low-down rancho, nothing need be said of it as a hotel.

But these midway stops are not all Bocarillas and Salitres. The hacienda of Patos was the residence of the administrator of the great Carlos Sanchez, who, in Maximilian's day, was monarch of over seven thousand peons, settled on his estate of 8,131,242 acres. With such possessions it is not wonderful that Carlos was overcharmed by the prospect of an empire; and when he accepted the office of Grand Chamberlain to the short-lived emperor, it is not more strange that Juarez, the Lincoln of his country, followed him with a decree by which Patos became the property of the nation, subject to purchase. A more beautiful place will scarcely be found in Mexico. He who has seen the *patio* of the *Casa Grande*, and rested in the coolness of its broad colonnade, may not soon forget Patos, which he comes upon from the hill-country between Saltillo and Parras, an unexpected Paradise on a grim, purgatorial road.

Then Hornos will not out of mind. First heard of at Alamos, it is finally overtaken at the end of a long day's journey. Its externals are nothing,—four dead faces of cream-white stone, originally softer than the coquina of Florida,—no windows, one door with two mighty valves which look as if they might have once hung in the Joppa gates of Jerusalem.

A hospitable Spaniard told me the story of the house. Señor Don Leonardo Zuloaga was a European by birth and education. He owned a great estate on the edge of the unexplored Bolson, extending quite to Alamos on the south. The fortune was ducal. There was in his tastes a streak of savagery, and to indulge it he wandered out so far in the desert and built this fortalice. Then he brought pictures, books, wines, guns, dogs, horses; friends followed in swarms, his hospitality was semi-regal; when his guests palled of feasting, drinking, gambling, and hunting deer and wolves, not seldom he led them in long pursuit of the Comanche, or Lipan, or Apache, all quite as untamable as wolves. The Lagunieros were of his tenantry—fierce, idle, independent republicans, upon whom not even the French could make an impression, though they plied them with fire and sword. One day, they came up and demanded that he rent them certain lands upon their terms. He refused; war ensued, and regular battles. Zuloaga was driven off, and finally died of sheer mortification, a disease with all over-proud souls. Gonzales Herrera, a brutal ranchero, assumed the estate by right of conquest, and supplanted the unquestioning hospitality of the proprietor with an outlawry strong enough to defy the state, backed by the national government.

To the door of this sadly haunted dwelling in the wilderness we drove, the evening of an October day in the year 1867. The party consisted of Colonel C——, an American, Mr. Roth, a German, myself, and three *mozos*,—that is to say, three native Mexicans, chattels of his excellency Don Andreas Viesca, governor of the state of Coahuila—brave men, true, honest, affectionate, at home on the highways of the desert, and brimful of experience derived from life-long pilotage to and fro on all the beaten marches of Northern Mexico. Juan, Teodora, and Santos,—only their baptismals are given, as in the sister republic nobody troubles about the surname of a peon. Of the trio, the first was our coachman, and the second our rear guard, while the third went always before to spy out the land, for which he had eyes of the far reach of an eagle's, good for the unusual in any form,—dust in the valley, smoke on the mountain, or what not. This half-military order of travel, be it remarked, was not affected by the party as a choice or an eccentricity; it was merely a precaution against the enterprise of ladrones in general, and just then a necessity, as the journey carried across the line of a raid for scalps and plunder, in vigorous execution by a band of Apaches from the region of the Conchas river, of whom more anon.

To the very door we drove without seeing a soul. I pleased myself thinking how dif-

ferent in the day of the romantic Don Leonardo. Then swarthy retainers held the portal in swarms, and, seeing us afar, they would have run to meet us, the effusion of their welcome being but notice in advance of the politer reception in store for us by the generous master himself. Then the great house, so tomb-like in its present silence, would have been noisy as a populous khan in an Orient desert. As it was, we halted outside, while Santos rode in through the half-opened entrance unchallenged, unsaluted. We heard the hoofs of his horse ring the echoes of the arched, but dirty, passage to the patio. Was there no warder—no steward? Did the castle keep itself? Our *mozo* at length appeared with answer—a sleepy-looking wretch in jacket and breeches of rusty leather, under a great *sombrero* of the genuine old style, and withal a swagger so easy-going, yet so perfect as an emphasized insolence, that only the pencil can do it justice.

The man announced himself master of the house, and gave us permission to pass the night within. We would have to find our own beds; his only contribution to our supper would be a mess of warm *frijoles;* he had fodder for our cattle. *Ay de mi*, Zuloaga!

To be sure, there was no barbican defending the entrance, nor portcullis a-swing on creaking chains, nor overshadowed grass-grown ditch; yet as we rolled in I thought of Branksome tower; of the stag-hounds, weary of the chase, and asleep upon a rushy floor; of the kinsmen of the bold Buccleuch —the nine and twenty knights of fame of whom the matchless master sang:

> "They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

A very martial vision, by the troth of a paladin! But instead, some nomadic children of the desert, going, they knew not where nor for what, were in full possession of the patio, resting happily from their travel of the day.

We alighted from the carriage in a square court-yard,—*patio* in the Spanish,—paved and quite spacious. On the four sides doorways without doors yawned darkly at us. The purposes the chambers served in the golden time I knew not; when we found them they were stables; out of some the long-horned cattle of the nomads looked, bellowing for food; into others our mules were taken.

"There is plenty of room; take your choice," he of the mild manner said, when we spoke of disposing of ourselves for the night. We set out forthwith to find the cleanest and best aired unoccupied apartment.

Through another arched passage, into another square court; and company, nice-looking people, who actually arose and touched their hats to us, though at the moment of our appearance they were laughing with great gusto. We replied to their courtesy in kind, and stopped to share their sport. Two children—brown-skinned, naked little

THE NEW RÉGIME.

fellows—had opened a school of the lariat, for the entertainment of the strangers. Gaunt goats, exceedingly tall and strong, served them as steeds; a gander answered for game. They rode with the skill of monkeys and the grace of cupids. The victim fled, hissing and cackling, on wings of fear. When at length the loop hitched around his neck, the exhibition was at an end, and, paying our contribution, we went our way. Next day we found the polite gentry were travelers like ourselves, only

they were going to Parras from Parral, their place of residence.

On into the heart of the castle—another passage and another court,—this latter marked by lingering remains of magnificence—in the center a ruined fountain, and on all sides a continuous colonnade with fluted pillars and chiseled capitals. There were reminders also of a garden, such as sunken beds thinly garnished with flowerless shrubs, and old rose-trees sickly and untended, and other trees, amongst which I recognized a languishing orange and some stunted figs. Half a dozen bananas, their leaves unfurled broad and bright as new banners, arose out of the basin of the fountain in undiminished vigor, relieving the desolation of the place, and filling it with the glory of flame. In this outer banquet hall, deserted, we paused. Here, before the fatal heart-break struck him, Zuloaga and his guests tasted their much pleasance. Under the colonnade yonder it was easy to imagine the hammocks yet swinging, while the gentlefolk smoked, read, or dozed, about them; meanwhile, the largesse of flowers and the cantata of falling waters. There, at the basin, by a table, in the shade of the flaring bananas, the prodigal master used to stand laughing as, dice-box in hand and high over head, he rattled the white tessaræ careless of fortune, so soon and so utterly to turn against him. From that room, marked by the carven door, music flowed stream-like out into the moon-lit court, voices of women in leading, beautiful women taught by the maestros of Durango, may be by their maestros of the capital. Well, into that room we went—in honor of the shade of the departed, I took off my hat; there too were traces of the glory's time, tesselated floor, frescoed ceiling, on the walls frame-marks of pictures and mirrors. *Ay de mi*, Zuloaga! Evil the hour War came in grim-visaged and cruel, and dispersed the waltzers, the singers, and the smokers, and, of all the dainty furniture, left us but one long table on which to spread our pallets in rest of our weary bones. Needless to say we adopted the table; it was hard, but it lifted us above the range of fleas, and then—ah, if the gallant Spaniard should wake from his sleep, and come to us in dreams! *Viva!*

We returned then to the first patio in search of our *mozos*, and were greatly astonished there. The house, apparently so deserted, had in our absence given up an unexpected tenantry; men, women and children—so many! where did they all come from?—were crowded around a delicate-looking shepherd lad who sat on a tough little jenny telling a story, to which we also gave instant ear.

About noon, he said, while with his flock in the desert, he had seen away across the *pastura* a black mass come slowly toward him, spreading as it came. Indians it was not; he rode toward it, and—*Madre de Dios!* it was a herd of buffaloes. And thereupon every one in the patio listening took fire, and cried, *Madre de Dios!* One of the gentlemen bound down the road to Parras, cooler than the rest, pushed through the excited throng with questions.

"Buffaloes, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far out were they?"

"From here?"

"Yes."

"About three leagues."

"In what direction were they moving?"

"From the sun."

THE BIVOUAC IN THE PATIO.

The lad meant to say northward.

"Was it a big herd?"

"Very big, sir. I could not count them."

"A thousand?"

"Oh, many more, sir."

We were satisfied, my friends and I, and walked away, leaving the patio all calcitrant with excitement. Soon the strangers followed us. One of them introduced himself as Don Miguel de ——, the last of the name has slipped my memory, a merchant of Santa Rosalia, going to Parras for a supply of *manta*—coarse cotton stuff.

"We have about concluded," he said, "to lie over to-morrow, and go hunting. It has been many years since buffalo came so far south; in fact, we cannot any of us remember to have heard of such a visitation in these parts. The opportunity is too rare and good to be lost. Will you go with us, gentlemen? We shall be delighted with your company."

My friend, the colonel, had been a soldier from beginning to end of the great war, and earned his title; now, *en passant*, his name is a familiar one in Brazil and in the far up-country Bolivia, whose land-lock he is about to break. They know him, too, in the tight little isle where to be known argues a merit out of the common. His spirit arose at the suggestion of the courteous Mexican; he spoke to me, then replied that nothing would make us happier, only we had no horses.

Don Miguel smiled.

"You cannot have been long in these parts," he said. "Horses here are to be had for the asking. We will see you supplied."

The offer was accepted, and the arrangements settled in a short time. The party was to start at five o'clock next morning, under guidance of the shepherd.

THE SCHOOL OF THE LARIAT.

PART II. THE HUNT.

We did not get started till day, though we breakfasted by candle-light. The sally from the patio in which, midst the confusion and the seethe and boil of several tempests in an unclean tea-pot, the final preparations were made, was like a charge of untrained cavalry; nor might one have said which were most excited, the horses or the men. For a mile or more, after the exit, there was furious racing through a dense cloud of dust. When at last we drew together and halted to let the guide front, we found the party about twenty in number, all Mexicans but the colonel and myself. Mr. Roth had declined the sport.

"Who are these people?" I asked.

Don Miguel glanced over the motley crowd.

"*Quien sabe, señor?*" ("Who knows, sir?")

I called Santos and asked him the question. The good fellow rode here and there amongst them, and returned with his answer:

"*Hay rancheros—todos.*" ("They are all rancheros.")

A *ranchero* is an independent son of the Mexican soil, generally a renter of lands, always owner of a horse, on which he may be said to live and have his being. To-day a cattle-herder *(vaquero)*, to-morrow a soldier, this week a gambler, next week a robber, —with all his sins, and they are as his hairs in number, he has one supreme excellence: you may not match him the world over as a rider, not though you set against him the most peerless of the turbaned knights of the jereed. Once it was my fortune to see a thousand *rancheros*, in holiday garb and mounted, sweep down at a run to meet President Juarez, then en route to begin his final campaign against the hapless Hapsburger. They literally glistened with silver —silver on saddle and bridle, silver on jacket and trowsers, silver on hats, silver on heels; and, as with *vivas* long and shrilly intoned, and stabs of rowel merciless and maddening, they drove their mustangs —the choicest of the wild herds—headlong forward, the spectacle was stirring enough to have made the oldest hetman of the Cossacks young again. No wonder Kleber never ceased admiration of the Mamelukes who charged his squares over the yellow sands under the Pyramids. These, my *compañeros* of the hunt, were not in holiday attire. Their clothes were plain tan-colored leather, yet they rode like the thousand, and when I looked in their faces there was no mistaking the tribal relation. The *rancheros* of the desert of Durango are lineally akin to the *rancheros* of Tamaulipas and their brothers of Sonora.

My friend and I were well mounted,— Don Miguel had dealt fairly by us,—yet we could not ride like the Mexicans. Their system is essentially different from ours; whereas we use the rein for every movement of the horse,—forward, right, left, backward, check,—they will ride all day keeping it loose over the little finger; a pressure of the knee, an inclination of the body, a wave of the bridle hand, in extreme cases a plunge of the spur, are their resorts. A pull on one of their bits, one pull such as our jockeys are accustomed to at the end of a race, would drive the beasts mad, if it did not make fine splinters of their jaws.

In connection with the excellences of my comrades, it may be well to add that their arms were of every variety from a Sharpe's repeater to an *escopeta*, some of the latter being identical with the bell-mouthed blunderbusses of good Queen Bess. I noticed one which had on it a stamp of the Tower; it was smit with a devouring leprosy of rust, and looked as if Raleigh or one of the later buccaneers had taken it from the old arsenal and dropped it overboard, as he sailed and sailed. Verily, I had rather been a buffalo fired at with such a piece, than the hunter to do the firing.

We moved rapidly along a plain road; after a league or more, the road faded into a dim path; another league, and we were in the mid-desert. Moved by the novelty of the situation, I let the party pass me, that I might be alone.

Mira! A world of grass, each blade brown or yellowing on the stalk, not dying so much as curing itself,—just far enough gone to rustle at the touches of the winnowing winds; a world of grass without a flower, not even a wee anemone. The trees are few in number and variety. Off yonder is a solitary cabbage-palm, tall, shaggy, crowned with a shock of green bayonets; it stands motionless, the image of a listening watchman. Here and there groves thinly fleck the broad brown face on which they endure, in the distance wearing the air of neglected apple-orchards. They are of mesquite trees, for which I confess partiality, not for their beauty, but their *courage*. The idea and the word, as applied, may startle the reader; yet I sometimes please myself thinking that in the kingdom of plants there is a degree of the royal quality. The lichen, up in the realm of the reindeer, and the willow, which survives long burial by the snows everlastingly whitening the echoless shores of Lincoln Sea, must be braver than the palm on the Nile or the red-wood on the Amazon. So with the mesquite of the desert. Ah, here is one of them close by,—knotted, gnarled, dwarfed, brittle, black of bark, vaster of root than top, yet with a certain grace derived from its small, emerald green leaves, so delicately set on trembling fronds. I have only to look at it once to recognize a hero, not of many tilts with storms, but of an endless battle with drought and burning sun, living sometimes years on nothing but faintest dews. Is it wonderful that it grew branching from the ground so low as to be trunkless? Or that its limbs separated in the beginning, and did their feeble climbing wider and wider apart each day of life, as hateful of

each other and the humble stem which generated them? Or that at last, when full grown, yet comparatively a shrub of low degree, thin and wan of foliage, its shade ill suffices to cool the gophers nestling down deep amongst its sprawling roots, or the crickets, panting as they sing in the gray mosses of uncertain life stitched like prickly patches on its weather side?

Nevertheless, the tree was disposed to serve me: as I looked at it thinking of its struggle for life, I was conscious of a warning,—what if I should get lost?

I glanced at the sun, that first compass of the first hunters, and rose in stirrup essaying to single out the direction to the house of Zuloaga. To point the locality of the Spaniard's Fountain of Youth had been as easy. Oh, you say, the path of coming was plain! Yes, but—as I found before the day was done—that path was one of millions winding in and out, never a skein of silk so hopelessly tangled—in and out as impossible of straightening by a novice like me as some sad lives we all have known—paths worn by wolves galloping in howling packs through the South moonlight—deer paths—and paths known only to the unlovely red children of Uncle Samuel who perennially tear down that way for scalps of women and children and the loot of undefended ranchos; paths now along the prairie, now through the chaparral, devious and past following and past finding when once lost as the flight of swallows. Oh, if I did know the right *one* amongst the multiplied zig-zag many, and could keep it in shade and shine—keep it truly against the tempting promises of this and that other so friendly and familiar-looking, then doubtless I could make the house. Not caring to make the trial, or to be put to the necessity of making it, I snatched the rein, and gave spur to my willing horse.

The gallop was over a great *pastura*, one of the sheep-ranges of our little guide. I did not like the life of the lad—following the flock as he does day after day, without other companionship except of his dog and donkey, must be lonesome—yet it is not altogether void of charm. The glories of the enchanter Distance are about him everywhere. If from grasses crinkling under foot, and dwarfed trees scarce vigorous enough to cover their nakedness with the suggestion of foliage, he gazes off over them all, whoever saw a horizon with a span so very, very wide? If higher to the sky—nay into it; how the blue inverted bowl widens and deepens as the clear eye shears on, on, through depths to other depths immeasurable! And looking, lo! out of them, by some deft magic—out of the remove of horizon or the added depths of sky—illusions most likely of atmosphere absolutely purified—or out of them all, it may be, the Enchanter evolves for me all the effects of space. Did it the same for him? And did he feel them as I did?

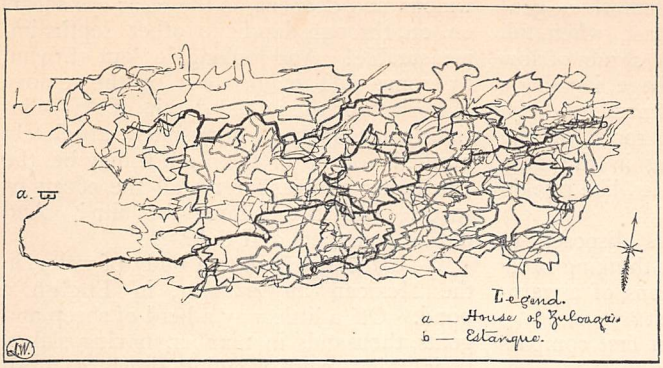
We came at length to a body of water, in the Mexican an *estanque*, in English a pond. Off a little way a herd of sheep and goats, thousands in number, having slaked their thirst, were wending slowly to fresh feeding-grounds. A man, joint keeper with our guide, sat by the shore preparing his humble breakfast. Then I knew how the pond made life possible out so far in the afflicted land. The radius of the migration of herd and herdsmen might be wide enough to take in the mountain showing off to our right, like a dab of purple pigment. Whatever its boundary, however, this was its center—this rippling sheet, clear and bright enough to live in my memory another Diamond of the Desert.

While the horses drank, and some of the more careful *rancheros* re-filled the water-gourds they habitually carried at their saddle-bows, Don Miguel and the Colonel interviewed the herdsman, whose replies were very satisfactory. Our game had spent the night in the vicinity; the water the other side of the pond was muddy with their wading; he had even made fires to drive them away, and they left about sun-up, going toward the mountains.

"You see the trees yonder," he said; "well, two bulls were there not an hour ago, fighting; they may be there now. *Quien sabe, señores?*"

"It is but a minute's ride—shall we go?" said Don Miguel to the colonel. The latter called to me; next moment we were off, leaving the party to follow as they severally made ready.

I remember yet the excitement of that ride, the eagerness and expectancy with which we neared the knot of trees, our dash through, pistol in hand. In quiet hours I hear the shout with which the colonel brought us together. In an opening scarce twenty yards square lay a dying bull. He was of prodigious girth, and covered head and shoulders with a coat of sunburnt hair to shame a lion. Long, tangled locks, matted with mud and burrs, swathed his forelegs down to the hoofs. The ponder-



THE TANGLE OF PATHS.

ous head of the brute rested helplessly upon the rotting trunk of a palm-tree; the tongue hung from his bloody lips; his eyes were dim, and his breath came and went in mighty gasps. The death-wound was in his flank, a horrible sickening rent. The earth all about bore witness to the fury of the duel. Long time he confronted his foe, and held him with locked horns; at last he slipped his guard—that broad forehead with its crown of Jove-like curls—and was lost. Who could doubt that the victor was worth pursuit?

We helped the unfortunate to a speedier death, and lingered to observe him. His travels had been far, beginning doubtless up

"In the land of the Dakotah,"

whence winter drove him with all his herd down the murky Missouri. On the Platte somewhere he passed the second summer; then, from the hunting of the Sioux and their fierce kinsmen, he escaped into Colorado; after a year of rest, in search of better pastures, he pushed southward again, lingering in the fields about the head-waters of the Arkansas; there the bold riders of the Comanche found him; breaking from them, he disappeared for a time in the bleak wilderness called The Staked Plains; thence to the Rio Grande, and across into Chihuahua, the pursuer still at his heels; and now there was an end of travel and persecution. As we returned from the chase, I saw him again, lying where we found him, a banquet for the whimpering wolves. Already he was despoiled of his tongue.

The incident, as may be thought, whetted the ardor of the party to the sharpest edge. A wide interval stretched between us and the mountain toward which the game had disappeared; in some of the long swales ahead we knew they were feeding; possibly we might strike them before noon; nobody felt tired. Santos rode forward at a canter; we followed in a body, saying little, but never so observant. Two more miles were put behind. Suddenly, as the *mozo* was making the ascent of a long up-grade, he stopped, and, turning in his saddle and pointing forward, shouted:

"*Ola, los bufalos!*"

Not a man but felt a great heart-beat and a thrill which shocked him from head to foot. As at command, we raised the guns, lying across the saddles before us. As at command, too, we all broke into a gallop. Santos, like a sensible fellow, came back to meet us.

"Where are they?" everybody asked in a breath.

"Just over the hill," he answered, suppressing his excitement.

"Are there many of them?" I asked.

"*Caramba, señor!* We cannot kill them all before night."

We gained the top of the grade, and there they were—not a quarter of a mile away, grazing slowly onward—*los demonios del Norte*.

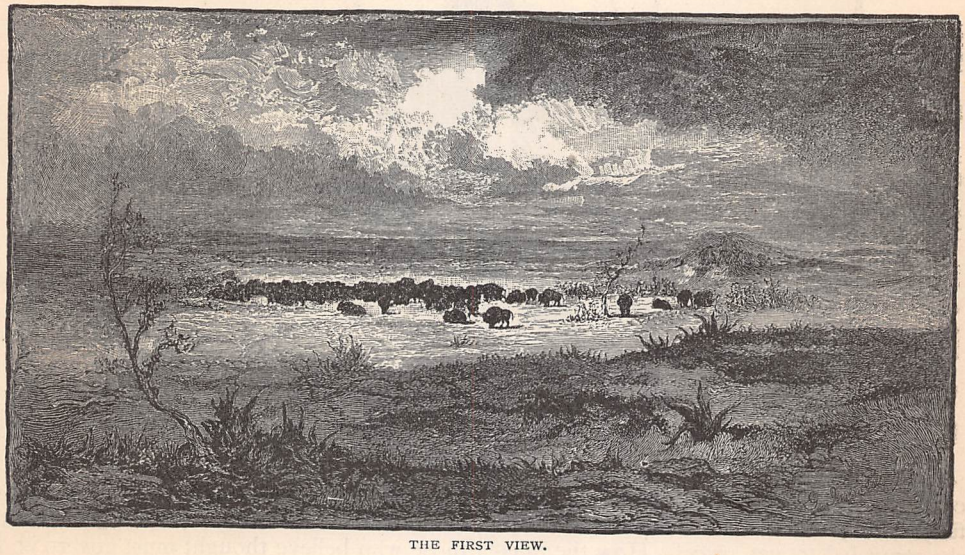
To the left, under a well-grown tree, I caught sight of one, solemn, sedate, magnificent in proportion, magnificently draped in flying fur. He alone kept his place motionless and with full front toward us, the perfect picture of confidence, self-collection and power of toughened thews in wakeful repose. In every flock of living things there is a sentinel who watches, a philosopher who thinks, a law-maker who ordains, a king who governs; and there they were all in one—and more, he was the victor of the morning's duel. I knew it all with the certainty of intuition.

The exceeding peacefulness of the scene was not lost on me, and the monitor of the low voice did some whispering; but—my blood was running races. The heart was beating in my throat, and the hot parch of the hunter's fever was on my tongue. Pity there is no gauge for the measurement of a man's excitement of spirit; something of the kind should be our next great gift from the wiseacres; and then, if the invention should happily be simple of reference and easy of portage like a pencil or a knife, we could have with us always a doctor to save us from

apoplexies, and a guardian to say stop at that point in our pleasures where conscience is in the habit of obtruding, like the ghost at the banquet.

We had no thought of strategy—scattering, flanking, heading off had no places in our heads, and without an inquiry from us the wind continued to blow as it listed. A common impulse seized every man and communicated to every horse. A shout, some fierce gouging with rowels, and away we dashed pell-mell, guns in hand, Don Miguel in the lead. The startled herd, executing a volt to the rear, stood a moment at bay. The king under the tree shook his crowned head, and viewed us askance. Ha! ha! was he scared? Or, like a veteran general, was he coolly counting the odds before resolving on battle? If, at a signal, his army had closed *en masse* and charged us horns down, what a hurry-scurrying rearward there would have been on our part! But no—he had heard the whoop of assault before, and knew all its significance. The pause was from curiosity, as natural to his kind as to a high-bred lady. We heard his bellow, ragged as the mot of a Mexican trumpet; then he went right-about; whereat there was a general stampede—a blind *sauve qui peut*, which, interpreted literally, means, may the devil take the hindmost. Away they went, all alike, the king forgetful of his dignity, and all the queens for once at least self-dependent.

Now, if the reader will resolve a buffalo into a machine and make study of his locomotive capacities, it will be seen he was not made for speed. He is too weak in the hind-quarters, too ponderous in the fore; and as if the fatted hump on his shoulder were not a sufficient handicap of the poor brute, Nature fashioned his head after the model of a pork-barrel, and hung it so low as to be directly in the way of his fore feet—the very reverse of a horse or a deer. *A fortiori*, as the lawyers are so fond of saying, he does not leap when in flight, but rolls and plunges, like a porpoise at play. In short, there would have been shame everlasting in the house of Zuloaga if our mustangs, out-flyers of the desert winds, had failed to overtake the lumbering



THE FIRST VIEW.

fugitives, and we did overtake them, and that in less than a half mile.

I do not know what my companions did—a quick concentrating of self seized me, insomuch that I became to the world else the merest husk of a purpose; the circumstances of the charge, those the eye catches and those the ear hears, looks, actions, words, yells, even the stirring rataplan of the horses' drumming hoofs and the deep bass earth-rumble of the game in multitudinous flight—all failed my perception; for as we drew near the chase one straggler claimed my attention—a heifer, clean built and clean of hide. She was running freely, and could have made better speed but for the slower hulks in her way. I had a thought that she might make better meat than the bigger specimens, and yet another, she might be

more easily killed; and to kill her I bent every faculty.

The mustang caught the spur; forward—close—closer—by bending in the saddle I could have laid hand on my prey; then, fully conscious that she was singled out, how she struggled to get away! How the muscles of her flanks swelled and knotted, in desperate exertion! The time came to use my Winchester. I selected the place to shoot at,—just behind the shoulder,—and brought the rifle down. Goodness! I was left of the game when, being right-handed, I should have gone to the right. Three times I tried to get aim, but in vain. I laid the gun across the saddle, and drew pistol—a Smith & Wesson, the best of revolvers then, yet not near as good as now; for that I was in place. Forward again, and closer in—closer—now, fire! The bullet lodged in the shoulder. Again, and in the heart; hurrah! My horse shied; the rifle fell to the ground; I barely escaped tumbling after; the victim moaned, staggered, stumbled, fell. Aye, count me *one;* and, better yet, count me the FIRST ONE!

"NOW, FIRE!"

Upon coming to,—observe all the words imply,—I was dismounted, and in the act of picking up my gun. The conduct of man was never more purely instinctive than mine had been throughout. I make the confession without shame, for I am not of those who believe thought must govern and direct what all we do, otherwise there is no credit. In cases of peril bullet-swift, to wait on reflection is to die. Instinct moves us; we obey, and live. Thought implies conditions, and a final judgment upon them; instinct implies instant action—something dull men are incapable of.

Let me pass the pride and happiness of that triumphant moment. The fisherman who has landed the traditional trout of a famous brook, or a ten-pound golden salmon from the golden beds of the Kankakee, can tell you my feelings; and to enable a hunter to interpret for me, it is only required that he should have bagged a wild goose, flying full-quilled from the Arctics.

The mustang was at last reduced to quiet; then I looked about. The huntsmen and the herd were out of sight in a trough of the

land ahead; yells and frequent shots signaled their whereabouts. Not another carcass was to be seen; I had made the first capture; what if it should be the only one? While so thinking,—the faintest semblance of a selfish wish lurking under the reflection,—suddenly the noise ceased. Strange! Something had certainly occurred. I swung into the saddle; then up from the hollow rode a *ranchero*, coming to speak to me, I supposed; he went by like a ricochetting shot. Others appeared; the same haste possessed them, only they shouted: "*Priésa, señor! Los Indios, los Indios!*" ("Make haste, sir! Indians, Indians!")

Ah, the cursed Apaches!

The interruption was not an agreeable one; in fact, the effect was decidedly chilling; yet I managed to control myself, and ride forward. The last of the *rancheros* passed in flight; only the colonel, Don Miguel, his friends, and the *mozos*, Santos and Teodora, remained. I met them rising out of the hollow.

"What's up now?"

The colonel answered coolly.

"The fellows say they came upon Indians in the grass down yonder. I think they are lying."

Don Miguel shrugged his shoulders nearly to the top of his head, and fairly hissed:

"It is nothing, sir." with an expression of contempt without an equivalent in English.

Santos touched his hat, indicating a wish to speak.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"There are no Indians there."

"No?"

"I stopped one of the men long enough to have him show me where the ambush was, and——" he laughed heartily.

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"And the buffaloes had run right over the place."

We looked at each other curiously. Don Miguel suggested we go see for ourselves, and the colonel supported him with a round declaration that they had taken eight or ten good fat cows, and he didn't like to run away from them to accommodate anybody, much less a thieving Apache. A reconnoissance was determined upon.

We rode into the hollow and up it, cautiously following the trail of the herd.

"Hist!" cried Santos, a little in advance. "Look there!"

We looked, and were startled. Not twenty yards away stood a sorrel pony rudely housed in Indian style. At sight of us it raised its head and whinnied piteously. Santos went to it, and stooped to catch the lariat about its neck.

"*Jesu Christo!*" he yelled as if shot. I thought he would roll out of his saddle.

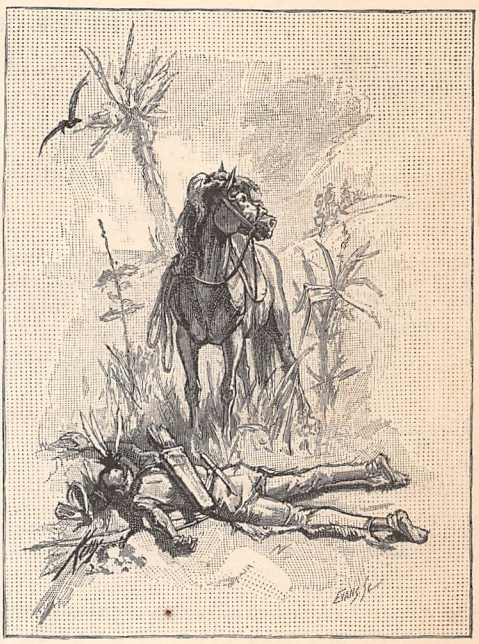
"For love of God, gentlemen, come and see," he next exclaimed.

We stood not upon the order of going.

"*Caramba!*" said Don Miguel, reining back.

Then the colonel blew a long whistle of disgust, as well he might. An Indian warrior was lying face downward in the grass at the fore-feet of the pony—*dead!* The stampede of the *rancheros* was explained.

A worn knife, butcher's pattern; a hatchet, such as plasterers use; a red-wood bow,



LO!

short but broad, and variously painted on the back; a quiver of arrows; a lance, of the Mexican sort; a dirty clay-pipe, in a dirty bag of raw tobacco, were the assets of the dead man.

In the division of spoils, my friend the Colonel took two feathers found in the scalp-lock, indicative, as he was pleased to believe, of the high rank of the deceased. A pair of moccasins, taken from the saddle, fell to me; they were unworn, and soft as a castor glove. I have them yet, and keep them because they were beaded by the warrior's love, the daughter of an arrow-maker who

lives in a painted tepee off over the Sierras, by the loud-singing, but lonely, Gila. A visitor now and then comes and casts a doubt upon the tale of the moccasins; but he always leaves me in disfavor.

We agreed to attribute the end of the savage to ugliness, complicated with original sin. When the shepherds were told about him, they turned pale, and crossed themselves. They knew why he was in wait where death found him, mercifully for them.

It remains to say the discovery finished the hunt. We sent back, and succeeded in bringing the *rancheros* to the front again; but the ardor was dead in them, even if the game had not been too far away.

The Indian's pony, seven superb buffalo hides, and any amount of meat, were our trophies. The bivouac by the *estanque* that night was savory with the smell of roasting joints, and next day, when we bade adieu to Don Miguel and his friends at the door of the house of Zuloaga, all the patios were beautiful with festoonery which, at the end of a week, was taken down, weighed, and divided. No one ever tasted better *carne seca*.

HEART OF SORROWS.

HER path breaks off; she strikes some jutting wall,
Night-hidden, thrust across; thereby a rock,
Light-shaken, rolls: the tumult of its fall,
The long, long silence and the far down shock,
Take all her breath.
"For certain I have found" (so in her heart she saith)
"The very haunts of Death."

The mountain air, that should be blithe and loud,
Blown dense with dripping vapor, doth not stir.
She feels it cling as if it were a shroud:
From earth and hell and heaven it covers her.
If, fain to guide,
Some torch-upholding Seraph tread the spaces wide,
Yet will these shades abide.

Howbeit she, groping, finds a stony bed—
Not strewn upon with cones of cedar sweet,
But ragged, sharp to hurt; there rests her head,
And will not shrink nor gather up her feet.
"If this may be,
And Death, through these abysmal gates, reach after me,
All may be well" (saith she).

So waits on sleep: but still some tempest-thought,
Flame-winged, sweeps back that billow's soft advance:
"And is this net-work of the flesh for naught"
(She sighs), "but to be torn at every chance?
Or doth it keep
Some desert-creature—ready for the outward leap,
The rush, the tireless sweep?

"O, Soul (and if there be a soul!) unmeet
For pastures green and rivers of delight!
For thou wert cavern-born and fierce and fleet;
A thing unclean, a prowler of the night:
Lo, fettered fast!
What Power, moved by thy moans will set thee free, at last,
To rove Saharas vast?

"No doubt the Solitudes befit thee well:
But how if One come shining o'er the sands,
With tranquil eyes that evermore compel,
And strange, converting touch of holy hands;
In still accord
(Upbraiding not), full gently leading thee toward
The gardens of the Lord?—

"Deep set among the fair, eternal hills:
With entrances of balsam-dropping fir
And date-sustaining palm; where (since He wills)
Thou shalt perceive, far off, the murmurous stir,
The vestments white
Of those melodious ones; and—shadowed safe from sight—
Shalt dream thy dreams of light.

"Musing how wondrous are the heights of fire!
What cool and fruitful vales their spurs secrete!
Awaiting, through hushed æons of desire,
Till thou shalt hear His voice, so loud, so sweet
With words that rule:
'Arise, and enter in, thou who art white as wool,
And let thy joy be full!'

"And oh, the many streams from Lebanon!
The pleasant winds that flow out East and West,
From myrrh and frankincense and cinnamon!
And oh, the beds of spice whereon to rest!
And oh, the King!
Lilies and clustering flowers and vines behold Him bring,
About thy feet to cling!

"Ah, me! the anguish, the devouring haste
Of this, my soul, to touch the hands that save!
But if there be no gardens—if the Waste
Stretch boundless on from empty grave to grave,
If shriek and curse
And wail of farthest voices, through the universe,
An infinite woe rehearse,—

"Thou Soul, who rendest so the fleshly net,
Set free and to the desert-sweeps out-cast—
With all thy noon-tide thirst upon thee yet—
Shalt load, with desolate cries, the arid blast:
Or crouch and wait
Beside the bitter springs, whose waters will not sate
Thine everlasting hate!

"But oh, to be so mocked!—where late I lay
Choked, by that cruel Ganges thick with mire
(Men call Love's river!); eyelids stiff with clay,
Flung out to perish, scorched in winds of fire:
Till One passed by,
And drew me from the flood and whispered 'It is I:
Behold thou shall not die!'

"How did my heart within me melt and yearn!
What copious tears washed out my blinded eyes!
Far up the silver steeps I saw Him turn,
Then vanish—gathered to the awful skies.
And without rest
I followed, but to kiss some rock His feet had pressed,
And be forever blest!

"The jostling crowds did jeer and buffet me
Along the burning plains; at fall of night,
Among the steep-set rocks, I shook to see
Their olden beds up-torn by torrents white,—
The sheer descent
Beside whose soundless deeps I trod, fear-faint and spent,
Nor found the way He went!"

Here lifting up her voice she cries aloud:
"Sore-beaten by the dread four winds, that blow
From crag to crag the fell, red-bosomed cloud—
Oh, yet I thought to climb and near Him so!
If still afar,
Only to wait and worship, silent as a star,
Where all the glaciers are."

Upstarting from her bed as one who hears
Supernal sighings and remote farewells,
With crash of final bolts that lock the spheres,—
"O, Thou Serene," she mourns, "whose love excels!
I may not reach
To clasp Thy robe and weep, and of Thy lips beseech
Their honey-dropping speech;—

"Engirt with deathful snares: yet hadst Thou seen,
Before the gulfs yawned black from North to South,
How had Thy tears of pity washed me clean!
How had I felt the kisses of Thy mouth!
Now, without doubt,
The very gates of Hell—across the skies flung out—
Have compassed me about!"

Even at the word, from ledge to crevice steals
An undulant motion as of opening graves,
Or influent surges, when the sea unseals
The strong, sepulchral door of ancient caves;
Till, waxing bold,
Earth sends her thunders out: beneath the mountain rolled,
They cleave its bases old.

With stroke on stroke, all down the wavering steep
They cast this grieving one. But now a light
Smites darkness out, from cope to center deep!
Hurled through the white abyss in headlong flight—
From mortal harms,
The Angel of the torch, whom Death nor Hell alarms,
Up-bears her in his arms.

She lies upon his breast like drifted snow:
"My Lord and thine hath sent for thee" (he saith);
She feels the winds of Paradise out-blow—
Full fain is she to breathe their holy breath.
Aloes and myrrh—
All the chief spices, with their wafting wings astir,
Divinely comfort her.

Such need hath soaring Love—the heavens make way;
With all their stars they vanish as a scroll!
The King's pavilions—beautiful are they:
Behold, with sweets, He satisfies her soul!
But I, less white,
Among the clefts of rocks, with creatures of the night,
Hide me in sore affright.

LAWN-PLANTING FOR SMALL PLACES.

THE word home has a pleasant sound. Indeed, one of the best signs of the times is a growing regard for home adornment. Practical considerations of simple comfort and show have long received too exclusive attention; but as we settle down more and more into a mature nation, the pleasantness of home gains in importance. In other words, our homes are becoming more characteristic, because we are learning duly to esteem and study them. They picture more truly the mind of the occupant or owner, because the occupant or owner is becoming more truly their architect and creator.

Doubtless fashion attracts many to this work, and makes vague enthusiasm the impelling motive, rather than love of art. But such motives or impulses are not altogether deplorable. Societies for the encouragement of decorative art flourish and grow strong. Hard times develop latent talent that would have otherwise lain fallow; and all things conspire to favor the advancement of home art. Then how home-like and refined and beautiful this work is making our houses! We may be very superficial nowadays,—very much inclined to run about the world; but surely our fathers, with all their domestic virtues, never had such lovely homes. Pretty de-

vices in furniture, hangings, and a hundred simple things are noticeable everywhere as the work of the ladies and gentlemen of the house. Native taste, genius, association, and instinctive imitation, all combine to develop the true home artist. Yet models we must have, and principles we must recognize, and this in spite of the fact that most excellent work is done without conscious application of principles. Query: Does not this unconscious application of principles partake of the nature of genius? Let it be what it may, however, ordinary mortals, in their artistic struggles, are greatly helped by a few practical rules. Confiding in this belief, we ask a similar interest in both principles and practice of a definite, though not generally accepted, species of home art. We assert, in other words, that home art should not confine itself within doors, but should exert its influence on the immediate neighborhood of the house. Some of the most delightful hours of home life are spent on the piazza or lawn. It is, moreover, a pleasant hospitality that offers attractions on the lawn to the passer-by. But the sovereign difficulty that stands in the way of good lawn-planting, and especially of good lawn-planting for small places, is a wide-spread ignorance of lawn plants. Numerous streets and shops offer instructive lessons to the decorator of the house and its contents. Hundreds of homes present tasteful examples of artistic work of many kinds. The study of lawn-planting, however, seems strangely neglected. Yet why is it? Are there no profitable examples to be found in parks or nurseries? And if there are, why do not people study them?

There are doubtless many who visit or communicate with such places, but how is it generally done? If they visit, they do it hastily and learn little. If they communicate, it is to ask whether some plant which has struck their fancy can be had. Whether it suits any position on their grounds they do not consider, and perhaps do not care. In like manner parks are looked over. They are but seldom studied. Now, if we are to have good work, the workman, or at least the deviser of the work, must know his material. You see, we are assuming that the lawn-planter of small places is also the owner. Seldom, indeed, can the owner of any small place afford a gardener of taste and knowledge; and the charm, moreover, of this peculiar species of work is its unprofessional character. It must have originality, variety, and no hackneyed forms, if it is to be of the best type. We hesitate, therefore, to fix anything like arbitrary rules, for fear they may be misunderstood and adhered to slavishly. Yet there are practical considerations and desirable artistic results growing out of the nature of plants that necessitate the use of rules. We cannot, of course, properly treat of the habits of plants in a short paper, nor of the rules that govern their employment. Nevertheless, it will be our endeavor to set forth intelligibly a few important suggestions concerning the employment of these habits in general. We may illustrate them also by applying them to ordinary grounds. Lawn-planting for small places, as we propose it for popular employment, is a simple harmonious arrangement for the exhibition of individual plants. No one need fear, either, that the application of this principle will mar the effect of properly constructed masses.

The treatment of surfaces, or, in other words, grading, we leave to the department of the landscape architect or engineer. We suggest only that in every case grading be reduced to a minimum by always, if possible, employing inequalities of surface as a feature of the lawn. This will afford means of varying and increasing effects and at the same time save expense. Such methods, indeed, are not only economical, but based on sound principles of art.

One of the most important considerations in planting a lot is the disposition of shrubbery and trees about the lawn in a way that will secure broad, open spaces of turf. These groups of shrubbery or trees should be arranged on the more prominent curves of walks about entrance gates, or the outer boundaries of the place. The object in view will be partly to secure the above-mentioned open spaces of turf, but chiefly to vary the effects and produce sudden, unexpected views. We should also seek to convey the idea that the path leads through the midst of a natural and picturesque group. These devices and the creation of vistas will tend to give the place an appearance of greater size than is actually the case. It need scarcely be said that the curves of all the walks should be easy and flowing. Our sense of the graceful requires it, and practical experience proves its correctness. A horse, when taking the wagon directly to a given point without special guidance, always follows these long, easy curves. Indeed, the inexperienced driver is often bothered by the short curves of a circular road.

A very general principle is always to employ rhododendrons, hardy azaleas, Japanese maples and other choice dwarf evergreen and deciduous shrubs directly about the house or on the walks near by. About the outskirts of the lawn, the entrance gates and junction of paths, may be massed the larger growing shrubbery and trees. They will serve to frame in the landscape, or to shut out undesirable views. We refer, of course, to medium-sized places of an acre or less. Within the skirting plantations of such places, few, if any, trees of large size should be used. Indeed, two or three elms, oaks or lindens will come in time to occupy large sections of what should be entirely open space. Trees in great number, moreover, tend to make the plot look small and monotonous and the turf moss-grown and sparse. A few second-class trees, here and there, relieve and enrich the lawn without interfering with the effect of larger shrubbery. Large trees may be allowed at intervals on the extreme corners and outer boundaries to frame in the picture and diversify the contour and sky-line of exterior shrub groups. Sanitary conditions likewise demand a similar arrangement.

The position of the house also requires study. If space and full effect is desired, and no local peculiarities bar, it should be placed on one side so as to mass in a single lawn as much land as possible. This will broaden and enlarge generally the effect of the place. All fences should be screened more or less with shrubbery or hedges, although the last, as generally used, are formal and therefore objectionable. Furthermore, few, if any, architectural adornment, such as statues, vases etc., should be allowed. They are pretentious, artificial and not in keeping with a natural style of landscape gardening. In the highly artificial gardenesque or geometric style they have, of course their place, but of this we do not speak, as it is ill fitted for small rural homes. Summer-houses, gates and arbors, rock-work and water-falls (the last two in secluded nooks) must be employed in the places under consideration to give whatever variety is desired other than trees and grass.

Another special point to be studied is the preservation of pleasing views, or vistas in neighboring grounds. They may be framed in with attractive groups, which may at the same time plant out disagreeable, ungraceful objects. Provide, at least, one open range or view throughout the greatest depth of the lot, but not exactly through the center line. A line, for instance, from the middle of the section adjoining the public road to the extreme corner in the rear is more desirable than several short vistas only. This tends greatly to increase the sense of novelty and distance, and lessens any apparent stiffness.

If the division fence must be kept up between adjoining lots, and no common lawn used, this fence should be also adorned with deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs. These may be planted, if desired, at intervals to retain attractive glimpses and vistas as above suggested.

In all groups which define boundaries of the place, special care should be taken to avoid uniform horizon lines. Vary them with a few spire-like trees now and then,—birches, cypresses, etc.,—which should also mark informally the corners of the lot, and complete, as it were, the frame of the picture. What we mean by *informally* is an avoidance of regular intervals or geometric arrangement.

As a rule, also, never plant a large, dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant, light-colored, deciduous tree, for thus planted it will dwarf and weaken the effect of the latter. On some lawns, however, a few massive dark evergreens may be used with effect in the extreme, and, if possible, north-west corner of the lot. They will protect and give character to the place, and heighten the effect of the deciduous trees. A striking contrast may be obtained by interspersing a few white birches among, and in front of, these evergreens. They will serve, in this case, to brighten the picture both winter and summer,—though usually we prefer not to mix evergreen and deciduous trees. This harmonious and contrasting disposition of color requires careful study, and even perhaps a natural gift. For instance, it is better to introduce gay, bright colors in well-judged proportions. A few bright flowers of deep red, blue or yellow, will have a better effect dispersed here and there about the lawns than in one great mass. Introduce them, so that by means of their different natures there will be always during the season a few gay points in the picture.

The turf borders of walks must present a true curve, and both sides be on a level. Their height should not be more than two inches or less than one. Great depth of border utterly destroys the effect of a walk.

Lawns generally—for we will say this

much of grading—should never be reduced to a perfect level. They should be raised about two feet in the center, or the surface will have the appearance of a hollow. The side lawn should generally assume a more or less slight incline toward the division fence. The rear lawn, if there is any of considerable relative size, should be graded if possible, in like manner with the front. Of course, special conditions will vary any such rules. Their simple object is to increase the variety and thereby produce a more pleasing and natural effect. All this, moreover, gives the place a larger and more picturesque appearance. In offering these few principles of an art capable of producing so many diversified effects, we have endeavored to be sufficiently intelligible to secure their easy application. Language, however, must necessarily lack sometimes in clearness and picturesque force. We therefore present on the next page a design which fairly illustrates the simpler forms of lawn-planting as it should be exercised on small lots.

The first point that has been, and must always be, carefully studied is the location of the house in such manner as to keep as much of the lawn together as possible. Here the house is placed as it should be, near one side. If feasible it should also be on the north or west of the lot, thereby securing the better protection for shrubs and flowers.

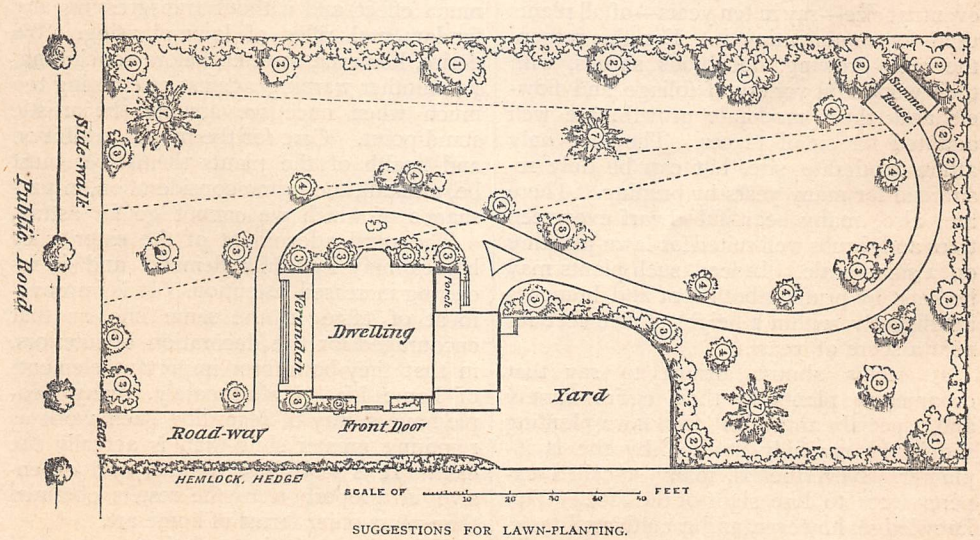
Immediately about the house are gathered singly or in groups rare and choice deciduous and evergreen shrubbery, such as hydrangeas, hardy azaleas, Japanese maples and the many beautiful dwarf conifers. These are so arranged as to produce the most varied and favorable effect of color and form of which the plants are capable. It is usually necessary to thus retain only low-growing plants close to the house, for in this way only can the full architectural effect of the structure be secured. The exquisite and delicate attractions of choice plants demand also a position near the house where they can be easiest seen. Any curve of the paths nearly adjoining a building may be thus ornamented, for the small size of the plants will leave all views and vistas unobstructed,—as important a point to be looked after as the proper exhibition of the architectural effect of the house. It will be therefore noticed that even the less immediate neighborhood of the house is left unplanted with large-sized shrubs or even second-class trees. The main feature of the place must evidently be the house, and therefore in devising prominent vistas and near or distant views we must take our stand at or not far from this point. Minor stand-points may of course be taken when some special effect is desired. Failure to contrive the landscape or grouping from these established stand-points often weakens if it does not spoil lawn-planting, which is otherwise good and effective.

A STUDY FOR LAWN-PLANTING.

The curves of the walks or foot-paths are long and easy, reaching their destination in a natural and pleasing manner. All the junctions of paths and the main curves are planted with shrubbery in an irregular and informal manner. Furthermore, they are usually arranged with a view to suggesting the idea that the path is winding through single masses of flowers. It is not proposed in this plan to reserve any space for a vegetable

garden, not only for want of room, but because it is notorious that vegetables thus grown are very expensive and troublesome. If exercise in gardening pursuits is desired, the same amount and a similar kind of work may be had in the culture of trees and shrubs as in that of vegetables with more generally satisfactory results. All necessary objects, not interesting in a picturesque way, such as drying-ground, entrance to the rear of buildings, tool-sheds etc., are shut out with deciduous shrubs. The front of these hedges or belts of shrubbery may be diversified by planting here and there occasional choice specimens.

The extreme end of the grounds may be also entered, if desired, by a path which should wind among shrubbery in somewhat obscure fashion, and come out suddenly on the lawn. The approach or entrance to the house is, in this case, somewhat formal and straight, for the sake of convenience, which must at times overrule considerations of beauty. It is well planted with shrubbery, however, to relieve all stiffness and vary the straight line. This system also introduces the pleasant element of surprise, as the full effect of the lawn is only presented after the place has been fairly entered. Flowing, graceful lines, with one exception, are retained everywhere, especially in the vistas that extend off to the full depth of the lot. On the most extended side, the vista takes a slanting direction across a croquet-ground, reached by a winding path and fronted by a summer-house in the extreme corner. This simple, inexpensive rustic structure—shown in the lawn-planting study—looks out toward the house over the croquet-ground, down the most attractive vista of the place. About it should climb vines, honeysuckles, etc., and cluster flowering shrubs. The entire feature is finely crowned and perfected by associating with it a slender, drooping, cut-leaved birch, with tender gray or light-green foliage and gleaming white bark. It will thus form one of the corner posts, or prominent points that define the outline of the picture, and, at the same time, constitute a most interesting and picturesque termination for a walk. One such feature is almost enough for a small place. Architecture should be confined, as a rule, to the house structure, and the lawn devoted to plants. Even rock-work, except in peculiar spots, has hardly a place on any small lawn, for reasons that should be obvious. Whatever portion of the summer-house appears from among the vines and surrounding foliage shows a rustic, graceful, and solid structure. Simple rustic seats may, of course, be erected in suitable positions, but should not be made architecturally prominent. As a rule, however, chairs may be carried from the porch or veranda to any spot on so small a place. The planting on the walks directly fronting



SUGGESTIONS FOR LAWN-PLANTING.

1, Large deciduous trees and specimen lawn trees; 2, trees of moderate growths; 3, deciduous shrubs of moderate growths; 4, rare and dwarf deciduous and evergreen shrubs; 7, evergreen trees. Large shrubs four feet apart.—small shrubs three feet apart —hedge plants two feet apart. Rules to be varied somewhat, according to the nature of the plant used.

the summer-house should be made specially attractive by the employment of choice and dwarf trees and shrubs. The simple design of using a summer-house at all, has been to increase, within safe limits, the picturesque effect of the place, and to lend that portion of the scene a cozy, home-like aspect. Indeed, we have sought to give the entire place a similar natural appearance. Good lawn-planting should make it look, not as if it had been constructed in the ordinary sense of the term, but as if it had grown there, out of the special needs of the plants and of those expecting to enjoy them. Please note that we make most prominent the necessities of the plant. They must receive first attention, when the best effects will follow in due course. Landscape architects are, perhaps, liable to fall into the habit of regarding plants as they would bricks or stones. An edifice of landscape architecture cannot be erected exactly as one chooses. Plants have their freaks and peculiarities in different positions, which even practical experience can scarcely foresee.

Beware of using on small places large-growing trees, and even on the outer boundary employ them sparsely. All such trees, like the Norway spruce or white pine, become in a few years independent of their crowding mass, more or less unsightly for limited inclosures and necessarily close inspection. There should be an exact proportion between the size of a place and the eventual size—say in ten years—of all plants used for ornamenting it. For this reason, the rapid-growing, deciduous shrubs, with their wonderful variety of foliage and flowers and their moderate growth, are well adapted for small places. They not only attain moderate size, but can be duly restrained for many years by pruning. There are, also, many beautiful dwarf evergreen trees and shrubs well suited for lawn-planting on a small scale. Indeed, such plants may be kept, by pruning both root and branches intelligently, within a height of five feet for near a score of years.

It seems almost absurd to say that ornamental plants in their entire variety and special aptitudes for lawn-planting should be carefully studied by the lawn-planter. Nevertheless, many so-called experts seem to lose sight of the fact. With knowledge, however, and a cultivated taste, most delightful results can be obtained on a small lot by an outlay ranging from $100 to $300, depending on the amount of choice plants used. Grading and fences are considerations governed by special conditions, and cannot, therefore, be taken into a general and typical estimate. This hardly seems an extravagant sum to devote to the exterior adornment of a home that has probably cost at least $4,000 for the building, and $2,000 more for a simple and tasteful furnishing. The general impression is widely spread abroad that the accomplishment of artistic effects in lawn-planting on small places, if possible at all, must be expensive and elaborate. Perhaps the idea comes from the fact that our parks and grand show places afford almost the only instances of artistic lawn-planting, and they, of course, are expensive. The lawn-planting efforts, moreover, of the jobbing gardener or owner of the place, are generally crude and based on no settled principles of art. It is this, perhaps, that gains credence for the belief that landscape gardening, as a picturesque art, is not only expensive, but does not suit small places. People may not state such ideas definitely to themselves; but they clearly demonstrate, by practice, a conscious or unconscious belief in their truth.

It has been, therefore, our desire to enunciate a few simple and important considerations of an art too much neglected, and to exemplify them practically from a plan intended for execution in a simple and inexpensive manner. There are necessarily many features and details, not here treated, that may be introduced on small places with much effect and without transgressing any fundamental rules of lawn-planting. We desire, however, to utter, before concluding, yet another warning against attempting too much when once we assume the artistic stand-point. Care for the proper exhibition and health of the plants themselves must be, after all, the prime consideration, in pursuance of which we cannot go far astray.

The rural adornment of the exterior of homes may rightfully demand and is receiving increased attention. It is improvement of taste in the same line, as that encouraged for the decoration of interiors, in that they both form important elements of home life. Unfortunately, many people have a way of regarding such work as requiring greater skill than is actually the case. It is really less difficult and expensive in proportion to the results obtained than most other forms of home art.

Valuable suggestions relating to the foregoing remarks have been kindly afforded by Mr. J. Weidenmann, author of "Beautifying Country Homes."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(DIED DECEMBER 19, 1878.)

CAN one so strong in hope, so rich in bloom
That promised fruit of nobler worth than all
He yet had given, drop thus with sudden fall?
The busy brain no more its worth resume?
Can Death for life so versatile find room?
Still must we fancy thou mayst hear our call
Across the sea, with no dividing wall
More dense than space to interpose its doom.
Ah then—farewell, young-hearted, genial friend!
Farewell, true poet, who didst grow and build
From thought to thought still upward and still new.
Farewell, unsullied toiler in a guild
Where some defile their hands, and where so few
With aims as pure strive faithful to the end.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

"More than once I have met death, but without fear! Nor do I fear now! Without being able to demonstrate it, I KNOW that my soul cannot die! * * Indeed, to me the infinite is far more comprehensible than the finite!"

These words occur in a letter of Bayard Taylor's to me, written not many weeks before his death. They have suggested the following sonnet:

"OFT have I fronted Death, nor feared his might!—
To me immortal, this dim Finite seems
Like some waste low-land, crossed by wandering streams
Whose clouded waves scarce catch our yearning sight:
Clearer by far, the imperial Infinite!—
Though its ethereal radiance only gleams
In exaltations of majestic dreams,
Such dreams portray God's heaven of heavens aright!"

Thou blissful Faith! that on death's imminent brink
Thus much of heaven's mysterious truth hast told!
Soul-life aspires, though all the stars should sink;—
Not vain our loftiest Instinct's upward stress,—
Nor hath the immortal Hope shone clear and bold,
To quench at death, his torch in Nothingness!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

NOT lost "untimely"! Rounded, full, complete—
A jewel cut and polished to its place—
A strain of music meet for heavenly space—
His life went forth immortal joy to meet.
His work was done. At prime of years his feet
Passed on before us; while our dazzled eyes
Beheld the radiance linger o'er the skies
Where he had vanished on the golden street.
Our Brother! loving as he was beloved.
Our Bayard! rich in every knightly grace.
Our Scholar! brilliant still, and great, where moved

The masters of the world—before his face
Who bent their laureled brows; as when, approved,
A prince among his peers assumes his place.

Above his dust let bright-eyed daisies bloom;
Let cheerful red-breast robins hourly sing;
Let laughter of the happy children ring,
For whom the sleeper's heart made tender room.
Shut out the mold, the darkness, and the gloom;
Bring sunshine there with morning's earliest ray;
Let sunsets store their bars of gold away
To brighten last above his storied tomb.
Crowd back the tears that he would grieve should flow
Where he is resting 'neath his burial sod;
Let greater love than dropping tears can show
Submissive smile beneath the bitter rod.
He walks, with kingly mien and crownèd brow,
In angel-stature of the sons of God!

MARIE MASON.

A GLANCE INTO THE "SUMNER ALCOVE," HARVARD LIBRARY.

MR. SUMNER so truly valued books, and welcomed so eagerly every addition to his treasures, that little by little, through auction sales or gifts of friends, he succeeded in acquiring a very rich collection. The more remarkable books form, however, only about a tenth of all that he bequeathed to Harvard College. The rest are such as one might expect to find in the library of an American man of letters, who was, at the same time, an antislavery worker, a lawyer, a statesman, and the friend of many authors. Many are gifts to him from the writers, now living and distinguished. There are a few worn school-books and well-thumbed dictionaries; and there are classics given him as prizes when a boy, or as testimonials of affection from friends in his maturer years.

In an edition of Gibbon are the words: "Awarded to Chas. Sumner, as a Prize for a Latin Poem and an English Theme, at the Public Latin School. Aug. 1826," and in a boyish hand below is added, "Charles Sumner."

"Prize awarded to Charles Sumner for a translation from Sallust and from Ovid, at the Pub. Lat. School. B. A. Gould, Master Boston 1824," is written on the fly-leaf of a copy of Pope's "Translation of the Iliad." This Mr. George Sumner took with him to Troy, and he filled the fly-leaves with memoranda of his visit, attaching to them two little sprigs, one from the plain between the Simois and Scamander, the other from the "mound of Patroclus."

A copy of Judge Story's "Commentaries," given to Mr. Sumner by the sculptor Story, has on the margins many pencil-marks, which suggest how often the senator referred to these volumes. There is also a Horace, in soft red morocco, whose fly-leaf tells how it passed from Governor Gore's library, through Judge Story's, to Mr. Sumner.

Beccaria's "Crimes and Punishments," in its original Italian, has the manuscript note by Mr. Sumner: "He who has not read it is neither fit to make laws nor to administer them when made. *Edin. Rev.*, 1821." Similar commentaries by Mr. Sumner on other books show his estimation of their authors and his reverence for worth; and thus is the molding of his own character pleasantly revealed.

About a hundred volumes of bound pamphlets, on subjects connected with his life-long warfare, attract one in the same way. Arbitration, peace, foreign relations, Cuba, Russia, and especially the slavery struggle, are all represented. The picture of his life is here, as he met each issue; and, now that the fight is over, while we read the history of his conflict with opposing thought, a pathos, absorbing aud ennobling, lingers around these battle-stained weapons.

Among the books of interest aside from Mr. Sumner's ownership, is an Ossian in

two volumes. It was printed in 1806, and is not an uncommon edition; but this copy belonged to Lord Byron. He seems to have read and loved the poem as our own Jefferson did, and has covered the fly-leaves and other blank spaces with reflections, inviting alike to the student of Ossian and of Byron. In each volume he has written his name, simply "Byron." His handwriting is easy and graceful; and the fly-leaves and many margins have comments, such as the following:

"The early and uncultivated periods of society in which the age of Ossian must undoubtedly be ranked —were most favorable to the display of original poetical genius—Such a period will always be found to have the happiest influence on sentimental and descriptive poetry—whether sublime or pathetic—tho' it must likewise be granted that civilized life will for the most part introduce a greater variety of incidents and character into poetical composition."

The punctuation of this paragraph shows the short dash which Byron uses freely in all these comments instead of a comma, and often, also, instead of a period.

At the close of the first volume, Byron turns Ossian's poetry into his own, in the following lines, which have never been published:

"A Version of Ossian's *Address to the Sun.* From his poem *Carthon.*

O thou! who rollest in yon azure field,
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal store
Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,
The stars start back and hide them in the sky,
The pale moon sickens in thy brightening blaze,
And in the water's wave avoids thy gaze.
Alone thou shinest forth, for who can rise
Companion to thy splendour in the skies!
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away,
Mountains themselves by length of days decay,
With ebbs and flows in the rough ocean tost,
In heaven the moon is for a season lost,
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,
The same art ever—blazing in the sky!
When tempests wrap the world from pole to pole,
When vivid lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
Thou, far above their utmost fury borne,
Look'st forth in beauty—laughing them to scorn!
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze,
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!
Whether at morn in lucid lustre gay
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,
I see no more! But thou mayst fail at length,
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength,
Like him, but for a season, in thy sphere
To shine with splendour—then to disappear!
Thy years shall have an end, and then no more
Bright thro' the world enlivening radiance pour,
But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,
Heedless when morning calls thee to the skies!"

One of the early editions of Pope's "Essay on Man," 1733, or, rather, only the first epistle of the Essay, has some very interesting manuscript corrections and alterations by the poet that show the careful pruning the poem had before it took its place among the classics. Many of the variations are merely verbal and more interesting to the student of composition than to the general reader; but, again, the change is in form and order, and is quite worth comparison with the standard copy.

From the twentieth line this old folio reads:

"Thro' Worlds unbounded tho' the God be known;
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
Of this vast Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
And Centres just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
* * * *
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.

When the proud Steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a Garland, an Ægyptian God;
Then shall Man's Pride and Dulness comprehend
His Action's, Passion's, Being's, Use and End;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity?
Presumptuous Man!" etc.—

to the line:

"'Tis but a part we see and not a whole."

These lines and many others are altered by interlineation, erasures, and rewriting to nearly their present form. Many couplets Pope has erased, but, nevertheless, has not discarded altogether, but used elsewhere in the poem; the two fine references to the delicate instinct of the spider and of the bee are in reverse order; the lines:

"How *Instinct* varies! what a Hog may want,
Compar'd with thine, half-reas'ning Elephant!"

are changed to:

"How *Instinct* varies, in the groveling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant, with thine!"

The study of the whole is very interesting, and one cannot have the least doubt that he sees the genuine working of the poet's own mind; the imputation so often cast upon autographs, that they suggest forgery, can-

not rest with any weight here. Indeed, De Quincey would have us think that Pope spent the greater part of his last years in trying to perfect the Essay, "stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls, having no relation to each other but that of contiguity," "a work, which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their key-stones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins."

A copy of "Pindar," now bound in red morocco, once belonged to Milton. It is filled with his manuscript notes on the margin, mostly references to Latin and Greek authors, a closely written commentary, with a full index to these references at the end. A peculiar interest attaches to the volume from the dates of purchase and study given in it. On the top of the title page is written, "Nouemb. 15° 1629," and at the end of the book, "Jun: 17 1630 et Sept: 28 1630 Λοξὰ [*sic*] τῳ ἑῳ." Thus, in those days, when students and tutors had fled from the plague, the young genius was quietly reading a Greek classic and filling the broad margins with his annotations, showing surprising scholarship for an undergraduate at Cambridge University.

In this connection a copy of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is worth notice, not for any manuscript additions by the great author, but for its bibliographical value. The great epic, as is well known, almost went begging, at first, for purchasers. Milton sold the copyright in 1667 to the book-seller, Samuel Simmons, and in that year the first edition was printed. But before Mr. Simmons could sell all the copies he changed the title-page many times, or added other preliminary leaves, until there are now enumerated by Lowndes, in his manual of 1867, eight variations of this first edition, dated 1667 or 1668. This copy of Mr. Sumner's seems to be still another, for it is not identical with any of the eight.

One cherished memento is a thin, black morocco volume, lettered in gilt, "Last paper subscribed by John Quincy Adams." This tells, however, but part of the story of the MSS. within the cover. There is, first, a letter from Mr. Adams just before he entered college, to Mr. William Cranch, then at Cambridge. It is pleasant reading, ardent, affectionate, with the fervor of a youth's impatience, written in the same distinct hand in which the papers of his maturer years were penned. The lines on the "last paper" are the following, whose clear chirography nevertheless betrays a hand trembling with age and weakness:

"To The Muse of History Perched on her Clock-Wheeled and winged Car over the front door of the Hall of the House of Representatives of The United States.

Muse! quit thy Car! come down upon the floor!
And with thee bring that volume in thy hand.
Tap, with thy marble knuckles at the door,
And take at a Reporter's desk thy stand.
Send round thy album and collect a store
Of autographs from Rulers of the Land.
Invite each Solon to subscribe his name,
A Self-recorded Candidate for Fame."

Then, last, is a letter from Mr. C. H. Brainard to Mr. Sumner, which gives the peculiar history of the piece of paper containing the above stanza. A few weeks before his last illness, Mr. Adams had complied with the request of Mr. Brainard for a copy of the verses, but had not signed his name. Mr. Brainard says:

"On the morning of the day when he was suddenly attacked by paralysis as he sat at his desk in the Hall of Representatives, I observed as I passed by him that he had just appended his signature to the poem, the ink being hardly dry. He was then listening to a speech by Mr. Taylor, of Ohio, and not wishing to disturb him I concluded to wait until the close of the speech before calling upon him for the manuscript. A few minutes after, I was startled by the cry, 'Mr. Adams is dying!'"

Mr. Adams, it will be remembered, lived only a day or two after this attack. Mr. C. F. Adams, after his father's death, "placed the precious MS." in Mr. Brainard's hands, and Mr. Brainard adds:

"I have treasured it with jealous care, and now take great pleasure in entrusting it to your keeping, as I know of no one else who will value it so highly."

Another choice manuscript is inclosed in bright red morocco covers. It is a sheet of letter paper containing, in Burns's bold writing, his "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled" on two pages, and on the other two the letter which accompanied it to his patron and friend, the Earl of Buchan. The lines have the title: "Bannockburn—Bruce to his troops. Tune, Louis Gordon." The two introductory stanzas, as given in some collections, are of later date, for here the poem begins directly with the address, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This little poem was written in September, 1793, for Mr. George Thomson's collection of Scottish airs, and first sent to him with the fourth line short, adapted to the tune, "Hey

tuttie taitie." As Thomson objected to the meter and proposed "Lewie Gordon," Burns acceded and lengthened the last line to suit. This copy, sent to Lord Buchan in 1794, is thus changed.

"Tho. Gray" is written in a small, neat character across the vignette of an old folio. The margins of nearly every page, closely filled with explanations and notes, reveal the poet as a painstaking investigator. He was, in fact, an amateur antiquarian, so to speak, and took great interest at one time in his life in all voyages and travels. The habit of careful research and minute annotations on his books was remarkably illustrated at the sale of his books by auction, in 1845. Since then there has been another sale as late as 1854. It is no wonder that at last one book should have strayed so far away as this one has! But apart from Gray's autographs, this volume, "Novus Orbis," is interesting. Its date is 1537. It is a collection of descriptions of the New World and voyages thither, in Latin translations of Columbus, Vespucius, Peter Martyr, etc.

Rare as it is, yet this old book is not so scarce as another little volume which Mr. Sumner owned. This is only a fragment of a small quarto, Waldsee-Müller's "Cosmographiæ Introductio" (the September edition of 1507). In it the name America was first suggested for this continent, "a fourth part of the world, which, because Americus found it, should be called Amerigen, as the land of Americus or America," etc. This idea was acted on by other friends of Vespucius, and the name in time became fixed.

By the side of this old work must be mentioned a map, engraved by Johannes Ruysch and supposed to have accompanied a copy of the Geographia (1508) of Ptolemy Claudius. It is drawn on Mercator's projection, but as if the earth were a cone instead of a cylinder. So that, as it lies before the eye, it is in the form of a semicircle with the diameter (running through Asia) at the top, on which are marked the degrees of latitude. A few islands take the place of North America, and a little bit of the northern and eastern coast of South America is given. On a scroll at the west is a satisfactory explanation: "*nec usque in tempore hoc longius quam ad hunc terminum perlustrarunt ideo hic imperfecta relinquitur*," etc. It makes a strange impression, this "*terra sancti crusis*" represented off in one corner of the great world, oddly disproportioned and still more strangely shaped. It almost seems, while looking at the carefully traced outlines, as if our great country and all its neighbor republics and friends had actually grown out of this small "*terra incognita*" of the fifteenth century, increasing as the centuries have rolled on with their new needs and new opportunities.

Older yet than these is a fragment of Fust and Schoiffher's Latin Bible, 1462, which is here. Only two leaves, of Samuel, they are, but valuable for being among the very first specimens of printing.

"Bunyan's Bible" is a heavy quarto with brass knobs and bands on the cover, and "John Bunyan" written by his own hand on the title-page of the New Testament. It is in the original covers, but has been re-backed, and though some of the leaves are gone, others are neatly patched with muslin. The imprint is Cambridge, 1637. As we turn these much-worn leaves, through whose inspiration his visions came, there are brought to the imagination touching pictures of the prisoner who used his misfortune for the glory of God.

A small autograph album, the dates of whose entries range from 1608 to 1680, was once the property of a Neapolitan nobleman named Cardoyn, who resided at Geneva and welcomed the distinguished of all nations to his hospitable home. On the first leaf is his name in Latin, with his coat-of-arms, painted, and the rest of the book is filled with the entries of his friends, much like an album of to-day. Most of the writers are German, Italian, or French nobles passing through Geneva to or from Italy. Young Thomas Wentworth, who was to die as Earl of Stafford thirty years after, writes, on one page: "*Qui minus notus omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi. Tho. Wentworth. Anglus, 1612.*" But most important of all is the page that bears Milton's autograph. First these lines from his "Comus":

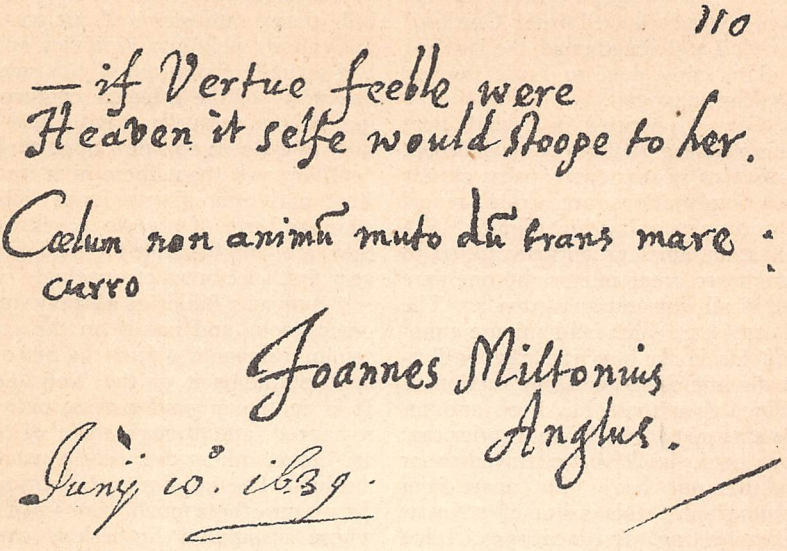
> "If Vertue feeble were—
> Heaven itselfe would stoope to her."

Then, after a space, Horace's line altered thus to the first person:

"*Cœlum non animum muto dum trans mare curro.*"

Finally, "*Johannes Miltonius, Anglus*," and the date.

This album is mentioned by S. L. Sotheby, in his "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autographs of Milton," published in 1861, where he says it is owned in America by "Rev. Charles Sumner!"



FAC-SIMILE OF MILTON'S WRITING IN AN ALBUM FORMERLY OWNED BY CHARLES SUMNER.

Here it is stated that before Milton's Italian journey he made the Greek form for the little e's (ε) exclusively. In the album he makes the modern form of the letter, and from this fact the conclusion is drawn that the entry was made on his return.

By these few books is shown the character of Mr. Sumner's bequest to his Alma Mater. But description alone must necessarily be unsatisfactory. Only when the treasure is within our hands can we appreciate its value.

OCTOBER SNOW.

(TO A POET ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.)

CAME once a dim October night
So still the season's quiet flow
Seemed there to pause, as if it might
In ripples back to summer go.

The heavy dusk in dreams like flowers
Unfolded thoughts of endless ease:
Loss was no more; life's coming hours
Drove winter hence with melodies.

But keen-eyed day through frostier air
Beheld a swift age overgrow
Those flower-like dreams—for everywhere
The night had whitened into snow!

Yet youthful still the trees arose;
And leaves consumed with autumn-fire
Blushed underneath the scattered snows
With colors of the spring's desire,

And still with sweet defiance rang
A late-voiced songster's echoing note:
Time altered not the strain he sang,
Nor quenched the summer in his throat.

So in the days of youth you wrought
A spell with Voices of the Night,
And left our hearts with flower-dreams fraught,
And hush'd the seasons in their flight.

And if too soon the hoar-frost throngs
Your air, O poet of our prime,
It seeks in vain to chill your songs
Or blanch the beauty of your rhyme!

"DE GUSTIBUS."

When Madame De Staël said that taste teaches what we should avoid, she left her definition half finished. If taste only taught us that, we should be reduced to a state of æsthetical atrophy, or rather to that forlorn condition in which Sancho Panza found himself at the dinner table, when dish after dish disappeared before the hungry governor at the instance of his too cautious medical adviser. There is indeed a direct analogy between the physical sense and the intellectual attribute which most languages express by the same word, and it is nowhere more apparent than in the extraordinary diversity of choice which is common to both. We all have our conventional notions of good manners—of what is to us real eye-pleasure or ear-pleasure. The sources of gratification to sight and hearing are as numerous and opposite as those which are experienced by the palate itself. In the whole range of gastronomy, from the appreciation of caviare to a relish for cow-heel, there is no more of epicurism, no greater variety of zest than in the field of mental appetite. The gradations of taste in the highest sense of the word are infinite. For instance, we all know that it would be hopeless to set up in any given sphere of life a standard of æsthetics which should be followed by all who move in that sphere. The influence of education, of temperament, of association, of example, would soon be felt in a thousand different ways, and would render our definition of taste (in so far as it implies excellence of judgment) impossible.

The truth is that this faculty is dependent on, and has in a great measure to accommodate itself to, the age in which we live, the country which we inhabit, and the condition of life in which we are born. That code of good manners which it was once the fashion to call etiquette requires constant revision,—is in fact being constantly revised from time to time. How many changes have we seen in our own day, from the stately "deportment" of the Georgian era, which still lingers among old gentlemen, to the free and easy habits of their grandsons! The "swell" of 1878 differs as much from the "buck" of 1838 as the buck of that date differed from a "dandy" of the Brummel type, and Brummel himself from a "maccaroni" of a previous age. The change is not always in one direction. In some matters our social by-laws have relaxed their severity; in others have become more stringent. Children are no longer expected to address their father as "sir," nor to bow to their parents on entering a room, as was once the custom. On the other hand, a boy from Eton who should now use as much license in speech, and abuse servants in such language as was common with young gentlemen a generation or so ago would hardly be considered a gentleman at all. The rules laid down by Lord Chesterfield for the behavior of his son at table, etc., sound as obvious in the ears of a modern youth of good breeding as if he were told that he must not omit the first letter of the word "horse." School-mistresses are not still obliged to inveigh against the impropriety of eating peas with a knife. We have reached an age of refinement when such points are universally conceded; yet it must be confessed that the rising generation has contracted certain habits of dress and carriage which would have been thought slovenly half a century ago. "Until I was fifty years of age," said an old gentleman once to the writer of these lines, "I never thought of sitting in an arm-chair unless I was unwell." Now every young bachelor sprawls upon the sofa to read or smoke.

The deference, too, which was formerly paid to the aged by their juniors has diminished so much that it promises to be fairly obliterated. In the early part of this century, boys of eighteen were still boys, who did not venture to join in the conversation of their elder relatives unless they were encouraged to do so, which was but seldom. If they expressed an opinion, it was with that sort of modesty which was expected from the Greek youth, who were accustomed to hang their heads down in the presence of their elders. In our own day, the social *toga virilis* is assumed much earlier, and a lad who is still at school will often answer and argue with Paterfamilias as if the two were on an equal footing.

It is unnecessary to discuss here the merits of the change or to consider how far this increase of familiarity—although it may diminish the respect—will often increase the love which a son bears to his father. The fact is merely mentioned as one of many causes which make it difficult to give any permanent definition of taste in its relation

to good manners while good manners themselves are subject to such continual changes of fashion that the habits of a well-bred man in one century would be barely tolerated by modern society in the next. It will perhaps be argued by some that it is the acquaintance with, and self-accommodation to, these conventional rules which constitute good manners in any age. But this is an axiom which the moralists will not allow us to accept. Indeed, the more we attempt to associate taste with moral influence the more perplexing seems the problem to be solved. Was any court more punctilious than that of Louis XIV.? Was not his late Majesty, King George IV., known as "the first gentleman of Europe?"

Whether the British public is actually and sincerely more moral in the nineteenth century than it was a hundred years ago, is another question upon which we need not here enter. There are ethical as well as æsthetical fashions, and philosophers have found them both as mutable as the taste which guides us in the choice of furniture or dress. A popular vice often stands in the same relation to the principles of virtue as a popular ugliness does to the laws of beauty. The moralists of Addison's time would not have urged a single plea in defense of drunkenness. The artists of our own day universally condemn the shape of a modern hat. But the author of the "Defense of the Christian Religion" continued to tipple unrebuked, and we much question whether Mr. Leighton or Mr. Millais would care to walk down Regent street with any head-covering but that which gentlemen usually wear in London. In these cases, custom becomes not only a second nature, but a new doctrine. However great may be the difference which time creates in our taste, through altered habits and customs, it does not impress us so much as those social peculiarities which separate one nation from another. In the first case the change is gradual,—so gradual that it is hardly perceived. The decorum or licentiousness of a royal court, the good or bad teaching of a popular writer, will exercise an influence by degrees. The young are naturally imbued with the spirit of the age in which they live; the middle-aged unconsciously accommodate themselves to it; while those who have grown old under a different *régime*, if they do not adopt the new precepts, have at least the discretion, for the most part, to abstain from open disregard of their practice. But the manners of a Frenchman in London or an Englishman in Paris, who has not previously become acquainted with the nature of the society which he enters for the first time, have at once the effect of inducing comparisons not always favorable to the new-comer's nationality, and certainly disparaging to his taste. It is in vain to tell a French haberdasher that we do not think it necessary to raise our hats on entering an English shop. In John Bull's omission of that ceremony he only sees a vulgar insolence. In the same way, when we meet a German *savant* at dinner, who clutches his knife half-way down to the blade, and uses his fork for a purpose which certainly was not contemplated in its manufacture, it is not sufficient for us to know that he is but doing what his countrymen do every day. We at once consider his behavior as disgusting and ungentlemanlike. The fulsome gallantry which passes for politeness to women, the clap-trap sentiments and obvious insincerity of Parisian life, nay, the very cut of foreign coats and boots, may raise in our minds an involuntary evidence of vulgarity in those with whom, if judged by the standard of their own country, no shadow of fault could be found. It is true that these are difficulties which the rapidly increasing intercourse of nations may tend to remove; but we are obliged to admit that a long period of time must yet elapse before we can arrive at anything like an international criterion of good taste. If universal principles of moral taste can be said to exist at all, they are seen in that amiable forbearance and genuine unselfishness which find, let us hope, individual representatives in every nation. It is, after all, a due consideration for the feelings of others and the tact which, without dishonesty, avoids offending them that make this quality of most value in our dealings with one another, and it is agreeable, in this light to find a direct relation between the profession of Christianity and the attributes of a gentleman. This is the precious talisman which, if rightly used, retains for us the pleasure of a lasting friendship, secures the peace and union of families, preserves inviolate the honor of our wives and daughters, makes a happy home, and robs life itself of half its bitterness. The "right man in the right place" has become a proverbial character; but the right word in the right place must first fit him for his own. How much needless apprehension, misunderstanding, dispute and endless enmity, social, political and domestic, might have been avoided by some little word which judgment

and good taste should dictate! We sneer at the teaching of a Machiavelli, but if we used half the penetration and sagacity in our intercourse with fellow-men which he recommends for the guidance of a state, it would be better for most of us. Of course, it is not intended to praise the Italian diplomatist in any other sense than that in which the unjust steward of the Parable is commended. It is possible to avoid backsliding without indulging in injudicious candor. Perhaps, after all, in its practical result, the first is the lesser evil of the two. That blow in the dark, which is so much dreaded by society, generally recoils with double violence on the assailant himself. If it is deserved, it is not harder to bear or more fatal in its result than if it were openly administered. If it is undeserved, we have friends who quickly come to the rescue; let the injury be but brought to light and woe to the offender who has caused it! The idle gossip of the world is unheeded by those whose good opinion we care to preserve, and as for others, their blame will sound like praises in most ears; while deliberate and malicious calumniation is sure to be openly rebuked by honest men. What gentleman ever listened to vile aspersions of a character which he knew to be prompted by unkindly feeling? What gentleman ever repeats the silly chit-chat about A or B which he has had no means of verifying? The real opinions which we form of any man are in the main our own. We have not picked them up at a club or kettle-drum. The most important points of every man's character will soon reveal themselves, defying contradiction, and rumor with her hundred tongues. Of course, our minor weaknesses—those little frailties and idiosyncrasies, without which the study of humanity itself would be but dull monotony—will always be freely discussed while we are absent. Who would wish it otherwise? Unless we imagine ourselves perfect we know these faults exist,—know them better perhaps than any one can tell us. Why then should we seek any further information on the subject? Let us leave it for our friends' amusement. Jones ridicules Robinson's affectation and the attention which he pays to his dress. Robinson laughs at the uncouth manner and slovenly appearance which distinguish Jones. Poor Brown's peculiarities become a butt for both the former gentlemen; and yet there is no reason why all three of them should not remain very good friends. The man must be a fool who can expect to be spared from such criticism—a greater fool who should desire to have it repeated to him.

We all know that people canvass their friends' characters more freely out of their presence than they would presume to do in their hearing, and no one calls this dishonest. It is a universally accepted license granted and taken in turn by all members of society. But your plain-spoken man who will give you, as the phrase goes, a piece of his mind, who tells you of your faults to your face in what he thinks a candid sort of fashion, who blurts out his opinion on this or that subject without the slightest regard for your feelings—such a friend as this may be the very soul of sincerity, but a very disagreeable companion. It is quite possible to express dissent or disapprobation more gently than this without stooping to hypocrisy, and it is the judicious steering between these two extremes which men of the world best understand and which constitutes one of the chief elements of good taste. There are many occasions on which the exercise of this quality will occur to most people as obviously necessary, and yet it is astonishing how often its consideration is entirely overlooked. For instance, there is scarcely any point on which a man of honor and sincerity is more sensitive to insult than on the subject of his religious faith. Yet how often do we hear in mixed society, and especially among younger men, expressions of ridicule launched against certain creeds,—sometimes against religion altogether,—for the sake of some silly *double-entente* or stupid anecdote, the whole essence of whose wit depends on its profanity. This species of joking, pitiful and paltry as it is, may cause exquisite pain and indignation to some listeners who not only have the mortification of hearing it, but as is well known will be prevented from openly protesting against it by a fear lest they should be thought officious or pharisaical. This form of irreverence, therefore, apart from all higher considerations, is as cowardly as it is cruel, and may be reckoned among the most glaring instances of bad taste.

Great absence of delicacy not unfrequently characterizes men of active benevolence and generous impulse. They set about their alms-giving and various acts of kindness in a blustering sort of fashion, with a perfect conviction that what they are going to do is quite right, and must benefit their fellow-creatures, and that is all they care about. The *modus operandi* is utterly

ignored. It seldom occurs to these good people that the recipients of their bounty or charity have any other concern with the matter than to take it and be thankful. The sense of obligation or honest pride that makes a gentleman hesitate before accepting favors which he may never be able to return is forgotten in many a scheme of every-day philanthropy. It is doubtful whether any barrier to social intercourse which may exist in a difference of rank or intellect is ever equal to that which a great disparity of worldly means often interposes between man and man. In the first two cases the inequality seems inevitable. We are content to acknowledge a superiority which the laws have decreed or which is the gift of nature. Thus intimacies frequently exist between men of widely different stations of life and unequal mental capacity. The two conditions soon accommodate themselves to each other, and either fall into the tacitly acknowledged relation of patron and client, or, better still, are forgotten altogether in the ties of friendship. But supposing all other circumstances equal, the line drawn between affluence and comparative poverty is more strongly marked, and presents on one side certainly a keener contrast than any comparison which birth or intellect could provoke. Titles are, for the most part, hereditary; genius is inborn; but a fortune may be, and indeed nowadays frequently is, acquired in a single generation by the most adventitious freaks of destiny. Gentlemen constantly find themselves outbidden in social positions, on the hustings, in their matrimonial projects, by fellow-citizens who but for their money would be nowhere. A professional man of education and refinement, after years of toil and trouble, after forfeiting the pleasures of his youth and wearing out his brains in devotion to his calling, may by and by discover that he is dependent for his bread on the caprice of a lucky cheese-monger. How many painters and architects, for instance, have writhed under the overbearing vulgarity of a parvenu who firmly believes that he has a right to criticise their taste in any terms he chooses, because he pays for it. In his mind, the whole affair resolves itself into a commercial question. He treats the designs submitted to him as so many firkins of butter or bales of cotton. He will get as much as he can for his money. He will get the best he can for his money. But he forgets that whereas in the one case he knows as well as the seller what good butter and good cotton should be, he does not know as well as the artist what constitutes a good picture or a well-planned house.

Apart from these professional relations, the mere fact of unequal fortune is sufficient obstacle to prevent any great intimacy between men who are, even in point of birth and education on a common footing. Their habits of life are different; their tastes frequently become different. Character itself yields to the potent influence of wealth or the painful minuteness of needful economy. No man of spirit cares to be indebted to his neighbor for comforts and luxuries which, but for the turn of a die, might have been his own. If indifference to the cost of pleasure begets a sort of careless vanity or vulgar ostentation, indigence, on the other hand, has its dangers. The petty considerations which embarrass a man will sometimes make him mean, but oftener he will hug his very poverty with a foolish pride.

The good taste of those who find themselves in either of these extreme positions is shown by the manner in which they comport themselves toward each other. No one but a *nouveau riche* cares to flourish his success before his less fortunate companions; the vulgarity of the display is so very obvious that he would be at once ashamed of it. There is more excuse for the apologetic uneasiness, and depressing sense of contrast which the needy feel in their intercourse with society. And yet if we analyze the feeling, it is just as reprehensible. You are asked to dine with A, a man in humble circumstances. He orders trumpery French *entrées* from the confectioner round the corner, gets the green-grocer to wait upon you, and treats you to cheap champagne. He could have given you a better dinner for half the money, if he had been contented with humbler viands, and allowed Betty to serve them. It is the fashion to call this sort of folly dishonesty, and ascribe it to the desire of keeping up false appearances; but this seems to be an unnecessarily severe conclusion. Your host may only aspire to return your hospitality in a manner which will please you. He has not the good taste to perceive that even if the dinner had really come from Gunter's and the champagne was Clicquot's best, your enjoyment of it would have been marred by the knowledge that he could not afford what he was giving.

B, on the other hand, bids you to his table, where you find a roast leg of mutton and potatoes. He pledges you in good

draught beer; and you might feast with great satisfaction to yourself if he did not spoil all by continually repeating the fact that you are dining with a poor man, and that though he knows you are accustomed to different fare, you must not expect, etc., etc.

The relation in which men of unequal birth stand to each other involves a question of taste which is not easily settled. English moralists have, of late, cried fie upon toadyism to such an extent that one is almost ashamed to confess acquaintance with a lord. And yet there is no country in the world where a titled name commands such respect as in England. It is easy to explain this by saying that the aristocracy of this country is not a cheap aristocracy—that it represents an illustrious descent or an intellectual worth which is deserving of public esteem. But this was not always the case. Even in our own day men have been raised from the ranks with no such claim. Yet we know the mere prefix of a "Sir" before a name goes far to this day at a committee meeting or in a ball-room. Whether it be a fault or a virtue this is a national peculiarity. The lines of social demarcation are nowhere more emphatically indicated than in our own country. They do not indeed preclude inter-marriages, nor are they attended by the absurdities of etiquette which the Hindoo or Brahmin faith might impose, but they separate by a stern law of artificial life, class from class in a manner which is unknown elsewhere in modern Europe. They are drawn through all grades of society, from the most elevated *coterie* down to the humble offices of domestic life. A French *bonne* is much more a servant in her dress, and far more humble in her notions than an English nursemaid. Yet an English nursemaid would not presume to address her mistress in the familiar language which the French *bonne* would use toward madame. She could not be trusted with the license; not, heaven knows, because the English character has less diffidence in its composition than the French, but because she would at once forget her station. A German gentleman sees nothing *infra dig.* in shaking hands with his tailor, but an Englishman knows that if he were to admit his tradesmen to the same privilege, they would probably first undervalue it, and then presume upon it. It is a painful fact, that if you wish to command civility and attention in an ordinary London shop where you are not in the habit of dealing, it is necessary to assume an air of calm superiority to the gentleman across the counter. If you approach him with a humble manner, he will regard you with an eye of suspicion. But, if you are polite to him, he will often treat you with absolute contempt. These are only some familiar illustrations out of many which might be selected to show that this superiority or precedence of class over class is not only assumed downward, but looked for upward in England. It is to be feared that the romantic notions of British freedom formed by Roman peasants and Venetian gondolieri might find realization in a sort of bondage from which they would gladly escape. What are commonly known as the "lower orders" here have much more political but far less social liberty than they enjoy under the rule of some foreign states. The origin of this state of things with us, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the gross ignorance which has so long characterized our English poor. The mental condition of a London laborer or small tradesman was not many years ago, perhaps in some instances still is, far inferior to the average capacity of similar classes on the Continent. In Germany, where education has long been compulsory and undertaken by the state, the humblest errand boy is better informed on most subjects than those who would be in the position of his employers here. It would therefore be most undesirable to allow familiarity from those who have never learned the dangers of its abuse.

The same reasons may, in a modified sense, be assigned to the want of sympathy and cordiality which has existed between the aristocracy and middle-class life. Intellect has with few exceptions found its proper level in every age. But it requires intelligence of a peculiar order—a rare combination of the best qualities of head and heart—to endow men with that degree of refinement which is necessary to fit them for a higher sphere of life than that in which they were born, and for the society of those whose superior breeding and more polished manners are due not only to education but to Nature herself.

Should these conditions, however, be fulfilled, the desire which prompts men to associate with others, who though occupying a higher social station, are more their equals in regard to intellect and manner than most men of their own standing, is natural enough. No one can be blamed for seeking that sort of company, whether among his betters or his inferiors, from which he can really derive an honest pleasure. It is the running after

a mere title for the sake of self-aggrandizement and the abject truckling for worldly objects which constitute real *toadyism*. There is often as much vulgarity exhibited in a contempt, whether real or affected, for what outsiders call the *beau monde* as there is in the overtures which are made to gain its favor. One is the result of a sickly sense of dependence; the other of a rampant egotism, and both tend to what every gentleman must consider a violation of good taste. The first and most obvious test which we apply to ascertain each other's social characteristics is derived, of course, from conversation. The manner in which our ideas are expressed, although it may leave unrevealed all that pertains to moral disposition, is a ready index of taste, or rather of the extent to which we possess that amiable *wariness* of mind which we call tact, and which is in truth the very soul and essence of good breeding.

A morose nature will take especial delight in contradictions. Some people are never so well pleased as when they can gainsay what they hear, at once, and without qualification. "Is that *your* opinion? Well, *I* don't think so." "Pardon me, *nothing* of the kind ever happened"; or, "I differ from you *completely*." These are the expressions of a man who is charmed to be at variance with you. If he could agree with your remarks he would not be half so happy. Should you be wrong in what you have advanced, he will not gently set you right. He must do so in his own vulgar bullying fashion,—with such a flourish of trumpets as shall not be mistaken for anything but victory. We may place in the same ranks with such a character the vain and narrow-minded enthusiast, who looks on the whole world from his own point of view, and refuses to regard any subject but in the light by which he himself may be imperfectly illumined. He will not modify his theories one jot in discussion whether they be theological, political or artistic. He is absolutely right, and everybody who does not agree with him is absolutely wrong. The endless variety of condition and impulse to which the human heart and mind are subject is totally ignored by him. It never occurs to such a man that two people may hold very opposite opinions on many subjects and yet be both justified in doing so. Instead of "*suum*," he reads *meum* "*cuique*" and would have the whole world cry, Amen.

Another sort of selfishness may be observed in the monopoly of conversation which certain small wits hold to be their right. Most people will admit that, in social and convivial circles, the man who enjoys a reputation of being "amusing" frequently becomes an insufferable bore. It may not be always his own fault; but a man of this stamp is generally so spoiled by flattery, so long accustomed to look upon himself as an everlasting source of entertainment, that he not only believes everything he says must be entertaining, but that it is his incumbent duty to say as much as possible. The consequence is that his friends have to listen to a monologue of more or less interest, and find that any remark which they chance to make is only made an excuse for repartee. Of course, the same objection may be raised against any excessive talker, whatever may be the worth of his discourse. The prolonged attention which is given in a lecture-room cannot be expected in ordinary society, when everybody is looking for his turn to speak. The most loquacious persons are generally the worst listeners. Yet the art of listening—or, at least, of *seeming* interested in what others say—is one of the most important elements of polite conversation and good manners. Next to garrulity, in order of objectionableness, stands that mysterious reserve noticeable in some characters, and of which it is impossible to say how much proceeds from natural shyness, how much from a sour and ungenial disposition, and how much from actual stupidity. It seems paradoxical to say so, but an undue diffidence not unfrequently results from a certain kind of inactive vanity. A man must think a great deal about himself before he cares what others think of him; and it is frequently the foolish notion that everything he says and does will be important enough to demand criticism, which makes a timid man cautious and silent. Moreover, it is well known that those people are most anxious to maintain their dignity who have little real dignity to maintain. Servants, for instance, are much more punctilious about the nature of their duties than those who employ them; and often, while James and John are discussing down-stairs whose place it is to answer a bell or carry a parcel, their master, had need been, would have readily undertaken the duty himself. Thus men of an insignificant presence or dull understanding frequently assume a much more lofty air in society, where they think it necessary to assert themselves, than those whose superior manners or abilities command a real respect.

The former, conscious of their own deficiencies and adopting an artificial substitute, may be compared to a man on stilts, who holds his head higher than his companions, but walks uneasily, because unnaturally; while others, who are content to be as nature made them, go through the world with less pretensions, indeed, but with infinitely more comfort to themselves and all around them.

It appears that some men of this class either affect, or are really possessed by, a total apathy for everything which excites an interest in healthy minds. They have not a note of admiration in their composition. The language of praise never flows from their lips. On them the poet's finest thoughts are thrown away,—the musician wastes his sweetest strains. For them the painter plies his magic art in vain. All that is fair and lovable in nature and humanity seems but a dead letter to these cold batrachian tempers. The genial current of the soul is frozen up, and sympathy with the outside world becomes impossible. In the society of such people no cheerful intercourse takes place, and life itself can only wear a dull and leaden aspect. Is anything more irritating than the sulky indifference with which they meet the remarks of those who have the spirit and capability to appreciate and enjoy? That half-muttered assent —that dreary shrug of the shoulders—fill an earnest man with honest indignation. Truly it would seem as if an absence of all taste were more intolerable to contemplate than taste which is even wrongly directed.

Women are, as a rule, possessed of such natural shrewdness and keen perception in the affairs of ordinary life, that any deficiency of moral taste in them proceeds from bad discipline of the heart rather than from want of tact. They are said to be good actors in what may be called the by-play of life's drama; and so, undoubtedly, they are, when they have an end in view, and especially when desirous to please. But if no such object exist, envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness rise to the lips of an ill-tempered woman as surely as bubbles to the surface of a troubled stream. Who has not noticed the knitted brow, the scornfully curled lip, the flushed cheek, the bridled chin, and silly sneers of petty rivalry and peevish displeasure which mar sometimes the fairest faces? A girl who has been injudiciously brought up, who has been petted and spoiled by her relations, whom no one has dared to contradict, and who has been accustomed to receive the homage of her little circle, bids fair to be less liked in general society than many with half her good looks and accomplishments. The Petruchio who has the taming of such a Katherine is not, indeed, to be envied. It requires no little courage and judgment on his part to inform his wife that the world will not be prepared to render her that deference which she was accustomed to exact at home. Such a woman, consumed by endless jealousies, is always ready to depreciate those qualities of her own sex which she does not herself possess, and, instead of paying honest tribute to the excellence of characters which do not accord with her own, finds, like Pope's Atossa, a sort of malicious pleasure in disparagement.

"Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules:
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again."

If moral taste is the natural consequence of good breeding and an amiable disposition, it is evident that it must be wanting in such a character.

On the other hand, what better example of kindly forethought and subtle delicacy can be found than in the bearing and conversation of an amiable English gentlewoman? Honest without being blunt; able to please without resorting to the sickly wiles of coquetry; gentle and refined in all she says and does; ever ready to defend instead of to malign; she is literally incapable of giving offense to any whose good opinion is worth retaining, and she may, indeed, be considered a perfect model of that precious quality which unites the wisdom of the world with true benevolence of heart.

It is interesting to compare the points of resemblance which exist between moral and æsthetical tastes. It would seem at first that the principles which rule the one and the other had much in common; and so they have, in a certain sense. But it must be remembered that whereas the former has but one origin and object, viz., the desire to please, and is exposed to no conflicting influences, the perceptive faculty, on the other hand, is multiform in its direction, and varies so much in nature and extent that it may be said to belong in an equal degree to those who hold diametrically opposite opinions. There is scarcely more than one standard of good manners in any individual age or country; but taste, understood as a

right appreciation of beauty, is not only affected by a diversity of education and the caprice of fashion, but is swayed by all the subtle idiosyncrasies which combine to form a character, and constitute the difference between man and man.

Thus, the question "What is taste?" is almost equivalent to asking "What is the human heart?" or, "What is beauty?" How far it is part and parcel of our nature —how far it is independent of, or influenced by, external teaching and example—is a deeply interesting question in philosophy which has frequently been discussed; but in truth it is impossible to lay down any broad principles on this subject which are not continually belied by exceptions, when we examine it in detail.

There are some who hold that perception of the beautiful is an instinct deeply implanted in all humanity and observable in the earliest and most uncivilized condition of a country. If this be so, one might reasonably suppose that the first objects of admiration to the savage would be the works of Nature herself. Yet this is so far from being the case that

"—the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

although his wild and romantic theology may lead him to look on a storm with superstitious dread, will, so long as he remains untutored, be utterly indifferent to the natural charms of landscape. Yet his taste for artificial beauty, as exhibited in a choice of form and judicious assortment of color for the purpose of decoration, will be found almost always right in effort, and allied to those doctrines which the most educated of our designers have endeavored to graft upon modern work. The very pattern of the tattooing with which the New Zealander mars the features of his bride may be a beautiful thing in itself, though hideous in its application. Natural form is disregarded for the sake of human invention. The same principle seems to obtain in the art of half-civilized nations. The value of old Chinese pottery, for example, is enhanced by the fact that the porcelain painters never attempted more than a conventional representation of scenery on their plates and tea-cups. The native artists of Japan, though long possessed of wonderful skill and accuracy in the delineation of mountain form and the characteristics of animal nature, were until lately content to typify, rather than imitate, these, in their fictile productions and lacquered wood-work. Our trade with those countries is probably doing more to vitiate their taste for decorative art than any other adverse influence during centuries past. For, precisely as a nation, remaining in what we consider, socially, a semi-barbarous condition, will excel in ornament by reason of its inability or dislike to interpret nature literally, so we who, as a civilized people, find intense pleasure in picturesque realisms, have become too sophisticated for the enjoyment and appreciation of that simplicity of form and color which has marked the best ages of manufacture. The consequence is, that Oriental goods, as now made for the English market, often lose half their beauty in an attempt to satisfy the requirements of a "civilized" taste.

It is an easy thing for an ignorant man to ridicule the design of a "willow pattern" plate. The first thing which will probably occur to him is that the trees there represented are not like ordinary trees. He will then proceed to notice that the birds which fly across the scene are disproportionately large, and that all rules of perspective are ruthlessly violated in the drawing. Yet it is chiefly in these apparent faults that the merits of the design consist. Compare it with any of the pseudo-realistic views of Tintern Abbey or Loch Lomond with which it was once the fashion to decorate our washing-basins and dinner services, and it will be seen how infinitely inferior the latter appear. The meanest condition of decorative art is when it passes into a phase of direct imitation of nature. Imagine an Egyptian obelisk covered with life-like sketches of men and beasts, shaded and painted up in dramatic groups; its dignity is lost at once. Even in the Panathenaic procession, where the grace of human form is portrayed with almost unequaled excellence and truth, no tricks of perspective are admitted to deceive the eye. The Greek kept the imitative faculty subservient in his decorative work. He suggested nature by it. He did not attempt to illustrate her. His bassi-relievi were conventional, but the noblest type of conventionalism that the world has ever seen. Let us take a third example, and remember how modestly the mediæval sculptor stopped short of fact when he quaintly indicated the flowers of the field and the fowl of the air in the solid freestone block which crowned his pillar. The skill was not wanting; a due appreciation of the loveliness of his subjects was not wanting; but he felt, as all true artists must

feel, that if he had carried imitation farther in such a place, he would but have exhibited the hopelessness of letting human notions of ornament pretend to the refinement of nature's work. Centuries afterward, when Gothic architecture was degraded in form and spirit, an attempt was made to realize in stone oak-leaves and acorns as they hang in clusters from the bough. The result was an inexpressible meanness of decoration, which may still be traced in some of our "Tudor" churches.

The conditions of sound decorative art are, in short, widely different from those of the imitative arts, and this is a point which is constantly overlooked in modern manufacture. For instance, our designers continue to produce, and the public continue to buy, carpets and paper-hangings which aim at illustrating vegetable life. The principle is an utterly wrong one, and has never been adopted by those Oriental nations who excel in textile fabric. Yet the taste which guides the weaver of an Indian shawl and selects the colors for a Turkish rug is independent of what we call art education; and that which we fail to accomplish by endless theorizing and teaching in our schools of design, is done in the East almost by instinct. There is no reason why any craft of this order, which depends for its existence on tradition rather than the exercise of intellect, should ever fall away from a standard of excellence once reached, unless some such cause as an alteration in the method of manufacture, or the invention of a new material should operate adversely to its interests. But after once falling into disuse, its re-establishment will always be attended with more difficulty than the revival of those arts in which the mental faculties are more actively employed.

Thus when the manufacture of stained glass was abandoned in England, and the invention of printing superseded the labors of the missal writer, the national taste for, and proficiency in, those arts decreased to such an extent, that their revival now is attended by difficulty even in the hands of enthusiasts, while, to the general public, painted windows and illuminated prayer-books must have a certain smack of pedantry and even of affectation.

On the other hand, the history of pictorial art in England, from the days of Hogarth (to whom we may trace the origin of our modern school) down to the present time, exhibits, on the whole, evidence of steady progress, not only in the mechanical skill of its practice, but in the judgment which should lead the artist to select his subjects, and the public to appreciate them. Of course individual taste will always assert itself in such a choice. To one order of mind the accurate delineation of nature, with a stern disregard for dramatic effect and conventionality of scene will be the object to be aimed at. This feeling led to the establishment of the so-called pre-Raphaelite manner of treatment which, even in its crudest efforts, found many disciples and admirers, and has certainly done much to reclaim our painters from the slovenliness which once characterized their work. But a considerable section of the art world still holds to the formerly accepted principle that nature must not be interpreted too literally, that the artist is justified in grouping his figures and arranging his landscape so as to fulfill certain traditional ideas of beauty, rather than convey an impression of historic truth. Of these two classes, the former may be said to regard art as a *means*, the latter as an *end*. Examples of each school are seen every year in our exhibitions. The tendency of one will be recognized in the endeavor to refine upon nature, while in the latter we notice an earnest resolve to realize even her defects rather than sacrifice the probabilities of fact. The relative advantages of each system must necessarily much depend on the subject to be handled. In the treatment of sacred art, for example, we may admire the conventionalism of the middle ages which so often represented the Madonna, crowned and enthroned with a saint on either side of her, when we remember the object of the picture and the situation which it was to occupy. It is quite possible at the same time to entertain an equal respect for the talents of painters, who, in our own day have treated religious subjects with an air of perfect truth and naturalism. But the designs of such men as Benjamin West and those of his stamp who endeavored to combine the two principles, only reveal a cold formality which has no relation to either. Judged by the standard of the day, they neither inspire devotional sentiment, nor supply the requirements of the realist, while their nature seems half maudlin, half dramatic. Yet there was a time when such works commanded the attention and even the praise of the religious world,—a time when the saintly conceptions of Francia and Fra Angelico would have been regarded with indifference or contempt.

In tracing the history of any art,—music,

poetry, painting, or architecture,—it is wonderful to note the revolutions, the metamorphoses, which that strange Nemesis of human senses—taste—has effected. Sometimes its work has been slow and subtle, creeping on from step to step, so that the delights of a generation have differed from those of a former one only in degree; sometimes the change has been suddenly accomplished by the illustrious example of individual genius. Occasionally discoveries in the world of science have brought their influence to bear in a direction hitherto neglected; but oftener the tide of public favor has ebbed and flowed in strange and diverse currents, lingering at some shore, we know not why,—eddying round some ancient pharos or standard of æsthetic pleasure,—now pursuing its course quietly in one unruffled stream,—anon tossed by the opposing elements of superstition and ignorance, or turned from its passage by those considerations of commercial interest or national prosperity which may sometimes cause, and sometimes mar, the right development of social art.

Perhaps the range of taste, from its highest aspiration to its most humble form of human enjoyment, is nowhere more extensive than in the field of music. Is it possible that there can be any analogy between the rapture with which an educated ear listens to the glorious compositions of Handel and that commonplace sympathy with opera tunes which is elicited by the jingle of a hand-organ? Can we believe that the same sense which lifts the heart heavenward in Mozart's "Requiem" can bind us to earth and earthiness with the "Traviata"? What has the scientific profundity of a German symphony in common with the vulgar rattle of an "Ethiopian" band? These are the opposite poles of a world of taste in which there are infinite gradations of pleasure; and yet how simple seem the elements from which they are derived? A change of key here and there, a little shuffling about of the tiny alphabet of sound, and lo! Palestrina's angels are jigging to the airs of Offenbach! The fashion in music is as mutable and capricious as that which changed the "Grand school" of painting into the school of Wilkie, and replaced the "brown trees" of Constable by the sweet, truthful verdure of Hook's landscape and sea pieces. Charles II. found the music (as well as the morality) of foreign courts more congenial with his taste than the sober fashions of his native country. He was bored by the compositions of Bird and Tallis. Could not the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal infuse a little more spirit into their anthems? The royal predilections for tune found an echo in the national taste, and no doubt fiddlers soon began to fiddle, and parsons to preach, in accordance with his majesty's wishes.

It was a saying of Samuel Rogers that Englishmen were brought up in the religion of Handel, and we may regard George III. as the first great defender of that sublime faith. Who shall say whether the recollection of the good old monarch, solacing himself in his latter misery at the harpsichord with those notes which he so dearly loved, and which, above all other, seemed most fit to soothe his troubled spirit, may not have taught loyal hearts first to respect what they have since learned to appreciate and admire?

The days have gone by when men drew their inspirations of taste from the throne; but a hundred other influences may still be working, and form the bias of our own day. A popular writer, a theological clique, a painter who entraps the public eye with a sensational picture, an actor who hits on some hitherto untried vein of pleasantry, the whim of some eccentric individual, brought suddenly to light,—nay, the idle words which fall unwittingly from some poor mortal who is fated to pass into oblivion himself,—may be caught up, interpreted as an oracle, and guide the multitude for half a century.

An attempt was made, not many years ago, to revive the heroic couplet in a modern satire. Circumstances which it would be hopeless to explain, rendered the poem less popular than, perhaps, its author had anticipated. But if it had made what, in the language of the play-bills, is called "a hit," what a revolution might have been expected from the rising generation of verse-makers! As it is, a reaction from the style of the day is by no means improbable. The decasyllabic rhymes which Ben Jonson had rough-hewn, which Dryden had shaped into noble meter, and which Pope copied in his neat, smooth distichs, were pronounced a hundred years ago the most perfect forms which a poet's thoughts could assume in the English language. The bard of Twit'nam had a host of imitators. The philosophy of the "Dunciad" was as nothing to the elegance of its verse. Succeeding generations reversed that judgment. Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley and Coleridge declared for the modern school; Byron only half adhered to the old doctrine. At last the ancient measure

fell into disuse, and people began to look upon it with the same sort of curiosity as that with which a piece of old Chelsea ware or a *rococo* costume is regarded by dilettanti. Does the same doom await the varied music of Tennyson's verse? Perhaps the next poet laureate will emulate the hexameters of Longfellow, or adapt alcaics to the modern ear. The very expressions which delight us now may be banished from the vocabulary of our grandsons,

"*—si volet usus*
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

The fashion of our tastes is varying eternally. The pen, the pencil, and the lyre must all submit in turn to the inevitable law of change. Cimabue thought to hold his own until young Giotto beat him from the field. Oderigi sighed in purgatory over the success of Bolognese Franco. When Mr. Ruskin, in our own time, kindled his "Seven Lamps," a great many lesser lights became invisible. By and by those very lamps may fade away before the luster of a more splendid flame. Fifty years ago the rage was for Phidias and the Grecian temples. Then came the "Gothic Revival," and young England declared for the Pointed Arch and William of Wykeham. But another reaction has since taken place, and to-day the craze is for that type of domestic architecture which prevailed during the Caroline and Georgian periods, and which, for want of a better name, is called the style of "Queen Anne."

Similar vicissitudes may be noted in the progress of histrionic art. Siddons, Kemble, Young,—ancient pillars of the British stage, sticklers for the proprieties of the drama, the dignity of verse,—have ye revisited in spirit the scenes of your by-gone triumph? What do your worthy ghosts think of the acting of Mr. Irving? Was Charles Kean really so much inferior to his father, or is it the natural tendency of old gentlemen to look back with undue admiration on the heroes of their boyhood? In one of Doctor Arnold's Latin school-books, frequent reference is made among the examples to one Balbus, who is described again and again as a very bad actor. Perhaps that unfortunate person has been much maligned. Had he lived in the present century, we might have learned to appreciate his merits. The poet Close may be appreciated in a future generation,—nay, perhaps he already has his admirers. But the matter is too serious for joking. It is not very long since the greatest novelist of his age died—a man who, above all others, seemed destined to reform the class of literature to which he so magnificently contributed. But even in his life-time a school of fiction had sprung up which he must have regarded with mingled pain and contempt. For (to draw a parallel from nature) it bore no more resemblance to his own work than the poisonous but gaudy berries of the hedge do to the ripe and wholesome corn beyond. Yet even this trash has achieved a popularity! Truly we may say of many arts—*De gustibus non est disputandum!*

SOME WESTERN SCHOOL-MASTERS.

In a ragged little frontier village, where the smoky wigwams of the savage and thriftless Sioux still lingered among the unpainted board cottages of the settlers, there was a school-master who published a little sheet, at the close of his school term, filled with the essays of his pupils. For a motto over this weakly paper he told the printer to set:

"No pent-up continent contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless universe is ours."

The printer thought that the little school was staking out rather too large a preëmption claim; he suggested to the teacher that

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours,"

was the correct version, and was sufficiently broad for the size of the sheet.

"Oh, that isn't right," said the master contemptuously. "I suppose some of them Utica papers had it that way."

It seems just possible that this teacher, on the edge of civilization, was a sort of embodiment of our modern spirit. Is the present system of cramming a great advance on older and simpler methods of teaching? In the curriculum of our time, neither Utica nor the continent will serve our turn. We attempt

the whole boundless universe, forgetful of Hosea Biglow's wise couplet:

"For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez sinnin'
By overloadin' children's underpinnin'."

As I recall the old-time school, I cannot but think that, if its discipline was somewhat more brutal than the school discipline of to-day, its course of study was far less so. Children did not often die of the severity of the old masters, though many perish from the hard requirements of the modern system.

To a nervous child the old discipline was, indeed, very terrible. The long beech switches hanging on hooks against the wall haunted me night and day, from the time I entered one of the old schools. And whenever there came an outburst between master and pupils, the thoughtless child often got the beating that should have fallen upon the malicious mischief-maker. As the master was always quick to fly into a passion, the fun-loving boys were always happy to stir him up. It was an exciting sport, like bull-baiting, or like poking sticks through a fence at a cross dog. Sometimes the ferocious master showed an ability on his own part to get some fun out of the conflict, as when on one occasion in a school in Ohio, the boys were forbidden to attend a circus. Five or six of them went, in spite of the prohibition. The next morning the school-master called them out in the floor and addressed them:

"So you went to the circus, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the others did not get a chance to see the circus. I want you boys to show them what it looked like, and how the horses galloped around the ring. You will join your hands in a circle about the stove. Now start!"

With that he began whipping them, as they trotted around and around the stove. This story is told, I believe, in a little volume of "Sketches," by Erwin House, now long forgotten, like many other good books of the Western literature of a generation ago. I think the author was one of the boys who "played horse" in the master's circus.

It was fine sport for the more daring boys to plant a handful of coffee-nuts in the ashes just before the master's entrance. It is the nature of these coffee-nuts to lie quietly in the hot ashes for about half an hour, and then to explode with a sharp report, scattering the live coals in an inspiring way. Nothing could be funnier than the impotent wrath of the school-master, as he went poking in the embers to find the remaining nuts, which generally eluded his search and popped away like torpedoes under his very nose.

The teaching in these schools was often quite absurd. I was made to go through Webster's spelling-book five times before I was thought fit to begin to read, and my mother, twenty years earlier, spelled it through nine times before she was allowed to begin Lindley Murray's "English Reader." It was by mere chance of the survival of some of the tougher old masters that I knew the old school in its glory. The change for the better was already beginning thirty or forty years ago. The old masters taught their pupils to "do sums," the new ones had already begun to teach arithmetic. In one of the schools in the generation before me was one Jim Garner; he must be an old man now, if he is yet living, and he will pardon my laughing at the boy of fifty years ago. One day he sat for a long time tapping his slate with his pencil.

"Jeems," cried the master, "what are you doing?"

"I'm a-tryin' to think, and I can't," said Jim, "if you take three from one how many there is left."

It was in the same old Bethel school-house, about the same time, that the master, one Benefiel, called out the spelling class of which my mother, then a little girl, was usually at the head. The word given out was "onion." I suppose the scholars at the head of the class had not recognized the word by its spelling in studying their lessons. They all missed it widely, spelling it in the most ingeniously incorrect fashions. Near the foot of the class stood a boy who had never been able to climb up toward the head. But of the few words he did know how to spell, one was "onion." When the word was missed at the head he became greatly excited, twisting himself into the most ludicrous contortions as it came nearer and nearer to him. At length the one just above the eager boy missed, the master said "next," whereupon he exultingly swung his hand above his head and came out with: "O–n, un, i–o–n, yun, *ing–un*,—I'm head, by gosh!" and he marched to the head while the master hit him a blow across the shoulders for swearing.

The beginning of "educational reform" in my childhood took on curious forms. We had one grown man in Benefiel's school who got his tuition free of charge in consideration of his teaching the master and some of the older pupils geography by the new method of singing it, which he had learned

somewhere. At the noon recess he and the master, with others, would sit with Smith's Atlas open before them, singing away in the most earnest and sentimental sing-song such refrains as this, pointing to the state capitals while they sang:

"Maine, Au—gusta! Maine, Au—gusta!
New Hampshire, Concord, *New* Hampshire, Concord."

and so on down to the newly annexed state of Texas.

The "Rule of Three" was the objective point of all study, and he who had ciphered through that had well-nigh exhausted human knowledge. The illiteracy of the up-country regions was very great, and, during the six years which my father, on account of declining health, passed in a country place, our experience with schools was not a happy one. There came at one time to our district an old Irish master who also claimed to be a doctor. Some years before, in a lawsuit in which my father was retained, the old man persisted in writing his own deposition, wherein he related that he had studied "medesin" in Ireland. The old man was very much enraged when my father declined to send us to his school. He had been known to spend a solid hour in family devotions and then, rising from his knees, to walk across the floor and kick his son for going to sleep during prayers. He was afterward tried for poisoning his wife, but acquitted through the eloquence of that unsurpassed orator, Joseph G. Marshall.

Of course it often came to pass in such a state of things that men rose to prominence who had little education. A rich distiller, who represented us in Congress some years later, wrote a letter, full of blunders, that fell into the hands of his opponents. They published it, and he suffered much ridicule. "F——," said one of his friends, "*did* you write that letter?" "Yes," said he, "but it wasn't so bad as that—they mucilated it."

In all the period of darkness and insufficient schools that preceded my childhood, there were here and there good teachers in some of the villages, and to the lucky village that had a good master came boys and girls from near and far,—sometimes from fifty miles away. There was never a period of indifference to education in the Ohio River region—never a time when a good school was not accounted a thing of the greatest value; but the sparse settlement made schools scarce,—the great demand for men of education in other walks of life always makes good teachers scarce in a new country,—and the excess of demand over supply in the matter of women left no unmarried young women of education to serve as school-mistresses. The earliest female teachers that I remember, with one exception, were the thrifty wives of New England settlers, who knew how to mind their children and turn an honest dollar by teaching the children of their neighbors. But we were particularly warned against New England provincialisms; my father, who was a graduate of William and Mary in Virginia, even threatened us with corporal punishment if we should ever give the peculiar vowel sound heard in some parts of New England in such words as "roof" and "root." After our return to the village, I had the good fortune to have some teachers whom I remember with gratitude. One was a Presbyterian minister from New England, who, with his wife,—a woman of fine ability,—taught an excellent school. In this school we first saw blackboards and similar devices for teaching in an intelligent way. The minister's wife kept good books to lend to thoughtful pupils, and her influence on the village was a very beneficent one. Another was Jesse Williams, also a New Englander, who became afterward a Methodist minister. These two were the only men that I knew in my boyhood who could teach school without beating their pupils like oxen. There was another New England minister whose pupil I was in one of the Indiana cities, who kept his school in a state of continual terror. This is a cheap sort of discipline, quite possible to men who have not tact enough to govern otherwise than brutally.

So great was the desire for education in Indiana, even at this early date, that before my memory of the place our old town of Vevay was adorned by a "county seminary." It was proposed to educate by counties, and a seminary was to be built at the county's expense; but the old jealousy between town and country flamed up. The people of the country were not going to pay taxes to build a seminary in town, so the seminary was built outside the corporation line in a commanding position on the top of a steep hill, at least three hundred feet high. This high school always reminded me of the temple of fame which did duty as frontispiece to Webster's spelling-book in that day, the temple being situated on an inaccessible mountain, at the foot of which an ambitious school-boy stood looking wist-

fully up. For one or two winters, the village youth and the country children boarding in town walked a mile, and then scrambled up this hard hill; but the school was soon abandoned for better schools in the town, and the old brick "seminary" stands there yet, I believe, a monument of educational folly. Many an ambitious modern device is like our seminary, useless from inaccessibility.

While the good Presbyterian minister was teaching in our village, he was waked up one winter morning by a poor bound boy, who had ridden a farm horse many miles to get the "master" to show him how to "do a sum" that had puzzled him. The fellow was trying to educate himself but was required to be back at home in time to begin his day's work as usual. The good master, chafing his hands to keep them warm, sat down by the boy and expounded the "sum" to him so that he understood it. Then the poor boy straightened himself up and, thrusting his hard hand into the pocket of his blue jeans trowsers, pulled out a quarter of a dollar, explaining, with a blush, that it was all he could pay, for it was all he had. Of course the master made him put it back, and told him to come whenever he wanted any help. I remember the huskiness of the minister's voice when he told us about it in school that morning. When I recall how eagerly the people sought for opportunities of education, I am not surprised to hear that Indiana, of all the states, has to-day one of the largest, if not the largest, school-fund.

We had one teacher who was, so far as natural genius for teaching goes, the best of all I have ever known. Mrs. Julia L. Dumont is, like all our Western writers of that day, except Prentice, almost entirely forgotten. But in the time, before railways, when the West, shut in by the Alleghanies, had an incipient literature, Mrs. Dumont occupied no mean place as a writer of poetry and prose tales. Eminent *littérateurs* of the time, from Philadelphia and Cincinnati, used to come to Vevay to see her; but they themselves—these great lights of ancient American literature away back in the forties—are also forgotten. Who remembers Gallagher and the rest to-day? Dear brethren, who like myself scratch away to fill up magazine pages, and who, no doubt, like myself are famous enough to be asked for an autograph, or a "sentiment" in an album sometimes, let us not boast ourselves. Why, indeed, should the spirit of mortal be proud? We also shall be forgotten,—the next generation of school-girls will get their autographs from a set of upstarts who will smile at our stories and poems as out-of-date puerilities. Some industrious Allibone, making a cemetery of dead authors, may give us, in his dictionary, three lines apiece as a sort of head-stone. Oh, let us be humble and pray that even the Allibone that is to come do not forget us. For I look in vain in Allibone for some of the favorite names in our Western Parnassus. It was not enough that the East swallowed that incipient literature, it even obliterated the memory of it. Let us hope that the admirable Mr. Tyler, who has made to live again the memories of so many colonial writers, will revive also the memory of some of the forgotten authors of the Mississippi Valley.

Among those who have been so swiftly forgotten as not even to have a place in Allibone, is my old and once locally famous teacher, Mrs. Dumont. We thought her poem on "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand" admirable, but we were partial judges. Her story of "Boonesborough" was highly praised by the great lights of the time. But her book of stories is out of print, and her poems are forgotten, and so also are the great lights who admired them. I do not pretend that there was enough in these writings to have made them deserve a different fate. Ninety-nine hundredths of all good literary production must of necessity be forgotten; if the old trees endured for ever, there would be no room for the new shoots.

But as a school-mistress, Mrs. Dumont deserves immortality. She knew nothing of systems, but she went unerringly to the goal by pure force of native genius. In all her early life she taught because she was poor, but after her husband's increasing property relieved her from necessity, she still taught school from love of it. When she was past sixty years old, a school-room was built for her alongside her residence, which was one of the best in the town. It was here that I first knew her, after she had already taught two generations in the place. The "graded" schools had been newly introduced, and no man was found who could, either in acquirements or ability, take precedence of the venerable school-mistress; so the high-school was given to her.

I can see the wonderful old lady now, as she was then, with her cape pinned awry, rocking her splint-bottom chair nervously while she talked. Full of all manner of knowledge, gifted with something very like

eloquence in speech, abounding in affection for her pupils and enthusiasm in teaching, she moved us strangely. Being infatuated with her, we became fanatic in our pursuit of knowledge, so that the school hours were not enough, and we had a "lyceum" in the evening for reading "compositions," and a club for the study of history. If a recitation became very interesting, the entire school would sometimes be drawn into the discussion of the subject; all other lessons went to the wall, books of reference were brought out of her library, hours were consumed, and many a time the school session was prolonged until darkness forced us reluctantly to adjourn.

Mrs. Dumont was the ideal of a teacher because she succeeded in forming character. She gave her pupils unstinted praise, not hypocritically, but because she lovingly saw the best in every one. We worked in the sunshine. A dull but industrious pupil was praised for diligence, a bright pupil for ability, a good one for general excellence. The dullards got more than their share, for knowing how easily such an one is disheartened, Mrs. Dumont went out of her way to praise the first show of success in a slow scholar. She treated no two alike. She was full of all sorts of knack and tact, a person of infinite resource for calling out the human spirit. She could be incredibly severe when it was needful, and no overgrown boy whose meanness had once been analyzed by Mrs. Dumont ever forgot it.

I remember one boy with whom she had taken some pains. One day he wrote an insulting word about one of the girls of the school on the door of a deserted house. Two of us were deputized by the other boys to defend the girl by complaining of him. Mrs. Dumont took her seat and began to talk to him before the school. The talking was all there was of it, but I think I never pitied any human being more than I did that boy as she showed him his vulgarity and his meanness, and, as at last in the climax of her indignation, she called him "a miserable hawbuck." At another time when she had picked a piece of paper from the floor with a bit of profanity written on it, she talked about it until the whole school detected the author by the beads of perspiration on his forehead.

When I had written a composition on "The Human Mind" based on Combe's Phrenology, and adorned with quotations from Pope's "Essay on Man," she gave me to read the old Encyclopedia Britannica containing an article expounding the Hartleian system of mental philosophy, and followed this with Locke on the "Conduct of the Understanding." She was the only teacher I have known who understood that school studies were entirely secondary to general reading as a source of culture, and who put the habit of good reading first in the list of acquirements.

There was a rack for hats and cloaks so arranged as to cut off a portion of the school from the teacher's sight. Some of the larger girls who occupied this space took advantage of their concealed position to do a great deal of talking and tittering which did not escape Mrs. Dumont's watchfulness. But in the extreme corner of the room was the seat of the excellent Drusilla H——, who had never violated a rule of the school. To reprimand the others, while excepting her, would have excited jealousy and complaints. The girls who sat in that part of the room were detained after school and treated to one of Mrs. Dumont's tender but caustic lectures on the dishonorableness of secret ill-doing. Drusilla bore silently her share of the reproof. But at the last the school-mistress said:

"Now, my dears, it may be that there is some one among you not guilty of misconduct. If there is I know I can trust you to tell me who is not to blame."

"Drusilla never talks," they all said at once, while Drusilla, girl like, fell to crying.

But the most remarkable illustration of Mrs. Dumont's skill in matters of discipline was shown in a case in which all the boys of the school were involved, and were for a short time thrown into antagonism to a teacher whose ascendancy over them had been complete.

We were playing "town-ball" on the common at a long distance from the schoolroom. Town-ball is one of the old games from which the more scientific but not half so amusing "national game" of base-ball has since been evolved. In that day the national game was not thought of. Eastern youth played field-base, and Western boys town-ball in a free and happy way, with soft balls, primitive bats, and no nonsense. There were no scores, but a catch or a cross-out in town-ball put the whole side out, leaving the others to take the bat or "paddle" as it was appropriately called. The very looseness of the game gave opportunity for many ludicrous mischances and surprising turns which made it a most joyous play.

Either because the wind was blowing adversely, or because the play was more than commonly interesting, we failed to hear the ringing of Mrs. Dumont's hand-bell at one o'clock. The afternoon wore on until more than an hour of school-time had passed, when some one suddenly bethought himself. We dropped the game and started, pell-mell, full of consternation for the school-room. We would at that moment have preferred to face an angry school-master with his beechen rod than to have offended one whom we reverenced so much. The girls all sat in their places; the teacher was sitting silent and awful in her rocking-chair; in the hour and a half no lessons had been recited. We shuffled into our seats and awaited the storm. It was the high-school, and the boys were mostly fifteen or sixteen years of age, but the school-mistress had never a rod in the room. Such weapons are for people of fewer resources than she. Very quietly she talked to us, but with great emphasis. She gave no chance for explanation or apology. She was hopelessly hurt and affronted. We had humiliated her before the whole town, she said. She should take away from us the morning and afternoon recess for a week. She would demand an explanation from us to-morrow.

It was not possible that a company of boys could be kept for half an hour in such a moral sweat-box as that to which she treated us without growing angry. When school was dismissed we held a running indignation meeting as we walked toward home. Of course we all spoke at once. But after a while the more moderate saw that the teacher had some reason. Nevertheless, one boy was appointed to draft a written reply that should set forth our injured feelings. I remember in what perplexity that committee found himself. With every hour he felt more and more that the teacher was right and the boys wrong, and that by the next morning the reviving affection of the scholars for the beloved and venerated school-mistress would cause them to appreciate this. So that the address which was presented for their signatures did not breathe much indignation. I can almost recall every word of that somewhat pompous but very sincere petition. It was about as I give it here:

"HONORED MADAM:

In regard to our offense of yesterday we beg that you will do us the justice to believe that it was not intentional. We do not ask you to remit the punishment you have inflicted in taking away our recess, but we do ask you to remit the heavier penalty we have incurred, your own displeasure."

The boys all willingly signed this except one who was perhaps the only conscious offender in the party. He confessed that he had observed that the sun was "getting a little slanting" while we were at play, but as his side "had the paddles" he did not say anything until they were put out. The unwilling boy wanted more indignation in the address, and he wanted the recess back. But when all the others had signed he did not dare leave his name off but put it at the bottom of the list.

With trembling hands we gave the paper to the school-mistress. How some teachers would have used such a paper as a means of further humiliation to the offenders! How few could have used it as she did! The morning wore on without recess. The lessons were heard as usual. As the noon hour drew near, Mrs. Dumont rose from her chair and went into the library. We all felt that something was going to happen. She came out with a copy of Shakspere, which she opened at the fourth scene of the fourth act of the second part of King Henry IV. Giving the book to my next neighbor and myself she bade us read the scene, alternating with the change of speaker. You remember the famous dialogue in that scene between the dying king and the prince who has prematurely taken the crown from the bedside of the sleeping king. It was all wonderfully fresh to us and to our school-mates, whose interest was divided between the scene and a curiosity as to the use the teacher meant to make of it. At length the reader who took the king's part read:

"O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it."

Then she took the book and closed it. The application was evident to all, but she made us a touching little speech full of affection, and afterward restored the recess. She detained the girls when we had gone to read to them the address, that she might "show them what noble brothers they had." Without doubt she made overmuch of our nobleness. But no one knew better than Mrs. Dumont that the surest way of evoking the best in man or boy, is to make the most of the earliest symptoms of it. From that hour our school-mistress had our whole hearts; we loved her and reverenced her; we were thoughtless enough, but for the most

of us, her half-suspected wish was a supreme law.

So, after all, it does not matter that the world no longer reads her stories or remembers her poems. Her life always seemed to me a poem, or something better than a poem. It does not matter, fellow-scribblers, that the generation to come shall forget us and go to upstart fellows of another generation for autograph verses for church fairs and charity bazars. It does not matter greatly, dear, aspiring young reader, whether you ever succeed in getting your poetry embalmed in SCRIBNER or not. I cannot read an old magazine of forty years ago without a laugh —and almost a tear—over the airs those notabilities of a day gave themselves. How sure they were of immortality, and how utterly forgotten are the most of them, like last year's burdock, that boasted itself so proudly in the fence-row! But whether you print your story or poem or not, blessed are you if you put heroism into your life, so that the memory of it shall refresh some weary wayfarer long after the fickle public has forgotten your work.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

J. Blair Scribner.

WE suppose it may truthfully be said of the three partners in the Scribner book house who have died within the last six years, viz., Charles Scribner, Edward Seymour, and, latest, J. Blair Scribner, that they died of too much work and care. The diseases which nominally proved fatal to them were undoubtedly induced by exhausted vitality. There was no power of resistance and recuperation left when they were attacked. There are a good many publishers in a city like this who know what the care of a great publishing house is, and who can understand how these sad catastrophes have been reached. The dead and living wrecks that are strewn along the pathway of business illustrate with terrible force the dangers of the time and of the modes of active and responsible life.

It is with a peculiar sadness and sense of loss that we contemplate the latest victim to over-work. He was very young—probably the youngest man in New York who carried an equal burden of responsibility. Life had opened to him with grand purpose and grand promise. There were years of endeavor and usefulness and eminence, fronting a noble ambition. Cherishing a tender memory of his father, the founder of the house, he sought no higher earthly good than the upbuilding and perpetuation of that house by "Charles Scribner's Sons." The firm name, as we happen to know, was a tribute of filial affection, and a fair illustration of the kind of sentiment that entered into the young man's schemes. To the work of making the publishing house a worthy monument to his father's memory, erected by his sons, he sacrificed his life —a life that was very precious to a tenderly beloved young wife and a large circle of friends, and of great significance to a remarkable body of authors, a thousand book-sellers, and a little army of employés.

Mr. Scribner's love of, and devotion to, his father and to his father's memory illustrate better, perhaps, than anything else, the sweet side of his nature. He was in college at the time his mother died. He immediately left the institution, surrendered all his plans of study, and took his place at his father's side, as his affectionate friend and helper; and from that early day until the day of his death he was never, for a waking moment, without his burden. After his father's death, when he became a partner in the late house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., he often assumed care that was not necessary; but when the house of Charles Scribner's Sons was started, he was its head, and bore the heavy burden of its responsibilities. He was armed with a tremendous will, and an illimitable faith in himself; but the body that bore all this enginery of enterprise was a frail one, and he, all too soon, came to the end of its resources. We never saw him for one moment at play. We do not think he knew how to play. We remember that, when he was a child, he wrote, set in type, and printed a newspaper in his father's house, and that we were one of his subscribers; and this was his play, we suppose. At any rate, it was the nearest approach to play of any pastime we ever knew him to indulge in.

We shall sadly miss his kind and courteous greeting and companionship, and the community of authors and the great community of readers will miss the enterprising agent who so much delighted to stand as minister of the one to the other. To the sacred inner circle we can say nothing, except that they have the hearty sympathy of a multitude wider than they will ever know.

Social Drinking.

A FEW weeks ago, a notable company of gentlemen assembled in the ample parlors of the venerable and much beloved William E. Dodge in this city to listen to an essay, by Judge Noah Davis, on the relations of crime to the habit of intemperate drink-

ing. The company was notable for its respectability, its number of public men, and the further fact that it contained many who were well known to be wine-drinkers,—unattached to any temperance organization. No one could have listened to Judge Davis's disclosure of the facts of his subject without the conviction that it was a subject worthy the attention of every philanthropist, every political economist, and every well-wisher of society present, whether temperance men or not. These facts, gathered from many quarters, and from the best authorities, were most significant in fastening upon the use of alcohol the responsibility for most of the crimes and poverty of society. Some of them were astounding, even to temperance men themselves, and there were none present, we presume, who did not feel that Judge Davis had done a rare favor to the cause of temperance in thus putting into its service his resources of knowledge and his persuasive voice. How many were convinced by the facts detailed that evening that they ought to give up the habit of social drinking, we cannot tell. The probabilities are that none were so moved, for this habit of social drinking, or rather the considerations that go with it, are very despotic. The idea that a man cannot be hospitable without the offer of wine to his guests is so fixed in the minds of most well-to-do people in this city that they will permit no consideration to interfere with it. People in the country, in the ordinary walks of life, have no conception of the despotic character of this idea. There are literally thousands of respectable men in New York who would consider their character and social standing seriously compromised by giving a dinner to a company of ladies and gentlemen without the offer of wine. It is not that they care for it themselves, particularly. It is quite possible, or likely, indeed, that they would be glad, for many reasons, to banish the wine-cup from their tables, but they do not dare to do it. It is also true that such is the power of this idea upon many temperance men that they refrain altogether from giving dinners, lest their guests should feel the omission of wine to be a hardship and an outrage upon the customs of common hospitality.

We have called these things to notice for a special reason. The company of wine-drinkers who made up so large a portion of the number that filled Mr. Dodge's rooms on the occasion referred to must have been profoundly impressed by the revelations and arguments of Judge Davis. They could not have failed to feel that by these revelations they had been brought face to face with a great duty,—not, perhaps, the duty of stopping social drinking, and all responsible connection with it, but the duty of doing something to seal the fountains of this drink which has contributed so largely to the spread of crime and poverty and misery. A man must, indeed, be a brute who can contemplate the facts of intemperance without being moved to remedy them. They are too horrible to contemplate long at a time, and every good citizen must feel that the world cannot improve until, in some measure, the supplies of drink are dried up.

Our reason for writing this article is to call attention to the fact that there is something about this habit of social wine-drinking that kills the motives to work for temperance among those who suffer by coarse and destructive habits of drink. Temperance is very rarely directly labored for by those who drink wine. As a rule, with almost no exceptions at all, the man who drinks wine with his dinner does not undertake any work to keep his humble neighbors temperate. As a rule, too, the wine-drinking clergyman says nothing about intemperance in his pulpit, when it is demonstrably the most terrible scourge that afflicts the world. There seems to be something in the touch of wine that paralyzes the ministerial tongue, on the topic of drink.

We fully understand the power of social influence to hold to the wine cup as the symbol of hospitality. It is one of the most relentless despotisms from which the world suffers, and exactly here is its worst result. We do not suppose that a very large number of drunkards are made by wine drunk at the table, in respectable homes. There is a percentage of intemperate men made undoubtedly here, but perhaps the worst social result that comes of this habit is its paralyzing effect upon reform—its paralyzing effect upon those whose judgments are convinced, and whose wishes for society are all that they should be. It is only the total abstainer who can be relied upon to work for temperance—who ever has been relied upon to work for temperance; and of Mr. Dodge's company of amiable and gentlemanly wine-drinkers, it is safe to conclude that not one will join hands with him in temperance labor—with Judge Davis's awful facts sounding in his ears—who does not first cut off his own supplies.

Bayard Taylor.

It seems very strange to write this familiar name, and to realize that there is no living personality to answer to it. His presence had such magnitude and vitality, and the grasp of his hand was so strong and hearty, that it is difficult to think of him as lifeless, and to accept the fact that we can see his face no more. Those of us who knew and loved him—and the circle is a large one—feel the great loss occasioned by his death very keenly, but no one of us can yet measure the loss to the great public, in the death of one of its most active and important literary men. We suppose the time for measuring and characterizing the power and the work of the man we have lost will not soon arrive; yet something can be said justly, uninfluenced by partiality or prejudice.

It is always interesting to know what a writer thinks of himself, and to know just what his ambitions are. We all knew Mr. Taylor first as a writer of travels. We remember when he was a very conspicuous figure in American literature as such. He was a lion, too, in his early day; and great multitudes of people not only would go, but did go, long distances to see him and hear his voice. The young and adventurous traveler who recorded his deeds with such engaging modesty, was surrounded with a romantic interest that had a great

charm for the crowd. Yet we believe it was always true that he had a certain kind and degree of contempt for this reputation and popularity. He became a writer of travels by force of circumstances, rather than by inclination or choice, and placed but little value upon all he did in that department of letters.

He was a writer of novels also, but we do not know what he thought of himself as such. We know very well, however, that they did not lie in the principal line of his ambition. He believed himself to be, specially and eminently, a poet. He had little care to be judged as anything else. He was not insensible to praise as a prose writer, in the various fields in which he labored, but no praise was satisfying which was not called forth by his poetry. The question whether he was as truly a poet as he believed himself to be is not likely to be settled by this generation. It is quite impossible to gather up now, and embody in a fairly expressed opinion, the impressions he has made by his various essays in verse. We suppose no one will dispute that he was a verse-writer of quite extraordinary talent, while few would be moved to assert that he was a poetic genius. For what may be called the mechanics of verse, he had a gift that was unique among his contemporaries. As a translator or an imitator of the work of others, he had, in our judgment, no equal in the world. His translation of Goethe's "Faust" is, without doubt, the best presentation of that poem in the English tongue ever made, and his imitations of his contemporaries, in the "Diversions of the Echo Club," as well as in separate efforts, were quite beyond the capacity of any one of them. He could out-Swinburne Swinburne with ease, in ingenuities of structure and varieties of rhyme, or write so much like Swinburne himself as to baffle the judgment of the keenest expert. No one could surpass him in paraphrasing a story or a legend. If any one will read the Indian legend, describing "The Origin of Maize," as it has been written in "Hiawatha," and then read Taylor's version of the same legend, already in existence when Longfellow's was written, he will see that the later version is not an improvement.

Of course this talent is not the highest, or necessarily associated with the highest; but it is quite worth noticing, and is, of itself, enough to distinguish a man. It does not make a man a great poet, or even a popular poet, which latter no one will pretend Mr. Taylor had ever become, or is likely to become. His last poem, of which we recently gave a full *résumé*, presents many of his qualities as a poet; and that, certainly, can never be popular. An allegory, which amounts to a riddle, extending through a whole volume, can never be popular, however much of talent or genius it may exhibit. No one can read this poem without acquiring a profound respect for Mr. Taylor's intellect. There is greatness in its conception, but it occupies an atmosphere quite too highly rarified for the common breathing, and deals with personages, or conceptions of personages, mainly beyond the reach of human sympathies. Any man who can fully grasp this poem at a reading is a remarkable man, and a man who could conceive and construct it is one who must have held within himself many elements of greatness. Doubtless he worked under the influence of Goethe, but Goethe never would have written a poem so devoid of human materials, and removed from human sympathies as this. The reading world wants men and women to deal with, moved by the common passions of humanity, and not gods, and imaginary personages representing histories, institutions and ideas.

That Bayard Taylor might have been a popular poet of a high order, we fully believe. In judging of a poet we must take him at his best. One of the very best short poems that exist in American literature, or, for that matter, in the literature of the English tongue, is Mr. Taylor's familiar Crimean poem, containing the lines—

> "Each heart recalled a different name
> But all sang Annie Laurie."

If he had never written anything but this, it would have stamped him as a poet of a rare order. Its exceeding humanity, its sensitive apprehension of all the dramatic elements of the situation, its music and pathos, mark it as the best poem of the Crimean war, and show that its author possessed qualities that would easily have lifted him to a high place as a singer of songs for the people. If he has failed of this, it is not because he lacked the genius for it, but because he was not particularly sympathetic with the people, and did not care to sing for them. It is at least true that most of his poems appeal to a small audience, and treat of topics only congenial to the cultured and thoughtful few.

We make no attempt to assign him his place in literature. He was certainly one of the most remarkable and versatile of our literary men. He was eminently an honest and most productive worker. His facility never tempted him into carelessness or indolence. His industry was enormous, and there are single feats of work recorded of him that would be incredible of any other man. No one that he has left behind him can fill his place, and his friends may safely rest upon that statement until posterity makes up its verdict upon his fame.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.—V.

DUTIES OF A MAN-SERVANT.

WHERE but one man-servant is kept his duties are complex; his place is no sinecure. He must be up early, to do his rough work before the family is stirring. He has the front steps and sidewalk to clean, boots to black, his master's clothes to brush, and must have the dining-room and breakfast-table in order and be neatly dressed before the family comes down. In many families an under-servant is kept, or one comes in for a few hours in the morning to attend to the sidewalk, black the boots, fetch the coal, attend to the furnace, pump the water (if there is a reservoir), and break up the wood. This is a great relief, and enables the man-servant to have more time for his morning work. Where no man-servant is kept, this under-servant is almost a necessity in winter.

The man-servant should be ready to attend to and wait upon the breakfast-table, in a neat jacket and clean apron. While the family is at breakfast, he should go into the hall, brush the hats, and lay the gloves upon the rim, and be ready to help to put on the coats and the overshoes, and to hand umbrellas and canes. After breakfast, he should clear the table, brush up the crumbs, look to the fire, fold the table-cloth, and leave everything in order; then go to the pantry, put on an apron which ties at the neck and waist, and a rough pair of cuffs, and wash his china, glass, and plate, clean any knives that have been used at breakfast, and leave his pantry in nice order. (I have before given directions for washing glass, china, and silver.) He must answer the door-bell.

The servant should know whether he is to admit visitors or not. If they are to be admitted, he should precede them, open the door of the drawing-room, and announce them, by name, distinctly. This prevents many awkward mistakes. When the visitors depart, he should be ready to open the door.

Luncheon must be attended to, and if he is required to go out with the carriage, he must give notice to the housemaid to answer the bell during his absence, so that no one may be kept standing at a door. When the carriage drives to the door, it is the man's business to announce it, to stand ready at the front door, with his gloves on, to assist his mistress into the carriage. He should stand at the door till she has passed out, having first put any wraps into the carriage, hold his arm for her as she gets in, see that her dress is free from the door, and, having shut it, wait at the window to receive directions. Whenever the carriage stops, he should jump down and assist his mistress to alight by holding his arm for her hand to rest upon. Having returned home, he should ring, then open the carriage-door, assist his mistress to alight, stand at the front door till she is in the house, take out the wraps and any bundles, shut the carriage-door, and return to his occupations in the house.

The dinner-table is to be laid, and all things connected with it attended to by him. These directions have all been given in the "Duties of a Waitress," and also the service at table. A man should be neatly dressed in black, with white neck-tie and white gloves. While the family are at dinner, the housemaid should bring in the door-mat and light the gas in the hall. When the dessert is put upon the table, the servant should go into the drawing-room, attend to the fire, light the gas, and drop the curtains.

After dinner, he should attend to tea in the drawing-room, go to his pantry, wash and put away glass, china, and silver, bolt the doors, put out the gas, and carry the silver upstairs, if there is no safe. (See "Waitress.") A footman who performs his duties quietly, respectfully, and without bustle, is a great treasure.

In many houses now the dinner is served *à la Russe*. China, plate, glass, fruit and flowers are put on the table, and the dinner is carved and served from the side-table. In such case, the man-servant needs to be a good carver.

Dean Swift quaintly recommends that a footman should read all notes, in order better to fulfill his duties to his master. An old lady of Forfarshire had a Caleb Balderstone sort of servant, and being in haste, took the precaution to read her note to him, adding, "Now, Andrew, you ken aboot it, and need na stop to open and read it." But we think it better for a messenger not to take so lively an interest in affairs around him. MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

A New Aid to Housekeepers.*

PROVIDING for the table, while it is far from constituting the whole duty of woman as housekeeper, certainly forms no unimportant factor in her responsibilities. It seems very wonderful that half the machinery of life should be set in motion that mankind may be fed, and yet this is very nearly, if not quite true, and confers some dignity upon what needs all the dignity it can muster.

Eating, in itself, is a very unlovely practice to absorb so large a proportion of the time of rational beings; and we cannot do too much to elevate it from mere eating, into a bright occasion for social family gatherings, with its unpleasing features garlanded by the sweetest domestic graces and lighted by the kindliest interchange of thought and feeling. But even on the physical side, much is necessary to insure the perfection of this social reunion. It lies within the power of every housekeeper to make all this pleasant chat and bright cordiality run with, instead of against, the current, by her judicious management of the *ménage*. There is probably no housekeeper who has not, many times in her life, been awed by the question: What shall I have for dinner? By a malignity of fate, of which the nobler sex have no conception, every woman is forced to answer the momentous dinner question, just as she has finished her breakfast, and has arrived at a firm

* The Dinner Year-Book. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

conviction that she will never be hungry again. Her imagination, not being stimulated by appetite, flags, and as a result she is almost sure to fall into a rut.

Selecting the best material and insuring its being well cooked and well served is scarcely more important in good, thrifty housekeeping than is constant change from day to day, and a wise combination of dishes and courses at each meal. The palate wearies and revolts, as do the ear and the eye, with constant repetition or jarring discords.

The want which every housekeeper has felt for efficient aid in this department is thoroughly well supplied by Marion Harland's "Dinner Year-Book." The bill of fare for each day is carefully compiled, the dishes are wisely chosen with reference to their harmony, and the seasonable meats, vegetables, fish, and fruits are indicated, which, to housekeepers who do not go to the large markets, is a real boon. Each dinner is supplied with receipts for the preparation of its components. It is to be regretted that some receipts are repeated when a reference would answer equally well, while others are mere references to another book by the same author; this seems to be the only flaw in what is otherwise so admirable.

The most excellent and valuable feature in the whole book is that the receipts are economical, and that there are many valuable suggestions as to the use of what the author calls the "left-overs." S. B. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Tyler's "American Literature." *

WE do not now remember any history of literature written on so large a scale as Mr. Tyler's. These two volumes, devoted to colonial literature of the pre-Revolutionary period, contain about half as much matter as the two solid volumes in which Craik attempts to tell the story of more than five hundred years of English literary activity, and they bear about the same relation in size to Taine's "History of English Literature." It would be an interesting problem in the rule of three to calculate the space that must be given to the literature of England, or even to our own if treated in the same liberal way throughout. We are not inclined to quarrel with this generous largeness, but rather to rejoice in it. If Mr. Tyler could do for all our literature what he has done for that of the colonial period preceding the revolutionary agitation, he would render an inestimable service.

And, indeed, no part of literary history requires such fullness as the history of its origins. The beginnings of literature furnish in some sense a key to what follows not only of literary, but of national life; they are therefore worthy of minute study, the more that to all but special students they are obscure. We do not need that any historian tell us at length of the position or influence of Emerson, Lowell, or Motley. But the writings and the lives of the Mathers, of the Wigglesworths, of Mather Byles, of Captain John Smith, and Robert Beverly, are sealed up to the general reader. One cannot but be glad that Mr. Tyler has found it in his heart to give us sketches so full and piquant of the men and their surroundings, with tidbits so savory from their works. For ourselves we confess that nothing we have read gives us so clear a vision of the conditions and forces of colonial life as do these two volumes of generous discussions and liberal examples of the earlier writers. It is a history, as all true literary history should be, of the life of the people. There is not that continual pressing upon us of a theory that one finds in Taine, but the relation of the life to the literature is always recognized, albeit Professor Tyler gives us plenty of room also for the individual as a literary force, which Taine does not.

In so much writing about authors who have long since passed into a sort of literary limbo, one naturally looks to find many tracts of weary dissertation, and many a dull extract. But from this the tact o the historian has saved us. Mr. Tyler has an infallible scent for that which is interesting, whether for its intrinsic merit, its oddity, or its absurdity, and we are perpetually regaled either with his own humor, or the humor, conscious or unconscious, of those about whom he writes. Their quaintness, their antiqueness, the strangeness of their opinions, their follies, their whims, and the genuine literary flavor of the best of them, keep the reader always interested. We smile at the arguments whereby God confounds the reprobate infants at the Day of Judgment in Michael Wigglesworth's poetry; we laugh gently at Captain John Smith's overdrawn stories, and we are exceedingly curious about the great Cotton Mather's grotesque piety and remarkable exercises of mind. The material is excellent, and is handled with vigor and vivacity. The most serious defect of the book lies in this direction. The author has almost too much vividness, too much alertness, and too little repose.

What is here treated is, for the most part, hardly literature in the exact sense, but the antiquities of literary history. Mr. Tyler is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and he skillfully makes the most of his treasures. It is indeed much for us that we are enabled to see again the continent as it appeared in its virginity to the delighted settlers in Virginia and Maryland, to feel afresh the Puritan zeal of the New Englanders, and to catch a glimpse now and then of the strange "salvages" of the wilderness through the wondering eyes of the early and somewhat credulous writers. The best evidence of Mr. Tyler's success is, that he makes us wonder at the richness of his quaint material. The work of research and narration will be less, and the task of criticism more

* A History of American Literature. Vol. I, 1607 to 1676. Vol. II, 1676 to 1765. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

difficult, as the forthcoming volumes bring the action toward our own time; but the skill shown in this first installment, which is in some sense complete, gives promise not only of a valuable history of American literature, but also of a work that will be itself a very important addition to the literature of history. We have already a delightful picture of colonial life, civil, religious and social, as it was manifested in books.

Conder's "Tent Work in Palestine."*

AFTER ill-health compelled Captain Stewart to relinquish the survey of Western Palestine, Lieutenant Conder was appointed to undertake the work. He arrived in Syria in the summer of 1872. Such rapid progress was he able to make, that within three years of serious exposure and indefatigable industry he surveyed 4,700 square miles. In 1875 he came back to England bringing with him a mass of notes and drawings. The remaining 1,300 miles of the survey were completed in 1877 by Lieutenant Kitchener. It seems to be the purpose of the Committee to introduce to the public the scientific results of the labor so far accomplished, in a series of official volumes, as soon as the sections of their great map are finished. These two books now issued contain the personal history of Lieutenant Conder's years in the Holy Land.

The work is well entitled "A Record of Discovery and Adventure," for it combines the familiar notes of the tourist with the more stately announcements of the explorer in a remarkable way. And although the Committee declines to be responsible for the conclusions reached by any of its officers, yet so much good sense and wide reading and careful decision are apparent upon the face of every page, that scholars will attach much more than ordinary importance to the opinions of one so capable of judging, and having such rare opportunities for research.

Lieutenant Conder does not at all agree with Dean Stanley in locating the scene of Abraham's trial in the commanded sacrifice of Isaac on Mount Gerizim at Shechem. But after repeated visits among the Samaritan people there, he appears to think he finds reason for believing them to be the remnant and representatives of the lost ten tribes of scattered Israel. He also hazards the conjecture that the little Moslem Mukâm at Shechem, said once to have been a church, called the "Monument of the Faith," may actually cover the site of the altar Joshua erected out of the twelve stones he took from the Jordan. He thinks also that Joshua's tomb at this place is quite as authentic as Joseph's tomb close by Jacob's Well, which everybody remembers who has pushed his horse up the long journey from Jerusalem and turned the sharp corner at the entrance of the valley. In this the author makes direct issue with the venerable Jerome—though, perhaps, that would not count for much in these modern times.

Some readers will be interested to know that Lieutenant Conder thinks he found the site of Ænon in the valley leading up from the Damieh ford of the Jordan, and that he enjoyed much his stay beside "the fine stream" with its "bushes of oleander," having "many head-springs" and its "continual succession of little springs along the course," the *polla hudata* of the New Testament.

Some notion of the honest courage of this author can be gained from the fact that he does not hesitate to argue against Doctor Edward Robinson in relation to the situation of ancient Megiddo; this he fixes at a large ruin between Bethshean and Jezreel. He also differs with our American authority in reference to the place where the first miracle was wrought; he declares for Kefr Kenna and against Kana el-Jelil. But he agrees with him in deciding for Hermon *versus* Tabor as the scene of the Transfiguration.

On the whole, the patient reading of these volumes makes some devastation among our cherished traditions. It will require, however, much force to resist the conclusions which have been reached. It is startling to notice the quick disposal of the guide-books which Lieutenant Conder makes, when he dates the so-called "Solomon's Pools" with the construction of the aqueduct leading past them, which was built by Pontius Pilate; but it will be difficult to show that he is not correct. He rejects the hollow rock of Khureitûn, close by the Frank Mountain, graced by the scribbled names of famous visitors, and honored for so many generations as the Cave of Adullam; and locates that historic refuge of David, among the other scenes of his outlaw life, many miles west of Bethlehem in the valley of Elah, where he also thinks he finds the very stream from the crystal shallows of which the young shepherd-boy chose his "five smooth stones" for the contest with the giant Goliath. Then, too, he fixes the place where John was baptizing, Bethabara, far up the Jordan, almost directly east of Jezreel and nearer Tiberias than Jericho. And he sides with Doctor Robinson, and against Doctor Thomson, by telling us that Capernaum was at Khan Minyeh, and could not have been at Tel Hum.

But the most interesting part of Lieutenant Conder's story centers at Jerusalem; and the most notable thing in his book is his deliberate acceptance of the theory, first propounded by Mr. Fisher Howe of Brooklyn, that the place of our Lord's crucifixion was near the Grotto of Jeremiah, just north of the Damascus gate. This author adds to the argument of Mr. Howe two further considerations. He has measured the levels of the underlying rock in that part of the city, and asserts that, if the old wall was led along in the lines which have been claimed for it so as to confirm the traditional site of Calvary, then the military engineering of that day committed the error of seeking a rampart of defense in the depth of a valley commanded by a hill close beside it. He also reminds his readers that the "place of

* Tent Work in Palestine. A Record of Discovery and Adventure. By Claude Regnier Conder, R. E. Published for the (English) Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Two Vols. 8vo. D. Appleton & Co. N. Y.

stoning"—*domus lapidationis*—must have been the place of public executions generally. And this he easily finds in the skull-shaped knoll still called by the resident Jews, "Beth has Sekilah," crowning the slight hill beneath which the cave has been excavated bearing Jeremiah's name.

How much of possible use it would be to the Christian world if we knew exactly and beyond peradventure just where Jesus was put to death on a Roman cross, it is not easy to say. But if the authorities will agree, as indeed they seem to be consenting to agree, that the true site of Calvary is away from that wretched center of imposition and sham in the so-called "Church of the Holy Sepulcher," that will be a gain to religious sensibility, at least, of unspeakable value. And to this Lieutenant Conder has given help for which his many readers will be grateful.

Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature"*

Is designed by the author, as he states in the preface, "mainly for students at our universities and public schools. He hopes, however, that it may also be acceptable to those who, without being professed scholars, are yet interested in the grand literature of Rome, or who wish to refresh their memory on a subject that perhaps engrossed their early attention, but which the many calls of advancing life have made it difficult to pursue."

We have no other work which so admirably meets the wants of both these classes. For the student it has sufficient fullness of detail and apt citations, and, at the same time, that well-condensed statement and that vivacity and incisiveness of treatment which are needed to waken the student's interest and to make him feel that the Latin texts upon which he is drilling are no mere field for pedantic discipline, but a series of works interwoven with the whole public and literary and social life of Rome. With this work used as a text-book,—if not continuously, at least in connection with authors as they are read in the class-room,—and employed in the way of frequent reference to it in illustration of literary allusions in the text, a healthful stimulus would be gained for the literary side of classical training. This, we fear, has been of late years too much curtailed, proportionately, by minute philological and grammatical discussion and drill. More extended and rapid literary reading of our classical authors should regain its place. This course would not fail to maintain in our time, we believe, the appreciation and love of these great models, not only during college days, but in after years. Scientific study of Latin or Greek for purely linguistic or disciplinary ends has its great value. But literature is above language, as the end is above the means, and the consummate results of thought above the instrument of thought.

To get at the thoughts of the past—the whole mental and spiritual life of the best minds of Greece and Rome—involves the most attractive and fruitful study, and the study, too, that always appeals to the interest of the greatest number. Few may become ardent philologists; but all who read and study will enjoy the interest and culture of literary courses which expound and weigh the world's masterpieces; and those once imbued with that interest will not surrender it under the claims of active and professional life. These various and superior ends are very skillfully served in Mr. Cruttwell's work. Besides the clear and concise information about Roman authors and their works, gathered from the best sources, including the most recent, the book is well packed with sound literary criticism and canons and judgments, and displays a taste widely trained in the field of general literature. The frequent comparisons of ancient with modern literary works and conditions are a marked and very valuable feature of the book. Those familiar with the acumen and spirit and picturesque power of Martha and Boissier and other French scholars in the department of Roman literature and history will discern the author's indebtedness to them in many striking views and fine observations peculiar to French critics. They have done much in the way of subtle analysis and vivid portraiture that did not lie within the sphere of German research and English learning, and it gives a fine savor to various portions of Mr. Cruttwell's treatment especially of Cicero, Lucretius, Horace, and the Roman moralists.

A New Popular Commentary.*

THE name of the editor of this new book—Professor Philip Schaff, so widely known as the editor of Lange's voluminous "Critical Commentary"—gives warranty of the thorough and scholarly manner in which the work is done. Although not strictly critical, as of course must be the case in a popular work of the kind, still all the illumination necessary is thrown upon the text, and, in most cases when authorities disagree, the different views are given with great fairness. In the discussion of the vexed question of Christ's genealogy, this, however, is not done. The explanation of the discrepancy between the genealogies of Matthew and Luke, accepted by the editor of "Smith's Bible Dictionary" and published there at full length, is dismissed in a single sentence—without even a full statement of the theory—with the words, "This implies inaccuracy in one or the other." An explanation which has satisfied so many minds and been accepted by such high authority certainly deserves more than four lines in so large a volume as this.

The vicious custom of paraphrasing a text whose meaning is perfectly obvious, and then adding some equally obvious and trite commonplaces by way of comment, is happily avoided by Doctor Schaff. Ex-

* A History of Roman Literature; from the Earliest Period to the Death of Marcus Aurelius. By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., LL. D., Baldwin Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. In Four Volumes. Volume I, Introduction and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

planation is given where explanation is needed, the parallel readings where there is any doubt about the accuracy of our ordinary translation. Practical suggestions which are fair, judicious, and justified by the text, are added.

Altogether, for the purpose for which it is designed, we know no commentary equally good, safe, and satisfactory, the suggestions and information in the Introduction being especially interesting and valuable.

Holmes's "The School-Boy."*

DR. HOLMES fulfills more than any other American poet the ideal of the ancient troubadour or minstrel, whose business it was to compose poems which should be acceptable to his patrons, and to recite them in public—for a reasonable amount of current coin, it is to be presumed. He is our most skillful writer of occasional verse, and the one whom our learned bodies—collegiate, medical, and what not—most delight to honor. It is not too much to say that he has recited more poems in public than the whole American Parnassus put together; and it is certainly true that the poems he has so recited are the best of the kind extant. They are always characterized by sterling common sense, careful versification, and occasional flashes of wit. He instinctively feels the poetic capacity of the subject which he selects, and he knows just what will be acceptable to his audience. Thirty years' practice has made him perfect. He has the art of saying things in a rememberable way, as his readers are aware, and has added to the scanty American stock of poetic quotations. As in "The Music-grinders," in the immortal couplet,

> "And silence like a poultice comes
> To heal the blows of sound;"

and in "A Modest Request," which bristles with good things. As, for example:

> "THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,
> Looks very red, because so very green.)"
>
> "'Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed'
> Close at my elbow stir their lemonade."
>
> "THE SONG. But this demands a briefer line,—
> A shorter Muse, and not the old long Nine;
> Long-meter answers for a common song,
> Though common meter does not answer long."
>
> "Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal
> In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;
> Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,
> Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soused!"

Dr. Holmes is not only the wittiest of all our singers, but he possesses a quality which is denied to our later race of would-be wits and humorists—pathos. A fine example of blended pathos and humor is his poem, "The Last Leaf," the excellence of which was first perceived by Poe, who was seldom a sympathetic reader, and nothing if not critical. It is present in "The School-Boy," the last of Dr. Holmes's occasional poems, which is dedicated to the students of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., before whom it was read on its Centennial Celebration, June 6th, 1878. It is the inspiration of this thoughtful poem, which contains fewer of his light touches than anything that we have lately seen from his pen, and faithfully reflects, we think, the school-boy recollections of most elderly men. They have their pleasures of memory as well as the younger generation of students; but these pleasures are of a graver order, dimmed as they are by time, and darkened by the shadow of death. The young man shouts, "*Gaudeamus igitur*"; the old man sighs, "*Ave atque vale.*"

The simplicity of the versification employed in "The School-Boy," and a certain pensiveness of thought, remind us of "The Deserted Village," whose memories, however, can hardly be ranked among pleasures.

The following lines, descriptive of the chosen home of the school-boy, might have been written by Goldsmith:

> "I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
> The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,
> The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
> The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
> The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
> The strange new faces, kind, but grave and still."

It was a grave place, that staid old Academy, yet it contained one scholar, whom the poet christens Ariel, and who was the imp of all mischief.

> "You were a school-boy—what beneath the sun
> So like a monkey? I was also one."

The old-time school-master is well portrayed; but not so happily as his partner or assistant, who was cast in a more jocund mold:

> "A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe;
> Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so safe;
> Some tingling memories vaguely I recall
> But to forgive him. God forgive us all!"

Children of a larger growth seldom wholly forget the "tingling memories" of their school-days, for the rod was not spared then, however it may be now. Dr. Holmes has a tender recollection of one of his teachers, whose creed, it was hinted, had a speck of taint, for which, however, the future poet cared little, judging, as he did, men's dogmas by their deeds. He puts a pertinent question, which, who can, may answer:

> "Why should we look one common faith to find,
> When one in every score is color-blind?
> If here on earth they know not red from green,
> Will they see better into things unseen?"

"The School-Boy" takes its place among the Holiday Books, by virtue of its illustrations, of which there are twenty-eight, mostly landscapes, and views of buildings. They are from designs by D. C. Hitchcock, J. Appleton Brown, F. T. Merrill, W. L. Sheppard, and A. R. Waud.

* The School-Boy. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

"Drift-Weed," by Celia Thaxter.*

THE many-changing moods of the ocean are, naturally, reflected in the verse of a poet whose home

* Houghton, Osgood & Co.

is by the sea. We select at random a few fragments which give vivid glimpses of ocean scenes:

"The hurricane roars loud. The facile sea
With passionate resentment writhes and raves
Beneath its maddening whip, and furiously
Responds with all the thunder of its waves."

"Red the sea ran east and west, burning broke each tumbling crest,
Where the waves, like shattered rubies, leaped and fell and could not rest."

"Like scattered flowers blown all about the bay
The rosy sails, lit with the sunrise, shine."

"The long black ledges are white with gulls,
As if the breakers had left their foam;
With the dying daylight the wild wind lulls,
And the scattered fishing-boats steer for home."

"The sparrow sits and sings, and sings;
Softly the sunset's lingering light
Lies rosy over rock and turf,
And reddens where the restless surf
Tosses on high its plumes of white."

"Rolls the long breaker in splendor, and glances
Leaping in light!
Sparkling and singing the swift ripple dances,
Laughing and bright;
Up through the heaven the curlew is flying,
Soaring so high!
Sweetly his wild notes are ringing, and dying,
Lost in the sky."

In the "Song" from which these last lines are quoted, the poet has well rendered a joyous phase of the ocean, but the prevailing tone of Celia Thaxter's verse is in the minor key, of which "Reverie" is a good example. Among the most fortunate and apparently spontaneous of the shorter pieces are "The Sunrise never failed us Yet," and the "Song" beginning:

"A rushing of wings in the dawn,
A flight of birds in the sky!
The darkness of night withdrawn,
In an outburst of melody!"

In the poems for children we like "Shag" best. But the poems in the book which show, perhaps, most imagination and insight as well as felicity of expression, are the sonnets on "Modjeska," and "Beethoven," and the following "Song," whose lyrical quality and pathos make it linger long in the memory:

"What good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest!
All joys to thee belong;
Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
Sweeter than any song.
For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light;
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright;
Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes;
The morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies.
What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest!
Thou holdest in thy hand
My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest;
Nor wilt thou understand
Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
My lady proud and sweet!
I bring the treasure of a priceless sorrow,
To lay before thy feet."

"Le Costume Historique."

J. W. BOUTON, No. 706 Broadway, has received the fifth *Livraison* of Racinet's "Le Costume Historique." This painted encyclopedia continues to be prepared with the same painstaking fidelity that has marked the work from its beginning. It would be difficult to refer the reader to any single work in which he would find information so varied, or such profusion of illustration as is here provided for him. The plan is an extension of that of Viollet le Duc's "Histoire du Mobilier," from the comparatively narrow field of Western Europe in the Middle Ages, to the whole world; and the mode of publication is so contrived as to give us in each part a view into as many different corners of the planet as is possible. The illustrations are correct and characteristic. If the colors are at times too bright, that is a pardonable fault, and not intended to cover up defects of drawing or misstatements of fact. A recommendation of the work is the modernness and the practicalness of its information. We have here the latest word from scholars, explorers, and discoverers in these regions of man and his furnishings, and the reader will find many a description and many a phrase in his Hugo, his Rabelais, his Michelet, or his Balzac made clear to him by these pictures and their learned but lightly written explanations.

Two Illustrated Books.*

THE old-fashioned annual, with its line engravings of simpering ladies in short-waisted, scant-skirted gowns, and its impossible babies with no toilette to speak of, would scarcely recognize as lineal descendants the Christmas books of to-day. Baltimore sends as its contribution two new books, which are Christmas books only because they were issued a little before the holidays.

The idea of "The Christmas Ring" is taken from a Polish superstition, which assigns to every month of the year a tutelary gem with a meaning attached, which gem is supposed to influence the destiny of all born in that month. Each quarto page is richly illuminated, the prevailing color being that of the gem, and for text a stanza of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" and an appropriate selection of poetry. The beauty of the illumination, and the taste and originality shown in both design and execution, make of this a really beautiful gift-book.

"The Rag Fair" is the third Christmas book by its author, "Violets with Eyes of Blue" and "The Gathering of the Lilies" being its predecessors. This third, which is illustrated in black and white, is far superior both in its text and its illustrations to the earlier volumes, and shows more originality and talent than either of them.

Loubat's "Medallic History of the United States."

MR. J. F. LOUBAT, LL. D. (member of the New York Historical Society, Knight Commander of St. Stanislaus of Russia, Knight of the First Class of the Crown and of Frederick of Württemberg, Knight of the Legion of Honor of France), himself deserves a medal from Congress for the thoroughness with

* The Christmas Ring. By M. E. Gittings. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. The Rag Fair and Other Reveries. By L. Clarkson. Philadelphia: F. W. Robinson & Co.

which he has carried out his design of the "Medallic History of the United States of America, 1776–1876."* The first of the two sumptuous folio volumes consists of text descriptive of the eighty-six public medals which have been issued during the century; the second contains 170 etchings, the size of the originals, by the well-known artist Jules Jacquemart. The paper was made in France especially for the work, and the impressions from the etchings were made there. The elegant letter-press is by Francis Hart & Co., the printers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS.

The history of American medals is by no means a connected history of the country, as Congress has shown little system or sense of proportion in their issue. Lieutenant Colonel de Fleury, "a French gentleman in the Continental Army," receives a medal for gallant conduct at Stony Point, while La Fayette, although he gets a sword, is not awarded a medal; and only two public medals commemorate the civil war, one being given to U. S. Grant, then a major-general, for victories, and another to Cornelius Vanderbilt, in acknowledgment of his gift of a steamship.

The medals themselves vary greatly in merit. Some are real works of art. The latest are decidedly the worst, and the height of vulgarity in design is reached in the Cyrus W. Field medal and the reverse of the medal to Peabody—the lettering of the latter looking as if it had emanated from a third-rate job-printing office. All conscientious work of the kind done here by Mr. Loubat and his "collaborateurs" (as "L'Art" calls the artist, the printer and the paper-maker of the "Medallic History") is sure to have good results indirectly as well as directly. These volumes will call attention to the art of design for both medals and coins, and will no doubt hasten the day when the metal currency of the United States will represent its culture, and not its "chromo civilization."

"L'Art."

IN the latest volume of "L'Art" (J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway) the editors have been still drawing largely upon the treasures of the International Exhibition for illustration. The first pages are devoted to the historical exposition of ancient art in the Trocadéro. Next we find an illustrated account of the last Royal Academy of London (including examples of Boughton, Hennessy and others), and next a full-page lithographic reproduction of "Le Troupeau de Moutons," by J. F. Millet,—monumental in its simplicity and touched with that large and natural pathos which only the greatest and most virile poets can convey in words. Some drawings of Delacroix follow this. The number contains, among other things, pictures from the Grosvenor Gallery, an etching by Achille Gilbert, from one of Franz Hals's finest portraits, and some reproductions of Velasquez—two masters whose influence is so great upon the rising generation of painters.

The American department is represented by reproductions of the following works: Elihu Vedder's "Cumean Sibyl" and "The Young Marsyas"; Winslow Homer's "Sunday Morning in Virginia"; J. G. Brown's "The Passing Show"; Clementina Tompkins's "Rosa la Fileuse"; J. McL. Hamilton's "Cerise"; F. A. Bridgman's "Funeral of a Mummy on the Nile"; Wyatt Eaton's "Reverie," and "Harvesters at Rest"; W. G. Bunce's "Approach of Venice"; Arthur Quartley's "Morning Effect in New York Harbor"; Edgar M. Ward's "The Sabot Maker"; T. Hovenden's "A Breton Interior"; Walter Shirlaw's "Sheep-shearing in the Bavarian Highlands"; George Inness's "View near Medfield, Massachusetts," and H. R. Bloomer's "Old Bridge at Grez." The ignorance of American painters,—those represented in the exhibition and those not represented,—shown by the writer of the accompanying letter-press is not counterbalanced by any special insight. A much more careful critic than is Mr. Charles Tardieu, might mistake for originality the mere imitation of something with which the critic is not familiar, but the over-estimation of a really commonplace work is not so unfortunate as the under-estimation of work that is unusual, not on account of its subject, but of its artistic strength.

* For sale by J. W. Bouton, New York.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Conscience and the Patent Law.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, 1878.

SIR: The article of Mr. J. H. Raymond on "The Amendment of the Patent Law" in the January number of your magazine, has very lately come to my knowledge. In order that your readers may be enabled to put a just estimate upon its assertions, I request that you will present them with a few words from Mr. Raymond, spoken before the Senate Committee on Patents, to be found in a document printed by order of the Senate, a copy of which I send you. On page 111, Mr. Raymond says:

"Within the last six months I applied for a patent in the Patent Office for a peculiar device, and reference was given to a patent for the same device in an attachment of thills to a wagon, constructed in exactly the same manner, without any qualification, producing exactly the same results—this being one in a railroad-switch. I said to my friend, 'You ought not to have any patent, but I think I can get you one; I will try.' I prepared a brief, and sent it to the examiner. The examiner then sent me another reference of the use of the same thing, producing the same results, in exactly the same manner, in a sulky for a race-course."

Senator Chaffee: "Still they issued another patent?"

Mr. Raymond: "They issued another patent in another class. The examiner in one class probably did not happen to see this prior patent for a sulky for a race-course in another class. I cannot explain how it happens, but I am stating a fact that happened within the last three months. The second time being referred to this identical thing producing identically the

same results in another connection, I wrote another brief and sent it to the examiner. I will not give the argument that I used before him. There was no sense or reason in it in the world."

Senator Chaffee: "Then you were not very scrupulous?"

Mr. Raymond: "No, I am bound not to be, in securing and protecting all the rights the law may give my client. But I will pay my respects to that idea in a moment."

Senator Chaffee: "Is that the case with all the rest of the patent lawyers?"

Mr. Raymond: "Yes, sir; with every one of them, without a single exception, in my opinion. But I sent my brief on and got a patent on the railroad-switch. Now as to the suggestion of Senator Chaffee: I came, two years ago, to the conclusion that there was no logical sequence following through the patent law from the commencement, nor yet was there a great deal of conscience in it. Of course there is conscience in the practice of patent law. A man came into my office the other day who had no claim in the world in law. He had in fact and morally a claim. He had been swindled out of a monopoly of a very valuable invention which we wanted to use. I gave him a hundred dollars, simply because he did not have money enough to get out of town. In another case, a man comes in with a case against us which he ought to maintain, but which some technicality of the Patent Office gives us a right to use. I know of no other basis, and there is no other basis, than that the law said thus and so. My conscience in patent matters is the patent statute enacted by Congress, and I cannot substitute anything else. If a man has a legal claim against us (as in one instance that comes to my mind, where there was not the first shadow of a moral right), if the law gives it to him, I say, 'You have a claim'; and in the case to which I refer I paid $34,000 where, morally, the man had no claim at all. Another man comes in to whom I ought to pay $40,000 on conscientious grounds, but I say, 'The law does not give it to you, and I cannot give it to you."

In my observation a man who avows so complete a want of moral principle and attributes the same to all his associates, is never worthy of confidence.

If the eighty-one railroad corporations which Mr. Raymond claims (page 116) to represent have no more soul or conscience than their representative, can there be any doubt that they are ready to assault the barriers of justice, and crush with their combined power every interest they may regard as standing in their way? Respectfully yours,

GARCELON.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Forms of Electric Lamp.

AMONG the many new appliances for creating the electric arc between the ends of carbon rods may be observed one or two of some interest. One of these employs two carbons standing erect in hinged brackets, or holders, so arranged that when unsupported the carbons fall together and rest one against the other in the form of an inverted V. In the center, between the carbons, is an upright rod made of some refractory material like kaolin. This is supported at the base by a horizontal lever, the shorter arm of which makes the armature of an electro-magnet. When the apparatus is at rest the weight of the upright rod causes it to fall, lifting the armature from the magnet and permitting the carbon rods to touch each other. On passing a current through the lamp the magnet is excited and the armature is pulled down and thus pushing the rod upward between the carbons and thrusting them apart. This separates them sufficiently to cause the electric arc to spring up between them. The kaolin rod melts away in the heat as fast as the carbons are consumed and the light is maintained somewhat on the principle of the familiar electric candle. If the current decreases in strength the armature of the magnet is released and the rod falls, permitting the carbons to come together again and re-establish the light. Another form of lamp employs two carbons, one standing upright and the second supported by a lever leaning against it. One arm of the lever forms the armature of an electro-magnet, and in action the second carbon is alternately permitted to fall against the upright carbon and then pulled away by the action of a spring somewhat after the manner of a "chattering" electric bell. This vibration of the carbons is so rapid that, to the eye, the quivering light is practically continuous, and appears to be steady. Another form of vibrating lamp has two carbons placed one over the other in a vertical line, the lower carbon resting on a lever that forms the armature of a magnet. Still another form of lamp, and one said to be much more successful in general practice than either of these, employs four carbons, two placed in the form of the letter A and two inverted like V, the four making the figure X. The light is maintained at the junction of the four carbons. The rods are held in cups connected by cords with weights that keep them adjusted to each other and in the best position for maintaining the light. An electro-magnet is also used with this lamp. The advantages found in this lamp are steadiness in the light and ease of adjustment, as a carbon can be replaced when burned out without extinguishing the lamp.

In the search for an electric lamp of moderate power, attention has already been drawn to the fact that a strip of metal or carbon inclosed in a glass jar charged with nitrogen and brought to incandescence by an electric current will give a good electric light. Hitherto, experiments in this direction have not been wholly satisfactory. More recently this field has been investigated with better results, and a new electric lamp and an improved system of electric switches have been brought out that present some features of interest. The lamp is designed for domestic use, and gives a light varying from a faint cherry red to sun-like whiteness, and developing at its brightest a light equal to 27 candles. In shape and size it resembles the chimney of an argand burner. The lamp is divided into two parts, the electrical apparatus and a hermetically sealed cylinder charged with nitrogen. This cylinder is a heavy glass tube closed at the top, and having a thick glass base accurately fitted to the bottom, and having two openings for the electrical connections. Within the cylinder are two long

convoluted ribbons of copper (silver plated) extending nearly to the top of the cylinder. At the top is secured a disk of soap-stone nearly filling the cylinder and designed to prevent downward radiation from the incandescent carbon. At the top these conductors are joined by a slender bow or arch of carbon. In constructing the lamp great ingenuity has been shown in overcoming the difficulty of removing all traces of oxygen from the cylinder and charging it with nitrogen. Brass tubes, each containing a stop-cock, are fitted to the glass base of the lamp, passing quite through the base, and joining the copper conductors within. Connection is made through these tubes with a supply of nitrogen, and a current is passed through the lamp till the air is displaced. The stop-cocks are then closed and the tubes are filled with a soft fusible metal. Brass caps, filled with hot liquid gum, are screwed over the tubes to secure both insulation and a perfectly air-tight joint. A ring on the base of the cylinder serves to hold a brass ring or cap that may be pressed by screws tight to the glass base, and heavily coated with insulating material. Within the lamp is placed, as an extra precaution, a small quantity of sodium, to absorb any remaining traces of oxygen. In connecting the lamp with a dynamo-electric machine, one wire may be brought through an ordinary gas fixture, and the return wire may be connected with the fixture and thus to earth. In this case the electric lamp stands on the gas bracket in a convenient position for use. This lamp in practice gives a pure, white, steady light by the incandescence of the carbon, and varying from a dull glow to intense white. When the lamp is to be used the current is gradually sent through it, the light growing in brightness gradually. Early experiments in this direction often resulted in a fusing or rupture of the carbon by a too sudden increase in the current, and to prevent this an ingenious form of switch has been devised that deserves attention. This apparatus is based on the fact that an electrical current will readily divide among conductors of equal resistance, or will divide in proportion to the resistance the conductors offer. If one has a resistance of one-fourth of an ohm, and the other of three-fourths, the current will split in these proportions. The new switch consists of a series of pins arranged in pairs, and a sliding bar that may be made to move from pin to pin, connecting them in pairs, and making new circuits of varying resistance each time. When at rest the whole current passes in one direction. On moving the bar to the first pair of pins, a certain proportion of the current is diverted to the lamp. At the next pair, more is turned aside, and so on till the whole current passes to the lamp; in each case the resistance is exactly balanced, and the current flowing from the main line divides with perfect precision. If two lamps are placed on a circuit, each will get half the current. On putting out one lamp the resistance, by means of the switch, is maintained the same, one lamp being unaffected by the action of the other. In like manner the change in intensity in any one lamp does not affect other lamps; nor is it possible to turn on the full power of the current at once, as the switch passes through a series of changes in resistance as the current is turned on or off. This involves time, but it is only a matter of seconds and not, therefore, of consequence. This system of electric lighting is soon to be tried on a large scale, and new data will be presented as soon as obtained.

Illuminating Watch Dials.

THE attempt to make clocks self-luminous by covering the dials with some chemical preparations has led to the invention of other methods of obtaining the same result. A Geisler tube containing a gas giving a good light is placed on or near the dial and a minute battery and induction coil are connected with it. To illuminate the dial a spring is touched and a current is passed through the coil and to the Geisler tube and lighting up the dial for a moment. It is said the whole apparatus can be easily carried in the vest pocket and will keep in order for a year without attention. The same idea has been applied to clock dials of every size.

Paper Friction Pulleys.

A CHEAP form of friction pulley is now made by cutting pieces of pasteboard into disks of the size of the required pulley, pasting them heavily with hot glue and laying one over the other till the proper thickness is obtained. The hole for the shaft is cut in each piece before they are glued together, and when the wheel has been formed it may be pressed till the glue is cold. The face of the pulley may then be turned down smooth in a lathe and, to make a firm edge, iron rings or clamps may be fastened to the sides. Such paper pulleys are said to run with good usage for a long time.

Plating with Tin.

A NEW method of coating metals with tin by electro-deposition is reported. A zinc and carbon battery is employed, the inner cell, containing the carbon, is half filled with chromic acid, and the outer cell, containing the zinc, is filled with dilute sulphuric acid. The articles to be coated with tin are first "pickled" and then suspended in a bath containing eight parts of protochloride of tin, and sixteen parts of cream of tartar dissolved in twenty-two liters (about 100 gallons) of distilled water. The articles suspended in the bath are connected with the positive pole of the battery, while the negative pole is connected with a piece of tin hung in the bath. After plating, the articles are held over a fire to give the tin a bright surface.

New Tools for Amateurs.

THE demand for light wood-working tools for the use of young mechanics and amateurs has led to the manufacture of a great number of novel and ingenious tools of more or less merit. Some of these have already been described in this department. Among the more recent is a new foot-power lathe having a circular saw, scroll saw and bracket

molding attachments. The chief novelty in this combined tool is a cylindrical bed for the lathe. This bed is supported on two iron frames that also carry the balance wheel and the foot treadle. The balance wheel is supported by a shaft that rests on bearings on each frame, and is connected with the treadle at both ends. By this arrangement the power is transferred from the treadle to the wheel without unequal strains, and the machine can be driven at high speeds smoothly and steadily. The head-stock, tail and tool stocks of the lathe are made to clasp the cylindrical bed, the head-stock being permanently fastened in place, the other stocks being free to move upon the bed. The tool-stock is cut open below the bed, so that it may be moved round the bed and set at any angle by means of a set-screw. The tail-stock is kept in a true position by a groove cut in the bed, and may be held at any point by a set-screw. The scroll saw, the bracket molding device and the circular saw may be attached to the lathe easily and quickly, and the whole apparatus appears to be admirably adapted to the wants of the young student in wood-working.

Painting Stairs Crossing Windows.

IT sometimes happens that in designing houses, or rather in erecting houses without a design, that a stair-way will be made to cross a window. The only way to correct this mistake is to paint the stairs in some suitable color, but often the error is only made the more glaring by the choice of the wrong color. Slats placed inside warehouse windows to protect an elevator are open to the same objection, and it may be worth while to consider what color they should be painted. In daylight, out-of-doors, the observer stands as it were before the source of the light, and in looking at a house he is practically behind the light. It is moving away from him into the windows, and as a natural result they appear black, as black is the absence of light. Unless the interior walls or some object within reflects the light he can see nothing, and the window opening appears black. Rooms of the ordinary size are too large to reflect enough light to counteract the bright light outside, and they have a cave-like darkness. Slats inside a window or a crossing stair-way catch and reflect the light and become visible, and it is evident that they should be painted black. Paints with a shining surface would be useless, as every point and edge would be outlined by the specular reflection, and all such exposed wood-work must be painted a deep, dull black.

Memoranda.

AN improved letter envelope has been introduced that reproduces upon the inclosed letter the post-marks stamped on the outside of the envelope. The inside of the envelope is covered, presumably with some preparation of carbon black, and any blow or pressure on the outside repeats on the letter within the words or design of the stamp, very much after the manner of carbon paper as used in copying manuscripts.

A new machine for cutting stone paving blocks has recently been reported. It consists of a strong table having near one edge a prismatic steel cutter, or knife edge, rising slightly above the level of the table. Above this, and in line with it, is another prismatic cutter set in a heavy steam hammer. The block of stone to be cut is brought to the table on rollers till a certain portion of the stone rests on the lower cutter. A series of short, quick blows are then given with the steam hammer, followed by one heavy blow. This last blow cleaves off a slice or layer of the stone having clean, sharp edges. The block is then moved forward the thickness of the intended paving blocks and another slice is split off. These thin slabs of stone are then laid flat on a second table. This table has also a prismatic cutter and corresponding hammer. The top of the table is set with springs, the stone slab being laid upon them, its weight compressing them sufficiently to allow it to touch the cutter. A few blows from a sharp-edged hammer over the cutter serves to break off blocks of the required size, when the slab may be moved over the springs and another row of blocks may be split off.

Unslacked lime, loose or packed in cartridges, has been recommended as a substitute for powder in firing mines. The cartridges are designed to be dropped into the drill holes and then to be soaked with water till they expand and split the coal. This suggestion has certainly the advantage of being safe from explosion and smoke or gas.

Among the appliances recently offered as a covering for boiler and steam pipes, none has greater merits for cheapness than a paste made of sawdust and flour paste. The paste is made with rough flour without starch and is applied with a trowel. It has been found that several successive layers of about five millimeters each, say twenty-five millimeters (one inch) in all are quite equal to double this thickness of the materials commonly used. For copper tubes two light coats of a hot solution of clay must first be applied, and for exposed situations an outside coating of coal tar is recommended.

The "Pharmacist" offers the following recipe for an ink that resists acids: "To good gall-nut ink add a solution of Prussian blue dissolved in distilled water. The ink is greenish blue on using, and turns black when dry.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

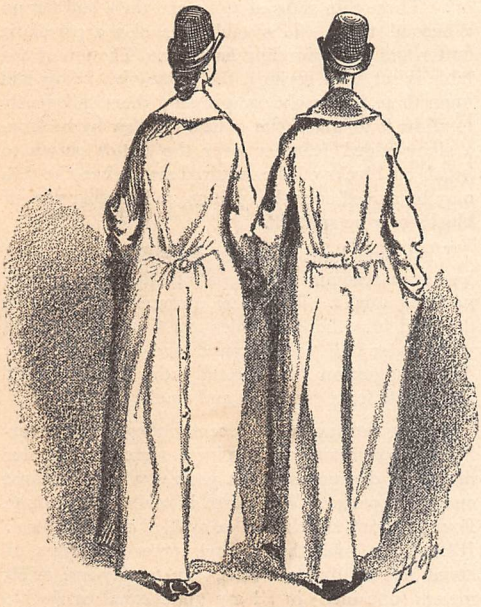
To a Little Girl.

LITTLE girl, with dainty feet
Blithely flying down the street,
The toughest heart you would beguile
With your pretty face and winning smile.

Little girl, you are very fair;
With rosy cheeks and flowing hair;
Your eyes are bright, your heart is young,
And words are music from your tongue.

Little girl, I love you well,
How much my verse can never tell.
But if the truth must be confessed,
I love your grown-up sister best.

W. F. NORRIS.



WHICH IS WHICH?

"This is Miss Timpkins and her Truly Truly going for a promenade, dressed in the prevailing style. But which is which the reader must judge for himself."

Precedents.

A PRECEDENT? It is a fish
That makes the other fishes
Their caudal fins exactly swish
Just as the first one swishes.

A Precedent? T'is a busy bee
That never can be wiser
Than bees who buzzed in Adam's time—
A bee is still a miser.

Did wisdom die with George the Third?
Or, worse, with Julius Cæsar?
Shall he whose uncle was a mute
Restrain *his* Ebenezer?

The Minuet was well enough
When people rode in stages:
A dim, religious Shaker dance
It seems to modern ages.

No two birds sing the self-same song;
No eyes are of twin color;
No rosebud tells its sister rose,
"Please bloom a little duller."

Each serves a law hid in itself.
Please, sticklers stand from under;
Two cases never were alike,
No more two peals of thunder.

AMY T. WELD.

Ad Interim—Ad Diem—Ad Damnum!

WE were trying to live upon pottage,
And rather poor pottage at that,
And discovering that love in a cottage
Does not, in itself, make one fat.
But this state of affairs was quite transient;
We were merely awaiting the day
When the manager's note should announce that
He'd accepted our Play.

How often we read the rough copy,
More firmly convinced every time,
That there never was such combination
Of reason and smooth-flowing rhyme.
How often our fancy disposed of
The sum 'twas but right he should pay—
For such a production of genius—
Who accepted our Play!

At last came the day when the postman—
That commonplace herald of fate—
Brought the document, large and official,
For which we were learning to wait.
'Twas not final—the manager merely
Considered it prudent to say,
That *with the consent of the Public*,
He would purchase our Play.

It should run for a week, if successful;
If not, it should stop at one night;
But *if* it succeeded he'd pay us
With pleasure, "whatever was right."
We thought this was rather indefinite,
But then, there was no other way,
And besides, there could not be a doubt of
The success of our Play.

It came, that "first evening" of transport,
Of triumph, of terror, of woe,
Oh, why did the house turn so frigid?
Oh, why did they stare at us so?
Ah, where had the wit and the sparkle,
The satire, the naturalness, gone?
Who ever saw (out of a nightmare)
A thousand-fold Yawn?

Drop the curtain! The longest-drawn evening
Must come to the curtain at length.
Our Muse, as she found to her sorrow,
Had mistaken her speed for her strength.
Though comfort has come to our cottage,
'Twas in the old commonplace way;
And though we've dessert with our pottage,
No thanks to our Play!

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The Brown, Blue and Gray.

THE watchers were weary, and train time was nigh,
There was protest and pleading, and tearful good-bye,
We laid the three gently upon the white bed,
And tenderly pillowed each sorrowful head.
The lips were all silent, and soft were the sighs;
The lashes were hiding the beautiful eyes;
On the right lay the dark waves, that rippled with gold,
On the left flowed the silver that never was told,
And the wing of the raven between.

The brown eyes said, closing—"I hope you'll be late;"
The blue eyes yet trembled—"How long can you wait?"
The gray, dark with pleading, were closing in prayer;
The hush of His angel was stilling the air.
The brown hands lay crossed and pressed in their place;
The white hands lay lost in the fold of the lace;
In velvet and dimples, the hand that was stirred;
The breath of the sleepers was all that I heard,
And the shriek of the incoming train.

I twice kissed the proud lips,—the ruby lips twice.
The lips that were pouting I turned to them thrice,
Then hurried forth blind in the pitiless rain
And into the night on the outgoing train—
But I think while I bent over tresses and bands
All my heart-strings were caught by the motionless hands;
For whenever I wait and wherever I roam
They are driving me on, they are drawing me home,
While I dream of the brown, blue and gray.

H. C. PARSONS.

Looking Behind.

COME read of old Sturgis, a person inclined
To practice the habit of looking behind.
Wherever he journeyed he always was found
On street or on square with his head twisted round.
It seemed as if Nature had erred in her plan
Of placing both eyes in the face of this man.
If one from the back of his head had looked out
He then had been spared so much turning about;
And thus he continued the best of his days,
Unmindful of censure, unchanged in his ways.

But Time brings its lessons: the ship that had pass'd
The ocean for years went under at last;
And woe for poor Sturgis, there came a bad day
For him to be casting his glances away.

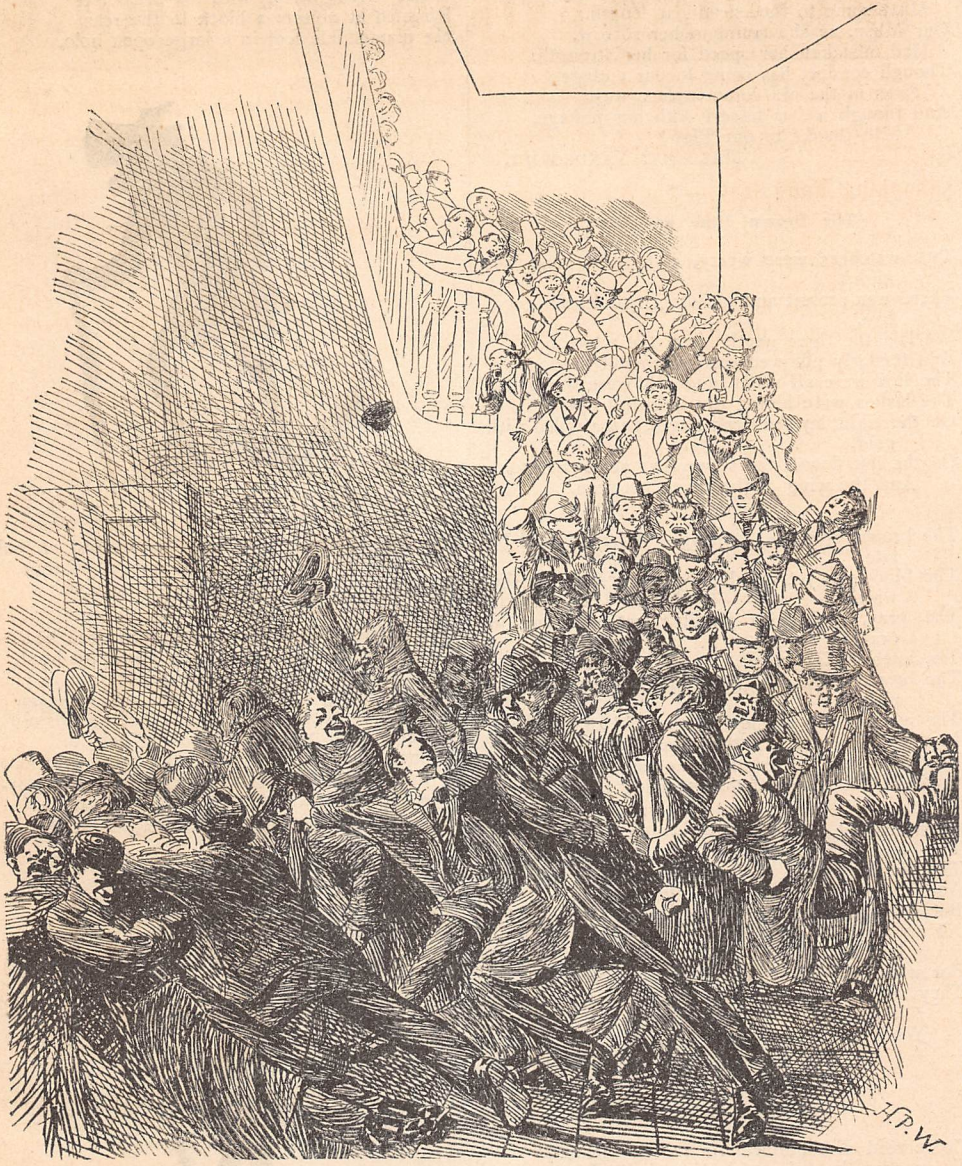
While moving along with his usual leer
Directed at objects a block in the rear,
He planted his feet in a large open hole,

Which it seems was receiving a cart-load of coal,
And slipped out of sight in a moment of time,
As demons descend in a stage pantomime.

They carried him home on an improvised bed,
With three splintered ribs and a flaw in his head.
The doctors for weeks made him cry out in pain
With stitching, and probing, and setting again.
But when he recovered quite changed was his mind
Respecting the practice of looking behind.
No more he turns round for a glimpse at a face.
Or to say a last word, as had oft been the case.
Whoever he meets or goes by in the street
To Sturgis is dead till again they shall meet.

And now, gentle reader, these lines are for you
Whenever your way through the town you pursue,
Remember the tale that in SCRIBNER you read,
And let no attraction on earth turn your head.

PALMER COX.



A BENEFIT NIGHT.

Wings.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF BONALDE.)

BIRD, that fliest out from Earth,
Why dost thou return again?
What is thy glad freedom worth
If thou canst not far remain?

Happy, happy bird! Had I
But the wings for which I yearn,
Ah, how far, far could I fly
Never, never to return!

MARY AINGE DEVERE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF NEW YORK.

ACTING was the first art in which America was able to hold her own or even to make headway in any contest or comparison with the more mature life of Europe. There are as good actors in America as there are in France, or Germany, or England. Since the success in London of Miss Cushman in 1845, and of Mr. Jefferson in 1865, the quality of the best American dramatic art has not been doubtful. Some of the most popular and skillful of the favorites of the British public have received their professional training on this side the Atlantic. Foremost among these is a comedian of admirable art, Mr. Sothern. There are probably now not only as good actors, but as many good actors in the United States as in France. "There is abundance of bad acting to be seen in Paris, as elsewhere," wrote Mr. George H. Lewes in

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1865, and the remark is as true now as it was fourteen years ago, as a study of the Parisian stage during the last summer has abundantly convinced me. Many of the secondary companies there are but little, if any, better than companies of corresponding position here. I certainly saw one performance in Paris as bad as any I ever saw in New York. And the provincial theaters of France are said to be in a deplorable state. In an article describing the incomparable Comédie-Française ("A Company of Actors," SCRIBNER'S for October, 1878), it was pointed out that, owing to the centralization, which is the great curse of France, the capital monopolizes the best actors and gathers them into a few—a very few indeed—strong and select stock companies. The stranger, seeing that these few theaters in Paris give finer and fuller performances of comedy than any theater in London or New York, not unnaturally infers that the whole stage of France is just so much better than the whole stage of England or America. Theatrically speaking, Paris is France; but New York is not the United States. I doubt whether there are better actors in France than in the United States—although Paris presents many more than New York. I doubt whether there are any actors in France who, in their respective lines, are more richly gifted or better trained than Mr. Joseph Jefferson, or Mr. Lester Wallack, or Mr. John McCullough, or Mr. John Gilbert; although, on the other hand, we have no M. Got, no M. Coquelin, no M. Delaunay. But M. Got and M. Coquelin and M. Delaunay are all in one theater, and at times are cast in one play, and have for years been in the habit of playing together; while Mr. McCullough and Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Wallack often play a thousand miles apart. The French are not cursed with the "star" system; they will not tolerate a single planet set in a fading cloud of star-dust. And thus centralization and the habit of having stock companies combine to help Paris to good playing, while the broad extent and well-diffused wealth of our land unite with the star-system to prevent good players from massing together here in New York. This is the reason why we have here no theater equal to the Gymnase or the Vaudeville, not to mention the Comédie-Française. This is the reason, and not any lack of good actors.

It would doubtless be difficult, even if possessed of autocratic power, to gather from all the United States a company better than the Comédie-Française—better, that is, than the male half of that admirable assemblage of picked comedians; the female half, in spite of several personalities of strange and pungent flavor, is not at all on the same artistic level. It would certainly be impossible, in the United States, to compose, off-hand and at once, a company which should immediately begin to work together as smoothly as the traditions and restraints of two hundred years of existence enable the comedians of the Théâtre-Français to work. But from the theaters of New York, from out of the stock companies of this one city, could readily be chosen a company which, after it should have time to get into working order, would compare not unfavorably with the Odéon—the junior Théâtre-Français—or with any of the better of the court theaters of the smaller German states.

Custom has created, in comedy and drama, certain recognized classes of characters. An actor who devotes himself to one line of parts expects to receive all the parts of that line. In a very full company there would be a pair of "leading men," a "light comedian," an "old man," a couple of "low comedians," an actor of "character," or eccentric parts, a "heavy man,"—the villain of the piece,—and a "walking gentleman." There would be a pair of "leading ladies," a "juvenile lead," an "*ingénue*," a "chamber-maid," an "old woman,"—perhaps two. These are the more important people which a full and first-rate company would require. The Théâtre-Français, it may be noted, has twenty-two associates, each sharing in the profits and playing the best parts in his or her line.

This classification is not rigid. It often happens that, owing to special circumstances, the "low comedian" takes the part of an old man, or the "character" actor is cast for a "heavy" part. No hard and fast rules can be laid down. All precedent yields before the diversity of talent exhibited by the different actors holding technically the same rank and the same line of parts. In the Théâtre-Français, M. Coquelin is one of the "low comedians," but in the "Étrangère" of M. Dumas *fils*, M. Coquelin created the part of the *Duke of Septmonts*, the aristocratic villain of the piece; and when the play was adapted to the American stage this same rascally *Duke* was played here by Mr. Coghlan, the "leading man" of the theater. And again, in the "Fourchambault" of M. Emile Augier, the greatest success of the Exposition year and an honest and hardy

play, the two strongly contrasted and pivotal parts of the piece are played by M. Got and M. Coquelin. Now, M. Got and M. Coquelin are both technically "low comedians"; they both act, or have acted, the intriguing serving-men of Molière's comedies,—the *valets de Molière*, as the parts are called; and these were the parts Molière wrote for himself, and to play them in Molière's own house is no small honor. Indeed, one well-known French actor is said to have refused an engagement at the Théâtre-Français, because he did not wish to enter a house where the valets were the masters. Before MM. Got and Coquelin, the parts were held by M. Samson, the tutor of Rachel, and by M. Regnier, the teacher of both of his successors. And no one of these four remarkable comedians limited himself to the parts which came strictly within his technical line. M. Coquelin—to cite again the actor of at once the greatest promise and the finest performance on the French stage of to-day—acts, outside of his own line, the villains in the "Fourchambault" and the "Étrangère," the suffering and hungry ballad-maker in M. Théodore de Banville's beautiful "Gringoire," and the revolutionary hero of "Jean Dacier."

The "leading lady" has, in some respects, the most important position in the company, and it is a position which there is now great difficulty in getting competent actresses to fill. It is no easy matter to find a lady young enough to look *Lady Teazle* or the belle whose stratagem the comedy sets forth, and old enough to know how to play it. It is no light task to discover an actress capable of rattling off the empty chatter of *Lady Gay Spanker* one night and of filling the far different and more difficult part of *Clara Douglas* the night after. It is hard indeed to find a nature flexible enough to present a picture of simple English maidenhood, calm and trustful and devoted,—an *Esther Eccles* in "Caste," for instance,—and the week after to portray with adequate warmth the fiery and voluptuous Creole of "Article 47," one of the most unhealthy of French fictions. It is not only difficult to discover any one woman capable of giving full effect to all these different dramas—it is impossible; and in a company of unusual strength, two, if not three "leading ladies" must needs be included.

In certain characters compounded—not always very skillfully—of gorgeous apparel, of an easy wit (not to say free and easy), of vigorous animal spirits, of exuberant womanhood and of suggestions of a sort of superficial satire of some of the more glaring aspects of American society, Miss Fanny Davenport has been deservedly popular. She comes of good theatrical stock; her father, the late E. L. Davenport, was one of the foremost actors of America, excelling in some parts and good in all; and through her mother Miss Davenport is related to several of the leading theatrical families of England. She has youth and beauty, and she sets these off with much lavishness of raiment. A story is told of a French actress who excused herself to the author of a new comedy of fashionable life for her tardiness at rehearsal on the plea of a prior engagement with his *collaborateur*.

"But I have no *collaborateur*, Mademoiselle," said the dramatist; "the play is wholly my own."

"You forget the dress-maker," quietly answered the actress.

Now all the plays in which Miss Davenport appears have two authors, a dramatist and a dress-maker; and sometimes the latter deserves as much credit for success as the former. But although many of her earlier parts were of this sort, characters of no real depth, and, indeed, of only superficial vitality, she has shown herself capable of better things. Her *Lady Teazle* is an admirable picture of a buxom country girl thrust into the midst of fashionable frivolity; to the screen scene she lent a pathos most affecting, while it did not leave the key of comedy on which the whole performance of the play ought always to be pitched. And in melodramatic parts she has her full share of the ability of her father and mother. Miss Davenport has youth and beauty, she has intelligence and training; she lacks but a touch more of taste and a somewhat finer and more delicate nature to be able to play *Rosalind* and the more poetical parts of the higher comedy. Poetry, indeed, seems altogether beyond her reach. She is a realist, rather than an idealist, and what is *Rosalind* without poetry, or *Viola*?

In the appreciation of poetry, in the possession of the poetic spirit, in the suggestion of the existence of an ideal realm, removed wholly from the sordid baseness of this lower life, lies the great merit of Mrs. Booth. She is a child of the stage, having made her first appearance at the age of twelve. She was born in Australia whence she came to California; fourteen years ago she first acted in New York. She was once

known as Agnes Perry and is now the wife of Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, jr., the eldest son of the "little giant" of our early stage history. Mrs. Booth has a slight, graceful, girlish figure, fitted for the heroines of poetic comedy. Her voice is one of unusual beauty. In her acting, a certain severity of style suggests Mme. Favart of the Théâtre-Français, but her remarkable gift of rhythmic utterance recalls the poetic delivery and *diction* of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. Mr. Lewes in his essay on the German stage describes certain of the actors of the better court theaters in words which can be applied with exactness to Mrs. Booth: "They are thoroughly *trained:* they know the principles of their art—a very different thing from knowing the business! They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point recklessly disregarded on our stage, namely, elocution. They know how to speak—both verse and prose: to speak without mouthing, yet with effective cadence,—speech elevated above the tone of conversation without being stilted. How many actors are there on our stage who have learned this? How many are there who suspect the mysterious charm which lies in rhythm, and have mastered its music? How many are there who, with an art which is not apparent except to the very critical ear, can manage the cadences and emphases of prose, so as to be at once perfectly easy and natural, yet incisive and effective?"

This thing Mrs. Booth can do, as any one will witness who saw with what delicate art she played the part of *Mrs. Brownlee* in Mr. Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters." This little one-act comedy is not far from being the very best play ever written in America. It has a *finesse* and a fineness to which our stage is unaccustomed. It recalls the "Postscriptum" of M. Augier and the "Sweethearts" of Mr. Gilbert, and makes a worthy third with that admirable pair of plays. The idea of the piece is simple,—a couple of young lovers have parted in a huff; each marries, and after many years, by the death of husband and wife, each is left alone. At last they meet again, for the first time since their hasty anger parted them. They meet to exchange the old love-letters which each has cherished,—the result is evident. The story is simple, but Mr. Howard has treated it with praiseworthy skill, delicacy and depth. The widow, *Mrs. Brownlee*, gives Mrs. Booth occasion for a most beautiful and artistic piece of work; it is no wonder that the author in his delight made her a present of the play. The part abounds in adroit turns and dainty little touches of poetry, to the execution of which Mrs. Booth brought training and a poetic sympathy. *Mrs. Brownlee* would not have been better acted on the French stage. It marked with the utmost emphasis Mrs. Booth's position on the American stage.

In as marked a contrast as may be to Mrs. Booth stands Miss Clara Morris. I have always held it to be arrant nonsense to talk about two schools of acting; I only know a good school and a bad school. But there are certainly two kinds of actors. You have all, at some time, seen an actor who played a sympathetic part with alert intelligence, nowhere deficient in look or act or tone, brimful of deft touches of delicate art, an actor with whose acting no fault can be found, save that it fails absolutely to move you. And you have seen another actor who, in a similar part, would be crude and harsh, careless of detail and uncultured in intonation,—an actor, in short, whose acting set your teeth on edge half the time, but who, when the supreme moment came, carried all critical reflection before his force and truth, and played upon your heart-strings far more effectively than the fingering of more delicate and more skillful art. All actors—excepting only the very greatest—belong to one or the other of these classes or are somewhere along the line which divides them. The very great actor combines the best qualities of both classes, and is great because of this combination.

Of these two types of actor, the one ruled by his head and the other governed by his heart, Miss Morris belongs to the second. Her art is unfinished, but no one who has seen her can doubt her power. She projects her personality into all her parts and by sheer weight of self moves her hearers. She is most satisfactory when at war with society, when expiating a wrong done to society; she is at her best then as the fiery Creole in "Article 47," as the illegitimate daughter in "Alixe," as the repentant wife in "Miss Multon." As the keenest and best-trained critic of the acted drama in the city, Mr. William Winter, has said: "Her power lies in the capacity to depict a shattered emotional nature, in wild conflict with itself and its circumstances, and to do this with minute physical denotements. To look at her, in 'Miss Multon,' is to see a vivisection of the nervous system. The effect is strong but terribly painful." And Miss Morris makes this strong effect despite all disadvantages of early training, in spite, for instance, of a voice marred by hopelessly Western intonations. But as Heine once said: "The critic's judgment is of little value when his eyes are bedimmed with tears." Another poet has paid more direct tribute to Miss Morris's dramatic power; two years ago Mr. Stedman attached these lines to a bunch of flowers he threw to her feet:

"CLARA MORRIS.

"Touched by the fervor of her art,
No flaws to-night discover!
Her judge shall be the people's heart,
This western world her lover.
The secret given to her alone
No frigid schoolman taught her:
Once more returning, dearer grown,
We greet thee, Passion's daughter!
"NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1876. E. C. S."

"Juvenile lead" is the name of a line of parts next in importance to the "leading lady," and at times even surpassing her in its demands. "Juvenile lead," as the term itself suggests, imperatively calls for youth, or at least the appearance of youth. We can forgive *Lady Teazle*, married to the uxorious old bachelor, *Sir Peter*, if, perchance, she seems not so young as the text would indicate; but *Maria*, the flame of *Charles* and *Joseph*, *Maria* must be a fresh, fair maiden with whom we can readily conceive *Charles* to be in love, and for whose sake *Joseph* dares to enter on the course of

duplicity which ends in his downfall. And it is no easy matter to find young ladies who are ladies and who look young and who can act with simplicity and directness.

The difficulty of filling these parts is of late added to, for, owing to the frequent drafts made upon the fund of French dramatic literature, our stage has gained a new occupant, the *ingénue*, that half impossible and quite improbable embodiment of ignorant innocence which French play-makers delight in introducing as a foil to the witty and wicked knowingness of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. The best performances of this sort of part—no easy one to play—seen here have been those of Miss Kate Claxton in the alteration of M. Feuillet's "Tentation," and of Miss Sara Jewett in the adaptation of M. Sardou's "Seraphine."

Miss Sara Jewett—whose *Maria* in the "School for Scandal" is certainly the most graceful performance of that ungrateful part and the most adequate of late seen in this city—is a lady of unbroken American lineage, related by blood to more than one family whose names are well known in the annals of American literature; her acting, deficient at times in physical force because she cannot always save her strength for the vital point, ever suggests the possession of wide culture and alert intelligence. Characters requiring simple dignity and gentle pathos are well within her grasp; but she has, unfortunately, had assigned to her a series of parts filled to overflowing with a sort of semi-maudlin sentimentality with which it is hopeless to expect any healthy American woman to make an effect on any healthy American audience. Better than the suffering heroine of this type or than the often as sickly *ingénue*, would Miss Jewett play the typical American girl of good breeding, quick-witted and full of tact, clever, self-possessed and well able to take care of herself; for this is a character with which she would have many points in common. Miss Jewett, it may be noted, has musical gifts of no mean order; the little song she sang in the "Danicheffs" was of her own composing.

Miss Kate Claxton is the granddaughter of Spencer H. Cone, who, when a babe, was blessed by George Washington; who, when a youth, was recommended by an Episcopalian bishop to go on the stage; who made his first appearance as an actor in 1805; became a Baptist preacher in 1813, and was made chaplain to Congress in 1815. He had been a member of the company at the Richmond theater not long before its awful destruction by fire in 1811. With a theatrical fire far more calamitous than the Richmond fire is his granddaughter's name inseparably linked. On the evening of Tuesday, December 6th, 1876, when "The Two Orphans" was in course of performance at the Brooklyn Theatre, and was rapidly nearing its close, the scenery took fire. The audience began to be alarmed, and Miss Kate Claxton, fearing the fatal effect of a panic-stricken rush for the door, came down to the foot-lights and cried, "Be quiet! We are between you and the fire; the front door is open and the passages are clear." She said this while the stage was a burning mass, and it was not until the spectators were seized with fear and began to flee from the building that Miss Claxton and the other actors with her on the stage at the time thought of flight themselves, and then it was only by means of a private passage under the auditorium that they were able to escape. A few months later, in April, 1877, she was in the

Southern Hotel at St. Louis when it was burnt to the ground, and here again she came within an inch of death. Since then, several times while playing "The Two Orphans" has an alarm of fire been raised, but fortunately without fatal result. In consequence of this awful experience and these narrow escapes the actress was, for a while, the butt of the newspaper "wits"—to give them a courtesy title. These jests and all allusions to the fire were wholly distasteful to the actress, and finally at her formal request they have been discontinued. Her first great success was made in an *ingénue* part in "Led Astray," an adaptation from the French of M. Octave Feuillet. The character was M. Feuillet's stock young woman, but in Miss Claxton's hands it took on a freshness and a frankness and a freedom most charming. In *Henriette*, the blind orphan, she touched deeper chords and simulated suffering in a way to move even the most stout-hearted.

The *soubrettes* or "chamber-maids" are a line of parts which are closely akin at times to the "juvenile lead"—at least, in plays of recent date. In Mr. Robertson's comedies it is almost doubtful whether the honest, plain-spoken, and rather "cheeky" young women he delighted to draw belong to one line of parts or to the other. In the older comedies there is no such doubt; there we find full-fledged the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, impudent domestic, knowing all that is going on and taking a hand in all that is mischievous, partly from pure love of the thing, partly from liking for her young mistress, and partly, no doubt, from the sordid bribe tendered by the young mistress's favored gallant.

Of these pert, not to say malapert, serving-maids of classic comedy, as well as of the lively-minded girls of Mr. Robertson's tea-cup-and-saucer dramas, there is no better representative than Miss Effie Germon. She comes of one of the oldest theatrical families in this country—the same which has given us in succession during the past hundred years three Joseph Jeffersons. Miss Germon is one of the rare women who have a genuine sense of humor; and she is one of the still rarer few who having the sense can make their possession of it manifest to a miscellaneous audience. Actresses who can give due point and dash to a part sparkling with wit and lightened by fancy are not many, but they are far more in number than the actresses who can depict a character, rich and juicy with humor. Miss Effie Germon can do this: she is simply that white blackbird, a "low comedian" in petticoats. Her *Naomi Tighe*, her *Polly Eccles*, her weeping widow in the "Romance of a Poor Young Man,"—these are at once refined and rollicking portrayals of humorous characters, informed with healthy life and bubbling over with vigorous animal spirits. It is scarcely possible to recall them without a smile; it is wholly impossible to see them without laughter. It is this quality of appreciating humor as distinguished from wit which is so unusual. There is no actress now on the stage in England who has it in so high a degree as Miss Germon; and, in France, I

MISS CLAXTON AS "HENRIETTE" IN "THE TWO ORPHANS."

can only now call to mind one woman, Mlle. Alphonsine, who is in this respect her equal.

In a French sale catalogue, not long ago, I saw the title of a book which deserves to be recorded as one of the curiosities of literature. It was the "Plays of M. Ronsin, printed for the profit of his mother-in law, Paris, 1786." A later French dramatist, M. Théodore Barrière, improved on this by acting, taking his mother-in-law for his literary partner: one at least of the plays they wrote together, the "Comtesse de Somerive" is well known to the American play-goer as

"Alixe." I cite these two instances to show that the mother-in-law may take part in a play, without of necessity appearing as a terrible bugbear. But of late we have had a long line of farces in which the mother-in-law is practically the protagonist. She is drawn in the darkest of colors; she is shown with her nose in every crack and with her fingers in every pie, and the audience are only too delighted when she gets the one pinched and the others burnt. This vivacious and virulent vixen must needs be cast to the "old woman" of the company, and in New York the type is identified with Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, an actress of excellence, who has within a few years served up the mother-in-law with every possible sauce. Like Mrs. Charles Kemble, the mother of Fanny and Adelaide Kemble, Mrs. Gilbert was a dancer before she was an actress. Born in England, where she first appeared, it was in America, in 1857, after she had been here eight years, and at the early age of thirty-five, that she began to act "old women's" parts. Fifteen years ago or so, she came to New York to the Broadway Theatre, and, about ten years ago, when Mr. Daly took the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mrs. Gilbert at once joined his company as "first old woman." There she played a range of characters indicating unusual versatility; it included the old comedy parts on the one hand, and the lively *Infant Phenomenon* on the other. And most of all did it include that most marvelous performance of *Hester Dethridge*, the dumb woman in Mr. Daly's skillful adaptation of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." This play, which first revealed the remarkable ability of Miss Clara Morris, gave Mrs. Gilbert opportunity to do work of the utmost effectiveness, artistic from its absolute simplicity and impressing itself upon the mental retina so vividly that after the lapse of years it is still easy to call up a vision of the slim, slight, silent figure entering mysteriously through the suddenly opened and before unknown aperture. Opportunities like this, alas, do not come often in any

artist's career. He succeeds best who makes best use of those he has. This Mrs. Gilbert has done. More than one trashy play owed no small part of its apparent vitality to the skill which Mrs. Gilbert showed in parts of fate of the theater,—saying: "If you don't get a call for this act, the play's doomed!" And at night she got a triple call.

Turning now to the sterner sex, the "leading man" first demands consideration.

CHARLES COGHLAN AS "CHARLES SURFACE," IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

little more than verbiage and exaggeration. It was to her and to Mr. Lewis that Mr. Daly turned at the final rehearsal of the "Big Bonanza,"—a play, on which depended the Although in plumage less magnificent, he is almost as rare a bird as his mate, the "leading lady." And yet, New York is now fortunate in having a fair share of "leading

men,"—of gentlemen who can look like gentlemen and act like gentlemen, and, at the same time, give full effect to wit or wisdom, or love or fury, or whatever else it may please the dramatic poet to put into their hands to do. Of Mr. Lester Wallack, there is no space here to make adequate mention; his work as author, actor and manager calls for more elaborate treatment than is possible in this paper. As an author, he has scored success after success, and I fancy there are few towns in these broad United States where hearts have not been held during the gypsy scene of "Rosedale," and where joyous laughter has not been called forth by "Central Park." As an actor, although more modern and more robust, he suggests M. Delaunay of the Comédie-Française. Mr. Wallack is, in some sort, a New York and nineteenth century Delaunay; for the Parisian artist, delicate and charming as is his work, breathes freely only in the fanciful air of the Forest of Arden, or of the Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea. As a manager, Mr. Wallack has done that for the dramatic art which cannot well be overestimated; he has kept alive healthy traditions; he has trained many an actor of promise; and he has given us a theater where there is a greater chance of finding the intellectual entertainment which the intelligent seek, than anywhere else in this city or this country.

Like Mr. Wallack, Mr. Charles Coghlan is also a dramatic author; indeed, it is curious to count how many dramatists there are attached to Mr. Wallack's theater in one capacity and another. Mr. Coghlan is the author of "Lady Flora" and "Brothers," both acted at the Court Theatre, in London, and it was to him that the present Lord Lytton confided the completion and revising of his father's play, the "House of Darnley," produced posthumously at the same theater. As none of these comedies have as yet been acted in America, comment on them here is needless. They seem, like their author's acting, to be marked strongly with the influence of France, where Mr. Coghlan was educated. Mr. Coghlan's acting is as free as possible from all rant or undue tumult. Colley Cibber, when praising the justness of Betterton's judgment as a performer, has this remark: "While the million are so apt to be transported when the drum of their ear is so roundly rattled; while they take the life of elocution to lie in the strength of the lungs, it is no wonder that the actor, whose end is applause, should be also tempted, at this easy rate, to excite it." However great this temptation may be, it is one which Mr. Coghlan always resists. His art is quiet, cool, self-possessed and self-restrained, seeking to bring out the hidden beauties of the character he is acting, and aiming always to present a picture, rounded and complete, of the whole part, in which no portion is unduly exaggerated at the expense of another. And the suggestion of pictorial art reminds us that all arts are more or less akin, and Thalia feels kindly toward her sister Muses. Like Mrs. Siddons, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is a sculptor; and, like his associates in the same company, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Beckett, Mr. Coghlan is something of a painter, having at one time studied under M. Cabanel.

In the "School for Scandal," Mr. Coghlan plays *Charles Surface* with a witty delicacy and an airy grace worthy of high praise. The performance abounds with neat strokes of art: the tender affection, for instance, with which *Charles* goes to his uncle's picture and gazes into it, and the quiet and undemonstrative manner in which he indicates that any attempt to get it from him is hopeless. And in the screen scene Mr. Coghlan is a gentleman; many a *Charles* seems to remember that *Tom Jones* was the real father of Sheridan's hero, and therefore mocks at the plight of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle* and *Joseph* with a rough gayety, boisterous even to brutality. Mr. Coghlan's *Charles Surface* was a gentleman with a keen appreciation of a joke, even if it told against his friend; but a gentleman who never let his jest run away with him. But, fine as Mr. Coghlan's *Charles* is, it is to be hoped that he will some day attempt the far stronger part of *Joseph*, really the best in the play, and far more worthy of Mr. Coghlan's skill in developing a character than the comparatively simple nature of *Charles*.

Mr. Charles Thorne, the "leading man" of the Union Square Theatre, comes of a widely spread American theatrical family; his father, Mr. C. R. Thorne, senior, was one of the earliest of California favorities. And it was in California, if I mistake not, that Mr. Thorne himself made his earlier appearance. It was certainly from California that he went on a voyage prolific in many perilous adventures, and including visits to Yokohama and the Sandwich Islands. Some ten years ago Mr. Thorne began to be prominent in this city, and when the Union Square Theatre was opened he almost at once became its "leading man." For this position he has great natural advantages: a tall and firm figure, a

rich and resonant voice, and an air of fine manly vigor—all these are precious gifts for the adequate presentation of heroic character. It is in the broad sweep of the romantic drama, akin to the picturesque plays of cape and sword of Spain, that Mr. Thorne made his first marked success. But he has qualities better than these mere physical adjuncts, and beyond them in value, necessary as they are; he has the gift of the dramatic temperament,—in short, he is a born actor. For a while in the earlier part of his career he was not a made actor at all: he was unduly "robustious" at times. But Mr. Thorne has since become an artist, governing himself, developing his ability with certainty, and excelling especially in seizing and presenting with startling force the predominant note of the situation. As *Rudolphe* in "Led Astray," there was such a suggestion of virile force in his very manner that the issue of his dispute with the philandering poet was in no wise doubtful, and the gift of life which he makes his opponent appeared almost royal in spite of the seeming insignificance of the gift. In "Conscience," however, in the final act and crowning situation of this well-constructed and workmanlike play, Mr. Thorne had better opportunity than ever before, and his *Eustace Lawton*,—the murderer walking in his sleep and doing again before the eyes of all the deed which he had striven hard to conceal,—this is a picture few can forget who once have seen it.

If, on leaving a theater after seeing a good comedy well acted, an audience could be polled and an honest expression of its opinion taken to determine to which individual it owed the most pleasure, I think it scarcely doubtful that the performer of the funny characters, or creatures of broad humor, would receive a majority of suffrages. The "low comedian," as the actor is called who appears as the valiant *Bob Acres*, or the learned *Tony Lumpkin*, he is the genuine favorite of the many-handed and open-mouthed multitude who flock to the theater for a night's diversion. He it is who receives tribute of laughter almost before he says a word. A smiling ripple of humorous expectation runs around among the pleased spectators when a few words of dialogue from the stage announce his coming. And this meed of hilarity paid before his entrance and repeated again and again till his exit;—this is the snare and the stumbling-block in his path. He gets used to the calling forth of jocularity, and if perchance his part give him small occasion for causing laughter he is only too likely to make opportunity despite the author—will he, nill he. And the temptation is no slight one, as whoso has seen the "School for Scandal" acted will acknowledge; this by far the finest modern comedy in our language has really no "comedy" part; the first "low comedian" is usually cast for *Moses*, a character of slight importance, and appearing late and infrequently. Now when the entrance of *Moses* is announced, and the audience find by the programme that a favorite "comedian" is *Moses*, the hush of humorous expectancy is heard and high anticipa-

tion of a humorous treat becomes evident. If the play before has been comic, what will it be now the professed comedian is come? And small wonder is it that the comedian, knowing there is naught in *Moses*

with which he can meet this expectation, endeavors to satisfy it as best he may,—in rank disobedience to the behest of Prince Hamlet: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."

In first-class theaters, "gagging," as this interpolation is termed, is strictly forbidden, save in certain of the older comedies, where tradition has accumulated "business" and bits of dialogue, all tending toward the elaboration of the effect. The leading low comedians of the stock companies of New York are Mr. Harry Beckett, Mr. James Lewis, and Mr. J. H. Stoddart. Mr. Beckett is rich and broad; Mr. Lewis is "peart and chipper and sassy"; Mr. Stoddart is grim and saturnine. Although technically a comedian, Mr. Stoddart is at his best in parts of melodramatic vigor, of harsh and cruel and cowardly wickedness, like *Pierre Michel*, one of the strongest of Mr. Stoddart's performances. It is worthy of remark that the sources of comic power and of melodramatic strength must lie not far apart; more than one comic actor has been known for his melodramatic ability. In the "Shaughraun," for instance, Mr. Beckett had an opportunity to rise from the depths of a rather cheap comic villain to a height of tragic terror, wholly beyond and above any ordinary exhibition of fear.

Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Beckett first made their mark in New York in burlesque, now more than a decade ago. Mr. Lewis made his first appearance on the stage almost by accident. Over twenty years ago he was teaching school in Troy, when an actor friend, called out of town, asked him to take his part for a night. Mr. Lewis was pleased with the idea; he took his friend's part,—in more senses than one,—and, as the friend did not return, he took his place as well. Then followed ten years of hard work in small towns all over the country,—years in which an actor gets the schooling which no profession demands as rigorously as the stage. When Mr. Augustin Daly took the Fifth Avenue, in 1869, Mr. Lewis was engaged as his comedian, and bore his share of the many plays of all kinds which Mr. Daly produced. In "Divorce" he played *Mark Meddle*, although the character did not bear that name; in "Saratoga" he attempted a "light comedy" character, and acted the engaging and much engaged hero; in the "Big Bonanza" he appeared as the *Professor*, who, in the midst of his studies, gets suddenly entangled in the meshes and mysteries of stock speculation. Marvelous in make-up, queer and odd in externals, simple-minded at bottom, Mr. Lewis built the *Professor* into a distinctly recognizable and well-marked type of farcical comedy. But, while the experience thus had at Mr. Daly's theater was in many ways invaluable, the playing of character after character of absolute emptiness could not but in time have its effect on the actor's style. The real field for comic study is the broad one of human nature; eccentricity may serve a temporary purpose—it can but be temporary at best. Amusing as Mr. Lewis is in flighty and inconsequent parts, all thinking theater-goers will be glad when he has a chance to revert to characters of more

breadth, with more meat in them, tougher of fiber and stronger in sinew.

Mr. Harry Beckett is by birth an Englishman and an actor. Once on a time all theatrical babies made their first appearance on any stage as the child who is suspended over the raging torrent in "Pizarro." Now, "Pizarro," in spite of Sheridan's rhetoric and Kotzebue's sentiment, has been dropped out of sight, and the infant of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" is the part in which young dramatic ability has the first chance to assert itself. Mr. Beckett's father died young; his mother—who was an actress—had him educated as a violinist; but the theatrical blood was too strong, and he was soon on the stage in Manchester, playing anything and everything,—a "utility" man, as the stage phrase goes. Here he was a great favorite of Charles Mathews, who, whenever any small part in one of his pieces required to be done with neatness and certainty, would cry, "Where is little Beckett?" After this he went on the old Exeter circuit, and got his old comedy training under Frank Belton, an excellent instructor. Then, after other wanderings, he went to Birmingham, whence he came to this country in 1868, making his first appearance in New York in "To Oblige Benson," a performance of remarkable and instantly recognized merit. After playing in farce and burlesque for half a dozen years throughout the country, he came to Wallack's Theatre, where he has since remained, holding his own with the able comedians by whom he has there been surrounded. There are those who think breadth—not brevity—the soul of wit, and who like a joke better the broader it is—Burton, for one. Mr. Beckett never descends to this; his work is broad in another and more artistic sense. He is a hard student of his profession; possessing fully the traditions of the old comedy parts, he thinks for himself and invents his own business. An actor whose range of parts extends from burlesque to melodrama, including farce and comedy old and new, is obviously a performer of unusual powers of personation; and Mr. Beckett adds to his mimetic faculty a remarkable skill in disguising his identity—in "make up," to use the technical term; he is not, like Cerberus, three single gentlemen in one, but more,—a whole regiment of gentlemen, single and married, young and old, bearded or bald, or what not, all as unlike each other as may be.

A class of important characters, the *Sir Oliver Surfaces* and other uncles from India, the *Sir Lucius O'Triggers* and other gentlemen from Ireland, are held at Wallack's Theatre by the gentle and genial John Brougham. For more than thirty years the name of John Brougham has held a high place in the play-bills of America,—as author, or actor, or manager, or as all three at once. When he made his first appearance in New York in 1842 as the "Irish Lion," he was at once accepted as the successor of the lamented Tyrone Power, who had been lost in the steamer *President* the year before. Like that fine actor whose "Impressions of

America" to-day remain readable, although I fear me, unread, Mr. Brougham intended a book about us. Writing books about the Yankees was a popular sport among English authors thirty and forty years ago; and the great Mr. Murray had commissioned Mr. Brougham to prepare him a book on the Americans. "But I couldn't do it," said Mr. Brougham, several years ago. "I couldn't do it; the country was too great and the people, too. It takes a Titan to write about Titans—and I was not tight enough." But if he did not write a book about us he wrote a many for us—comedy, drama, burlesque; "Romance and Reality," and "Pocahontas," and others "too humorous to mention." And he acted in all the old Irish parts and in new one after new one; he was the *Murphy Maguire* when the "Serious Family" had its long run under Burton; and he was the "Gentleman from Ireland" in FitzJames O'Brien's admirable and amusing little two-act comedy. He was many times a manager, too, with varying fate; twice, at least, the theater he founded grew under other hands into fame and favor; his Lyceum in Broadway near Broome street became Wallack's Theatre; and the little theater in Twenty-fourth street, behind the Fifth Avenue hotel, had an eventful career under the management of Mr. Daly after Mr. Brougham had been forced out of it by the treachery of the owner, James Fisk, jr.—a man who, as the dispossessed wit remarked, "would rather give you ten dollars than pay you five." But of this and of his other adventures we hope to find full account in the autobiography to which he has given of late as much time as failing health would permit.

With the parts known as "old men" all New York involuntarily connects the name of Mr. John Gilbert, who began to play them at the early age of nineteen. Mr.

Gilbert was born in Boston, February 27th, 1810, in the house next to the one in which occurred the birth of Charlotte Cushman, with whom he often played in childhood, and whose life even, if report is to be credited, he once saved when she fell from the dock near their dwellings. In Boston, November 28th, 1828, Mr. Gilbert made his first appearance on the stage as *Jaffier* in "Venice Preserved." On the 28th of last November, therefore, Mr. John Gilbert completed a half-century of useful life on the stage, an event duly celebrated by a public dinner to him at a literary and art club and by a testimonial benefit the next week,—the actual anniversary falling on Thanksgiving Day,—on the afternoon of the fifth of December at Wallack's Theatre, with which he had been connected for sixteen years. During these fifty years of theatrical experience he has acted in Boston, in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, in London and in New York. And his range of parts has been almost as wide as his geographical wanderings. Beginning with leading tragic characters and afterward wisely starting anew at the bottom of the ladder, he has played all the parts in "Macbeth," save the Thane's strong-willed wife and her waiting woman, and all the male parts in "Julius Cæsar," except the boy *Lucius*. In Mr. Gilbert's first theatrical trip West and South, as he said in his speech at the dinner given to him,—"still aspiring to first tragedy parts, when, on one occasion, imagine my disgust and indignation to find myself cast as an old man—at the age of nineteen. However, there was no help for it. I did it, and received applause. I played a few more old men, and found at last that that was my strong point." And a very strong point it was indeed, as the long list of Mr. Gilbert's "old men" abundantly shows. He is the only *Sir Peter Teazle* the play-goers of the metropolis are willing to accept; and as *Sir Anthony Absolute* he is if anything even finer. The uxorious and sorely tried *Sir Peter* and the peremptorily irascible *Sir Anthony* are presented with full-bodied flavor and well-rounded vigor, while at no time do they leave the domain of comedy to trespass on the manor of melodrama—a fault with only too many *Sir Peters*. Not only in Sheridan's two comedies, unlike in subject and style and equal in power alone of amusing, but in all the many and varied old gentlemen of old comedy, *Lord Duberly*, *Lord Ogleby*, *Hardcastle*, and many another lord and baronet and commoner of high and low degree.

"The drama is everywhere in Europe and America rapidly passing from an art into an amusement, just as of old it passed from a religious ceremony into an art," wrote Mr. G. H. Lewes in 1867. "Unless a frank recognition of this inevitable tendency cause a decided separation of the drama which aims at art from those theatrical performances which only aim at amusement of a lower kind (just as classical music keeps aloof from all contact and all rivalry with comic songs and sentimental ballads), and unless this separation take place in a decisive restriction of one or more theaters to the special performances of comedy and the poetic drama, the final disappearance of the art is near at hand. * * * It is only by a rigid adherence to the principle of specialization that such a scheme could have a chance. The theater must be mounted for the sole purpose of performing works of art, for an art-loving public. * * It must have one small company of well-trained and art-loving actors (what a condition!) not a large miscellaneous company attempting *all* kinds of performance." Mr. Lewes then points out that a model may be found in the Théatre-Français, and in some of the better of the Hof-Theaters of the German capitals—all of which are aided by the state; and remarks that no English government would ever think of contributing a penny toward the elevation or the preservation of dramatic art. Now certainly no American government should be allowed to have aught to do with a theater. Our civil service is not an instrument delicate enough to do all it ought for trade; it could only touch art to defile it. Heaven help the drama if public servants gain right to enter the theater through any appropriation of public money! Even in France the record of state aid is a list of petty scandals and petty tyranny. But fortunately there is no more likelihood of the state's interference in America than there is in England. Our only way toward a permanent and self-governing theater devoted to the higher drama is by private endowment. The same public spirit which has covered the country with colleges and with schools of science and of art, and with museums and music-halls—this same public spirit may some day give us the spectacle of an American theater, constituted in some measure like the Comédie-Française, and containing the most of the admirable actors and actresses whose lives I have in these pages endeavored to sketch, and whose art I have here tried briefly to characterize.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

"CROUCHED UPON THE LOWEST STEP OF THE STAIR-WAY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SPEECH.

WHEN he returned to the Works the noon-bell was ringing, and the hands were crowding through the gates on their way to their midday meal. Among those going out he met Floxham, who spoke to him as he passed.

"Theer's some o' them chaps," he said, "as wunnot show their faces again."

"Aye," said Haworth, "I see that."

Ffrench had left the bank and was pacing up and down his room panic-stricken.

"What have you heard?" he exclaimed, turning as Haworth entered. "Is it—is it as bad as you expected?"

"Aye," said Haworth, "worse and better too."

"Better?" he faltered.

Haworth flung himself into a chair. He wore a look of dogged triumph.

"Leave 'em to me," he answered. "I'm in th' mood fur 'em *now*."

But it was not until some time afterward that he delivered the message Rachel Ffrench had intrusted to him.

On hearing it her father appeared to rally a little.

"It seems a rather dangerous thing to do," he said, "but—it is like her. And perhaps, after all, there is something in—in showing no fear."

And for a few moments after having thought the incident over he became comparatively sanguine and cheerful.

As Floxham had predicted, when the work-bell called the hands together again there were new places vacant. Mr. Briarley, it may be observed, had been absent all day, and by this time was listening with affectionate interest and spasmodic attacks of inopportune enthusiasm to various inflammatory speeches which were being made at a beer house.

Toward evening the work lagged so that the over-lookers could no longer keep up the semblance of ignorance. A kind of gloom settled upon them also, and they went about with depressed faces.

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"It'll be all up to-morrow," said one, "if there's nothing done."

But something was done.

Suddenly—just before time for the last bell to ring—Haworth appeared at the door of the principal room.

"Lads!" he shouted, "them on you as wants a speech from Jem Haworth gather in th' yard in five minutes from now."

There was no more work done. The bell began to ring; implements were thrown down and a shout went up from the crowd. Then there was a rush into the yard, and in less than the five minutes the out-pouring of the place thronged about its chief doorway where Jem Haworth stood on the topmost step, looking down, facing them all, boldly—with the air of a man who felt his victory more than half won."

"Let's hear what tha'st getten to say," cried some one well hidden by the crowd. "Out wi' it."

"It's not much," Haworth shouted back. "It's this to start with. I'm here to find out where you chaps stand."

But there was no answer to this. He had known there would be none and went on.

"I've been through th' place this morning," he said, "and through th' town, and I know how th' wind blows as well as any on you. Th' lads at Marfort and Molton and Dillup are on th' strike. There's a bad lookout in many a place besides them. There's a lot of fools laying in beer and making speeches down in Broxton; there were some here this morning as didn't show this afternoon. How many on you's going to follow them?"

Then there was a murmur, but it was not easy to understand it. It was a mixture of sounds defiant and conciliatory. Haworth moved forward. He knew them better than they knew him.

"*I'm* not one o' the model soart," he called out. "I've not set up soup kitchens nor given you flannel petticoats. I've looked sharp after you, and I should have been a fool if I hadn't. I've let you alone out of work hours, and I've not grudged you your sprees, when they didn't stand in my way. I've done the square thing by you, and I've done it by myself. Th' places I've built let no water in, and I let 'em to you as easy as I could and make no loss. I didn't build 'em for benevolent purposes, but I've not heard one of you chaps complain of 'em yet. I've given you your dues and stood by you—and I'll do it again, by ——"

There was a silence—a significant breathless one.

"Have I done it," he said, "or haven't I?"

Suddenly the silence was broken.

"Aye," there was a shout, "aye, lad, yo' ha'."

"Then," he shouted, "them as Jem Haworth has stood by, let 'em stand by Jem Haworth!"

And he struck his big fist upon his open palm with a fierce blow, and stood there before them breathing hard.

He had the best metal on his side somehow, and the best metal carried the day. The boldness of his move, the fact that he had not waited, but had taken the lead, were things all for him. Even those who wavered toward the enemy were stirred to something like admiration.

"But what about th' Union?" said a timorous voice in the rear. "Theer'll be trouble with th' Unions as sure as we stand out, Mester."

Haworth made a movement none of them understood. He put his hand behind him and drew from his hip-pocket an object which caused every man of them to give a little start and gasp. They were used to simple and always convenient modes of defense. The little object he produced would not have startled an American, but it startled a Lancashire, audience. It was of shining steel and rose-wood, and its bright barrels glittered significantly. He held it out and patted it lightly—with a terrible lightness.

"That's for the Union, lads," he said. "And more like it."

A few of the black sheep moved restlessly and with manifest tremor. This was a new aspect of affairs. One of them suddenly cried out with much feebleness:

"Th—three cheers for Haworth."

"Let the chaps as are on the other side go to their lot now," said Haworth.

But no one moved.

"There's some here that'll go when th' time comes," he announced. "Let 'em tell what they've heard. Now lads, the rest on you up with your hands."

The whole place was in a tumult. They held up their hands and clenched and shook them and shouted, and here and there swore with fluency and enthusiasm. There were not six among them who were not fired with the general friendly excitement.

"To-morrow morning there'll be papers posted up, writ in Jem Haworth's hand and signed with his name," cried Haworth.

"Read 'em as you come along, lads, and when you reach here I'll be ready for you."

"Is it about th' pistols?" faltered the timorous voice.

"Aye," Haworth answered, "about th' pistols. Now go home."

He turned to mount the step, flushed and breathing fast and with high-beating pulses, but suddenly he stopped. Before the iron gate a carriage had stopped. A servant in livery got down and opened the door, and Rachel Ffrench stepped out. The hands checked their shouting to look at her. She came up the yard slowly and with the setting sun shining upon her. It was natural that they should gaze at her as she approached, though she did not look at any of them—only at Haworth, who waited. They made a path-way for her and she passed through it and went up the step. Her rich dress touched more than one man as she swept by.

"I thought," they heard her say, "that I would call for my father."

Then for the first time she looked at the men. She turned at the top of the step and looked down—the sun on her dress and face.

There was not a man among them who did not feel the look. At first a murmur arose and then an incoherent cry and then a shout, and they threw up their caps and shouted until they were hoarse.

In the midst of it she turned aside and went in with a smile on her lips.

In Haworth's room they found her father standing behind the door with a startled air.

"What are they shouting for?" he asked. "What is the matter now?"

"I think *I* am the matter," Miss Ffrench answered, "though I scarcely know why. Ah," giving him a quiet glance, "you are afraid!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SARARANN."

THE next morning there was an uproar in the town. The strikers from Molton and Marfort no longer remained in the shade. They presented themselves openly to the community in the characters they had assumed. At first they lounged about in groups at the corners and before the ale-houses, smoking, talking, gesticulating, or wearing sullen faces. But this negative state of affairs did not last long. By eight o'clock the discovery was made that something had happened in the night.

In a score of prominent positions,—on walls and posts,—there appeared papers upon which was written, in a large, bold hand, the following announcement:

"Haworth's lads will stand by him. The chaps that have aught to say against this, let them remember that to every man there's six barrels well loaded, and to Jem Haworth twelve. Those that want their brass out of Broxton Bank, let them come and get it.

Writ and signed by

JEM HAWORTH.

The first man who saw it swore aloud and ran to call others. Soon a select party stood before the place on which the card was posted, confronting it in different moods. Some were scientifically profane, some raged loudly, some were silent, one or two grinned.

"He staid up aw neet to do that theer," remarked one of these. "He's getten a gizzard o' his own, has Haworth. He's done it wi' his own hands."

One gentleman neither grinned nor swore. His countenance fell with singular rapidity. This was Mr. Briarley, who had come up in the rear. He held in one hand a pewter pot which was half empty. He had caught it up in the heat of the moment, from the table at which he had been sitting when the news came.

"What's in th' barrils?" he inquired.

The man he spoke to turned to him roughly.

"Powder," he answered, "an' lead, tha domned foo'!"

Mr. Briarley looked at his mug regretfully.

"I thowt," he said, "as happen it mought ha' bin beer."

Having reflected a moment, he was on the point of raising the mug to his lips when a thought struck him. He stopped short.

"What's he goin' to do wi' em?" he quavered.

"Ax him," was the grim answer. "Ax him, lad. He dunnot say."

"He is na—" in manifest trepidation, "he is na—goin' to—to fire 'em off!"

"He'll fire 'em off, if he comes across thee," was the reply. "Mak' sure o' that. An' I should na blame him, neyther."

Mr. Briarley reflected again for a few seconds—reflected deeply. Then he moved aside a little.

"I hannot seen Sararann sin' yesterday," he said, softly, "nor yet Janey, nor yet—th' owd missus. I—I mun go and see 'em."

Haworth kept his word. The next day there was not a man who went to and from the Works who could not have defended himself if he had been attacked. But no one was attacked. His course was one so unheard of, so unexpected, that it produced a shock. There was a lull in the movement, at least. The number of his enemies increased and were more violent, but they were forced to content themselves with violence of speech. Somehow, it scarcely seemed safe to use ordinary measures against Jem Haworth. He slept in his room at the Works, and shared watches with the force he had on guard. He drove through the town boldly, and carried a grim, alert face. He was here, and there, and everywhere; in the Works, going from room to room; at the bank, ready for emergencies.

"When this here's over," he said, "I'll give you chaps a spree you wont get over in a bit, by George!"

Those who presented themselves at the bank the morning the placards were to be seen got their money. By noon the number arriving diminished perceptibly. In a day or two a few came back, and would have handed over their savings again willingly, but the bank refused to take them.

"Carry it to Manchester," were Haworth's words. "They'll take it there—I wont."

Those of his hands who had deserted him came out of their respective "sprees" in a week's time, with chop-fallen countenances. They had not gained anything, and were somehow not in great favor among the outside strikers. In their most pronounced moods, they had been neither useful nor ornamental to their party. They were not eloquent, nor even violent; they were simply idle vagabonds, who were no great loss to Haworth and no great gain to his enemies. In their own families they were in deep and dire disgrace, and loud were the ratings they received from their feminine relatives.

The lot of Mr. Briarley was melancholy indeed. Among the malcontents his portion was derision and contumely; at home he was received with bewailings and scathing severity.

"An' that theer was what tha wur up to, was it?" cried Mrs. Briarley, the day he found himself compelled by circumstances to reveal the true state of affairs. "Tha'rt j'ined th' strikers, has tha?"

"Aye, Sararann, I've j'ined 'em—an'—an' we're goin' to set things straight, bless yo'—that's what we're goin' to do. We—we're goin' to bring the mesters down a bit, an'—an' get our dues. That's what we're goin' to do, Sararann."

It was dinner-time, and in the yard and about the street at the front the young members of the family disported themselves with vigor. Without Janey and the baby, who were in the house, there were ten of them. Mrs. Briarley went to the door and called them. Roused to frantic demonstrations of joy by the immediate prospect of dinner, they appeared in a body, tumbling over one another, shrieking, filling the room to overflowing.

Generally they were disposed of in relays, for convenience' sake. It was some time since Mr. Briarley had beheld the whole array. He sat upright and stared at them. Mrs. Briarley sat down confronting him.

"What art tha goin' to do wi' *them* while tha bring th' mesters down?" she inquired.

Mr. Briarley regarded the assembly with *naïve* bewilderment. A natural depression of spirit set in.

"Theer—theer seems a good many on 'em, Sararann," he said, with an air of meek protestation. "They seem to ha'—to ha cumylated!"

"Theer's twelve on 'em," answered Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' they've all getten mouths, as tha sees. An' their feyther's goin' to bring th' mesters down a bit!"

Twelve pairs of eyes stolidly regarded their immediate progenitor, as if desirous of discovering his intentions. Mr. Briarley was embarrassed.

"Sararann," he faltered, "send 'em out to play 'em. Send 'em out into th' open air. It's good fur 'em, th' open air is, an' they set a mon back."

Mrs. Briarley burst into lamentations, covering her face with her apron and rocking to and fro.

"Aye," cried she, "send 'em out in th' air—happen they'll fatten on it. It's aw they'll get, poor childer. Let 'em mak' th' most on it."

In these days Haworth was more of a lion than ever. He might have dined in state with a social potentate each day if he had been so minded. The bolder spirits visited him at the Works, and would have had him talk the matter over. But he was in the humor for neither festivities nor talk. He knew what foundation his safety rested upon, and spent many a sleepless and fever-

ish night. He was bitter enough at heart against those he had temporarily baffled.

"Wait till tha'rt out o' th' woods," he said to Ffrench, when he was betrayed into expressing his sense of relief.

Oddly enough, the feeling against Ffrench was disproportionately violent. He was regarded as an alien and a usurper of the rights of others. There existed a large disgust for his gentle birth and breeding, and a sardonic contempt for his incapacity and lack of experience. He had no prestige of success and daring, he had not shown himself in the hour of danger, he took all and gave nothing.

"I should not be surprised," said Miss Ffrench to Murdoch, "if we have trouble yet."

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. HAWORTH AND GRANNY DIXON.

About this time a change appeared in little Mrs. Haworth. Sometimes when they sat together, Haworth found himself looking up suddenly and feeling that her eyes were fixed upon him, and at such times she invariably met his glance with a timid, startled expression, and released herself from it as soon as she had the power.

She had never been so tender and lavish with her innocent caresses, but there was continuously a tremulous watchfulness in her manner, which was almost suggestive of fear. It was not fear of him, however. She clung to him with all the strength of her love. At night when he returned home, however late, he was sure of finding her waiting patiently for him, and in the morning when he left the house he was never so early that she was not at his service. The man began to quail before her, and grow restless in secret, and be haunted, when he awakened in the night, by his remembrance of her.

"She is on the lookout for something," he said to himself, fearfully. "What have they been saying to her?"

On her part, when she sat alone, she used to try and think the matter out, and set it straight and account for it.

"It's the strikes," she said, "as has set them agen him and made 'em hard an' forgetful of all he's done. They'd never have spoke so if they'd been theirselves."

She could scarcely have told what she had heard, or how the first blow had struck home. She only knew that here and there she had heard at first a rough jeer and then a terrible outspoken story, which, in spite of her disbelief, filled her with dread. The man who first flung the ill-flavored story at her stopped half-way through it, the words dying on his lips at the sight of her face.

It happened in one of her pensioners' cottages, and she rose from her chair trembling.

"I didn't think," she said, with unconscious pathos, "as the world could be so ignorant and wicked."

But as the ill-feeling became more violent, she met with the same story again and again, and often with new and worse versions in forms she could not combat. She began to be haunted by vague memories of things she had not comprehended. A sense of pain followed her. She was afraid, at times, to go to the cottages, lest she should be confronted with something which would overwhelm her. Then she began to search her son's face with a sense of finding some strangeness in it. She watched him wistfully when he had so far forgotten her presence as to be almost unaware of it. One night, having thrown himself upon a sofa and fallen into a weary sleep, he suddenly started up from it to find her standing close by him, looking down, her face pale, her locked fingers moving nervously.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "What ails you?"

He was startled by her falling upon her knees at his side, crying, and laying her shaking hand upon his shoulder.

"You was having a bad dream, my dear," she said,—"a bad dream. I—I scarcely knowed your face, Jem—it was so altered."

He sank back upon his cushions and stared at her. He knew he had been having no bad dream. His dreams were not half so evil and bitter when he slept as they were in these days when he wakened.

"You always had such a good face, Jem," she said, "and such a kind one. When you was a boy——"

He stopped her almost sullenly.

"I'm not a boy now," he said. "That's put away and done with."

"No," she answered, "that's true, my dear; but you've lived an innocent life, an' —an' never done no wrong—no more than you did when you was one. And your face was so altered."

Her voice died away into a silence which, somehow, neither of them could break.

It was Granny Dixon who revealed the truth in its barest form. Perhaps no man

nor woman in Broxton knew more of it than this respectable ancient matron. Haworth and his iniquities had been the spice of her later life. The fact that his name was being mentioned in a conversation never escaped her; she discovered it as if by magic and invariably commanded that the incident under discussion be repeated at the top of the reciter's voice for her benefit, occasionally somewhat to the confusion of the honest matron in question.

How it had happened that she had not betrayed all to Mrs. Haworth at once was a mystery to remain unsolved. During the little woman's visits to the cottage, Mrs. Briarley existed in a chronic condition of fear and trembling.

"She'll be out wi' it some o' these days, mark me," she would quaver to Janey. "An' th' Lord knows, I would na' be theer fur nowt when she does."

But she did not do it at first. Mrs. Briarley had a secret conviction that the fact that she did not do so was due entirely to iniquity. She had seen her sit peering from under her brows at their guest as the simple creature poured forth her loving praise of her son, and at such times it was always Mrs. Briarley's province to repeat the conversation for her benefit.

"Aye," Mrs. Dixon would comment with an evil smile, "that's him! That's Haworth! He's a noice chap—is Haworth. *I* know him."

Mrs. Haworth learned in time to fear her and to speak timidly in her presence, rarely referring to the subject of her boy's benefactions.

"Only as it wouldn't be nat'ral," she said once to Mrs. Briarley, "I should think she was set agen him."

"Eh! bless us," was Mrs. Briarley's answer. "Yo' need na moind *her*. She's set agen ivverybody. She's th' nowtest owd piece i' Christendom."

A few days after Haworth had awakened to find his mother standing near him, Mrs. Haworth paid a visit to the Briarleys. She took with her a basket, which the poor of Broxton had long since learned to know. In this case it contained stockings for the little Briarleys and a dress or so for the baby.

When she had bestowed her gifts and seated herself, she turned to Granny Dixon with some tremor of manner.

"I hope you're well, ma'am," she said.

Granny Dixon made no reply. She sat bent over in her chair, regarding her for a few seconds with unblinking gaze. Then she slowly pointed with her thin, crooked finger to the little presents.

"He sent 'em, did he?" she trumpeted forth. "Haworth?"

Mrs. Haworth quailed before her.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered, "leastways ——"

Granny Dixon stopped her.

"He did nowt o' th' soart," she cried. "Tha'rt leein'!"

The little woman made an effort to rise, turned pale, and sat down again.

"Ma'am ——" she began.

Granny Dixon's eyes sparkled.

"Tha'rt leein'," she repeated. "He's th' worst chap i' England, an' aw Broxton knows it."

Her victim uttered a low cry of pain. Mrs. Briarley had left the room, and there was no one to help her. All the hints and jeers she had heard rushed back to her, but she struggled to stand up against them.

"It aint true," she said. "It aint—true."

Granny Dixon was just beginning to enjoy herself. A difference of opinion with Mrs. Briarley, which had occurred a short time before, had prepared her for the occasion. She knew that nothing would so much demoralize her relative and hostess as this iniquitous outbreak.

"They've been warnin' me to keep quiet an' not tell thee," she answered, "but I towd 'em I'd tell thee when I wur i' th' humor, an' I'm i' th' humor now. Will Ffrench wur a devil, but *he's* a bigger one yet. He kep' thee away because he did na want thee to know. He set aw th' place by th' ears. A decent woman would na cross his door-step, nor a decent mon, fur aw his brass—afore tha coom. Th' lot as he used to ha' down fro' Lunnen an' Manchester wur a shame to th' town. *I've* seed 'em—women in paint an' feathers, an' men as decent lasses hide fro'. A good un, wur he? Aye, he wur a good un, for sure."

She sat and chuckled a moment, thinking of Sararann's coming terror and confusion. She had no objection to Haworth's moral lapses, herself, but she meant to make the most of them while she was at it. She saw nothing of the anguish in the face from which all the fresh, almost girlish color had faded.

"An' yo' did na know as they wur na gentlefolk," she proclaimed again. "Tha thowt they wur ladies an' gentlemen when tha coom in on 'em th' fust neet tha set foot i' th' house. A noice batch o' ladies they

wur! An' he passed 'em off on thee! He wur sharp enow fur that, trust him. Ladies, bless us! *I* heard tell on it—an' so did aw Broxton."

The wounded creature gathered all her strength to rise from her chair. She stood pressing her hands against her heart, swaying and deadly pale.

"He has been a good son to me," she said. "A good son—an' I can't believe it. You wouldn't yourself if—you was his mother, an' knew him as—as I do."

She made her way to the door just as Mrs. Briarley came in. One glance told that excellent matron that the long-dreaded calamity had arrived.

"What's she been up to?" she demanded. "Lord ha' mercy! what's she been up to now?"

"She's been tellin' me," faltered the departing guest, "that my son's a bad man an' a shame to me. Let me go, ma'am—for I've never heard talk like this before—an' it's made me a bit weak an'—queer."

And she slipped past and was gone.

Mrs. Briarley's patience deserted her. A full sense of what Granny Dixon's worst might be burst in upon her; a remembrance of her own manifold wrongs and humiliations added itself to this sense; for the moment, discretion ceased to appear the better part of valor.

"What has tha been sayin'?" she cried. "What has tha been sayin'? Out wi' it."

"I've been telling her what tha wur afeared to tell her," chuckled Mrs. Dixon with exultation. "I towd thee I would an' I've done it."

Mrs. Briarley made no more ado. She set the baby down upon an adjacent chair with a resonant sound, and then fell upon the miserable old woman and seizing her by the shoulders shook her until her cap flew off and danced upon her back and her mouth opened and shut as if worked by a spring.

"Tha brazent, hard-hearted besom, tha!" she cried as she shook. "Tha ill-farrant nowt, tha! as nivver did no good i' thy days an canna bear as no one else should. I dunnot care if I nivver see thy brass as long as I live. If tha wur noine i'stead o' ninety-five I'd give thee a hidin', tha brazent, hard-hearted owd piece!"

Her strength failed her and she loosened her hold and sat down and wept aloud behind the baby, and Mrs. Dixon fell back in her chair, an unpleasant heap, without breath to speak a word or strength to do anything but clutch wildly at her cap, and so remained shrunken and staring.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HAWORTH'S DEFENDER.

Mrs. Haworth made her way along the streets with weak and lagging steps. She had been a brisk walker in the days of her country life, and even now was fonder of going here and there on foot than of riding in state, as her son would have preferred. But now the way before her seemed long. She knew where she was going.

"There's one of 'em as knows an' will tell me," she said to herself. "She can't have no cruel feeling against him, bein' a lady, an' knowin' him so well. An' if it's true—not as I believe it, Jem, my dear, for I don't—she'll break it to me gentle."

"Not as I believe, Jem, my dear, for I don't," she said to herself again and again.

Her mind went back to the first hour of his life, when he had lain, a strong-limbed child, on her weak arm, the one comfort given to her out of her wretched marriage. She thought of him again as he had been a lad, growing and thriving in spite of hunger and cold, growing and thriving in spite of cruelty and wrong which broke her health and threw her helpless upon charity. He had been sharper and bolder than other boys, and always steadfast to his determination.

"He was always good to me," she said. "Child an' man he's never forgot me, or been unmindful. If there'd have been wrong in his life, who'd have been liker to see it than me?"

It was to Rachel Ffrench she was going, and when at last she reached the end of her journey, and was walking up the path-way to the house, Rachel Ffrench, who stood at the window, saw her, and was moved to wonder by her pallor and feebleness.

The spring sunshine was so bright outside that the room seemed quite dark when she came into it, and even after she had seated herself the only light in it seemed to emanate from the figure of Miss Ffrench herself, who stood opposite her in a dress of some thin white stuff and with strongly fragrant yellow hyacinths at her neck and in her hand.

"You are tired," she said. "You should not have walked."

The woman looked up at her timidly.

"It isn't that," she answered. "It's somethin' else."

She suddenly stretched forth her hands into the light.

"I've came here to hear about my boy," she said. "I want to hear from one as knows the truth, an'—will tell me."

Miss Ffrench was not of a sympathetic nature. There existed few young women with more nerve and self-poise at trying times, and she had not at any previous period been specially touched by Mrs. Haworth; but just now she was distressed singularly.

"What do you want to know,"she asked, "that I can tell you?"

She was not prepared for what happened next, and she lost a little placidity through it. The simple, loving creature fell at her feet and caught hold of her dress, sobbing.

"He's thirty-three years old," she cried, "an' I've never seen the day when he's give me a hurt. He's been the pride of my life an' the hope of it. I've looked up to him and prayed for him an' believed in him—an' they say he's black with shameful sin—an' I don't know him, nor never did, for he's deceived me from first to last."

The yellow hyacinths fell from Miss Ffrench's hand on the carpet, and she looked down at them instead of at the upturned face.

"Who said it?" she asked.

But she was not answered.

"If it's true—not that I believe it, for I don't—if it's true, what is there left for me, as loved and honored him—where's my son I thanked God for day an' night? Where's my boy as paid me for all I bore? He's never been—he's never been at all. I've never been his mother nor he's never been my son. If it's true—not as I believe it, for I don't—where is he?"

Miss Ffrench bent down and picked up her hyacinths. She wondered, as she bent down, what her reply would be.

"Will you believe *me?*" she asked, as she rose up again.

"Yes, ma'am," she was answered, "I know I may do it—thank God!"

"Yes, you may," said Miss Ffrench, without flinching in the least. "I can have no feeling for or against him. I can have no end to serve, one way or the other. It is not true. It is a lie. He is all you have believed."

She helped her to rise, and made her sit down again in an easy-chair, and then herself withdrew a little, and stood leaning against the window, looking at her.

"He has done more good in Broxton than any other man who lives," she said. "He has made it what it is. The people who hate him and speak ill of him are those he has benefited most. It is the way of their class, I have heard before, and now I believe it to be true. They have said worse things of men who deserve them as little as he does. He has enemies whom he has conquered, and they will never forgive him."

She discovered a good many things to say, having once begun, and she actually found a kind of epicurean enjoyment in saying them in a manner the most telling. She always liked to do a thing very well.

But, notwithstanding this, the time seemed rather long before she was left alone to think the matter over.

Before she had said many words her visitor was another woman. Life's color came back to her, and she sat crying softly, tears of sheer joy and relief.

"I knowed it couldn't be true," she said. "I knowed it, an' oh! thank you, ma'am, with all a mother's heart!

"To think," she said, smiling and sobbing, "as I should have been so wicked as to let it weigh on me, when I knowed so well as it couldn't never be. I should be almost 'shamed to look him in the face if I didn't know how good he was, an' how ready he'd be to forgive me."

When at last she was gone, Miss Ffrench threw herself into the chair she had left, rather languidly. She was positively tired.

As she did so she heard a sound. She rose hastily and turned toward the folding-doors leading into the adjoining room. They had been partially closed and as she turned they were pushed aside and some one came through them.

It was Jem Haworth.

He was haggard and disheveled and as he approached her he walked unsteadily.

"I was in there through it all," he said, "and I heard every word."

She was herself again, at once. She knew she had not been herself ten minutes before.

"Well," she said.

He came up and stood near her—an almost abject tremor upon him.

"Will you listen to what I have got to say?" he said.

She made a cold gesture of assent.

"If she'd gone to some and heard what they had to tell," he said, "it would have killed her. It's well she came here."

She saw the dark color rush to his face and knew what was coming.

"It's all true, by ——" he burst out, "every word of it!"

"When I was in there," he went on, with a gesture toward the other room, "I swore I'd tell you. Make the best and the worst of it. It's all true—that and more."

He sat down in a chair and rested his forehead on his hands.

"Things has begun to go agen me," he said. "They never did before. I've been used to tell myself there was a kind of luck in keeping it hid from her. Th' day it comes on her, full force, I'm done for. I said in there you should know, at least. It's all true."

"I knew it was true," remarked Miss Ffrench, "all the time."

"*You* knew!" he cried out. "*You!*"

"I have known it from the first," she answered. "Did you think it was a secret?"

He turned hot and cold as he looked at her.

"Then, by George, you'd a reason for saying what you did. What was it?"

She remained silent, looking out of the open window across the flower-bright garden. She watched a couple of yellow butterflies eddying above a purple hyacinth for several seconds before she spoke, and then did so slowly and absently.

"I don't know the reason," she said. "It was a strange thing for *me* to do."

"It wasn't to save *me* aught," he returned. "That's plain enough."

"No," she answered, "it was not to save you. I am not given to pitying people, but I think that for the time I wanted to save *her*. It was a strange thing," she said, softly, "for *me* to do."

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHRISTIAN MURDOCH.

CHRISTIAN had never spoken to Murdoch openly of his secret labor. He was always aware that she knew and understood; he had seen her knowledge in her face almost from the first, but they had exchanged no words on the subject. He had never wavered from his resolve since he had made it. Whatever his tasks had been in the day, or however late his return was at night, he did not rest until he had given a certain number of hours to this work. Often Christian and his mother, wakening long after midnight, heard him moving about in his closed room. He grew gaunt and hollow-eyed, but he did not speak of what he was doing, and they never knew whether he was hopeful or despairing.

Without seeing very much of the two women, he still found himself led to think of them constantly. He was vaguely conscious that since their interview in the graveyard, he had never felt free from Christian Murdoch. More than once her mother's words came back to him with startling force. "She sits and looks on and says nothing. She asks nothing, but her eyes force me to speak."

He always knew that she was watching him. Often he looked up and met her glance, and somehow it was always a kind of shock to him. He knew that she was wondering and asking herself questions she could not ask him.

"If I gave it up or flagged," he told himself, "she would know without my saying a word."

There had grown in her a beauty of a dark, foreign type. The delicate olive of her skin and the dense blackness of her eyes and hair caused her to be considered a novelty worth commenting upon by the men of Broxton society, which was of a highly critical nature. She went out a great deal as the spring advanced and began to know the place and people better. She developed a pathetic eagerness to make friends and understand those around her. One day, she went alone to Broxton Chapel and after sitting through one of Mr. Hixon's most sulphurous sermons, came home in a brooding mood.

"Why did you go?" Murdoch was roused to ask.

"I thought," she answered, "it might make me better. I thought I would try."

Not long afterward, when he had gone out of the house and she was left sitting with Mrs. Murdoch, she suddenly looked up from the carpet on which her eyes had been fixed and asked her a question.

"Is it true that I am beginning to be very handsome?" she demanded.

"Yes," Mrs. Murdoch answered, "it is true."

A dark cloud settled upon her face and her eyes fell again.

"I heard some men in the street speak aloud to each other about it," she said. "Do they speak so of *all* women who are handsome?"

"I don't know," her companion replied, surveying her critically and with some anxiety.

"They used to speak so of—*her*," she

said, slowly. "*She* was a beautiful woman. They were always telling her of it again and again, and I used to go and look at myself in the glass and be glad that I was thin and dark and ugly and that they laughed at me. I wanted to be hideous. Once, when I was a child, a man said: 'Never mind, she will be a beauty some day—like her mother!' and I flew at him and struck him, and then I ran away to my room and fell down upon my knees and said the first prayer I ever said in my life. I said, 'O God!—if there is a God—strike me dead! O God!—if there is a God—strike me dead!"

The woman who listened shuddered.

"*Am* I like—anybody?" she said next.

"I do not know," was the answer.

"I could not tell myself, if I were," she said. "I have watched for it for so long that I should not see it if it had come. I look every day. Perhaps I am and do not know. Perhaps that is why they look at me in the street, and speak of me aloud as I go by."

"HE HAS DONE MORE GOOD IN BROXTON THAN ANY OTHER MAN."

Her voice fell into a whisper. She threw herself upon her knees and laid her head upon the woman's lap.

"Cover me with your arms," she said. "Cover me so that you may not see my face."

She was constantly moved to these strange outbursts of feeling in these days. A few nights later, as he sat at work after midnight, Murdoch fancied that he heard a sound outside his door. He went to it and opened it and found himself confronting the girl as she sat crouched upon the lowest step of the stair-way.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I could not go to sleep," she answered. "I could not stop thinking of what you were doing. It seemed as if I should have a little share in it if I were here. Are you," —almost timidly,—"are you tired?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am tired."

"Are you—any nearer?"

"Sometimes I think so,—but so did he." She rose slowly.

"I will go away," she said. "It would only disturb you to know I was here."

She moved a step upward and then paused uncertainly.

"You told me once," she said, "that there was no reason why I should not be as good and happy as any other woman. Are you sure of what you said?"

"For God's sake, do not doubt in that way," he said.

She stood looking down at him, one hand resting upon the balustrade, her dark eyes wild with some strange emotion.

"I lie awake at night a great deal," she said, "and I am always thinking of what has gone by. Sometimes—lately—I have wished that—I had forgiven her."

"I have wished so too," he answered.

"I know that," she returned. "But I did not and it is too late. Everything is over for her and it is too late. For a long time I was glad, but now—I suppose I am repenting. She did not repent. She suffered, but she did not repent. I think I am repenting."

When he returned to his room he found he could not settle down to work again. He walked up and down restlessly for some time, and at last threw himself upon the bed and lay wide awake thinking in the darkness.

It always cost him a struggle to shut out the world and life and concentrate himself upon his labor in those days. A year before it would have been different, now there was always a battle to be fought. There were dreams to be held at bay and memories which his youth and passion made overwhelming forces.

But to-night, somehow, it was Christian Murdoch who disturbed him. There had been a terrible wistfulness in her voice—a wistfulness mingled with long-repressed fear, which had touched him more than all. And so, when sleep came to him, it happened that her figure stood out alone from all others before him, and was his last thought.

Among those whom Christian Murdoch learned to know was Janey Briarley. She saw her first in the streets, and again in Mrs. Murdoch's kitchen, where she occasionally presented herself, attired in the huge apron, to assist in a professional capacity upon "cleanin' days." The baby having learned to walk, and Mr. Briarley being still an inactive member of the household, it fell upon Janey and her mother to endeavor to add, by such efforts as lay in their power, to their means of providing for the eleven. With the assistance of the apron, Janey was enabled to make herself generally useful upon all active occasions.

"Hoo's a little thing, but hoo's a sharp un," Mrs. Briarley was wont to say. "Hoo con work like a woman. I dunnot know what I'd ha' done wi'out her. Yo' try her, Missus, an' see."

She spent each Saturday afternoon in Mrs. Murdoch's kitchen, and it was not long before Christian drifted into an acquaintance with her. The first time she saw her on her knees before the fire-place, surrounded by black-lead brushes, bath-brick, and "pipe-clay" and vigorously polishing the fender, she stopped short to look at her.

"How old are you?" she asked, after a little while.

"I'm twelve, goin' on thirteen," was the reply, without any cessation of the rubbing.

The girl leaned against the side of the mantel and surveyed her critically.

"You don't look that old," she said.

"Aye, but I do," returned the child, "i' tha looks at my face. I'm stunted wi' nussin', that's what mak's me so little."

She gave her face a sharp turn upward, that it might be seen.

"I've had enow to mak' me look owd, I con tell thee," she remarked.

The interest she saw in her countenance inspired her. She became comparatively garrulous upon the subject of the family anxieties. "Feyther" figured in his usual unenviable rôle, and Granny Dixon was presented in strong colors, but finally she pulled herself up and changed the subject with startling suddenness.

"I've seed thee mony a toime afore," she said, "an' I've heerd folk talk about thee. I nivver heerd *him* say owt about thee, though."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Christian, with a little frown.

"Mester Murdoch. We used to see a

good deal on him at th' start, but we dunnot see him so often i' these days. He's getten other places to go to. Th' quality mak' a good deal on him."

She paused and sat up, polishing brush in hand.

"I dunnot wonder as they say yo're han'some," she volunteered.

"Who says so?" coldly.

"Th' men in th' Works an' th' foak as sees yo' i' th' street. Some on 'em says you're han'somer than her—an' that's sayin' a good bit, yo' know."

"'Her' is Miss Ffrench?"

"Aye. Yo' dunnot dress as foine, an' yo're dark-skinned, but theer's summat noice about yo'. I dunnot wonder as they say yo're han'some."

"Never mind talking about that. Tell me about something else."

The termination of the interview left them on sufficiently good terms.

Janey went home with a story to tell.

"She's crossed th' seas," she said, "an' lived i' furrin parts. She's getten queer ways an' she stares at a body—but I loike her fur aw that."

"Been i' furrin parts!" exclaimed Mrs. Briarley. "Bless us! No wonder th' poor thing's a bit heathenish. Hast tha ivver seed her at chapel, Jane Ann?"

The fact that she had not been seen at chapel awakened grave misgivings as to the possible presence of popery and the "scarlet woman," which objectionable female figured largely and in most unpleasant guise in the discourses of Brother Hixon.

"Theer's no knowin' what th' poor lass has been browt up to," said the good matron, "livin' reet under th' Pope's nose an' nivver darin' to say her soul's her own. I nivver had no notion o' them furrin parts mysen. Gie me Lancashire."

But the next week the girl made her visit to the chapel and sat throughout the sermon with her steadfast black eyes fixed upon the Reverend Mr. Hixon. Once, during a moment of inflammatory eloquence, that gentleman, suddenly becoming conscious of her gaze, stopped with a start and with difficulty regained his equilibrium, though Christian did not flinch at all, or seem to observe his alarm and confusion.

She cultivated Janey with an odd persistence after this. She asked her questions concerning her life and experiences and always seemed to find her interesting. Often Janey was conscious of the fact that she stood and looked at her for some time with an air of curiosity.

"Do you," she asked her suddenly one day, "do you believe all that man says to you?"

Janey started into a sitting posture, as was her custom when roused in the midst of her labors.

"Eh! bless us! Yes," she exclaimed. "Dunnot yo'?"

"No."

"Recollections of the "scarlet woman" flashed across her young hearer's mind.

"Art tha a Papist?" she gasped.

"No—not yet."

"Art tha," Janey asked, breathlessly,—"art tha goin' to be?"

"I don't know."

"An' tha—tha does na believe what Mester Hixon says?"

"No—not yet."

"What does tha believe?"

She stared up at the dark young face aghast. It was quite unmoved. The girl's eyes were fixed on space.

"Nothing."

"Wheer—wheer does tha expect to go when tha dees?"

"I don't know," she said, coldly; "very often I don't care."

Janey dropped her brush and forgot to pick it up.

"Why, bless thee!" she exclaimed with some sharpness and also with the manner of one presenting the only practical solution of a difficulty, "tha'lt go to hell, i' tha does na repent!"

The girl turned her eyes upon her.

"Does it all depend on that?" she demanded.

"Aye, to be sure," she replied, testily. "Does na tha know that?"

"Then," said Christian, slowly, "I shall not go to hell—for I am repenting."

And she turned about and walked away.

(To be continued.)

IN A SNAILERY.

BULIMUS, CYCLOSTOMA AND OTHER TROPICAL SNAILS.

TWO-THIRDS of the persons to whom I show the little land and fresh-water mollusks in my snailery either start back with an "Oh! the horrid things!" which causes me some amusement, or else gaze straight out of the window, saying languidly, "How interesting!" which hurts my pride. I confess, therefore, that it is contrary to experience to attempt to interest magazine readers with an account of

> "Ye little snails, with slippery tails,
> Who noiselessly travel across my gravel."

Yet why not? Snails are of vast multitude and variety, ancient race, graceful form, dignified manners, industrious habits, and gustatory excellence; *quod est demonstrandum.*

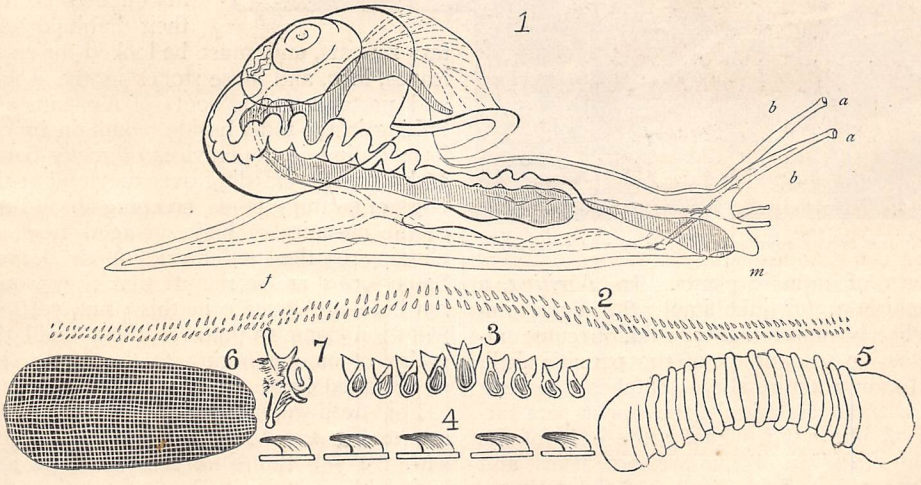
Snails differ from other gasteropodous mollusks chiefly in that they are provided with lungs, and thereby are fitted to live in air, instead of water. Hence all true snails are terrestrial. As the snail crawls upon a cabbage leaf, all that you can see of the body is the square head bearing two long and two short horns, with the muscular base tapering behind. There is an oily skin, and on the back is borne a shell containing the rest of the body, twisted up in its spiral chamber. Extending along the whole under surface of the body is the tough corrugated disk upon which the animal creeps.

This foot is the last part of the body to be withdrawn into the shell, and to its end, in a large division of pulmonate as well as marine mollusks, is attached a little horny valve which just fits the aperture of the shell and completely stops it up when the animal is within. This is called the operculum. The foot secretes a viscid fluid which greatly facilitates exertion by lubricating the path, and snails may often be traced to their hiding-places by a silvery trail of dried slime. So tenacious is this exudation that some species can hang in mid-air by spinning out a mucous thread; but, unlike the spider, have not the power to retrace their way by reeling in the gossamer cable. The slime also serves the naked species as a protection, birds and animals disliking the sticky, disgusting fluid; and serves others as a weapon, seeming to benumb whatever small creature it touches. The *Oleacina*, of Cuba, thus frequently is able to feed upon mollusks of twice its strength.

The snail possesses an elaborate anatomy for the performance of all the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, and reproduction. A collar of nervous matter encircles the throat, whence two trunks carry nerves throughout the body, and filaments pass forward to the "horns," the longer and superior pair of which end in minute eyes and are called "eye-stalks," while the shorter pair are only tactile organs, and hence "feelers." These tentacles are as expressive as a mule's ears, giving an appearance of listless enjoyment when they hang down, and an immense alertness if they are rigid, as happens when the snail is on a march. The eyes are of little real use, being excelled for service by the senses of smell and taste, and it is doubtful whether the nerves generally are very sensitive, since a slug will be eaten without manifesting pain.

It is not surprising, perhaps, to find great tenacity of life in so lowly an animal, but Spallanzani, whose experiments with bats are celebrated, was the first to ascertain that not only parts of the head, but even the whole head might be reproduced, although not always. The shell is easily and frequently repaired, though hastily and not with the fine workmanship of the original.

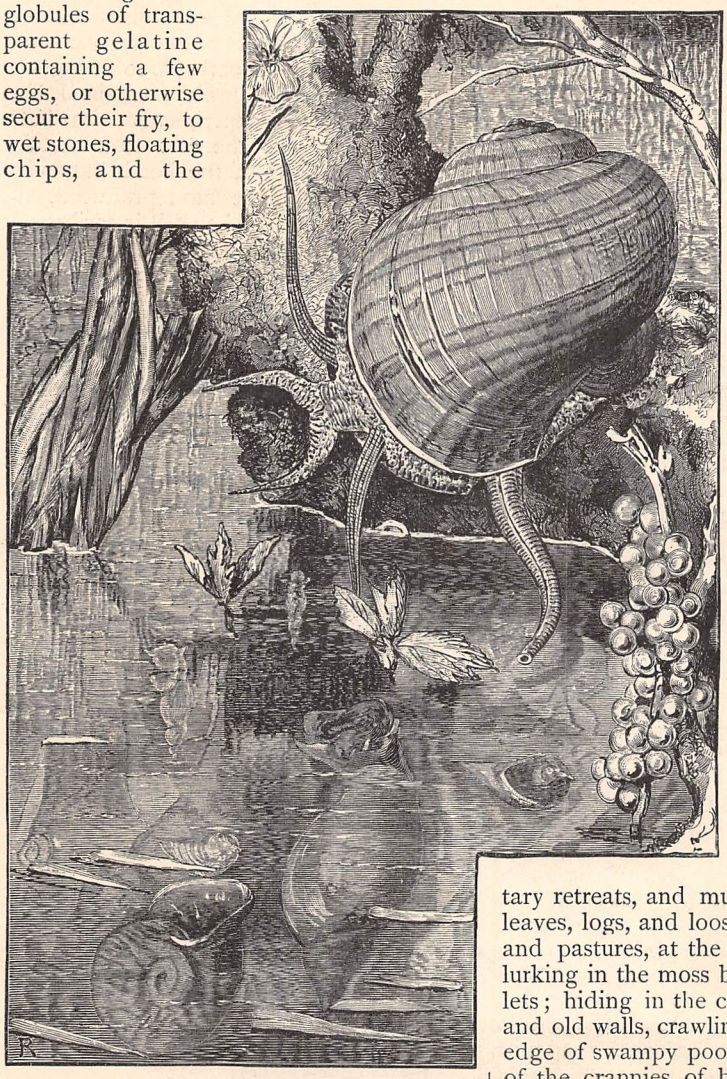
The pulmonates unite both sexes in one individual, but it requires the mutual union of two individuals to fertilize the eggs. The eggs are laid in May or June, when large numbers of snails gather in sunny places. When about to lay, the snail burrows into damp soil or decaying leaves, underneath a log or in some other spot sheltered from the sun's rays, and there drops a cluster of thirty to fifty eggs looking like homeopathic pills. Three or four such deposits are made, and abandoned. This is the ordinary method of the genus *Helix*, but some of the land and all the pond snails present variations. The ova of slugs are attached by the ends in strings, like a rosary, and many deposits are made during the year. *Bulimus* and other South American genera isolate each egg, which sometimes is as large as a pigeon's. *Vitrina* and *Suc-*



ANATOMY OF THE COMMON WHITE-LIPPED HELIX.

1. *a a*, eyes; *b b*, eye-stalks; *f*, foot; *m*, mouth. 2, a double row of teeth. 3, teeth highly magnified 4. same—side-view. 5, jaw. 6, tongue showing the surface covered with rows of teeth. 7, mouth.

cinea glue them in masses upon stones and the stems of plants, while the tropical *Bulimi* cement the leaves of trees together to form nests for their progeny. The pond-snails hang little globules of transparent gelatine containing a few eggs, or otherwise secure their fry, to wet stones, floating chips, and the leaves of aquatic plants. In *Neritina*, a brackish water inhabitant, the eggs, immediately upon being laid, become attached to the surface of the parent's shell, and when the embryo hatches the egg splits about the middle, the upper part lifting off like a lid. Lastly, the eggs of the stout *Paludinæ* of our western lakes and rivers are not laid at all, but the embryos hatch out in the oviduct.



THE HOME OF THE POND-SNAIL; EGGS OF THE APPLE-SNAIL.

Under the microscope the translucent egg-envelopes present a beautiful appearance, being studded with glistening crystals of lime, so that the infant within seems to wear a gown embroidered with diamonds. Ordinarily the young snail gnaws his way out in about twenty or thirty days after the laying of the egg; but eggs laid in the autumn often remain unchanged until spring; and, indeed, may keep many years if they remain cool or dry. The vitality of snails' eggs almost passes belief. They have been so completely dried as to be friable between the fingers, and desiccated in a furnace until reduced to almost invisible minuteness, yet always have regained their original bulk upon exposure to damp, and the young have been developed with the same success as from eggs not handled.

More or less wholly dependent on moisture, the young snails at once seek out their habitual solitary retreats, and must be looked for under leaves, logs, and loose stones in the woods and pastures, at the roots of fern-tufts and lurking in the moss beside mountain brooklets; hiding in the crevices of rocky banks and old walls, crawling over the mud at the edge of swampy pools, creeping in and out of the crannies of bark on aged trees, or clinging to the under side of the leaves. Some forms are so minute that they would not hide the letter o in this print, yet you will soon come to perceive them amid the grains of mud adhering to the under side of a soaked chip.

For fresh-water species, various resorts are to be searched. Go to the torrents with rocky bottoms for the paludinas and periwinkles *(Melania)*; to quiet brooks for physas and coil-shells; to stagnant pools in the wet ooze and the reeking swamps for lim-

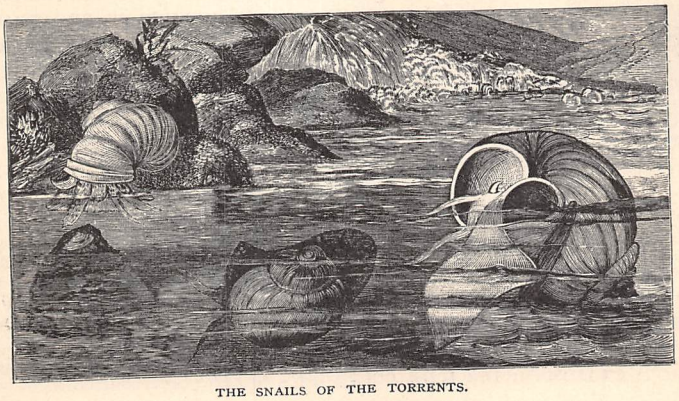
neas. I know no better place in the world for pond snails than the tule marshes of the Pacific slope, where hundreds of the great graceful *Limnea stagnalis* lie among the rotting vegetation, or float upside down at the surface of the still water. But some of the fresh-water mollusks remain most of the time at the bottom, coming to the surface only to breathe now and then, and to get their shells it is necessary to use a sieve-bottomed dipper, or some sort of dredge. When the water becomes low they bury themselves in the mud; it is therefore always profitable, late in the summer, to rake out the bottom of mud-holes where the water has entirely disappeared. Another plan is gently to pull up the water-weeds by the roots, and cleanse them in a basin of water. You will thus secure many very small species. Experience will quickly teach the collector where he may expect to find this and that kind, and that some caution and much sharpness of observation are necessary, since some species by their naturally dead tints, and others by a coating of mud, assimilate themselves so nearly to their surroundings as easily to be overlooked.

The shell is increased rapidly for the first two or three years, and the delicate lines of increment, parallel with the outlines of the aperture, are readily visible on all the larger specimens. Various other signs indicate youth or adult age in the shell.

Mollusks prosper best, *cæteris paribus*, in a broken landscape, with plenty of lime in the soil. The reason, no doubt, why the West India islands, the Cumberland mountains, and similar regions are so peculiarly rich in shells of every sort, is that a ravine-cut surface and a wide area of limestone rocks characterize those districts; on the other hand, it is not surprising that I found nine-tenths of the Rocky Mountain species to be minute, since the geology is represented by sandstone and volcanic rocks. Hot springs are very likely to be inhabited by mollusks, even when the temperature exceeds 100° Fahr., and the waters are very strongly impregnated with mineral salts.

THE UNDER SIDE OF A WET CHIP.

Snails are mainly vegetarians, and all their mouth-parts and digestive organs are fitted for this diet. Just beneath the lower tentacles is the mouth, having on the upper lip a crescent-shaped jaw of horny texture, with a knife-like, or sometimes saw-like, cutting-edge. The lower lip has nothing of this kind, but in precisely the same attitude as our tongue, is arranged a lingual membrane, long, narrow and cartilaginous, which may be brought up against the cutting-edge of the upper jaw. This "tongue" is studded with rows of infinitesimal silicious "teeth," 11,000 of which are possessed by our common white-lipped helix, although its ribbon is not a quarter of an inch long. All these sharp denticles point backward, so that the tongue acts not only as a rasp, but takes a firm hold upon the food. On holding the more transparent snails up to the light it is easy to see how they eat, and you can hear a nipping noise as the semi-circular piece is bitten out of the leaf.



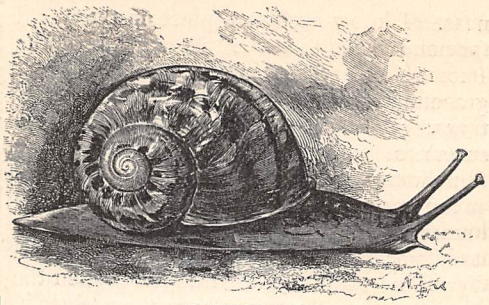
THE SNAILS OF THE TORRENTS.

Their voracity often causes immense devastation, particularly in England, where the great gray slugs will ruin a garden in one night, if the gardener is not daily on the watch. Our own strawberries sometimes suffer, but a border of sawdust, sand or ashes around the bed is an adequate protection in dry weather. In trying to cross it the marauders become so entangled in the particles adhering to their slimy bodies, that they exhaust themselves in the attempt to get free. They also are very fond of fungi, including many poisonous kinds.

SPORTIVE SLUGS.

At the first hint of frost our snail feels the approach of a resistless lassitude, and, creeping under some moldering log or half-buried bowlder, it attaches itself, aperture upward, by exuding a little glue, and settles itself for a season of hibernating sleep. Withdrawing into the shell, the animal throws across the aperture a film of slimy mucus, which hardens as tight as a miniature drum-head. As the weather becomes colder, the creature draws itself a little farther in, and makes another "epiphragm," and so on until often five or six protect the animal sleeping snugly coiled in the deepest recesses of his domicile.

This state of torpidity is so profound that all the ordinary functions of the body cease, —respiration being so entirely suspended that chemical tests are said to discover no change from its original purity in the air within the epiphragm. Thus the snail can pass without exhaustion the long cold



AN EDIBLE SNAIL.

months of the North, when it would be impossible for it to secure its customary food. The reviving sun of spring only interrupts this deep slumber, and the period of awakening is therefore delayed with the season, according to the varying natures of the different species. At any time, however, an artificial raising of the temperature breaks the torpor, the warmth of the hand being enough to set the heart beating. Extreme drouth also will cause snails to seal their doors hermetically, without even hanging a card-basket outside. This is to shut off the evaporation of their bodily moisture, and happens in midsummer; hence it is termed æstivation. Certain slugs *(Testacellidæ)* which have no shells are able to protect themselves under the same circumstances by a gelatinous appendage of the mantle, which, in case of sudden change of temperature, can be extended like an outer mantle, so to speak, from its place of storage, under the "buckler," and having wrapped themselves, they burrow into the soil. These carnivorous testacelles are the fiercest of all their race, and one might be excused for quoting:

> "But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
> With his martial cloak around him."

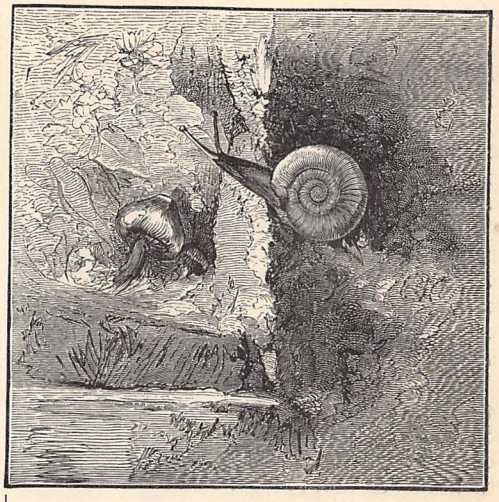
Snails are found in the most barren deserts and on the smallest islands all over the globe, reaching to near the line of perpetual snow on mountains, and restricted only by the arctic boundary of vegetation. There is a great difference between the snails of the tropics and those of high latitudes,—size, number of species in a given district, and intensity of color decreasing as you go away from the equator. But this statement must be taken in a very general sense.* Different

* Mr. A. R. Wallace's late work, "Tropical Nature," contained a long series of observations upon the colors of terrestrial mollusks among other animals. In two articles in "Science News," Vol. I., pp. 52 and 84, Mr. Thomas Bland studies Wallace's principles in their application to American snails, and finds that color is a matter of less account than it has hitherto been considered to be.

quarters of the globe are characterized by special groups of land mollusks as of other animals,—thus, *Achatinella*, with 300 species, is confined to the Sandwich Islands. But *Helix*,—the true snail,—with its many subgenera and 2,000 species, is absolutely cosmopolitan. The fresh-water forms, also, are spread everywhere, except in Australia, and flourish in cold countries, *Pupa* having the hardihood to live nearer the north pole than any other known shell. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that, however erratic and extensive may be the range of the genera to which they belong, the majority of the species of pulmonates of all sorts have an extremely limited habitat, in some cases comprising only a few square rods. A second noteworthy fact, obtaining in no other extensive group of animals, is, that many more species of land shells exist in the islands than on the continents of the world. Mr. A. R. Wallace accounts for this curious fact by explaining how certain influences make islands—particularly if long insulated—more productive than continents, and at the same time liable to be deficient in enemies to snails.

How has this curious distribution come to pass? How have seemingly impassable barriers been overcome, so that closely related forms are now found at the antipodes?

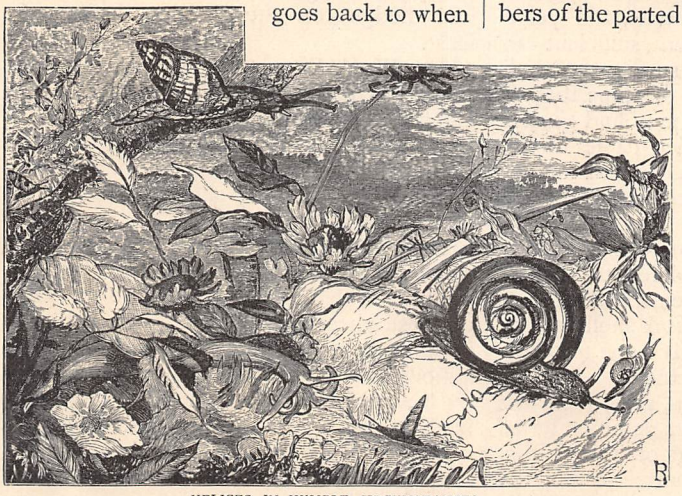
Snails are of domestic tastes—Appelles painted them as types of the praiseworthy housewife—and slow of pace, as a list of poetical persons are ready to stand up and testify; but they have had a long time in which to "get a good ready," first to start, and afterward to accomplish their travels, since their existence as a race goes back to when



AN ALIEN IN THE CELLAR.

dark forests of ferns waved their heavy fronds over the inky palæozoic bogs. Distance disappears in the presence of such prodigious time. Lands like our Western plains, now an arid waste impassable to mollusks, in bygone ages were clothed with dense and limitless verdure, where every form of terrestrial life abounded. Between the present and even the laying down of those cretaceous sandstones that make the soil of our level plains, the Rocky Mountains have been elevated from an altitude at which any mollusk could probably have lived upon their summits, until now they may be a barrier to many species. Such changes may have happened anywhere, again and again, and thus the two halves of a community been divided. In succeeding centuries the members of the parted sections may have diverged in their development, until on this side of a mountain range, or desert, or sea, we now find one set of species and on that side another set, which belong to the same genera, and may in some cases be proved, as well as surmised, to have had an identical origin.

But the main explanation of their dispersion is undoubtedly to be found in a land connection once existing between the different islands of present archipelagoes, and between these and the



HELICES IN HUMBLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

neighboring mainlands. It has been pretty satisfactorily demonstrated that during the glacial period the oceans must have been drained of water representing a universal depth of 1,000 feet, in order to construct the enormously thick ice-caps which covered the polar hemispheres. This would expose a vast area of shallows, before and since deeply submerged, across which snails might easily migrate to other latitudes; when, at the end of the glacial period, the melted ice reclaimed the shallows, the snails would be left colonized upon the high points now widely separated by water.

More casual circumstances have always contributed to this world-wide distribution. Snails frequently conceal themselves in crevices of bark, or firmly attach themselves to branches and foliage, and thus might be drifted long distances, since they are able to resist starvation for an immense period, and protect themselves against injury from salt water or excessive heat by means of opercula and epiphragms. Violent storms might frequently transport living shells a considerable distance; aquatic birds carry them or their eggs from pond to pond attached to feet or plumage.

The astonishing vitality of the snails in every stage of existence favors the theory that they endure such accidental means of travel and thrive at the end of it. Professor Morse records that he has seen certain species frozen in solid blocks of ice, and afterward regain their activity; and enduring an equal extreme of heat, where the sun's rays crisped the leaves for weeks together, without any bad effect. They have been shut up for years in pill-boxes, glued for years to tablets in museums, and yet a trifle of moisture has been sufficient to resuscitate them. They survive so well being buried in the ballast of ships that at every seaport, almost, you may find species imported in that way, which came to life when the ballast was dumped at the time of unloading. That birds occasionally carry them about is well verified.

Such are some of the methods of dispersion. Yet students are obliged to confess that the causes of the present puzzling geographical distribution of land shells are so complex that we can hardly hope to determine them with much exactness.

Snails, being great eaters, meet their just reward in being eaten. The paludine forms are sought after by all sorts of water birds, particularly ducks and rails; while the thrushes and other birds crush the shells of the land snails and extract their juicy bodies. The woodland birds, however, will not eat the naked-bodied slugs: the slime sticks to their beaks and soils their feathers; but the ducks seem to have no such dainty prejudices. Some mammals, like the raccoons and wood-rats, also eat them; insects suck their juices, and the carnivorous slugs prey upon one another. Lastly, man, the greatest enemy of the brute creation, employs several species of snails for culinary purposes. By the Romans they were esteemed a great delicacy, and portions of plantations were set apart for the cultivation of the large, edible *Helix pomatia*, where they were fattened by the thousand upon bran sodden in wine. From Italy this taste spread throughout the Old World, and colonies are yet found in Great Britain where the Roman encampments were. They are still regarded as a delicacy in Italy and France, the favorite method of preparation being to boil in milk, with plenteous seasoning. Frank Buckland says that several of the larger English species are excellent food for hungry people, and recommends them either boiled in milk, or, in winter, raw, after soaking for an hour in salt and water. Some of the French restaurants in London have them placed regularly upon their bills of fare. Thousands are collected annually and sent to London as food for cage-birds. Dr. Edward Gray stated, a few years ago, that immense quantities were shipped alive to the United States "as delicacies"; but I am inclined to consider this an exaggeration. The same author records that the glassmen at Newcastle once a year have a snail feast, collecting the animals in the fields and hedges on the Sunday before the feast.

Mr. W. G. Binney, for whom a sirup of snails was prescribed by two regular physicians in Paris in 1863, points out how old is the belief that land mollusks possess valuable medicinal qualities. In the Middle Ages the rudimentary shell of the slug acquired a high rank among the numerous bezoars and amulets which were supposed to protect the body from evil influences, and to impart health and activity. The accounts of these virtues, copied from one author to another, have perpetuated the early superstitions until it is difficult to overcome them by the light of the present day, when even in England, snails are supposed to possess curative properties in cases of lung trouble. A full relation of all the absurdities which gained credence, would form a curious and

marvelous page in the history of credulity. They have also, from very early times, been used in the preparation of cosmetic; and the water procured from them by distillation was much celebrated and employed by ladies, no longer than two or three centuries ago, to impart whiteness and freshness to the complexion.

In this country no such fanciful notions have ever gained credence. The snails are too habitually hidden to attract the attention of any but a few, and even when their existence is known, they are unfortunately regarded with such a disgust as would preclude any acceptance of them, either for food or medicine.

Yet why this disgust? Snails are of ancient race, vast variety, graceful shape, dignified bearing, industrious and peaceful habits, edible and curative properties; *quod erat demonstrandum.*

HOLY RUSSIA.

HAVE you heard how Holy Russia
  Is guarded, night and day,
By saints gone home to the world of light,
  Yet watching her realm for aye?—
Nicholas, Vladimir, Michael,
  Catharine, Olga, Anna;
Barbara, borne from her silent tower
  To the angels' glad hosanna;
Cyril, Ivan, Alexander,
  Sergius, Feodor;
Basil, the bishop beloved,
  And a thousand, thousand more.
They walk the streets of the city,
  Waving their stately palms,
And the river that runs by the Father's throne
  Keeps time to their joyous psalms.
But they do not forget, in their rapture,
  The land of their love below;
Blessing they send to its poorest friend,
  Defiance to proudest foe.
So in cloister, and palace, and cottage,
  Cathedral, and wayside shrine,
We cherish their sacred Icons,
  Token of care divine;
And with beaten gold in fret and fold,
  And gems the Czar might wear,
And costliest pearls of the Indian seas,
  We make their vesture fair.
We set them along our altars
  In many a gorgeous row,
The blessed Savior in their midst,
  And the Virgin, pure as snow;
And lamps we hang before them,
  Soft as the star that shines
In the rosy west, when the purple clouds
  Drift dark above the pines.
The deep chants ring; the censers swing
  In wreaths of fragrance by;
And there we bend, while our prayers ascend
  To their waiting hearts on high;
And our Lord, and Mary Mother,

With faces sweet and grave,
Remembering all their tears and woes,
Grant every boon they crave.

Have you heard that each true-born Russian,
Child of the Lord in baptism,
Receives some name of the shining ones
With the touch of the precious chrism?—
And the saint, thenceforth, is his angel;
Ready, through gloom or sun,
To share his sorrows and cheer his way
Till his earthly years are done.
When friends have fled, and love is lost,
And hope in his bosom dies,
There's a gleam of wings athwart the sky,
And the peace of Paradise
Falls on his soul as the gentle dew
Descends on the parching plain,—
And he knows that his angel heard his sighs
And stooped to heal his pain.
Nor cares he when, or where, or how
The hour of his death may come,
For the Lord of the saints will welcome him,
And his angel bear him home.
And, to mark his faith's devotion,
As a jewel of love and pride
He bears on his breast forever
The cross of the Crucified;—
Bright with rubies and diamonds,
Fashioned of silver and gold,
Or only carved from the cedar
That grows on the windy wold;
Cut from a stone of the Ourals,
Or the amber that strews the shore;—
Close to his heart he wears it
Till his pulses beat no more.

O happy, holy Russia!
Thrice favored of the Lord!
Around whose towers, when danger lowers,
The saints keep watch and ward!
She need not fear the marshaled hosts
Of her haughtiest Christian foe;
Nor Islam's hate, though at Moscow's gate
The stormy bugles blow!
Fair will her eagle banners float
Above Sophia's dome,
When heaven shall bring her righteous Czar
In triumph to his Rome;
And Constantine and Helena
Will "Alleluia!" cry
To see the cross victorious
In their imperial sky.
Ah! what a day when all the way
To Marmora's sunny sea—
From Finland's snows to fields of rose—
Shall Holy Russia be!

THE STICKEEN RIVER AND ITS GLACIERS.

FACE OF THE GREAT GLACIER, STICKEEN RIVER.

A DETENTION of a month at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, awaiting the means of transportation back to Portland, Oregon, gave me the opportunity of making a trip up the Stickeen River, which empties into the Pacific a few miles north of the fort, and of seeing its glaciers, the principal one of which, the "Great Glacier," being, it is said, one of the largest in the world. Embarking with a pleasant party from the post, one beautiful July morning, on one of the boats carrying passengers and supplies to the head-waters of the river; with a supply of water-proofs and gum-boots for the glacier, with sketching materials, fishing-tackle, shot-guns and rifles, besides cards, organ and violin,—we were, in a few minutes, steaming away toward our destination. The passengers, besides our party, were a Mrs. Lovell, who was on the way to join her husband at Glenora, a town at the head of the river, and Mr. Colbraith, the principal merchant at the Cassiar mines. Rounding a point half a mile from the wharf, the mouth of the Stickeen came in view; at ten A. M. we were fairly in it, and then the character of the scenery began to change from that of the coast. We had left behind us mountains, high and wooded, but here they became higher and more rugged and were occasionally capped with snow. New beauties presented themselves every moment until the sun set and it became too dark to see anything. We were to stop that night at a landing called "Bucks," just opposite to the "Great Glacier," and, as the captain had promised in the morning to give us an opportunity of going over on the ice, we waited patiently, until we were securely tied up, when we "turned in," but not to sleep; for, although the night was chilly, from our nearness to the "Ice Mountain," the mosquitoes were terrible and the first streak of daylight saw us on deck. Opposite to us was the monster glacier, white and cold in

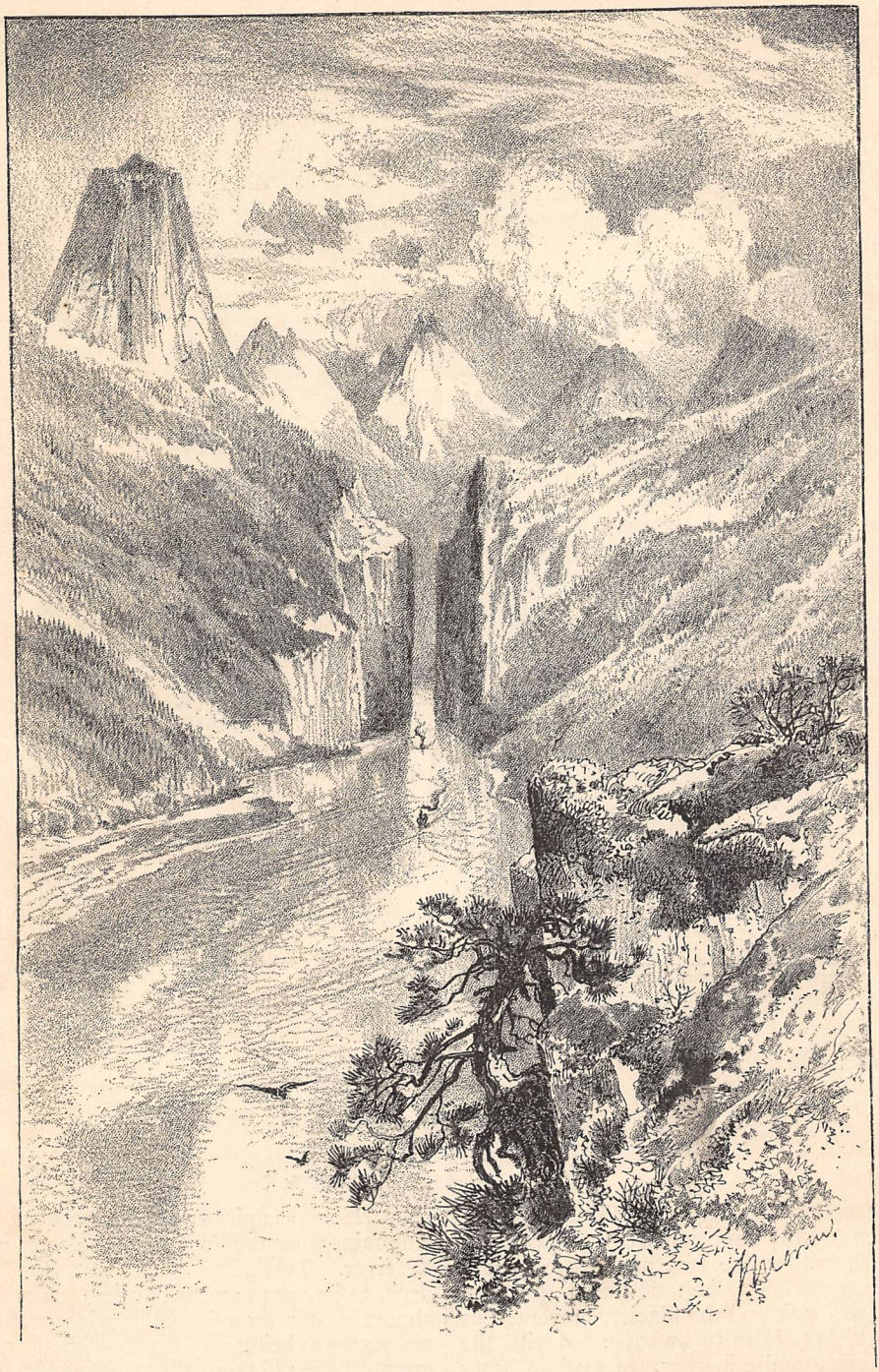
the uncertain morning light, but which, as the sun broke upon it, sparkled and glistened like miles of heaped-up jewels. From where we lay we could look out over the surface of the ice as it came out of the mountains, dipping with a gentle slope river of from six to seven hundred feet high and about seven miles wide. From where the pressure was removed, at the mouth of the gorge, great cracks and chasms showed themselves until, as the edge of the face was approached, the whole ice plain was

BABY GLACIER, FIVE MILES BELOW GREAT CAÑON, STICKEEN RIVER.

toward the river; immediately in front of us was the mountain-gorge, about two miles wide, through which it issued before spreading out into its fan-like shape which terminated in a perpendicular face next to the seen to be a net-work of cracks which appeared to run, with broken joints, to the very bottom of the glacier. As we looked into these fissures in the clear ice, from about one mile and a half distant, the pris-

VIEW FROM GLENORA, STICKEEN RIVER.

matic colors were superb. The surface of the ice has the appearance of being covered with snow, but the face of the precipice is all clear ice. The belt of timber, between the river-bank and the glacier, prevented us from seeing down to its base; but with the captain's promise in view, we made a hasty breakfast and immediately afterward the boat was loosened from its moorings and, running across, made a landing on the other bank. We were quickly ashore and started through the dense timber and undergrowth belt, which occupies the space between the "moraine" at the foot of the glacier and the river. This belt seemed to us, from the deck, to be very narrow, but being in reality almost a quarter of a mile wide and the undergrowth being very dense, with swampy ground here and there, the traveling through it was extremely difficult. It was climbing over and creeping under obstacles the whole way, and while both hands were occupied in putting aside branches or in climbing over fallen timbers, the mosquitoes were



BIG CAÑON.

feasting on the tenderest parts of our faces or endeavoring to explore the hidden recesses of our ears. At last, however, with numerous falls and with scratched hands and faces, we reached the great mass of moraine or ground-up rocks, which has been forced down in front of the "ice-plow" of the glacier. This is piled up in an im-

mense, irregular, tumulose mass one hundred feet high and about one-fourth of a mile wide, parallel to the whole length of the face of the glacier, and perfectly destitute of vegetable life. Up this we clambered and at last reached the top. Who can describe the sight which presented itself to our eyes? It was at once grand and terrible; for miles on either side of our standpoint stretched this perpendicular ice-cliff, towering above our heads, fissured and seamed with great cracks and chasms, in which such tints were seen as were never laid on painter's palette; here a block, as large as a church, split out from the face and just ready to fall, and then a rock, weighing tons, which had been brought down by the tedious but terribly irresistible movement of the glacier from the mountain-tops sixty miles away, caught in a crack and held there, as one would hold a nut between thumb and finger. We were about one-quarter of a mile distant from the face of the cliff; from the foot of the moraine next to the glacier an ice slope ascends, at an angle of from ten to fifteen degrees, which has been formed by the constant breaking off of immense blocks from the face. These fall in numberless pieces, melting and flowing down in the day-time, the water freezing again at night and gradually building up the slope solidly. The edge next to the moraine is quite thin, and the movement of the glacier pushing this plow ahead against it breaks up the edges in many places, forcing the pieces into miniature bridges which span, with their pointed arch, the tiny stream flowing between the ice-plow and the moraine, and emptying into the river miles above. After gazing at this wonder for a while from the top of the moraine, we went down its inside slope, and jumping the stream, found ourselves on the ice slope and on the back of our head simultaneously. From where we had first seen it the ascent looked perfectly easy, but when we all got upon it it was discovered that an epidemic of sitting down hard at intervals, and without due warning, had broken out in our party, and it was only by taking advantage of the pebbles imbedded here and there in the ice, that we could make any progress. Then, too, there were in the ice many water-washed holes of from two to four feet in diameter, which went down like wells to the ground beneath; and the idea of going far up the slope, slipping and coming down with the speed of a billiard ball to be fairly "pocketed" in one of these holes, deterred us from making any experiments. Even here on the ice the mosquitoes were most annoying and kept us moving our arms about like the fans of a wind-mill, but the sight was so grand that we felt as if we could not tear ourselves away. There was something in this mass of ice that fascinated one by its immensity. Members of the party a few hundred yards away looked like insects, and nothing was great but the ice, and that was clear, beautiful, majestic and awful. No one seemed inclined to talk, and the stillness was only broken by murmurs of admiration and wonder. I cannot learn that the surface of this glacier has ever been explored. There is a story current, however, that two Russian officers from the garrison at Sitka, years ago made the attempt and were never heard from again, having probably become bewildered and lost in the labyrinth of chasms that can be so distinctly seen from the other bank of the river. The Indians say that at one time the glacier crossed the Stickeen, and that an old Indian and his wife paddled their canoe under it, through the ice caverns and gleaming passages that were worn by the current. While many pleasing thoughts stole upon us as we looked up at the great ice-cliff, a prolonged whistle from the boat recalling us did not sound unwelcome, and we girt our loins for another struggle with the chaparral. Getting to the top of the moraine, we turned to have a last look, and then plunged down the slope into the bush, and after a long struggle reached the landing with disordered dresses, hats awry, hands full of the thorns of the "Devil's Club,"—thoroughly tired, and thirsty enough to drink dry all the water-butts on the boat. We soon scrambled over the gang-plank, and the lines having been let go, were on our way again. The scenery continued grand, peak after peak shooting up, not in ranges, but singly, each timbered to the snow line, and then reaching up bare and gray to the very heavens. Here and there a small glacier, starting from near the peak, reached one of the rocky gulches, and as its foot approached the warmer air below it melted into a stream, looking tiny in the miles of distance, and dashed down to join the water of the main stream,—a full-grown river, as cold as the ice itself and as clear as crystal, its purity showing half-way across our river before mingling with its muddiness. We staggered along bravely, making but little headway against this boiling, whirling torrent of a river until, having been

under way for a few hours, it was discovered that the tubes in the boiler were leaking. Being almost abreast of the site of the old Hudson Bay fort, we ran in and tied up. As soon as the boat was quiet, off came great clouds of mosquitoes from the woods and thick bushes, and we were driven to the invention of all sorts of contrivances to keep from being literally eaten alive. I thought that I had been in mosquito countries before; but, bless you, I was a babe in mosquito experience. They were business fellows too; did not sing and enjoy themselves as others of their class do, but possibly, knowing that the boat would not tarry long, wasted none of their valuable time but attended strictly to blood-letting. From where we lay the bushes ran back in great luxuriance, and with a perfect evenness of height for about a half-mile, the sameness being broken by great lone pines, spruce and hemlock, with here and there a gaunt dead tree. Beyond this the larger timber grew thicker, and the bushes were lost; the pine-covered country became more broken until it suddenly reared itself boldly toward the sky. The trees became more and more scattered, until but a few detached ones were to be seen, and then up, up to a dizzy height, the bare gray rocks towered to the clouds. Away up on the first *mélange* of mountains a small glacier was visible, from under the foot of which a tiny cascade threw itself over the precipice, but it was miles away, and when it reached us, just astern of the boat, it was a roaring, tumbling brook. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the tubes having been repaired, the fires were started; the hand of the steam-gauge soon showed the requisite amount of steam, and casting off the lines we were under way, and in a few minutes rid of the mosquitoes. Then, in anticipation of the night and sleep to come, we went to our state-room, closed all of the avenues of retreat, and with a towel, slightly wet at one end to give it weight, passed half an hour in an indiscriminate slaughter of all of the little pests that had not been driven out by the draught of air through the boat. Leaving all closed we slipped out, with the satisfaction of knowing that we had purchased for ourselves undisturbed rest, as far as these little nuisances were concerned, and climbed up to the pilot-house, where all of the party had collected to enjoy the scenery. Every moment brought fresh beauties, fresh surprises; mountain towered above mountain, —there was no sameness, every turn brought a picture characteristic in itself; the foreground the river, every inch of it covered with circular swirls as the water boiled up from the bottom in its rapid descent toward the ocean; now and then a great tree, shorn of its limbs and anchored to the bottom by its rock-laden roots and bowing and plunging in the torrent in its vain efforts to free itself; then the ragged banks, with their overhanging grasses, enormous ferns and the immense leaves of the "Devil's Club." The eye rested upon moss-covered bowlders half concealed in the soil, and followed the straggling, far-reaching roots that dipped and withdrew their long arms as they struck the current; the many-colored greens of the willows, alders, cotton-woods, British Columbia pines, spruce, hemlock and balsam, melted into the haze of distance, where the brownish-green pines began to show on the mountain-sides; then up and up traveled the delighted vision until the line of timber ceased, and the variously tinted mosses gave their tone to the scene; beyond this were gray and red masses of pitiless rocks in countless shapes; over the shoulders of these, in the deep blue of the great distance, other and higher peaks miles upon miles away. It was a perfect pandemonium of mountains; patches of snow lay on the sides and in the great fissures of the highest. Scores of "baby glaciers" were in sight, and on every hand thread-like streams of water poured down from the melting snow, leaping at times over thousands of feet of precipice, their volume dispersed in cloud-like vapor long before the bottom was reached; we all gazed in silence, exclamations of wonder and admiration breaking from our lips at intervals as our advance opened to us a view which seemed grander than anything that we had seen before. Finally the captain, pointing in the direction, shouted "There's the Mud Glacier!" All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and soon, away off to our left, over the trees, we caught sight of the face of a large glacier with a perpendicular bluff of ice, and immense heaps of lateral and terminal moraine. The trees soon hid it from view as we ran in under the bank to take advantage of an eddy, but running out again, further up, we brought it into full view about three miles away. This glacier is next in extent to the one visited by us in the morning, and as the river makes an enormous bend here, called the "Devil's Elbow," we were in sight of it for five hours, seeing it from all points; the flow of ice is from the mountains of the right bank, and

when one can first see it it sweeps out from a ravine which runs apparently parallel to the river, and then, turning at right angles, wends its difficult way through a cañon, directly toward us, always slightly descending as it advances until it reaches the mouth of the cañon, when it spreads out into the fan shape before alluded to, terminating abruptly in a precipice of ice some three hundred feet high; from this ice-face, back to where the glacier comes out of the cañon, the distance cannot be less than from seven to eight miles, and how much further it extends no one could tell us; its width, where it leaves the cañon, must be about one mile, while at its face it is about three. Its moraine is pushed out on each side and in front, and in one place on the side, it has surrounded a belt of timber, which, I am sure, must soon give way to the force of the moving ice. This is called the "Mud Glacier," from the fact of its surface being covered with sand and dirt blown upon it from the encroaching mountains by the fierce winter winds that here prevail; and in contradistinction to the Great Glacier, the surface of which is very pure. Our stock of wood being almost exhausted, we ran into one of the company's wood-yards to replenish. While the wood was being thrown aboard, the steward of the boat took a bucket and went up to the mouth of the stream that flows from beneath the glacier, and before we had completed the wooding returned with some of the most delicious water that I ever tasted,—as cold as the ice itself. We had postponed dinner until we should arrive at this place; our morning on the upper deck,where we had drunk in great draughts of fresh air, had given us all ravenous appetites, and we all blessed "old Uncle," the cook, as dish after dish of appetizing food made its appearance. The dinner was excellent, as were all of our meals while on the boat.

It was a long pull around the bend: an extraordinary circular sweep, with the face of the Mud Glacier for a center; once I lost sight of the ice, as we worked along, for some time, close in under the trees, and when it again made its appearance the boat had so changed her course, by reason of the course in the river, that I thought I had discovered a new field of ice, and so hailed it, much to the amusement of the captain. Thus we steamed on, always through the same sublime scenery, until we arrived, at ten o'clock, at the bend just below the "Big Cañon." It was still light, but some difficult passages lay just ahead of us; and as full daylight, and plenty of it, is necessary in order to make the run, we went to the bank and in a few minutes were securely tied up under the lee of a point which juts out into the river just above us. Below, and midway in the river, there is a long, low sand island, and on the point of it, next to us, was encamped a party of Indians, with an enormous thirty-paddle canoe of solid cedar; it was a beautiful model, as are all of the canoes of these Indians. This, being an extraordinarily large one, had attracted my attention as it left Fort Wrangel, two days before we did, with a small American flag flying from a short staff, stuck in a hole made for it in the solid wood of the high stern. The Indians were cooking their supper on the sand, their canoe being pulled well up out of the water; they had evidently arrived but a short time before us. Night soon shut down, and after supper and a diversion of cards and music, we were quite ready to turn in; the fresh air and the excitement of sight-seeing had worn us all out, and we needed no opiate to send us off post-haste into the Land of Nod.

I was sleeping like a baby when the morning stir and the swash of the water against the cabin bulkheads, in deck-washing, awoke me, and I dressed and went on deck, where I learned that, on getting steam, it was discovered that the tubes were again leaking, and that it had been necessary to let the fires go out, so that the engineer might get at the tubes again; for every pound of steam is most valuable in stemming this powerful current, and the worst of our trip was to come. A movement among our Indian friends on the sand island now attracted our attention; they had their huge canoe in the water, their camp equipage all on board, and all but three of their party were seated. Of these three, two were at the bow and one at the stern, holding her in; the current from the point of land just above us ran directly across to the head of the island, and then swept along the side on which they were with great velocity,—so great that the water was banked up at least six inches in the swiftest of it, while between this elevation and the shore to which they were holding, there was a sufficient eddy to make her berth a comparatively easy one. We could hear nothing, of course, of their conversation; but, with our glasses upon them, we saw the steersman throw up his hand as a signal; the three men leap into the canoe; with one accord, the crew sprang to their paddles. The strug-

gle was to cross the swift current outside of the eddy. They took it quartering, with the paddles bending and springing to their limit, and the two steering paddles at the stern trying to hold them up to it. If any boat in the world could cross such a "mill-tail" that canoe, with her beautiful lines, ought to have done it; but her prow had hardly dipped into it before she was whirling down stream like a teetotum, and all control of her was lost until she had gone the whole length of the island, where the current seemed to have lost some of its power, or where it had been distributed over the width of the stream. They then took once more to their paddles, and, crossing the river diagonally, got under the lee of the same promontory that had sheltered us during the night. They passed us with a greeting of "Cla-how-ya?" (How are you?) and went around the point and out of sight.

At noon, the engineer reported that the tubes were again in good order, and that sufficient steam-power to send us ahead was to be had for the asking. The lines were cast off, the bell-signal made to the engineer to "open her out wide," and once more we were under way, enjoying every moment in the grandeur of the scenery; it was eternal change in eternal sameness; there were always mountains, always snow, always glaciers; but they were different mountains, different snow, different glaciers, and the constantly changing atmospheric effects, the great, sweeping shadows of clouds across the faces of the mountains, the variously tinted spray of the leaping cascades, all combined to make monotony impossible. And then, too, there was just sufficient sense of danger in the navigation of this tearing, boiling river to give a spice to the feast.

Three P. M. brought us up to the "Great Cañon," where the whole of this great river flows through a cleft in the mountains but fifty yards wide. One can readily imagine the force with which the mass of water tears through this cut; it is, as is said of "The Dalles" of the Columbia, a river set on edge. To go through it looks impossible; and, although but about two hundred yards in length, it seemed almost madness to subject the steamer to the strain incident to an attempt at a passage. The run through, however, is perfectly straight, and we could see the landscape beyond, beautifully framed by the sky, the water, and these eternal rocks. The signal was given for a full head of steam and at it we went! An involuntary shudder ran through us as the gray, rocky faces shut us in; they seemed, as we got fairly under them, to incline from the perpendicular toward us, ready to fall and crush us to the bottom as a punishment for our temerity. The wheel threw the spray as high as the smoke-stack in its maddening whirl; every timber and brace groaned and creaked as the fearful rush of the waters struck the boat, but she lessened the distance inch by inch, until, in fifteen minutes from the time of entrance we were fairly through and looking back on another picture through the same frame of sky, rocks and water.

We soon came down to the jog-trot which we had maintained for the greater part of the distance from the mouth. From this point the mountains decrease in size very perceptibly; they would still be called grand, however, were they not in such contrast to those that we have left behind. At six P. M. we passed through "Cloutchman's (Woman's) Cañon." It is smaller than the others and is so called because the navigation through it is so much less difficult that a woman can steer a canoe through it without trouble. We made but one bite at this cherry of a cañon and emerged at the other end to find a cherry that required a good deal of biting. The current was terribly swift and the boat hung and shivered like a living being, for a time scarcely seeming to move as we watched the trees upon the shore for parallax; but as we held our breath we saw that she did gradually climb the watery slope until at last we ran into a place that gave her a little rest, when she plucked up her courage and showed, by the more cheerful action of her machinery, that she still had ambition left for anything that the captain saw fit to put her at. And she had need for it all, for the "Grand Rapids," the bugbear of these river men, was ahead of us, and we were all looking out for the first glimpse of it with a curiosity not unmixed with anxiety. Early this year the *Glenora*, one of the opposition boats, took a strong sheer while trying to make this passage, struck a rock and knocked a hole in her side that a man could have crept through. There are several inches more of water, however, on the rapids, the captain tells us, than when the *Glenora* fiasco occurred; and as we have great faith in the skill of our friend at the wheel we await patiently our arrival. A sudden bend in the channel threw us out from the wooded point of a mountain declivity and there, right before us, rushed the rapid, foaming and leaping

in its wild descent. The river just above the top of this water-slope is contracted by the close encroachment of two of the mountains and spreading out below to about six times its width makes the greater part of it too shoal for the navigation of any boat that cannot be handled with ease on a heavy dew. Where we are to try it, however, the river, just after it passes the gorge, is met by an island which sends a fair portion of the water around a strong bend to the left, and although it looks no deeper than where one would ordinarily wade out, on a ripple, after trout, toward it the captain points the bow of his boat and at eight P. M. we are fairly upon it. The wheel seems to fly; its rapid motion appears to draw out what little water there is under us and the vessel settles down as if we were about to touch upon the bottom. Iron, steel and brain were pitted against the torrent; the hull springs and vibrates so that a mist seems to be in front of one's eyes as they are strained to take in any sign of a forward movement. The onward movement seems impossible; the desire to assist the boat by pushing against anything belonging to the fittings of the pilot-house and which is in the direction of the course becomes irresistible; she hangs, she recedes; the current is too strong for her! All turn to the captain with a look of appeal. He whirls the wheel over, and, trembling in every timber, she creeps diagonally across the torrent, and again, when quite in shore, obeys her wheel, turns her bow to the current and stops to take breath. If anything should give way now the result would be most disastrous. Again the wheel is pressed over and again she slowly obeys her propelling power, quartering the rapid and gaining perhaps one-quarter of her length in the right direction before the shore of the island brings her up. Thus, by successive tacks, we finally master the difficult passage and take at the top the first good breath that we have drawn for twenty minutes. A good thrower could cast a stone the length of the rapids and yet it is all that steel and steam can do to drive our light hull over it in the third of an hour.

The excitement of the Grand Rapids over, the *Beaver* was again jogging along comfortably, and with a nod of congratulation at the captain, we backed ourselves down the steep stair-way to the saloon deck. A glance through the forward cabin windows showed us that a bend in the river had brought in view a wooding station where we were to tie up for the night. The captain soon dropped the boat in alongside of the bank as gingerly as if her hull were an egg-shell; we are made fast; the wheel ceased its crazy whirl, and the decks, which had vibrated throughout the long day in response to the "hog chains," became as quiet as the floors of an inland cottage. What a relief it was to both ears and nerves! The silence was in such contrast that the sound of one's voice was almost startling; that of the steward was, however, very soothing as he announced supper.

The country toward Glenora loses much of its wildness, the land rising in immense terraces for miles and miles back, where, in the great distance can be seen peaks, blue and indistinct, similar to those through which the river forces its way. Much placer gold mining has been done from time to time along the banks of the Stickeen and with some success; and this morning we have passed evidences of it in the dilapidated huts and half tumbled-down sluices; not one of these places is now in operation; the miners having pressed forward for their share in the greater discoveries of the Cassiar gold fields.

Four miles below Glenora we pass an Indian rancheria or settlement called Shakesville, consisting of two houses, constructed of logs set on end. One of these was roofed with enormous shingles called "shakes," and the other with large pieces of bark and pine-boughs. In front, and between them and the river, were drying-frames, on which were suspended quantities of salmon, which were being cured for winter's use; and hauled up on the bank were two large canoes, covered from stem to stern with mats made of plaited grass to protect them from the sun, while huddled together were a number of naked Indian children watching the passage of our boat. At half past seven A. M., we reached the Hudson Bay Company's trading post, one mile below Glenora. This post was established in 1874, when it was discovered that the old post, lower down the river, was within the boundary line of Alaska; the company has a substantial warehouse built upon the bank of the river, in which are stored the multifarious articles that are needed in trading for furs with the Indians of the interior, besides a large stock of goods necessary to the miners of Cassiar. Just across the river is another old mining sluice, abandoned and falling to pieces; the trough gaping wide open in many places, and the supporting trestle-work reeling about

in the drunkenest way possible, and looking for all the world like a "water-way" on a spree.

Soon after leaving the Hudson Bay post, we rounded the point of land on which the company's buildings are situated, and saw before us the town of Glenora, and at nine A. M., were lying broadside on the gently sloping sand-beach which forms its levee, with our hawsers made fast to the "snubbing-posts" ashore. As we were to remain here until the next morning, sight-seeing became the order of the day, and we all went ashore. The town is built on a low plateau that stretches back to the first bluff of the series of terraces which run like a huge staircase, to the distant mountains; this plateau is but a few hundred yards wide, and here are collected about fifteen log-houses and Indian huts; the houses are low and built of logs "chinked" with mud and moss, as a protection against the terrible winds of winter; they all face toward the river and have inclosed yards and vegetable gardens at their back; the front apartments are nearly all occupied as stores, the "living-rooms" being at the back; while one, a very low barn of a building, sports across its front an enormous sign of cotton drilling stretched on a frame, partially obscuring, with the lower part of its overgrown proportions, the tops of the windows and door. On this is painted, in a bold style of lettering, "Cosmopolitan Hotel." The English have a custom-house here which is presided over by a pleasant, hospitable gentleman, Mr. Hunter. Having called upon us, he invited us very cordially to make him a visit, and so, following in the wake of the ladies of our party, of whom he had taken possession, we soon found ourselves at his house, a neat little cottage with a trim walk bordered with shells, leading up to it. Although it was small, we found, upon entering, that it was filled with many comforts and elegancies. After a very pleasant chat, our host accompanied us on a tour of inspection of some of the gardens. Considering the latitude, 58° north, and the shortness of the growing season, we were very much astonished at the size and varieties of the vegetables raised: there were onions, cabbages, turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips and peas, and in full head, a patch of oats and another of the Mexican clover (alfalfa), as well as some of the common, hardier flowers,—and this in a country that has a summer of not more than three months, and where, in winter, the thermometer goes as low as 65° below zero. One might think that the ground would be frozen so deep that the short summer would barely suffice to take the frost from it. The unloading of the boat made the levee very lively, and everybody seemed to be employed in some way or other. We were not only permitted to inspect the gardens and the exteriors of the houses, but were taken, by the main strength of kindly feeling into each and every family; the interiors were homely but comfortable, and if black with smoke, it only told of the cozy, roaring fires and the comfortable groups that sat around them during the imprisoning cold of the winter months. Sun-down saw us again assembled in the cabin of the boat, where we held quite a reception for our new friends ashore, who came off for a good talk about the doings of the outside world; old news to us was new to them; things that had been wonderful to us when they occurred, months ago, were to them a new wonder; but our budget was after a while emptied and turned inside out, and we then betook ourselves to music. Scotch, English, Irish, and American airs succeeded each other rapidly, and we sang and played on and on until we were aroused by the most unearthly, unmusical din ashore that I have ever heard, and with one accord we rushed out on the guards of the boat to find out what it meant. Lights were flashing about amid the din of beaten kettles and pans, the blowing of horns, the firing of guns and pistols and the howling and yelping of dogs. Some one suggested that it might be a "calathumpian serenade," and then it flashed upon us that Mr. Lovell was being made the recipient of a serenade in honor of the arrival of his wife, who came up with us, and that the inhabitants, in the absence of a brass band and the usual musical paraphernalia, had had recourse to their kitchen utensils. We stood upon the guards wondering how long Mr. Lovell could stand the din before he capitulated, and whether, when he did appear, his reception of his wife's admirers would be with a loaded shot-gun or outstretched, welcoming hands. Suddenly a light streamed through the opened door of the store upon bronzed faces and gleaming pans and kettles, and the figure of Mr. Lovell could be seen in strong relief against the light within, bidding the calathumpers, by a wave of his hand, to enter and partake of his hospitality. The closing door then shut the light in, and all was quiet.

By this time it was quite late, and our

guests gave us good-bye and God-speed, as we were to cast off our lines by early daylight, and, *D. V.*, to be in Fort Wrangel before night-fall.

The return trip was made at break-neck speed, necessarily. I was anxious to see every inch of it, and made my arrangements to be awakened early, and after a delightful night's rest turn out willingly when called. After a good dash into the cold water in my state-room, I got on deck at half-past four o'clock, just as the head-line had been cast off and the boat was swinging her bow out into the current. She spun to it like a top, the rushing stream caused her to "heel over" strongly as it struck her broadside on, and then, as her head pointed quartering down the river, the stern line was let go, and we shot away like an arrow from a bow, doing the distance to the Hudson Bay post, which took us twenty minutes in coming up, in three minutes; it was like flying. We passed over the Grand Rapids beautifully, but here there was such a pitch and roar of water that the wheel had to be reversed to keep the vessel from going too fast, the speed that she attained even then being exciting, to say the least. The steering of the boat in the descent of this river was something marvelous to me. She seemed to obey the will of the captain like a sentient being. Now she whirled suddenly, with her bow as a pivot, and now her bow swept through an arc with the stern as a center, always nearly striking an obstacle but always missing it. The steering wheel was being constantly whirled about, as, in the swiftness of our course, object after object, in quick succession, arose before us. We flew past the mountains, which appeared to be engaged in a mad circular dance. Thus we sweep along until we arrive at the Great Cañon. The rush of waters through this cut seems terrible, but as there is an upstream wind which, by its concentration in the narrow gorge, is in considerable force, the captain laid the boat directly across the stream, and the wind, acting on her broadside in a direction diametrically opposed to the current, we went through easily, without turning our wheel, but still with great velocity, having been fifteen minutes in making the passage on our way up, and but three minutes and fifty seconds in going down. Clearing the lower end, the captain swung her on her heel and away we went, right end on again. On and on we flew! Sand-bars with their piled-up logs, tumbling, foaming mountain torrents, baby glaciers, wooding stations, canoe loads of Indians working their way up, great mountain peaks, the Mud Glacier, and the old Hudson Bay post all are rapidly left behind until, at noon, we reached the Great Glacier, and passed its whole face in review as it lay like the Palisades of the Hudson done in ice. With a full wheel whirling behind us, we moved out of the mouth of the river into the slaty blue of the salt water around the Point, bringing the flag-staff of Fort Wrangel in sight, and at five thirty, P. M., were heaving our lines to eager hands outstretched on the wharf to catch them, everybody there to meet us, and everybody well.

ANEMONE.

A WIND-FLOWER by the mountain stream,
Where April's wayward breezes blow,
And still in sheltered hollows gleam
The lingering drifts of snow,—

Whence art thou, frailest flower of spring?
Did winds of heaven give thee birth?
Too free, too airy-light a thing
For any child of earth!

O palest of pale blossoms borne
On timid April's virgin breast,
Hast thou no flush of passion worn,
No mortal bond confessed?

Thou mystic spirit of the wood,
Why that ethereal grace that seems
A vision of our actual good
Linked with the land of dreams?

Thou didst not start from common ground,
So tremulous on thy slender stem;
Thy sisters may not clasp thee round,
Who art not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
My fancy will not let thee be,—
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,
O white anemone!

ADMONITION.

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,
To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,
Since every word you wrote upon the sands
Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

"How work to-morrow?" 'Tis a day unborn,
To scan whose formless features is not granted.
Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou mayst wing
Thy flight beyond to-morrows, disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O, soul of mine!
To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead
Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;
Deep pit-falls strew the way; take heed—take heed!

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER XX.

HELGA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

It was the day for Helga's charitable society to meet. She had been busy since the early morning cutting pieces of flannel and cotton cloth, so that everything might be in order when Ingrid and Miss Ramsdale should come. In her half-rural retirement, she knew little of what went on about her, and having seen no visitors that day, she was as yet ignorant of the event which agitated the rest of the community. As the old Norwegian clock on the stairs struck three, Ingrid appeared at the door, looking a little paler than usual, and with eyes which showed marks of recent weeping.

"What is it, dear?" asked Helga, to whom such symptoms in her friend were in no way surprising. Some little thing had gone wrong, probably, and she should have to play her accustomed part as comforter.

"Isn't it dreadful?" exclaimed Ingrid, dropping down into a chair, and making no signs to remove her hat and cloak.

"What is dreadful, dear?"

"About Finnson. Haven't you heard?"

"Finnson!" cried Helga, with sudden alarm. "Has anything happened to him?"

She well remembered Einar's deep dejection at their last meeting, and feared that he had laid violent hands on himself.

"Speak, Ingrid!" she gasped. "What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Ingrid, in a tone of mingled indignation and sorrow. "Why, it is this, that he is an escaped forger. His name isn't Finnson at all. It is a false name. He is a regular runaway criminal. Oh, dear! What will people think of me—I who have been so much with him. I never, never shall forgive him!" Here she broke down utterly, venting her small, selfish grief in vehement sobs, and hiding her face in her tiny, gloved hands.

But Helga had no sympathy to offer. She stood rigidly aloof, clutching with a convulsive grasp the chair against which she was leaning. Where everything was dark and bewildering, it seemed a relief to lay hold of some palpable thing to fix the wandering sense. A hundred half-formed impulses dashed through her head, but being based upon the belief in his guilt, were swiftly rejected as unworthy of her and of him. Whatever might be the proofs against him, her heart utterly refused to believe him guilty. Presently Miss Ramsdale entered, gay, alert, and eager as ever, but readily recognizing the source of Helga's and Ingrid's distress, she charitably forbore to introduce the topic which she was nevertheless itching to discuss.

"Oh, dear!" said Ingrid, rising from her stooping position with a petulant pout on her round, baby face. "There now! I have spoiled my new gloves by crying on them. And I have broken the feather on my hat, too," she added, carefully removing the latter article with an air which betrayed an intense consciousness of her back hair.

"Never mind, dear," said Ida Ramsdale, eager to manifest her sympathy. You know

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I have a knack for curing decrepit *chapeaux*. That feather can easily be amputated, and I will fix it for you in a minute. It will hardly be an inch shorter than it was before."

And so the gossip ran on pleasantly between these two airy-minded creatures, while they fitted shoulder-pieces, each using the other as a lay figure, stitching them together with pins, which you expected them every minute to swallow. For some instinctive reason, which they both felt to be imperative, they seldom appealed directly to Helga's verdict, but with consummate tact still guarded against the appearance of excluding her from their conversation. And Helga, feeling the futility of any effort to appear unconcerned, sat dumbly plying her needle, still crying out mentally against the social tyranny which compelled her to feign an interest in petty things while the supreme yearnings of her soul were crushed into rebellious silence. She seemed to see Einar's face lifted to her in mute, appealing misery, and her heart leaped out toward him with impetuous pity, longing to assure him in word and deed that even though all the world condemned him, she still believed him to have been upright and faithful. The three hours until supper seemed almost unending, and by the time the clock announced the welcome hour, she had wrought herself up into a state of nervous restlessness which threatened to break the bonds of conventional propriety. She managed to restrain herself, however, until the two girls had taken their leave, and even went through a feint of keeping her mother company at the tea-table. The old lady, who was not remarkable for acuteness of vision, and, moreover, accepted her daughter's strangeness as a long-established fact, no longer worth puzzling about, chatted incessantly about the folly of troubling one's self about other people's wants as long as one had a roof over one's own head, and clothes to cover one's back. Helga well knew that these remarks were always in order after the adjournment of the sewing society, or when she returned from a charitable errand, and she was now even less inclined than ever to rehearse her oft-repeated answers. Mrs. Raven was, in a general way, greatly impressed with her daughter's excellence, and although assuming an unsympathetic attitude toward her charities, nevertheless was fond of gossiping admiringly about them to neighbors and visitors. She stood, moreover, vaguely in awe of her, as weaker persons are apt to do toward those of superior moral strength, and if she had any adverse criticism to offer, she never advanced it directly, but rather discoursed reprovingly about the follies of people in general. Even if their mutual relation had not in part outwardly defined their conduct toward each other, they had at least lived long enough together to avoid clashing; but the daughter's habitual independence of action was probably more than half due to the fact that she had never found sympathy at home.

When the brief meal was at an end, Helga rose with quiet resolution, put on her hat and shawl, and moved toward the door.

"I shall be gone for an hour or two, mother," said she; "and if I am not back by nine, you needn't sit up for me."

"Very well, child," responded Mrs. Raven whiningly. "You know best what you want. But if your poor brother had been alive, I shouldn't have to spend these long evenings alone."

Mrs. Raven might perhaps have forgotten that the lamented Gustav had never cheapened the value of his company by dispensing it too lavishly; but the halo which now surrounded his memory had caused this and many other failings to pass into the diametrically opposite virtues.

Helga gave her mother a regretful glance, then with an impulsive movement put her arms round her neck and kissed her wrinkled forehead. As she stepped out into the gathering dusk, the confused doubt and anguish of pain which had tortured her during the afternoon began slowly to give way to a serene trust in that Providence which she felt sure watched over his fate as well as hers, and would safely guide their feet out of that dark labyrinth in which their error and fatal blindness had so cruelly entangled them. She could not think of her own lot apart from his, and it was with a feeling akin to exultation that she rehearsed to herself Ingrid's unconscious confession, which had removed her last misgiving from her mind, giving her now the sole right to share his misery, and if he had erred (if so, she doubted not it was in a generous way), to lead him back to the path of righteousness. In the emptiness of her existence she had long yearned for some consecrating mission,—some noble sacrifice, to lift her life out of that narrow round of small needs and cares which drags the lives of most women so hopelessly earthward. She knew now that her prayer had been heard, and with this grand aim before her, she felt strong enough to defy the heart-

less judgment of the world, being conscious even of a fierce satisfaction in the anticipation of its condemnation.

Doctor Van Flint, who, by reason of an unusual accumulation of annoyances, was in an agitated frame of mind, was wandering about restlessly amid the scenes of his Arctic geography, when he saw a well-known form rising out of the dusk and rapidly approaching his front piazza. The fact that Einar had absented himself in an unaccountable fashion during the afternoon, and had not yet returned, had given him great uneasiness. The servant-maid had stated that she had seen him marching up across the fields toward the glen, which under ordinary circumstances would have been natural enough, but in the light of the events of the morning was not quite re-assuring. The appearance of Helga upon the scene was therefore a most welcome relief; if for no other reason, because her presumable anxiety about Einar would offer him an excuse for pouring out the tale of his woes. He was, indeed, too preoccupied with his forebodings to reflect that there was anything extraordinary in the fact of her visiting him alone at this hour of the day.

"Ah, Miss Helga," he cried, as soon as she came into view. "You are a veritable God-send, now as ever. How could you divine that, of all persons in the world, you were the one I especially wanted to see?"

"I came to ask you about Mr. Finnson," said Helga simply. "Is he here?"

"No; that is the very deuce of it," answered he, ruthlessly decapitating an aster which lifted its purple head above the grass-border. "I wish to heaven he was!"

"And do you know where he is?" asked the girl hurriedly, and with an undisguised anxiety which went to the doctor's heart.

"No, not exactly. He was seen this afternoon taking the road up toward the glen. To tell the truth, I feel greatly inclined to go in search of him."

"Oh, let me go with you!" she cried, with a sudden helpless energy. She had striven hard to keep her voice steady; but there was still an alarming quiver in it. Her former dread again came over her, and her confident strength was rapidly ebbing away.

"With all my heart," responded Van Flint cordially. "But I warn you the road is rough. Will you take my arm?"

She grasped his proffered arm with an alacrity which he was not slow to interpret; and without another word they walked toward the back gate, which opened upon a broad stretch of field rising steeply toward the rocky elevation on the west.

The doctor had always cherished a most cordial regard for Helga, and had even at times persuaded himself that he was mildly in love with her. But, as he had never perceived in her any symptoms which his modest self-depreciation had permitted him to interpret as a response to his feelings, he had of late come to look upon his admiration of her as an amiable eccentricity, which, after all, was insufficient to found any serious relation upon. Moreover, he had persuaded himself that matrimony would present a formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of his one great aim in life—the completion of his "History of Icelandic Literature"; and he had never been able to make up his mind that even his affection for Helga was strong enough to reconcile him to such an interference. And I must do this generous scholar the justice to add that at this moment, in spite of his dangerous proximity to the object of his adoration, he was too sincerely alarmed about the fate of his friend to indulge in regretful reflections as to what might have been.

So they trudged bravely on, each too intensely absorbed in their common dread to find relief in its expression. For a word once spoken becomes, as it were, an independent existence—almost a reality, which, instead of easing the mind anxious for self-refutation, may rather deepen its dread.

The slim crescent of the moon floated along the eastern horizon, pouring forth no profusion of light, but still remotely pervading the atmosphere with its softly luminous presence. The larger planets shone with a misty halo, while the unseen myriads of the heavens were but indistinctly defined through the gauzy woof of cloud which radiated from the zenith downward like a vast ærial cobweb. The fields, already nipped by the autumn frost, showed a long, bleak stretch of neutral brown, shading, where a rising hillock caught the hazy moon-rays, into a ghostly, bloodless green.

After a steady march of half an hour, Helga and the doctor entered a broad ravine, which had always been one of Einar's favorite haunts. The still, bleak walls of rock rose in moonlit, misty silence on either hand, and somewhere beyond those dark recesses among the pines there was a sound of falling waters—not the strong, deafening boom of mighty liquid masses, but a subdued, rhythmic rush, like that of the wind through dense, leafy crowns. Down in the bottom of the

gorge the water broke into a pleasant, contented gurgle; but, suddenly checking its chatty mood, expanded into a dark pool, which cheated the eye with the suggestion of immeasurable depth. Here the beaten path came to an abrupt end, pointing by half a dozen vaguely defined trails into dusky jungles and copses. The wanderers paused and looked inquiringly at each other, doubtful whether to penetrate any further.

"Suppose I shout?" suggested the doctor.

"Wait a moment," demanded Helga, in a whisper. "Isn't that a man sitting on that stone on the other side of the pool?"

"To be sure," rejoined Van Flint joyously; then with a lusty shout: "Hallo, old boy! What the deuce are you sitting and moping over in that stone-heap for? What startling propensities you are daily developing! But if you wish to preserve your incognito, that white hat of yours is rather an injudicious article to wear."

There was a slight noise of rolling stones and creaking branches; then a voice came faintly across the water.

"Is it you, Doctor?"

"Who else should it be? Who but me, I should like to know, would start out on a wild-goose chase for you, at this time of night, with the danger of breaking every bone in his body? No, sir, don't delude yourself; such devotion abides nowhere but in me."

The doctor could afford to be jovial now; the sudden removal of the strain upon his mind made it rebound with excessive energy into its habitual humor. He turned a radiant face upon Helga, and gave her arm a little private pressure, implying a delicious sense of mutual understanding. She, however, was still quivering with agitation, and could make but a feeble response.

"I am sorry if you were anxious about me," the voice beyond the water continued. "I was hardly worth fretting about."

"That is a self-evident truth, my boy. Nevertheless, some people are so queerly constructed that they frequently do what is hardly worth the doing. But if you wouldn't mind the trouble, I should venture to suggest that you assume a more tangible existence, as soon as practicable. In my present mood voices from space and that sort of thing do not impress me pleasantly."

"I am coming. It is darker than I supposed. I shall be with you in a minute."

The stones rattled down over the slope once more and the leafless tops of the underbrush swayed in the air. Helga clung with a desperate grasp to the doctor's arm, and clenched her teeth tightly as if by some physical exertion to master the tremor which was irresistibly stealing over her. There he stood, tall and beautiful as ever. On seeing her he fell back with a subdued exclamation, then again came forward and with a look of fervid gratitude seized the hand which was hanging listlessly at her side and held it long within his. She would fain have said something to explain the cause of her coming, but she felt sure that she would betray an emotion which in the doctor's presence would be embarrassing.

"Aha, you precious somnambulist," broke forth Van Flint, who for some reason thought it incumbent upon him to appear merrier than he felt. "With what feat of knight-errantry are you going to surprise us the next time? It would be desirable if you would give us notice beforehand, so that we may know what to expect. You seem surprised yourself, it appears. And well you may. Here Miss Helga and I have been risking our valuable lives merely for the sake of ascertaining whether we might still count you among the number of the living. With me, I confess, it was merely a statistical interest, as I shall have to report the condition of my household to the census-taker within a few days. As for Miss Helga, she will have to answer for herself."

"I am very, very sorry," murmured Einar, sadly.

"But since I have trudged this mile and a half at this time of night," the irrepressible doctor went on, "I want to repay myself by catching a glimpse of the falls by moonlight. I have heard people say that the effect is something quite unique. Miss Helga, I fear, is too tired to follow, and if she has no objection I will leave her here in your charge till I return."

And with this hollow device the doctor started off at a cheerful trot and vanished in the mist of the inner ravine. Helga and Einar stood for a while gazing at each other in amazed silence.

"It was very kind of you to come," he began at last with a slight embarrassment in his manner. "I have been thinking of you all day but I never dared to hope to see you again."

"I heard that they were unkind to you," she answered (strive as she might she could not raise her voice above a whisper). "I could not bear to think that you were un-

happy. I know they have been saying horrible things about you and that you must feel it very keenly. But I wish to tell you that whatever they say about you, you will still be the same to me,—I—I shall always believe in you."

There was a painful pause, during which the tumult of her heart became almost unbearable.

"But suppose I was not worthy of your trust?" came at last in a hoarse undertone.

"Oh, I will not believe it. I cannot believe it," she cried, as if determined to refute him in spite of himself. "I could not have trusted in you so long if I had not felt that you were good and true. Why do you say such dreadful things to me? It is not kind of you to treat me so."

She sank down upon the damp moss and hid her face in her hands.

"Ah, Mr. Finnson," she continued, struggling to smother the rising sobs. "There has been so little in my life worth believing in, and I cannot afford to lose my faith in you. But since you have yourself raised the doubt, which was so far from me a moment ago, you must now yourself dispel it. Tell me that your life has been pure and good, and that there is not a word of truth in what they have told me. You know I believe you. Only say it,—it is so easy for you to say it."

"O Helga," he broke forth, falling upon his knees before her, "I would give my life to say it. But I cannot."

"Oh, how cruel!" she murmured, while the sobs shook her stooping form.

There was something deeply moving in the sight of this calm, strong Helga weeping, and weeping for his sake. It stirred the deepest fibers within him,—moved him with sorrow, self-pity, remorse and still with an uncontrollable exultation in the assurance that she loved him. He could have thrown himself down at her feet and cried out against himself for having wrecked this one fair hope, this one inspiring purpose which still had made his life worth having. But now that the hope was irrevocably gone, now that she must despise him, and a life-long separation was inevitable, the impulse to justify himself in her sight rose above all other needs, and with renewed fervor his voice rose out of the moonlit dusk.

"It is this and this only, Helga, which has so long kept me away from you. I have suffered for your sake—ah, God only knows how I have suffered! I would not thrust my soiled life into yours which was pure. And still what I did, though it may appear black now, was not the cunning, deliberate fraud that it has been represented to be, but a hasty, reckless choosing between two impending evils. I was weak—momentarily weak, and chose the greater evil instead of the lesser. I came here hoping by patient toil and honesty to blot out the stain upon my name, and a hundred times I resolved to reveal my past to you, but once you checked me yourself, and since then some fatal mischance always frustrated my purpose whenever it grew strong within me. And now, since we are once for all separated, I may at least speak to you without restraint, and you will not think me ungenerous for confessing the love which has been my hope and my life ever since the first moment I saw you in the church. It can bring me nothing now, except a deeper misery, a deeper consciousness of what I have lost. O Helga, if you had but known how I have loved you! Now, give me only your hand in parting. I must leave you here. The doctor will be back in a moment and I will go to meet him. And you will—not forgive me, no, I do not ask that—but you will not judge me as others do, not judge me harshly?"

She had risen and now stood tall and erect before him; the tears still glittered in her eyes, but he read no condemnation in them, but a tender affectionate appeal.

"I do not judge you, Einar," she said, in a passionate whisper as he seized both her hands. "I love you."

They stood long hand in hand, gazing at each other with tear-dimmed radiance; then he clasped her tenderly, reverently in his arms and their lips met tremblingly in the twilight. Thus they stood folded close in the first happy embrace, I know not how long.

"O Helga, darling," he cried suddenly, throwing his head back and clasping her face between his palms, "it is too terrible! To think that we must part after this!"

"No, Einar," she answered in a clear voice of decision. "We must not part. Why should you flee from your post? I too have strong shoulders, and if our life will be hard at first we can bear its burden together. You have not told me all yet; but my heart whispers to me what you have left untold. Better to face obloquy and live it down than to flee from it."

"Yes, be it so," he cried ardently. "I have strength enough now to meet whatever may be in store for me."

A loud cough with a palpably artificial quality in it was heard, and presently Van Flint was seen breaking his way through the underbrush with much panting and needless commotion. He held his hat and handkerchief in one hand and his spectacles in the other; the perspiration was pouring down from his bald scalp, drops of water gleamed in his bushy mustache and his coat had a broad rent across the shoulders.

"Ah," he sighed, fetching his breath from the bottom of his lungs and wiping his forehead. "The falls were deuced fine —really a sight for gods, I assure you. You don't know what you have missed, and it is well for you that you never will know. Really," he added with increased fervor, as an incredulous smile stole over Helga's countenance, "I am in dead earnest. It *was* a glorious sight."

The doctor continued with a sort of vindictive energy, which after all was not without a small grain of private amusement, to describe in detail the beauty of the waterfall, determined to establish the fact that his expedition had been a success, whatever they might choose to think about it.

An hour later they were all snugly seated in the tobacco-scented Icelandic study (though out of consideration for Helga the smoking was temporarily suspended) and the host heard with much heart-felt and heartily expressed satisfaction of the little drama which had been enacted during his ramble in quest of romantic sensations. He, of course, feigned unbounded surprise, which he felt to be consistent with the demands of etiquette, this latter institution having, as he thought, been framed with a punctilious regard for the foibles of the feminine character. When the lovers had departed, however, and an exquisitely flavored Havana had attuned his mind to reverie, he could not help feeling slightly vexed at his own generosity; no tragic attitudes, no romantic regret, not to speak of despair. He had evidently not the stuff for a lover in him, not even for an unhappy one.

CHAPTER XXI.

VOX POPULI.

THE elections passed off without dramatic incidents. The enthusiastic torch-light processions of the past week with their glaring transparencies and promiscuous cheering from a Babylonic confusion of throats seemed a thing of remote antiquity, and the impartial rain, descended in a cold drizzling spray alike upon righteous Republicans and unrighteous Democrats. There was an occasional enlivening of public sentiment whenever fresh bulletins were displayed at "The Citizen" or "The Banner" office, the contradictory statements of which, if they served no other purpose, at least stimulated the betting which was understood to be very animated in the bar-rooms of the Franklin and the Hancock hotels. There were also later in the afternoon the usual rumors of Democratic corruption, of which, however, nothing more definite could be ascertained than that the chairman of the state committee had telegraphed somewhere that five hundred votes "would settle it," and that an obscure Irishman had called at Norderud's house to inform him that he had sixteen friends who entertained conscientious doubts regarding the merits of the contesting candidates. There was the usual number of partisans of Utopian schemes who hung about the polls, button-holing unsophisticated voters and trying to enlist their sympathies for impossible candidates and still more impossible reforms. There were the ardent neophyte voter with ready-made convictions who deemed the exercise of his civic rights a great and glorious privilege, the pessimistic citizen who believed that the country was going to the dogs—voted a mixed ticket and held it to be a cheap privilege to choose between two evils; the apathetic voter who would have stayed at home and had yielded only to the importunities of partisans and the offer of a free ride, and at last the political manager and wire-puller who besieged the polls from dawn till sunset, thrusting his ticket into your hand and overwhelming you with a deluge of arguments if you appeared for a moment to be doubtful in your choice.

The doctor and Norderud spent the entire day at the office, sending and receiving frequent dispatches to and from their agent at the Republican head-quarters, mostly, as it appeared, of a highly encouraging nature. In spite of this, however, they were both far from merry as they walked home together after the closing of the polls; and Norderud could not refrain from expressing his serious misgivings. He had somehow a kind of feeling that it was going all wrong, he said, but even the worst might be good for something, and after all there was no use in whining. And the next morning when the result became generally known these gloomy forebodings were verified.

Although victorious in the town the Republican ticket had been beaten in the county by a paltry majority of two hundred and sixty. "The Democratic Banner" had its reward.

This fresh disappointment mixed a strong dose of myrrh in Einar's cup of gladness. He was sitting in Mrs. Raven's quaint, rose-scented parlor when the vexatious news was announced to him. The old lady, who felt herself powerless against Helga's placid determination, had turned to him as her last refuge, overwhelming him with blessings, threats and tearful entreaties. But when all appeals to his emotions had proved futile she suddenly bethought herself of a stratagem, and plunged once more into the debate with renewed vigor.

"It is perfectly preposterous for you to think of marrying now, Mr. Falconberg," she said, wiping a tear from a corner of her eye and assuming a severe air of business. "Helga knows no more of housekeeping than the man in the moon, and it will take at least one year if not two to make a decent housewife out of her. Why, she hardly knows the difference between a pie and a pudding. It was only the other day she was going to make pea soup, and instead of keeping the peas (it was hard Russian peas) in water overnight, she waited until the water was boiling and then she stood with a big ladle and stirred and wondered why the peas wouldn't sink. And after two hours of boiling they of course still floated and were as hard as shot. And I nearly broke my poor teeth to pieces in trying to chew them. Now there, Mr. Falconberg, what would you do with a wife like that? It would be a fine household you two would keep together."

"Ah, never mind, Mrs. Raven," answered Einar, smiling with a happy unconcern. "I am quite ready to assume the risk."

"Oh Mr. Falconberg!" resumed the mother, forced once more into pleading, "if you would only be reasonable now and listen to one who is older and knows better than you do. She is such a headstrong child, though it is her own mother that says it, and I have said to her time and again, 'Child,' I have said, 'there isn't the man in the world that will put up with the sort of thing that I have to put up with every blessed day of my life.' And you know, Mr. Falconberg,—you have seen enough of the world to know that that isn't the sort of girl to make a comfortable wife for any man to have."

Einar, who was getting a little nervous under this steady bombardment with small missiles, rose from his seat, went to the open piano and began to play an air softly with one hand.

"You know I don't want to be rude to you, Mr. Falconberg," continued Mrs. Raven in a slightly irritated voice and abruptly changing her tactics, "but if you will allow me to say so, you aren't exactly the sort of husband either that I had expected for my Helga. You must remember she is the daughter of a royal Norwegian official and her blood ——"

"Mrs. Raven," interrupted Einar, suddenly turning his full, luminous gaze upon the small shrunken face of his interlocutor, "I have not thought of contradicting you on that point. I have not pleaded merit. I have only pleaded my love for her and her generous and faithful devotion to me. And there is something inexorable in such a love, against which your small utilitarian arguments will always remain powerless. I am sorry that we have grieved you, but I can only say that as long as your daughter remains steadfast in her resolve, I shall remain steadfast in mine."

Thus the interview ended, and Mrs. Raven, greatly impressed by the sudden peremptoriness of his manner, left the room with the consoling reflection, that a genuine Falconberg, even though he was no better than he should be, was at all events preferable as a son-in-law to an obscure nobody, whose only distinction lay in the unvarying rectitude of his life. Her experience with her own husband and son, neither of whom had been what you might call a pattern of virtue, had disposed her to be as indulgent toward the foibles of men as she was rigorous toward those of her own sex. Men's lives were so much broader and more complex and their temptations so manifold. It was after all quite excusable in this handsome young fellow with his blue blood and aristocratic manners to fall in love with her Helga, while the latter's devotion for him could only be viewed in the light of an unmitigated folly.

As Einar returned home in time for dinner he found Norderud and the doctor seated together in the study. They both looked prodigiously serious, but he could discover no trace of anger or vexation in the features of the defeated candidate.

"Do I interrupt you?" he asked, pausing at the door, with a questioning glance at the doctor.

"No, no," protested both. "Come in."

Einar flung himself down on the sofa, and became absorbed in the contemplation of his boots.

"Finnson," began Norderud with gruff friendliness, "or rather Falconberg, I should say, we are both in the same boat, it seems, and it would be folly for one to try to throw the other overboard. The doctor and I have been talking over your case, and it isn't as bad as it looked to me at first. If I was rather rough on you, you had better not think any more about it. We shall go on with "The Citizen" as before, and if you care to stay, I shall be glad to have you. You will have to harden your skin, my boy, for you may have to bear some hard hits, at first. But that will blow over, as everything else, and if we all pull together, we shall get into smooth water by and by. What do you say, old fellow? Is it a bargain?"

Einar sat for some minutes struggling with his emotion. He had never fathomed the royal nobility of soul that hid itself behind that rough, weather-beaten countenance. He had never realized so keenly the far-reaching power of his own guilt, had never felt such utter unworthiness in the presence of any mortal man. With a blush of shame burning upon his cheeks, he lifted his head and saw that faint, lovable smile of Norderud's playing about the corners of his mouth. Van Flint was trying hard to look unconscious, as if this business concerned him no more than the man in the moon; but his transparent mask never lent itself readily to such experiments, and a triumphant smile (at first resolutely hidden under his mustache) gradually conquered the neutral territory, until his whole face beamed with pleasure.

"I will make no speeches to you, Mr. Norderud," said Einar, no longer pretending to disguise the fact that he was choking. "But here is my hand. If my friendship and my gratitude are worth anything, they are yours, as long as there is any breath left in me."

"Our friend, the doctor, is a great magician," answered Norderud, inclosing the proffered hand in his cordial grasp. "I have always told him that it was a pity he didn't go to Congress, where his bewildering eloquence might tell on the affairs of the nation, instead of getting moldy by being buried in books where it will have to wait for years before it will reach the light of day."

Einar, who fully understood the drift of this allusion, seized Van Flint's hand and shook it heartily.

"You have been too good to me," he murmured and hurried out of the room.

"I wonder what they mean to do with themselves when they get married," resumed the farmer after a pause. "I understand the young lady is in a great hurry."

"Yes, it must be admitted, she has rather high-strung notions about what she conceives to be her duty. She is determined to have a taste of martyrdom, and I believe she would be sadly disappointed if she should find her married life all smooth sailing. If she marries Falconberg now when his stock is rather at a heavy discount, she may safely count on a few severe snubs on his account, and I know she will accept them with sublime ecstasy. However, it is hardly fair in me to talk about her in that way. I never pretended to deny that she is a most marvelous woman—a miracle of strength, purity and unselfishness. I only mean to say that her ardor has its ludicrous side. I have had some compunctions of conscience both on your account and my own, that we didn't throw Falconberg overboard for her gratification. That would have mixed a larger share of adversity into their matrimonial lot, which I am afraid will now be too pitifully prosperous to call forth all the magnificent wealth of self-abnegation and sacrifice which she has so long been storing."

Norderud sat for a while musing.

"I have been wondering," he said, "whether it would not do to enlarge the cottage and make some timely repairs and then give them the rent of it; or perhaps add the amount to Falconberg's salary. But," he went on with a gesture of comic despair, "that vixen of an old woman would never in the world consent to being made comfortable. I have tried it time and again and she always throws up her hands and screams at me as if I had come to rob her or set the house on fire. She is very much like an imprudent old hen we used to have who persisted in roosting at midwinter in an apple-tree, where she would be sure to freeze to death if she was let alone. But if you tried to take her down and put her into a snug coop, she would scream and kick and scratch as if the very devil was in her."

The subject of this criticism would no doubt have been shocked out of her senses if Norderud's estimate of her character had

ever reached her ears. But she felt too securely lodged on her social eminence to suspect the presence of irreverent reflections in the minds of those whom she honored with her acquaintance. This evening, however, when the supper table was cleared and the precious silver safely locked up in its hiding-place, her mind was invaded by a strong temptation to pay an unannounced visit to Dr. Van Flint. Helga, who accepted this proposition as a sign that her mother was relenting, lost no time in carrying it into effect, and thus it happened that Einar found himself face to face with his future mother-in-law in the Icelandic study, placidly discussing with her the arrangements about to be made for the approaching wedding. Van Flint, who always treated the old lady with punctilious gallantry, was profuse in his apologies for the all-pervading odor of tobacco, the confusion of books and newspapers and in fact every appointment about his house that might be displeasing to the refined tastes of a lady of distinction. He thereupon beguiled Helga into a debate on the disadvantages of universal suffrage, choosing his arguments chiefly from the events of the campaign which had just closed with such a disastrous result.

While the doctor was yielding to the fascination of listening to Helga's voice, it suddenly occurred to him that he was neglecting his duties as host. The twilight was deepening and her fair face was growing indistinct. He rang for the servant, excused himself and went out to close the shutters. As he opened the door a confused murmur of voices mingled with a discordant noise of metallic instruments reached him from without. The tumult was coming nearer and loud angry voices were now distinctly heard. He stood for a moment peering through the dusk; a dark mass stretching from the garden gate down the length of the street was pushing up toward the house. A tremendous noise of tin pans, kettles and fish-horns suddenly shook the air followed by a hideous chorus of howls and groans. Van Flint slammed the blinds together, sprang in through the door and turned the key. Mrs. Raven rushed toward him white with terror.

"Merciful God!" she gasped, "what is it? Oh, help us, Doctor! Protect us!"

"Be quiet, my dear madam," implored the doctor, though his voice had a tremor in it which was far from re-assuring. "Be kind enough to follow me upstairs into my aunt's bedroom. She is down at Norderud's to-night, I regret to say. Miss Helga, come. There is no time to be lost."

The host supported Mrs. Raven's trembling form, conducting her up the winding stairs and Einar followed quietly with Helga.

"I am sorry on your account, Doctor," he said, "that this should happen. I am afraid they will ruin your garden."

"My garden!" cried the doctor, in a tone half way between irritation and amazement. "My dear boy, it is not me they are after. It is you. I knew this abnormal quiet must hide some nefarious scheme. But it is not too late yet. You may easily get out without being seen on the back side of the house, and then there is only a few rods to the woods."

"And you think I would leave you here alone with the ladies? No, sir; if it is me they are after, they shall find me."

The shouting and blowing of kettles and horns were now heard right under the windows, and calls for "Finnson" became audible above the confused intermingling of sounds.

"There are several hundred of them," whispered Van Flint, peering through the shutters. "Let me go out on the balcony and speak to them."

"Not while I am alive," cried Einar, seizing his friend by the shoulders and forcibly detaining him. "I am not afraid of——"

A stone, hurled from below, dashed against the blind, and the glass of the window, splintered by the shock, fell in jingling fragments on the floor. Mrs. Raven gave a frightened scream and buried her face in the pillows of the bed where she was sitting. In the twinkling of an eye Einar had raised the window, torn the shutter open and rushed out on the balcony. Helga, to whom this movement was unexpected, was about to follow, but Van Flint caught her in his arms and held her back.

"Oh that this misery should come upon us!" moaned Mrs. Raven.

"Fellow-citizens," Einar was heard shouting, and the noise without momentarily subsided.

"You lost us the election by your d——d fooling," cried a rough voice in Norwegian.

"Quiet!" roared another. "Let him speak."

"Fellow-citizens," began Einar again, and his clear, strong tenor rose distinctly above the tumult below. "Listen to me for

a moment. I know you are angry with me, and you have a right to be."

"Well said, young chap!" some one interrupted again in Norwegian. "He isn't a sneak, anyway."

"I should like to tell you the history of my life that you may yourselves judge of the wrong I have done. You have already heard one side. Now it is only fair that you should hear the other. My father, Bishop Falconberg, was a stern man who valued his fair name above all other things. I was young, and like many another young man I made debt. A Jew bought up all claims upon me and while my father was away, gave me the choice between imprisonment (for you know in Norway people may be imprisoned for debt) and immediate payment. I called upon all my friends to advance me the money, but they all failed me. Then in my desperation to avoid disgrace I did what I have since so deeply regretted. I wrote my father's name on a check and procured the money I needed at the bank. My father would himself have paid my debts rather than suffer his name to be disgraced. Mind you, I do not excuse what I did. I only wish you to know exactly what happened. Then after long wanderings I came here. I longed for a quiet life and useful occupation. I yearned to rebuild my fair name. If I had come and said to you: 'I am a forger from Norway. Please trust me and give me employment,' who would have offered me his hand for a welcome, who would have dared to repose confidence in me?"

"Hear, hear! he is right," cried a voice with a friendlier intonation. "Three cheers for Falconberg!"

The call was but feebly responded to, and Einar continued:

"The way I chose was, perhaps, not the right way, and I regret now, on Mr. Norderud's account and for your sakes, that I preferred concealment to an open avowal of my past. My life among you during these years has been a life of toil, and if I am deprived of the labor in the pursuit of which happiness has, as it were, overtaken me unawares, I shall have nothing left worthy of a thought. If you cherish hostile intentions against me, then, indulge them if you see fit. Here I stand before you. I shall not try to escape. Away from here, with a long and dreary prospect of a roaming and futile existence—ah! I would rather die here, and die by your hands. I did ruin the election for you; take your revenge, if you like. And now I have told you all without restraint, not because I cared to exculpate myself, but because I felt the need of speaking. I have been silent too long."

Einar had spoken under an impulse too strong to be repressed by any reflection regarding the nature of his audience. It had not occurred to him that that boisterous crowd, as it stood there before him, unindividualized, a mere dark, undulating mass of humanity, possibly intent upon mischief, was hardly the proper tribunal to appeal to for a vindication of his honor. To him, it somehow represented the large, half-abstract public which he was conscious of having wronged, and in spite of what he had said (and as he himself believed with perfect sincerity), now that he had regained his hold upon life, the need to vindicate himself had grown strong within him. Moreover, a Norwegian mob, even at the worst, is never a formidable affair; and the present one was really quite accidental in its origin. A dozen young fellows, who were rather envious of his good luck in winning, while on the brink of disgrace, the fairest maiden in the town, had assembled in the square with the harmless purpose of giving him a cat-concert. The professional loafers, who were always abundant at that time of the day and eager for any kind of sport, had made common cause with them, and as the company proceeded up Main and Elm streets with jingling of bells, blowing of horns and clanking of pans and kettles, it found its size every moment increasing, like a snow-ball that grows as it rolls. I believe the prevalent emotion in the crowd at the time when Einar had finished speaking was surprise at the dignity with which they had been treated, and having suddenly become impressed with a sense of their own respectability, their original mission was temporarily lost sight of, and the American part of their nature asserted itself in loud demands for more speeches. The doctor was vociferously called for, and at last was forced to respond. In a very neat and well-turned little speech, he supplied much that Einar had left unsaid, and at the outset put the assembly in good humor by addressing it as "My invisible friends," and threatening to commence a suit against the youth of Hardanger in general for the damage done to his flower-beds. When his eloquence had at last exhausted itself, the crowd made its retreat in quite an orderly manner, giving from the

street, as a sort of after-thought, three cheers for the editor, and for the doctor three times three.

An hour later, when Mrs. Raven had recovered from the effects of the shock, the doctor bade his guests good-night, and Einar escorted them home.

Helga, although she had preserved an outward calm, had taken an intense part in the occurrences of the night, and when her mother had entered the house she still lingered with her lover on the piazza, being conscious of that after-quiver of excitement which somehow makes one loth to part without having gathered (as by a *finale* in music) all the tumultuous emotions into a closing harmony. As she was about to speak, footsteps were heard approaching, and presently the tall, clumsy shape of Amund Norderud was seen outlined against the sky. He paused at the gate, struck a match on the sole of his boot, and looked at his watch. Under the strong illumination, his square Norse face, with its pathetic dullness, started suddenly out of the dusk which hovered like a misty aureola about it.

Helga, without knowing why, clung more closely to Einar's side.

After a brief deliberation, Amund opened the gate, and advanced to where the lovers sat hidden in the shadow of the dead Virginia creepers, the skeletons of which were still clambering over the pillars of the porch.

"Good evening, Amund," came the girl's voice out of the dusk.

Amund started back a couple of steps, but collected himself and advanced once more.

"I only came—to congratulate you," he said (faltering a little), in his slow, heavy bass. "I called once before, but you were not at home."

"Thank you, Amund," she answered, cordially, and with her usual impulsiveness, stretching out both her hands toward him.

"I have known that this was coming—for a good while," he said, parenthetically, with a glance at Einar, who had also risen to offer his hand.

"You have been more sagacious than I, then," responded the latter. "I should have been a happier man than I have been if I had had any premonition of what was in store for me. I suppose other folks see those things better than one's self."

"Very likely."

Helga blushed in the dark, but said nothing.

"If I had seen you when I called first," resumed Amund, after a pause, "you wouldn't have had any of those disturbances you have had over at the doctor's."

"I am much obliged on Helga's account, for your kind intentions," Einar answered, with a tinge of that patronage in his voice which a happy lover, however deep his pity may be, cannot help feeling for an unsuccessful rival.

"I suppose I mustn't call you Helga any more, now that you are engaged."

The words were thrown out at random into the air, but were evidently meant for Helga.

"Oh yes, indeed, Amund," she responded warmly. "We are old friends, you know, and shall always remain so."

Einar, I regret to say, was not quite generous enough to feel unalloyed pleasure at this reply, but he knew his jealousy to be absurd, and determined to conquer it.

The gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and Amund's heavy footsteps died away into the night.

"Tell me one thing, Einar," began Helga, nestling confidingly against him. "I know it is foolish to ask, but you will allow me to be foolish for once. Have you ever loved any woman before you loved me?"

"Never," he replied, with warm emphasis. "How could I, Helga?"

"I don't know, dear. But I thought men usually did—love several times. It was a mere silly vow I once made that I would never marry a man to whom I could not be the first and the last. It is such a dear thought to a woman, you know, that the man she loves is as single-minded—as free from blighting experiences—as she is herself. I suppose it is hardly any merit in a woman like me, who has never been much sought by men. A life like mine, I am afraid, is a fertile soil for impracticable ideals. But," she added, with sudden ardor, "I cling to them still, and it makes me so happy to think that they are, after all, capable of realization."

"Ah, dearest," he murmured, sadly, "do not shame me, now when you know what I am, and—what I have been."

"And why," she asked, with as near an approach to archness as a woman of her type is capable of, "do you not ask me whether I ever loved any one before I met you?"

"Because I know that you never did."

"It is true," she answered, groping in the dark for his hand, till it lay within her own. "I have had my foolish school-girl admirations, but I never loved any one but you."

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

THREE years have passed over Hardanger, —slow and uneventful, as the years are apt to be in a Western community which has more than half emerged from barbarism, and is well advanced toward what in the West is called civilization. Outwardly the years have brought very few changes, and the town is yet very much what it was before,—a planless, cuttle-fish-like accumulation of brick and wooden houses, the ramifications of which now hold the whole hill-side, from the forest to the lake, in a somewhat loose and listless embrace. Like every Western town with metropolitan ambitions, Hardanger continues to draw large drafts on the future, and its hopefulness finds expression in a certain speculative ardor in business circles, and in an exorbitant over-valuation of the real estate in the immediate vicinity of the town.

"The Citizen," which has been laboring faithfully for the quelling of the violent partisanships excited by the war, is enjoying a moderate prosperity, and has recently become a daily. Its editor, whose gentle, lovable nature, no less than his sagacity and rhetorical brilliancy, has gained him a wide popularity in social circles, still manages to wield a very weighty influence in public affairs, although he has hitherto stood rigidly aloof from all degrading political affiliations. Every one is ready to admit that it is chiefly owing to his admirable conduct in the late campaign, that Norderud has just succeeded in obliterating the memory of his defeat, and has been returned to the state senate by a very respectable majority. No one dares breathe a suspicion against Einar Falconberg's fair name now.

His old enemy, "The Banner," has gone where all good Americans go—to Paris, where Mr. George Washington Bingham has established some new agency, and, I believe, writes occasional correspondences to leading Democratic journals. A less pugnacious successor, called "The Democratic Thunderclap," occupies the old offices of "The Banner," on the further side of the square.

As for "The Citizen," I would not, of course, assert that it gives universal satisfaction. It would be worth very little if it did. There are, even among the Norwegians, certain constitutional pessimists who look back in mournful retrospect to its early days, and declare with a sigh that "it is not what it used to be." But it is worthy of notice that these gentlemen are the very ones who, in those days, most vigorously espoused the pastor's cause, and, in spite of their incapacity for sarcasm, attempted to be humorous at Einar's and Norderud's expense.

It was the day after the election. In the parlor of what was formerly the Raven cottage, Einar and his wife were sitting. It was the after-supper hour—the delicious *dolce far niente* hour of the day. The parlor, although still glorying in some quaint Norwegian features, was no longer what it was of old. Some large bay-windows projected on the south and west sides (her oriels, as Mrs. Falconberg is fond of calling them), breaking somewhat the rigid monotony of outline; an open fire-place had been substituted for the old Norse five-storied monster; the territory on the wall formerly occupied by portraits of the royal family had, to the great grief of Mrs. Raven's loyal heart, been invaded by Italian madonnas, chubby-faced angels, and other unevangelical creatures. Helga, who is now the mother of a boy two years old,—the exact counterpart, as she frequently insists, of one of Correggio's cherubs, minus the bassoon,—has changed but little since the days of her girlhood. Her fair face has still the same maidenly freshness as of old, with perhaps that slight softening of expression and contour which the superadded dignity of happy motherhood gives even to the plainest woman. The education of her son is at present her enthusiasm,—the all-absorbing topic of interest and conversation. Her eagerness to perfect herself in this difficult art had led her to the study of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and other educational philosophers, and she bears with the patience of superior knowledge the banter of her husband, who pretends that he is unable to understand what relation these ponderous tomes can have to that tiny fragment of humanity, whose attention seems to be chiefly divided between feeding and sleeping. But Helga thinks she can well afford to be forbearing, because she is profoundly convinced that the right is on her side. She discusses with great gravity the future career of the marvelous boy, quite unconscious that her zeal has any humorous side to it. And Einar, if he were to be candid, would have to admit that, in spite of his occasional ridicule, he is not without sympathy with her folly. In fact, he is secretly of the opinion (and I believe he has confessed it to his friend the doctor), that the fantastic streaks in his wife's nature and the ardor she expends in doing

little things make her tenfold more lovable in his sight, and, moreover, touches with a poetic flush the many humdrum cares which marriage inevitably brings. The most serious difficulty they ever had was occasioned by her enthusiasm for phonetic spelling, which his philological learning led him to oppose with a tinge of asperity. On that question, however, she at length accepted his authority, or yielded to argument. Her present rapturous devotion to the kindergarten system he looks upon as comparatively harmless, and allows her to experiment with the babies of the neighborhood to her heart's content.

If Mrs. Raven's opinion is to be relied on, Helga is as yet hardly an expert in housekeeping. She is too much inclined to take a theoretic view of what she dignifies with the title of "the culinary science," and although her Graham gems and roast beef are above criticism, her more ambitious efforts often come dangerously near being downright failures. In her boldly experimental dishes she has, however, an unerring test by which she may judge whether they are successful or not. If Einar displays an abnormal appetite, and with a suspiciously innocent face demands a second plateful, she knows at once that something is wrong. And in the little *tête-à-tête* in the library which invariably follows, he ignominiously confesses his duplicity, and is, in return, initiated into the mystery of the culinary process; and even if, in spite of this explanation, the dish remains a failure, he generously allows the undeniable beauty of the principle to atone for the meanness of the result.

Helga has often admitted to her husband that the happiness she has found in her marriage with him differed widely in kind, though not in degree, from what she pictured to herself in the ardor of her girlish inexperience. And on this November afternoon, when the deputation of citizens who had come to thank him for his independent attitude in the campaign had departed, she had seated herself on a low stool at his side, trifling with his watch-chain, as her habit was whenever she meant to coax him into compromising confessions.

"Einar," she said, lifting her eyes, still radiant with triumph, to his, "do you remember my saying to you, two years ago, that if you had been instrumental in Mr. Norderud's defeat, you were also strong enough to help him to a victory, which would be so much the sweeter for the taste he had had of defeat?"

"No, really, dear," he answered, with an amused expression. "I don't remember that you ever told me so."

"If I didn't, I at least *meant* to do it," she responded energetically, "I am sure, I anticipated in my thought all that has happened to-day."

Helga, like many a woman whose inner life moves with exceptional intensity, was frequently subject to illusions of this kind, believing that she had heard or said what, rising in her own mind, had impressed itself vividly upon her thought.

"I suppose I ought not to object to your magnifying my share in the victory, darling," he said, stooping over her and gazing at her with eyes full of affectionate pride. "But your own share in it is greater than mine."

"My share? I don't understand."

"Very likely. I mean that a great love is strong to save."

THE END.

THE NEW MOON.

WHAT gold-hued shallop in the western skies
Sinks to the distant hills when day has fled?
It is the new moon; and to paradise
It bears, with bellying sails, the last month, dead!

A JOURNEY TO A POLITICAL CONVENTION.

IT was on the afternoon of a Saturday in June that I started from Jersey City with a dozen of my acquaintances, to see a convention which was to be held at Cincinnati. We had a neat and commodious sleeping-car, which was all our own, and we were not so many but that each man might have a window and two or three seats to himself. Cincinnati would be reached by the evening of the next day. The company numbered some of my best friends. For a good part of the way to Philadelphia the colors of sunset remained in the west. A beautiful light lingered on the rich and level meadows of New Jersey. When one is setting out for any distant place, the senses are apt to be awake. After leaving Philadelphia the beds were soon put up. I got into mine and lay awake waiting for Harrisburg, thinking that I might there catch sight of the Susquehanna, which is nowhere more beautiful than just before that town. I suppose I must have been on the lookout for Harrisburg before we had come within sixty miles of it. The moonlight without was almost like day. Every shadow which fell upon the window I supposed was Harrisburg. I often put aside the curtain, and only to see a ridiculous white shed, which stared at me a moment, and vanished. The splendor of the night gave to the shabby houses so common by the side of railroads in this country, a look of helpless absurdity, like that of sleep-walkers in dishabille. But those noble barns, which slept on the knolls in the deep pastures of Lancaster County, were not absurd, nor the villages, half a mile off, with a dozen red cottages, twice as many apple-trees, and a single rustic turret. I had been long asleep, when I was awakened by the creaking and slow turning of the wheels of the train, and I knew that we had passed Harrisburg and were crossing the Susquehanna just where the Juniata meets it. I looked out, and there lay the river, spreading its broad mirror to the moon. It lay as I had seen it ten years before, as it had lain through all these years, in which my eyes had been occupied with meaner objects.

The stream had come down from a region which had been at one time very well known to me. Sweeping the tall grasses of its bottom, it had flowed downward from the harvest fields of Lycoming and perhaps had passed that day by sun-down the rose-embowered porches of Northumberland. The Susquehanna is a peculiar river. It is very wide and yet so shallow as to be of little use for navigation. But it is a great stream for flat-bottomed boats, and for long, dark and sounding bridges. These bridges are of wood and are usually black from the rains and the weather. They are very long and are nearly all closed in. Sometimes they are in the form of a bow, the rude stone piers upon which they rest emerging much farther from the surface in the middle of the river than near the shore. These bridges climb along the summits of the piles on which they rest in an often broken curve, or I should rather say, in a polygonal line. They look as if they had been jammed upward by the rising of the middle piers; and this gives them a rickety tenuity which is extremely graceful. Other bridges are straight. I say that they are all closed, and so indeed they appear from the outside, but once within them and they often seem to be very open. The planks gape, giving glimpses of the green water and the dripping rocks underneath. It is from this cause perhaps that the horses as they stumble through them wander from side to side, their hoofs making an unsteady yet deliberate thunder. The cobwebbed roofs are sprinkled with spaces of the blue sky. Through a plank on the upper side, half torn away, you look out into the light-hearted ether and upon the mottled bosom of the stream and see a morning solitude in which no step of man frightens yonder eagle from the dead branch of that tree by the river-side.

I say that the stream is mottled; this is because the stream is so shallow and the surface takes color from its many depths. It is, I suppose, because of the spots upon the water that the river, to one standing on the bank, appears to wheel; it seems to be revolving about your feet as a center with a radius of its own width. I believe that all streams appear to wheel in this way, but I have never seen the illusion so strong as on the Susquehanna; as the waters swing under the bridges, the bridges appear always to be either moving or just on the point of moving.

The upper Susquehanna is a region which I have not traversed in many years.

But I never, in going southward, cross the river at its mouth, where you look out upon the wide Chesapeake, without remembering that it flows from a land and a people which I once knew and loved. I remember a certain window upon a hill behind a village. I could not from this window see the river, because the village intervened between it and the Susquehanna, but in May I looked over a bower of apple-blossoms straight into the vernal bosom of the mountain opposite. I remember Northumberland, which is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Here the two branches of the Susquehanna join, the one flowing from the fertile plains at the foot of Bald Eagle Range, the other from the far-famed region of Wyoming. At Northumberland there are islands in the middle of both the north and west branches, and these are joined to the banks by bridges. The walk from bank to bank is not a long one. I remember once walking the distance from bank to bank, late on a peaceful afternoon in June. The sun did not set in the west that day, but all over the land. The air was filled with an ample and brilliant light, and the sky sprinkled with wreaths of roseate clouds. I took that walk amid a bower of color. I followed the road along one of the islands, which seemed to me wonderfully wide, passing a gate-keeper's cottage, and stopping upon the bridge to look down where the water lay under rosy and ethereal vapors and clouds of sunset. I saw this Eden but a single time. It was a scene of light, beauty, and peace, which I can but faintly recall.

But I forget that I am on my way to Cincinnati. I passed that night the country of the Juniata, but on my return saw that verdant and undulating region refreshed by recent rains, the streams all full and the land lying deep-green under a darkened sky. When I rose the next morning the train was already descending the western declivities of the Alleghany Mountains. It proved to be a very hot day. All day long we journeyed through a vast mass of hot and sultry atmosphere. The pores of the cars, it seemed, must ooze under the weather. The train had gone but a few miles of our journey across the valley, when a little stream started up by the side of us and dogged our footsteps nearly the whole of the day. It ran not a dozen paces distant under my window, and was always there. Now and then taking for a moment a reluctant circle about the feet of the wooded hills, it was soon back again, glittering steadily under my eyes, racing the faster the faster we rushed, and, the more insupportable the hour, spreading the cooler and shallower its web of waters among the stones.

The scenery of southern Ohio was very peculiar and to me very interesting. A forest without underbrush is almost unknown in New England. But as one passes the skirts of these Ohio woods there are no shrubs or bushes to conceal the trunks of the trees. The eye sees far in among their straight and clean ranks until the curious gaze is baffled by the uncertain and ever-vanishing images of the densely peopled interiors. This absence of underbrush gives to the forests a park-like appearance. I have never known any scenery so classical as the glades which border the forests of Ohio and Indiana. Here are scattered great trees with tall trunks. Here the May-apples line the blue-grass. The young Hoosier, in some hour of noonday *ennui*, when the fruit of the papaw has failed to afford pleasure and occupation, walking among the May-apples, has found on the green stem of one of these weeds a ripe apple, which, on tasting he discovers to be the most paradisiac surprise which he has ever taken in his mouth. He carries on his palate and in his fancy the memory of this elysian refreshment for a whole year. The next spring he sees in the same spot a thousand May-apple blossoms and he thinks that in the summer there will be a thousand May-apples. But when summer comes he finds that in a whole field of plants there is not a single apple. These glades in which the blue-grass is strewn with the May-apples, are, I say, the only spots known to me which my fancy has been able to people with the figures of the old mythology. The young men and women in the many colleges and seminaries of this region write poems and compositions upon the gods and goddesses of Greece, and when, on holidays, they go nutting and picnicing, perhaps carry with them into the woods these ancient stories. The glades are filled with deep shadows and abundant sunlight; the blue-grass sown not too thickly with the trunks of mighty trees might indeed have offered a tender carpet to the foot of Diana.

It was Sunday and the bells were ringing as we went along. Everywhere we saw the evidences of thrift and comfort. Great factories and the immense chimneys of furnaces lined the road. Many a cottage

with red roses before the door and white palings, it was easy to think to be the home of virtue and refinement. Here and there a new and smart dwelling with a fountain and a graven image or two in the garden bespoke the advancing fortunes of some energetic artisan. The farm-houses seemed to be larger and neater than those in the east. During the afternoon we fell in with the Little Miami, which we had on one side or another for the rest of our journey. We passed canoes steered by a girl and paddled by a young man in the bow. In other boats a man and wife and two or three children, out for an afternoon's pleasure, sat watching us until we were whirled beyond their horizon. In the midst of a clear and brilliant sunset we passed a pretty village which is on this river. The people were sitting out in the gardens before their porches or had left their Sunday evening tea-tables to run to the windows to look at us. The sight of such a fine people as we passed all along the road was most consoling to a man bound upon a patriotic mission. I looked eagerly at every face asking: "Are you a competent democrat?" There was hardly one which did not seem to me that of a man who might be a worthy member of a great progressive democracy. I have often thought that everything in this country seems to wear a vulgar air except the people. The boys who sold pop-corn, the men who stood on the platforms as we passed, all appeared to me to be promising and worthy democrats. On the other hand the varieties of the people on the train, being mostly politicians bound to Cincinnati, did not seem to me to be so nice-looking; these persons appeared to my prejudiced eyes to have very impudently mistaken their vocation. I listened to one of them who talked in a very loud and boastful strain. When asked if he thought that that result of the convention which he wished for would really happen, he said: "I don't think anything about it; I know it." This way of speaking I have observed to be very common among American politicians. An energetic prophecy is thought to assist its own fulfillment. Of course, the result which this politician prophesied did not happen.

Political conventions in this country are often held in very hot weather. They crowd to their utmost the towns in which they assemble. The rooms of the hotels have each three beds. The stranger who goes to look on and who is not likely to have ordered his room many weeks before must usually be content with a top room on the inside. The air is stifling, so that it would be hard to sleep if he were alone; but as the other occupants, in the choice of whom he will not be likely to have a voice, have their own hours, even such sleep as the heat and the close air will leave him will be much broken in upon. The guests, as the phrase is (though in what sense a man is a guest who pays for his entertainment it would be hard to find out), dine almost by platoons. The food is, of course, bad. But were the discomforts infinitely greater than they are,—and the only serious one is that of having to get on with very little sleep,—a great political convention, even to the man who has seen it many times, is a sight which makes it well worth while to put up with them. One sees in the throngs which fill the towns many of the virtues and talents of a successful democracy. One sees also very clearly those peculiarities of our society by which a small minority of the people, totally unfit for the business of governing, are able to have their own way in the face of the public will. If the public attention were always very much awake and greatly in earnest, no doubt the people who rule these conventions would be compelled to obey it. But the public attention is rarely awake, while the persons who control these conventions are sleepless. We talk a great deal of the apathy of our people with regard to political matters; but the public attention has been awake several times within the last few years, or, what would be esteemed awake in some countries. But it is necessary here to feed the public attention upon ozone to bring it to any such condition of vitality as will impress the politicians. Before starting for Cincinnati, we had thought, the country being surely our way of thinking, that the ideas to which we were attached were of some consequence. But the journey taught us our mistake. Even before reaching the town, in our conversations on the way with various persons, we came upon indications which were like the weeds and floating branches seen by Columbus before he sighted the continent. But we were no sooner in Cincinnati than we discovered that our patriotic ideas were of no account at all. The members of the convention had come to make such a president as suited themselves, not to confer as to that one who should be the best or with whom the country would be best satisfied. When any one of them was spoken to concerning the need of better government and better

men in office, the reply was either an impassive stare or a nod of the head which showed that your remarks had not made much impression. There really appeared to be a feeling among them that it was an impertinence on the part of the country and of the press to have an opinion on a subject which was entirely their matter. What was still more singular was the indifference with which they listened to fears concerning the success before the people of the candidates whom they most favored. It was not because they doubted the truth of your vaticinations that they were indifferent, but because they were reckless concerning the matter and did not appear to care whether they were true or not. Their affections and their interests were on the side of one candidate and they were very willing that their party might run its chance of defeat, if at the same time their candidate might have his chance of success. The selfishness of the persons to whom such a grave task had been assigned was perfectly evident; there was no thought of disguising it and no pretense to any higher intentions. I heard "hifalutin" and demagogical talk only in the convention. But the halls and parlors of the hotel were full of people in a perfectly cool frame of mind. Most of them were in such complete ignorance as to what the result of the raffle would be that they hardly thought worth while to hazard a guess. They stood about under a great deal of red and white bunting adorned with the portraits of candidates and the coats-of-arms of the various states; drank lemonade supplied by the committees and continually mopped their brows. Our American politicians are always being introduced to one another. These people were very profuse in their introductions. "Governor, let me introduce to you Colonel ——," and similar expressions were constantly heard. Some of them were "very happy" and "delighted," but the greater part did not seem to know one another after the ceremony any better than before. Particular halls and parlors were taken by certain states. The names of the states were over the doors. Alabama was just opposite Minnesota. Men carrying in their minds and recollections widely separate climes and landscapes, jostled one another and conversed in the same language. The looks of all these people were very much the same. A historical writer in describing some great gathering of ancient times can write in this fashion: "There was the rude Acarnarnian, his tunic scarce reaching to his knees; thither came the swart Lydian, his belt," etc. But the constantly increasing homogeneity of the country permits here very little diversity of speech, manners or dress. Here and there was a man from New York or Boston whose frock coat had caught a reflection of the latest rays of Poole. But most of the people wore the "ordinary dress" of an American citizen. There was the rich farmer's shiny broadcloth; there was the gray coat, of a peculiar wooden cut, of the young master of the village store, who last week had retailed eggs and dry goods over the counter of his most familiar bazaar, and who next week would recount in the same place the news of the convention to his customers. The traveler in this country, however, must expect small amusement from picturesque diversity of attire among our people.

Still there was something very interesting to the imagination in the diversities of home and landscape which this crowd represented. But it was when they were gathered together into the great hall of the convention that they looked most like a mirror, a distorted mirror, of our vast land. I obtained one of the stage tickets, and from an elevation behind the platform, in company with some six hundred "distinguished persons," was able to look over the whole assemblage. On the morning of the opening of the convention, I came in from the stage entrance, and at the first sight of the hall felt that pleasurable surprise and elation with which one suddenly sees a vast building filled with a moving throng. The festooned flags and the other highly colored devices about the platform were very agreeable to the eye. The cheap and flimsy character of the decorations was most expressive of the short-lived uses for which they had been put up. You perceived that long before the bunting would be soiled or the evergreens faded, the public act for which the throng had been brought together would have been performed. The event concerning which we wondered and conversed so much, and scrutinized so intently every indication of the oracles, would be an old and stale story in every part of the land before these flags could be put away, this platform pulled down, and these wreaths thrown into the street. The crowd in the body of the hall were standing when I came in. There was a loud murmur of conversation and an incessant moving of fans. When the chairman's gavel had been

long going on the desk, they began to compose themselves leisurely, almost tardily, into their seats; yet they were soon seated. This steady confidence in its capacity to perform that for which it had been convened was one of the most interesting and imposing traits of the great body. There was no need to be in a hurry. Each hour had its special business. To-day a few well-understood steps would be taken, to-morrow a few more. A vote might be reached by to-morrow night, perhaps not till Friday, perhaps not even till Saturday. In due time, a candidate for president would be nominated, and then everybody would go home. But the convention was never so imposing as when the throng sat, black and silent, not a seat unfilled in all the countless and crowded rows, watchful and studiously attentive. In the midst of each group of delegates a staff had been set up, to the top of which was attached a placard bearing the name of their state. This array of pasteboard set on sticks gave one a sense of the great area which the assembly covered, and produced a strong effect upon the imagination and the sympathy. But the convention exhibited the homogeneity of the people of this country,—the "solidarity," as the learned express it, rather than their diversity. It is true one or two of the orators proclaimed their localities in a decided and original manner. A little fellow from North Carolina who had mounted a chair and wildly waved a paper at the president, on being recognized ascended the platform and in a piercing voice announced to the convention that he was from "the tar-heeled state." He had black trowsers and the long-tailed broadcloth coat, which, in old days in the South, was considered the most elegant and correct dress possible for a young man. He had also, I think, a green necktie. Another delegate from the far South nominated Mr. Stewart L. Woodford for vice-president, in the name of "the land of the magnolia and the mocking-bird." But the aspect of the convention demonstrated that one race had filled and subdued the entire country. It was plain that the Yankee could whittle the palm quite as well as the pine. As I looked over the assembly I compared the predictions of Hamilton concerning the relations of the states to the country at large with the spectacle before me. Hamilton expected that the state governments would intercept and take to themselves the regard of the people; that they would shut out from the view of the people the government at the Capital; that the idea of the central power would be remote and vague, and the idea of the state near and distinct. How plainly do these prognostications bring up before us the changes of ninety years! How like the composition of a school girl do the theories, concerning the future condition of society, of the most intelligent statesmen appear when compared with that subsequent spectacle which progress, necessity and accident have prepared. Hamilton could not foresee the time when a message could be made to travel the distance to the Pacific Ocean faster than the sun; when Cincinnati and St. Louis would be chosen as places for conventions because of their being in the center of population; when the distance from New York to Cincinnati would be twenty-four hours; when everybody would travel, and pretty much everybody would emigrate. Could Hamilton have seen the Centennial, we can imagine him seeking in the mind of each of the millions who visited the Vienna Bakery that clear sentiment of allegiance to his native or adopted state which he predicted must exist. Looking over the heads of the convention it was plain that though the members of that assembly were seated by states and voted by states, the states were to them mere governments on paper or instruments of utility. It was plain that the feeling toward the state among these people was at the most nothing more than that toward the region which afforded them a home; it was merely the inevitable preference of men for their own place. Such a sentiment as Hamilton had anticipated did not at all exist; the solidarity of the people had been accomplished. There was in this crowd a sense of one country, and a sense, not equally strong, it is true, but still sufficiently strong, of one government. In order not to be misunderstood, I should here say that there never was a time when the necessity of local self-government and the necessity of leaving to the states the control of their own internal affairs, were plainer than now. The states, though no longer the objects of a sentiment of patriotic regard, are still, and must continue to be, necessary instruments of utility and convenience.

I have said that you heard very little demagogical talk among the groups around the hotels, nor was there much to be heard in the convention. The convention evidently had such a poor opinion of the notions regarding the need of greater purity and

intelligence in government and such an accurate appreciation of their present weakness that they did not think it worth while to simulate them. The members of the convention who really favored these ideas were but a handful. The great mass had come there with no other intention but to push the fortunes of this or that leader, or to secure for themselves the best possible terms in case a failure should make a compromise necessary. What was the good of pretending to sentiments which were not respected and would certainly not win? I heard one despicable speech delivered by a man not a member of the convention, who had been called out to entertain the assemblage while the committees were preparing the resolutions. He was a dark, full-blooded person, with a powerful voice. At intervals during this man's speech his face would become a deep blue, his limbs would tremble violently and his obese form would quiver as if galvanized. His speech made me think of what sportsmen say of the song of the black-cock. This bird has three distinct notes in the song which he utters as a challenge to his rivals. He constantly repeats these, standing in the early morning, among his hens, under a fir-tree on an Alpine height. It is while he delivers the last of these notes that the hunter must take aim, for during its utterance his rage and passion are so great that he hears or sees nothing. His body trembles violently; froth issues from his beak; his eyes are covered with the nictitating and glittering membrane. I thought of this bird while this orator was speaking. But the black-cock is a noble creature, which, the hour before sunrise, sings its song of love and defiance, in a dark and snowy field among the highest Alps. At an hour and place when there was so much opportunity for wise counsel and patriotic eloquence, this demagogue shouted his false and empty words over the heads of the convention. An upright and cultivated citizen spoke immediately after. There was such evident purity of purpose, generosity and love of country in what he said, his address showed such an amiable contrast with the low views of certain other persons, that the eyes of many of the audience rested on him with peculiar kindness.

This convention was much like other political conventions held in this country. It may be well, therefore, to sum up the truth with regard to it, in a paragraph. It might, perhaps, seem rash so to treat an institution of such influence. But these conventions are none the more respectable, their manner of proceeding none the less unreasonable and unscrupulous because they control the country. It was plain that most of the members of this convention should have had no place in it. It was plain that the convention performed foolish and unreasonable acts, and that its manner of conducting business was, in various respects, foolish and unreasonable. Office-holders should have had no place in it. In any well-arranged government, no office-holder is permitted to take part in political movements. An office-holder of course desires to keep the office which he has, or to get a better one. When permitted to be a politician, he works for that candidate from whom he has the greatest expectations. The success of his candidate being to him a matter of bread and butter, he works with greater assiduity, and at a greater advantage than any man whose intentions are merely those of a lover of his country, and a friend of progress. Office-holders thus find it easy to thwart the people in the primary meetings, and to send office-holders to the state conventions, who in their turn send office-holders to the national conventions. Were the office-holders kept from meddling with the business of politics, there would be none to thwart the wishes or inclinations of the public in primary meetings and conventions, unless it would be the office-seekers, and a stable civil service would take away from these the hope of reward which makes the motive of their interference. When a reasonable and decent civil service shall have been long enough established, the country will, no doubt, have got control of the conventions, or will have put in the place of them better means of bringing its aid to bear upon the administration of public affairs.

There were, besides, many other persons in this convention who should have had no part in it, because they were too ignorant and were possessed of too limited abilities to assist in the deliberations of a body having such important duties to perform. Do we think every man able to build a bridge? Why, then, should every man be able to govern a country? Many of these people would have been well enough if they had kept to such work as nature had intended them for. They became mischievous when, without any authority except that which accident and the inattention and helplessness of the country had given them, they assumed a part beyond their knowledge and abilities. The convention did very foolish and unrea-

sonable things. The gravest question of the time—one which affected seriously the moral welfare of forty millions of people, the honor of the nation before the world, the future of the country and the future of democracy—was settled scarcely more reasonably than if half a dozen paper slips had been put into a hat and shaken. It was a return to the foolish processes which made Presidents of Polk and Pierce. This plan indeed gave us Lincoln, and events have proved that the choice made at Cincinnati was a fortunate one, but fortune, and not the convention, is entitled to the credit of it. The convention's general manner of conducting business was unreasonable. It was certainly unreasonable if they considered themselves the responsible agents of the country. It was, perhaps, not so unreasonable if they were there merely to hurry through the job which would best suit themselves. A convention is supposed to be a deliberative body. There was indeed some deliberation, but it was altogether concerning unimportant matters. Not the least deliberation was permitted with regard to the great act for which the convention had been called together. There was not the least opportunity for an interchange of "views," in case any one present had any. Had any speaker wished to give his reasons why it would be more difficult than at any previous time for the party to carry the election, and therefore why a certain course of action should be pursued, there would have been no opportunity to give them. Had there been such an opportunity, I doubt if any one would have dared to say such things. He would have made the convention angry, and the minority to which he belonged would have considered him a marplot and a busybody. No one seemed to represent himself. The convention was, of course, a very powerful body; it could well afford to smile in contempt upon opinions such as these, but these opinions are nevertheless true, and he can have little hope of his country who does not expect them to prevail.

JOHN ERICSSON.

By the roadside in a mountain hamlet near the iron-works of Langbanshyttan, Central Sweden, stands a pyramid of iron cast from ore dug from the adjacent mines and set upon a base of granite quarried from the hills which overlook the valley. Upon the face of this monument appears this legend:

IN A MINER'S HUT AT LANGBANSHYTTAN WERE BORN THE TWO BROTHERS

NILS ERICSSON, JANUARY 31ST, 1802,
AND
JOHN ERICSSON, JULY 31ST, 1803,

BOTH OF WHOM HAVE SERVED AND HONORED THEIR NATIVE LAND.

THEIR WAY THROUGH WORK TO KNOWLEDGE AND LASTING FAME IS OPEN FOR EVERY SWEDISH YOUTH.

The monument is placed at the turn of the road which leads to the village schoolhouse, and, as if to point the "Swedish youth" to the first step in his progress toward "knowledge and lasting fame," it bears upon its reverse side this inscription:

THE WAY TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE OF LANGBANSHYTTAN.

Nils Ericsson was a man of unusual ability, and deservedly held high position in Sweden as engineer of the canals and railroads of the kingdom, but his reputation is a local one; the name of his brother is familiar to all who have any knowledge of the progress of engineering science during the past half century. The two brothers were sons of Olof Ericsson, a Swedish miner. What is known of him and his wife, the mother of Nils and John, shows that the Ericssons come of no ordinary stock. The father-in-law of Olof was a man of property, but the transmitted property went no further, disappearing in unfortunate investments in silver mines. Thus it happened that to the grandsons fell the fortunate inheritance of poverty, and among John's earliest recollections is that of the seizure of the household effects by the remorseless hands of the sheriff. This occurred when he was five years of age. The wife of Olof was a woman of intelligence and refined tastes, and was intimately acquainted with the light literature of the time.

The early years of John Ericsson were spent among the hardy and industrious people who bring forth from the mines of Nordmark, Taberg, Persberg, and Langban more than one-fifth of the iron ore mined in Sweden. These iron mines are situated in

the beautiful province of Wermland, in Central Sweden, midway between the capitals of the sister kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. In one of the many valleys formed by the sloping mountains of this beautiful region, John Ericsson was born. The inspiration of his genius was found, however, not in the varied scenery of its rocky forests and its glistening lakes, but in the hard, practical life of a people who hide themselves away from the sunlight that they may do their appropriate work in an age of iron and steam. Among the earliest sounds that greeted his ears was the clash of the rude machinery with which the miners worked; among his earliest playthings were miniature machines and tools of his own contrivance. Before he was eleven years old, during the winter of 1813, John had produced a saw-mill of ingenious construction, and had planned a pumping engine designed to clear the mines of water. The frame of the saw-mill was of wood; the saw-blade was made from a watch-spring, and the crank which actuated it was cast from a broken tin spoon. A file, borrowed from a neighboring blacksmith, to cut the saw-teeth, a gimlet, and the ubiquitous jack-knife, were the only tools available for this work.

A much more ambitious undertaking was the pumping engine. The year before, when only nine years of age, young Ericsson had made the acquaintance of drawing instruments in one of the draught offices of the grand ship canal of Sweden, and learned how these instruments were used to lay out the work of construction in advance. Meanwhile, his father had removed to the depths of a pine forest where he selected the timber for the lock-gates of the canal. In this wilderness, a quill and a pencil were the boy's utmost resources in the way of drawing tools. Like Crusoe on his island, he had to begin at the beginning. He made compasses of birch-wood with needles inserted in the ends of the legs. A pair of steel tweezers, obtained from his mother's dressing-case, were converted into a drawing pen, and the same good mother was persuaded, after much entreaty, to allow her sable cloak to be robbed of hair enough to provide material for two small brushes with which to apply the coloring at that time deemed essential in all mechanical drawings. The pumping engine was to be operated by a wind-mill, and here the youthful inventor was at fault. He had heard much about a wind-mill but had never seen one. Following, as well as he could, the description of those who had had the happiness to view this wonderful machine, he succeeded in constructing on paper the mechanism connecting the crank of the wind-mill shaft with the pump levers, but how to turn the mill to the changing wind he could not divine. Fortunately, John's father made a visit to the wind-mill, and, in describing what he had seen, spoke of a "ball and socket joint." The hint was sufficient; the boy rushed to his drawing table and had soon added a ball and socket joint where the connecting-rod for the driving crank joined the pump lever. With the execution of this drawing began John Ericsson's mechanical career. The plan conceived and executed under such discouraging circumstances by a mere child attracted the attention of Admiral Count Platen, the President of the Gotha Ship Canal, on which Ericsson's father was employed, and one of Sweden's great men. "Continue as you have begun and you will one day produce something extraordinary," prophesied the count of his young *protégé*. Richly has the prophecy been fulfilled.

Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the Swedish corps of mechanical engineers when he was twelve years old, was soon after promoted to *nivelleur* (leveler), and at the age of thirteen was put in charge of a section of the ship canal over which his friend, the count, presided. Six hundred of the royal troops, at work upon this section, looked for directions in their daily work to this child, among whose necessary attendants was one who followed after him with the stool upon which he stood to raise himself to the height of his leveling instruments. The amusements of this boy-engineer are indicated by his possession at the age of fifteen of a portfolio of drawings, made in his leisure moments, giving maps of the most important parts of the grand canal, three hundred miles in length, and showing all the machinery and implements used in its construction. Many important works upon this canal, which opens an inland channel across Sweden from the Baltic to the North Sea, were constructed from drawings made by Ericsson at an age when he might rather have been expected to be found playing foot-ball.

His precocity was not due to any forcing process: it was the normal and healthy development of a mind with which the comprehension of mechanical principles is as instinctive as the perception of the harmonies of color and form to Raphael, or those of

musical expression to Beethoven. This quality of Ericsson's mind is shown by the fact that, when a little later on, he was required to pass an examination in geometry, it was discovered that he was so complete a master of geometrical principles, that he could, without having seen them, repeat all correctly written demonstrations of the text-books.

It is in this instinctive quality of his mind that we find, not only the secret of the extraordinary success that has attended Ericsson's career of over sixty years as an engineer, but the explanation of many of the difficulties with which he has contended through life. His own mind reaches its conclusions by processes which make him utterly impatient of the slower methods of others; and it has been upon others, and they in authority, that he has had to depend for the opportunity to work out his engineering conceptions; conceptions which have associated his name with more great and revolutionary changes in the departments of naval and mechanical engineering, than are to be ascribed to any other living man. Indeed, Ericsson is so removed from his fellows by the very singularity of his genius for mechanics, that few are aware that he is at the head of his profession—a position to which his works justly entitle him. Though he has given abundant evidence of his ability to influence men, when he seeks to do so, he has succeeded by pure force of intellect and never by courting the arts of popularity. He seeks no one, and those who cannot come to him must be content to pass him by, for no king demands more implicit acquiescence in his authority than he does in the authority of his engineering dicta. Are lesser men slow to perceive, his spirit is not that of the school-master, patient in elucidation, and he leaves them to their ignorance. He has not been, therefore, an easy man for boards and authorities to deal with. They would rather any other man than Ericsson should be the author of the revolutionary ideas he forces them to adopt; and the brains which are large enough to comprehend his ideas in the beginning are few.

It has been his mission in more than one instance to outrage all precedent, to violate all doctrine, and especially in the department of naval warfare, to compel a complete reversal of existing methods. He obliged naval officers to descend from the dignity of their quarter-decks, and go to sea "in a cheese box on a raft"; he persisted in making the propeller a success when the entire board of the British Admiralty, First Lord and all, had demonstrated that it would be impossible to steer a vessel propelled by a screw applied at the stern. He has been the Jonah, crying through the streets of the great city of existing establishments, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." We doubt not that those whose peace he has disturbed have wished him where Jonah was—in the whale's belly.

Captain Ericsson has lived to be nearly seventy-six years of age; but for this fortunate longevity he could not have witnessed the success of his chief inventions. When he had already passed his half century, his "new system of naval warfare" was first presented to the Emperor Napoleon III. in a letter dated New York, Sept. 26, 1854, and it was not until 1862 that the encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimack* in Hampton Roads compelled the navies of the world to adopt one of the leading features of this system which so shocked conservatism. Some of its suggestions are yet awaiting recognition; but its author's career is not yet ended. Sixty-four years have passed since he entered the service of Bernadotte, afterward King Charles John XIV. of Sweden, and this two-thirds of a century has been full of labor and of accomplishment: yet this man, who "by reason of strength" has reached those years which should be "labor and sorrow," asks no odds of younger men. He is still able to devote to his professional work twelve hours a day and that for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

It was in 1811, the year that Bernadotte became regent of Sweden, that Ericsson made the first scale drawing at the drawing office of the Gotha Ship Canal. In 1815 he made the drawing of the famous Sunderland iron bridge, which his friend Count Platen for years after delighted in showing to visitors. His occupation during the last twenty years has been chiefly sedentary; that he continues able to do as much work at the drawing board as any man, young or old, is due to the fact that he has, for the last thirty-six years of his life certainly, been absolutely faithful to the same correct rules of living which prolonged Bryant's capacity for work to his eighty-fourth year. Like Bryant, as described by his friend Bigelow, his health responds so faithfully to his inexorable loyalty to the principles he has adopted, as to go very far toward justifying Buffon's theory that "the normal life of man is a hundred years, and that it is due, not

to the use but the abuse of his organization if he finds an earlier grave."

Ericsson's career in his native Sweden, though brief, was brilliant. From the position of an engineer upon the Gotha Canal he passed to that of an officer in the army of Sweden, whence comes his title of "Captain." The men under the charge of the young *nivelleur* were soldiers, and the work on the canal was in control of officers of the army, with whom he was brought into daily association. The natural result followed: the young engineer aspired to be a soldier. In spite of the indignant protests of Count Platen, who seems to have understood his genius better than the headstrong youth himself, Ericsson entered the military service as ensign, possibly intending to thus fulfill the parting injunction of the count to "go to the devil." Promotion to a lieutenancy speedily followed; the skill displayed in a map presented to the king as a specimen of Ericsson's ability having secured the reconsideration of an appointment which had been rejected because of the temporary disgrace of the officer recommending it, Colonel Baron Koskull. The appointments of government surveyors being offered soon after to competitive examination among the officers of the army, Ericsson hastened to Stockholm from his station in the northern highlands and entered the lists. As might be expected, after his experience upon the canal, he easily bore away a prize from the examination. Detailed maps of fifty square miles of Swedish territory, still on file at Stockholm, attest his skill and industry in this new employment. Though his work as a surveyor exceeded that of any of his fellows, his energies were not satisfied. He sought an outlet for his superfluous activity in preparing the drawings and engraving the sixty-four large plates for a work illustrating the Gotha Canal. Here his facility of invention was shown by the construction of a machine engraver, with which eighteen copper plates, each of 300 superficial inches, were completed by his own hand within a year. The work stopped with these. The principal reason for not completing the remaining forty-eight plates, which had been purchased, was the important fact that, so rapidly did mechanical improvements succeed each other at that particular period that before the work could have been finished, many plates would have proved worthless.

From engraving, young Ericsson turned his attention to experiments with flame as a means of developing mechanical power. The interest in these experiments shown by his immediate superior in the army, and the encouragement received from him, led to the invention of a flame engine. One was built which worked up to ten horse power. Its success turned Ericsson's thoughts in a new direction, and he obtained leave of absence to visit England, where he sought a larger field for the introduction of his invention. *En route* to London, he spent a week at Stockholm and participated in the festivities that attended the birth, May 3d, 1826, of a prince, afterward Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway. Once in England, he remained there. His resignation from the army was accepted after some delay, but most reluctantly, and not until he had received his promotion to captain.

Though Ericsson has never returned to his native country it has always retained the first place in his affection and has received substantial tokens of his regard. The motive machinery of the first fifteen-inch Swedish gun-boat was, for example, built by Ericsson at his own cost and presented by him to the Swedish Government as the model for the machinery of a fleet of gun-boats of a novel design, to be maneuvered by hand independently of steam, and carrying stationary turrets. Sweden in her turn has delighted to honor her distinguished son. Various Swedish orders and decorations have been conferred upon him and, besides the monument to the brothers Ericsson referred to above, a special one was erected in 1867 in honor of John Ericsson alone. This monument is a simple granite shaft, eighteen feet high, standing directly in front of the miner's cottage once occupied by Olof Ericsson. It bears this inscription in golden letters:

JOHN ERICSSON
WAS BORN HERE IN 1803.

On the day of its dedication, Tuesday, September 3d, 1867, work was suspended in the mines and iron furnaces, and from all directions the workmen gathered around the house in which John Ericsson first saw the light, the cottage now occupied by the inspector of the local mines. The lakes swarmed with row-boats crowded with passengers; the pathways were filled with foot travelers and the steamers abandoned their customary work of towing coal barges and carried peasants in their holiday garb to celebrate the "gala-day of the Swedish miner's son," famous in two hemispheres.

The band of the "Philipstad Volunteer Riflemen" played the familiar Wermland air of *Hell dig du höga Nord!* (Hail to thee, thou high North!) The volunteer riflemen blazed with their muskets, and the earth quaked with a subterranean explosion in the Langban mine as the veil fell from the monument, wreathed with garlands of *Erica vulgaris* in full bloom. "Our famous poet, A. A. Afzelius," described "the light fairies protectingly hovering above the cradle of the infant John, and Verdandi, Scandinavia's fair and gracious Norna, born in Valhalla," spinning silk and gold about it. The chief engineer of the mining district, A. Sjögren, from a tribune adorned with flowers delivered the dedication address, and a dinner followed with speeches from persons more accustomed than Mr. Sjögren to large audiences. Dr. Pallin from Philipstad, who proposed the health of John Ericsson, reminded his hearers that seven cities in Greece contended for the honor of being Homer's birth-place. "In those times," said Dr. Pallin, "parish register and certificate of baptism did not exist as at present. We are, of course, enabled to do our work more surely; yet to guard against all accidents we have here placed a record of baptism in behalf of John Ericsson, weighing 80,000 pounds, which cannot easily be rubbed out."

The monument stands on an isthmus between two lakes where it looks out on one side to the bluish mountains, casting their shadows in the waters, and on the other side over a fine cultivated valley surrounded by green hills.

Transferred to England in 1826, Ericsson carried thither little besides his inventive brain, his youthful enthusiasm and determined purpose, and a capacity for work which was in itself genius. Fortune did not attend his efforts to introduce his flame engine; the sea-coal of England was a very different fuel from the pine shavings with which the flame engine had hitherto been fed, and it did not take kindly to its new diet. The coal produced so intense a heat as to burn out its viscera, so to speak: that is, to destroy its working parts. An entirely new series of experiments had to be undertaken. They resulted finally in the completion of an engine which was patented and sold to John Braithwaite. Further experiments, requiring time and money, were needed and some means had to be sought for turning the young engineer's abilities to more speedy account. The records of the London Patent Office show how rapidly his inventions succeeded each other, and a list of his engineering works during the thirteen years he spent in England, bears testimony to his achievements. Among these works were a pumping engine on a new principle; engines with surface condensers and no smoke-stack, blowers supplying the draught, applied to the steamship *Victory* in 1828; and an engine consisting of a hollow drum which was rotated by the admission of steam, and continued to rotate for some hours after shutting off the steam, at the rate of 900 feet per second at the circumference, or the speed of London moving around the axis of the globe. Apparatus for making salt from brine; mechanism for propelling boats on canals; a variety of motors actuated by steam or hot air; a hydrostatic weighing machine to which the Society of Arts awarded a prize; an instrument now in extensive use for taking soundings independently of the length of the lead line; a file-cutting machine, and various others, are included in this list to the extent of some fourteen patented inventions and forty machines, all novel in design.

On board the *Victory*, the principle of condensing steam and returning the fresh water to the boiler, was first practically applied to navigation, and in the steam vessel *Corsair*, built at Liverpool in 1832, first appeared the centrifugal fan blowers now in use in most of the steam vessels in the United States. In a steam-engine erected on the Regent's Canal Basin in 1834 by Ericsson, steam was first super-heated, and in the *King William* and *Adelaide*, locomotives, 1830, the link motion for reversing steam-engines was first used, the so-called Stevenson link being a modification of this, the original link motion.

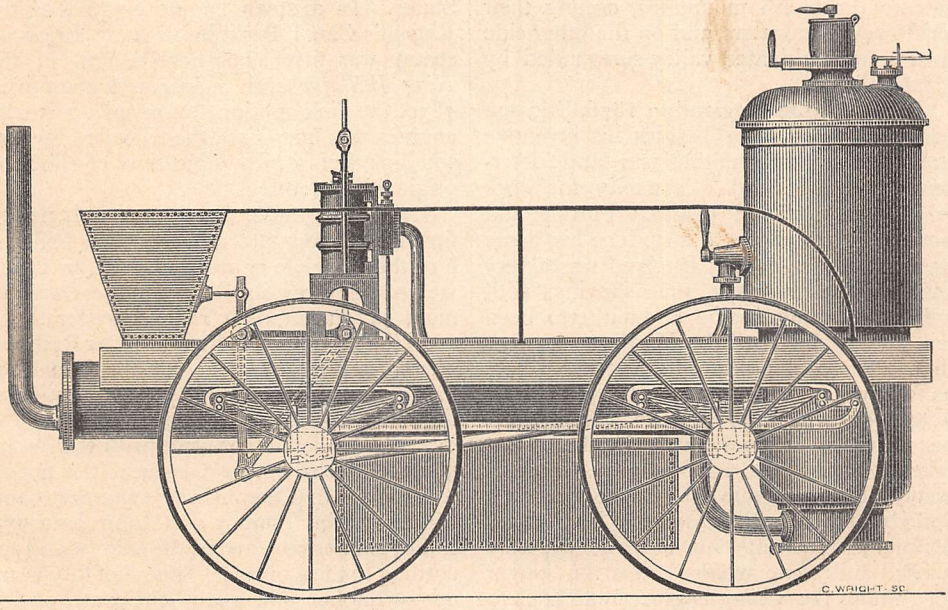
Besides all these, Ericsson at this period first introduced into a locomotive built by him the principle of artificial draft, to which we are primarily indebted for the development of our modern railway system. In 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive capable of fulfilling certain stipulations. It is well known that this prize was taken by Robert Stephenson with the *Rocket* planned by his father George; it is not so well known that Stephenson's sharpest competitor in this contest was John Ericsson. Four locomotives entered the contest, and according to the London "Times" of fifty years ago—October 8th, 1829—the speed of the others "was far exceeded by that of Messrs.

Braithwaite and Ericsson's beautiful engine from London,"—the *Novelty*. This was John Braithwaite, to whose pecuniary assistance Ericsson was greatly indebted in bringing out his inventions at this period. The "Times" continues: "It was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of *thirty* miles an hour. It seemed indeed to fly, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld."

The "Times" might well expend its rhetoric on the *Novelty*. On the issue of that trial turned the future of the railroad system of England. The railroad directors asked for only ten miles an hour; Ericsson gave them thirty. Astonishment for the moment silenced the multitude who watched the experiment, and then their excitement found vent in wild hurrahs. Within an hour, the shares of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad leaped up ten per cent., and the young engineer might well have considered his fortune made. But disappointment awaited him, although he had beaten his rival ten miles an hour. In spite of much adverse criticism, the judges determined to make traction power, rather than speed, the critical test, and the prize was awarded to Stephenson's *Rocket*, which drew seventeen tons for seventy miles, at the rate of 13½ *miles an hour*. Stephenson's engine weighed 4 tons 3 cwt., Ericsson's but 2 tons 15 cwt. Ericsson was not aware that a prize had been offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway until seven weeks before the day of trial; but the *Novelty* was promptly on the ground on the appointed day. In this brief time all the plans of the unique machine had been made and the work executed,—a feat probably never surpassed, and rendered more remarkable as the structure was pronounced superior in point of finish and proportion to all the competing engines. It is not true, as has been asserted, that the *Novelty* broke down, the only accident that occurred being the splitting of a leather diaphragm of the blowing machine, and the giving out of some pipe joints, which were readily screwed up.

As to the principle of artificial draught, Ericsson was undoubtedly the first to demonstrate the fallacy of the accepted doctrine that a certain extent of surface exposed to fire was necessary for the generation of a given quantity of steam.

The compactness of construction which followed this demonstration led to the employment of steam in ways not before deemed possible; as for example in the steam fire-engine, with which Ericsson astonished London upon the occasion of the burning of the Argyle Rooms in 1829,



LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE "NOVELTY," CONSTRUCTED 1829.

"when for the first time fire was extinguished by the mechanical power of fire." A larger engine of costly workmanship, built for the King of Prussia, by Ericsson and Braithwaite, soon after rendered important service in saving valuable buildings at a fire engines. The working model of a caloric engine of five-horse power speedily attracted the attention of scientific London. Sir Richard Phillips, author of the "Dictionary of the Arts of Life and of Civilization," Dr. Andrew Ure, Professor Faraday, and others

JOHN ERICSSON.

in Berlin. A third was built for the Liverpool Docks in 1830. In January, 1840, the Mechanic's Institute of New York offered its great gold medal for the best plan of a steam fire-engine, and the prize was awarded to John Ericsson.

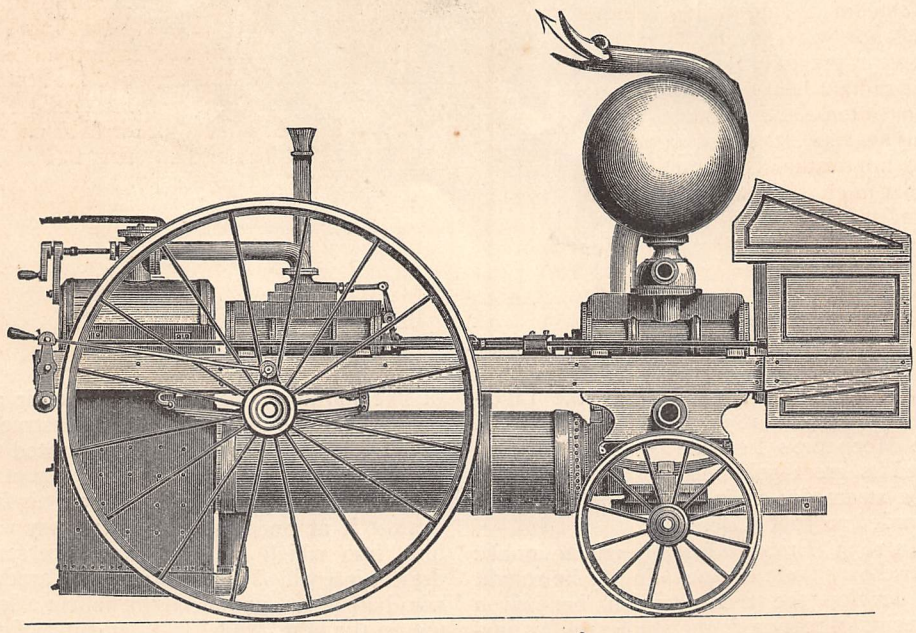
In 1833, Ericsson first brought to public notice his caloric engine. In this he sought to develop the theory which has given principal direction to the studies of his lifetime, viz.: that heat is an agent which undergoes no change, and that only a small portion of it disappears in exerting the mechanical force developed by our steam-

of like authority, at first gave it their approval. Brunel, the engineer and constructor of the abortive Thames Tunnel, visited the caloric engine with the English Secretary of the Home Department. He set his face against it at once, and a controversy with him, into which Ericsson was necessarily drawn, intensified this prejudice. Faraday, who had been announced to deliver a lecture on the new motor, in the theater of the Royal Institution, disappointed both his audience and the inventor by his inability at the last moment to explain the engine. Practical difficulties, relating to durability, in

the meantime developed themselves, and the invention was laid aside, after one farther attempt in an engine of larger size. The endeavor to perfect this motive power was renewed when Ericsson removed to this country in 1839. Several caloric engines were built in succession, each larger than the other. Finally, an experimental engine was produced in 1851, which seemed to be a solution of the problem, and the caloric ship *Ericsson*, a vessel of 260 feet in length, was built at great expense. The result of the experiment is best told in Ericsson's own words: "The ship after completion made a successful trip from New York to Washington and back, during the winter season; but the average speed at sea proving insufficient for commercial purposes, the owners, with regret, acceded to my proposition to remove the costly machinery, although it had proved perfect as a mechanical combination. The resources of modern engineering having been exhausted in producing the motors of the caloric ship, the important question has forever been set at rest, can heated air, as a mechanical motor, compete on a large scale with steam? The commercial world is indebted to American enterprise—to New York enterprise—for having settled a question of such vital importance. The marine engineer has thus been encouraged to renew his efforts to perfect the steam-engine without fear of rivalry from a motor depending on the dilation of atmospheric air by heat."

Although Ericsson thus gracefully withdrew this invention from the field of marine engineering, it does not follow that he abandoned it altogether. On the contrary, for the production of a small amount of power under special circumstances, the caloric engine has proved of great service. Improvements in the steam-engine have diminished its value, but it is still indispensable where water cannot be obtained; as for instance in generating the power needed in several of our light-houses. The thirty years of attention devoted to this engine has not been without purpose, and its designer has the credit of succeeding in large measure, in a field where many other experimenters have failed entirely, so far as producing practical results is concerned. At its annual meeting, June 10, 1862, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences passed this vote:

"Voted, that the Rumford premium be awarded to John Ericsson for his improvements in the management of heat, particularly as shown in his caloric engine of 1858."



STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, DESIGNED 1840.

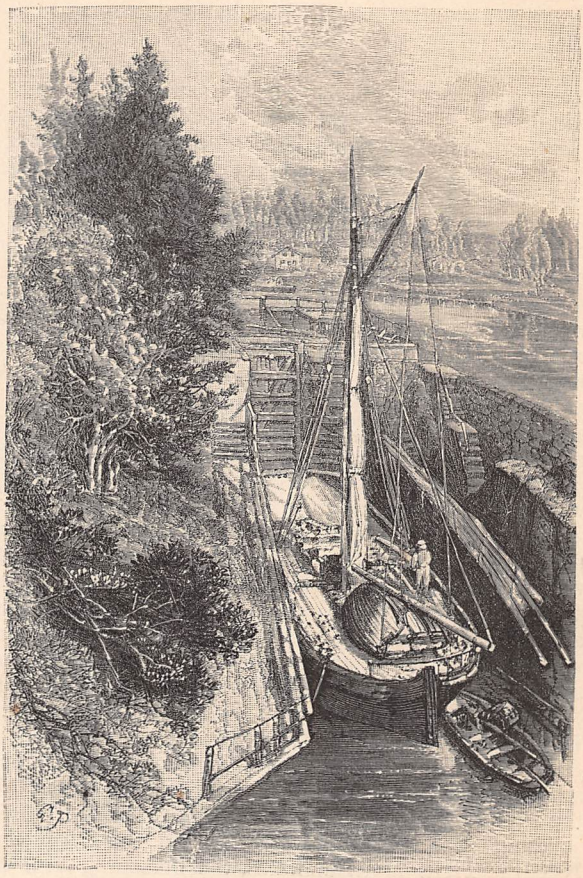
Gold and silver medals were prepared in accordance with the statutes of the Academy and presented by Professor Horsford, this

being the second occasion on which the Rumford medal has been bestowed in this country; the first medal having been given to Robert Hare for his invention of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe.

No man has accomplished more with steam than Ericsson; yet he has never altogether abandoned his early idea of employing heat directly as a means of generating mechanical power. The flame engine is among the curiosities of the past; the caloric engine, though a mechanical success, —over 3,000 of them having been built—has not accomplished all that was intended. From the attempts to find a substitute for, or an auxiliary of, steam, in heat artificially produced, Ericsson has turned his attention to the problem of making direct use of the enormous dynamic force stored up in the sun's rays. Not that he expects or intends to supplant steam within its natural domain where the solar energy gathered during the carboniferous period is available for use; but over a large portion of the earth's surface the use of steam is impossible, neither fuel nor water being obtainable. It is in precisely this region that the radiant heat of the sun is the most intense and constant. Now, this heat is wasted, neither producing nor sustaining life, converting what might be some of the fairest portions of the earth's surface into desolate wastes.

"There is a rainless region," says Ericsson, "extending from the north-western coast of Africa to Mongolia, 9,000 miles in length, and nearly 1,000 miles wide. Besides the North African deserts, this region includes the southern coast of the Mediterranean, east of the gulf of Cabes, Upper Egypt, the eastern and part of the western coast of the Red Sea, part of Syria, the eastern part of the countries watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, Eastern Arabia, the greater part of Persia, the extreme western part of China, Thibet, and lastly, Mongolia. In the western hemisphere, Lower California, the table-land of Mexico and Guatemala, and the west coast of South America, for a distance of more than 2,000 miles, suffer from continuous radiant heat."

To make the enormous, and as yet unused, dynamic force of this radiant heat available for man's use is the problem to which Ericsson is principally devoting the remaining years of his long and useful life. It is in a lofty spirit that he has approached the solution of this great problem. An inventor of less noble instincts might well have his imagination fired by the prospect of adding so enormously to the sum of human capacity, until the idea of mere personal advantage should lose itself in the grander one of public benefaction. Ericsson has resolved in advance that he will make use of the laws for the protection of inventors only to secure to the public what he intends to offer as his free gift to the race. It is a gift for the future, for, as we have said, he does not imagine that his invention can be made available in competition with machinery using wood and coal. But where or when artificial fuel is not to be obtained his solar engine will, he



LOCKS OF THE GRAND SHIP CANAL OF SWEDEN.

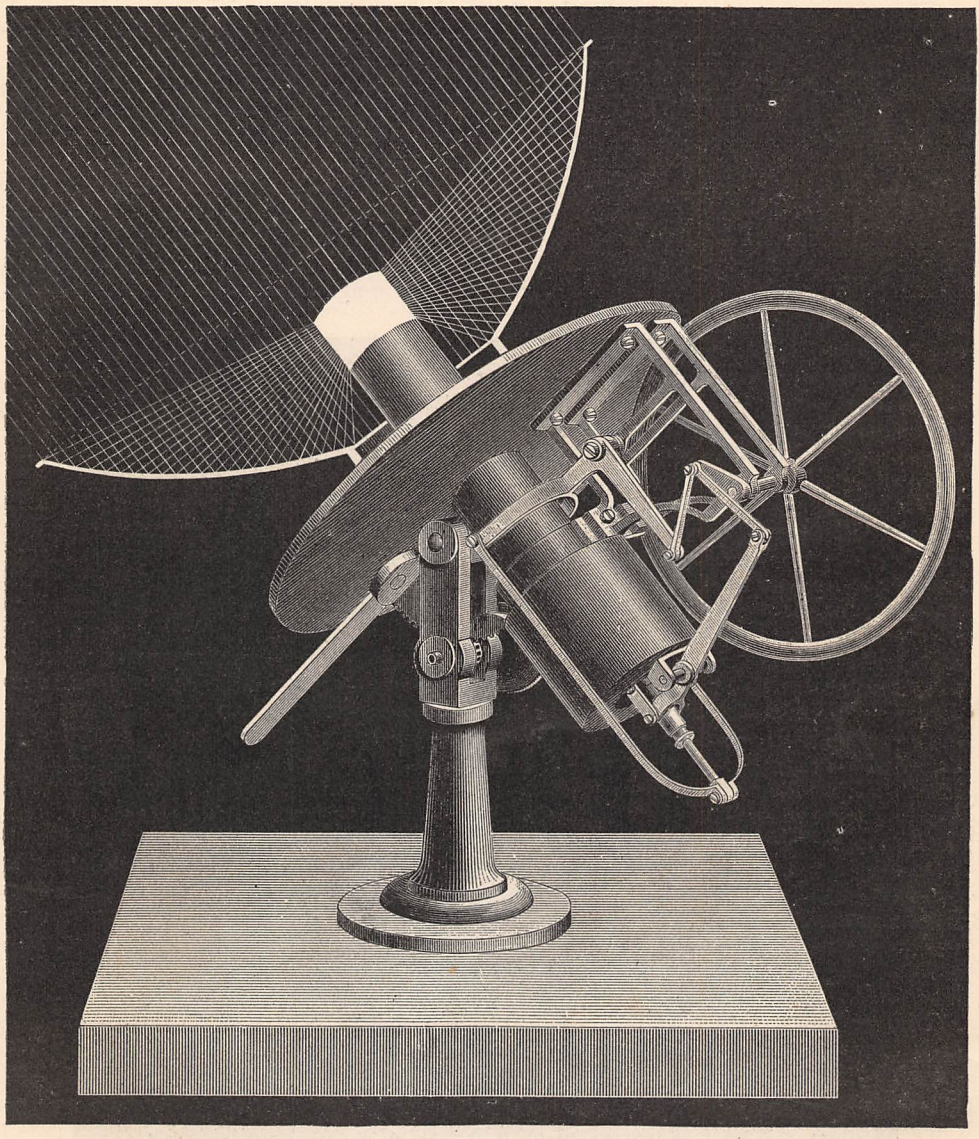
believes, open new possibilities to human achievement. To any one who will pay the price, he is prepared even now to furnish a solar engine of one hundred horse power. But the apparatus required to gather and concentrate the sun's radiant heat is too expensive to make the engine an economical one, and new conditions must arise before it will be required. Yet the solar engine is, its designer declares, a mechanical success and it needs only such a combination of wood and metal as he shall suggest to make at least possible such a transformation of the now waste portions of the earth's surface that the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The work of training the forces of nature to man's service is to continue until the sun, from whose dread presence he now hides himself away, shall become the slave to till his fields and transform into a fruitful garden "the plain which from its bed rejecteth every plant;" propelling for him the machinery which is to introduce a new, and it may be an even more varied and complex, civilization than we have yet seen, combining the warm fancy of the East with the practical accomplishment of the West. We are merely to follow Emerson's advice to "hitch our wagon to the stars," and Ericsson is to be the Vulcan who is to forge the coupling.

An important computation is made by Ericsson of the mechanical power that would result from utilizing the solar heat on a strip of land a single mile in width along the rainless western coast of America, the southern coast of the Mediterranean, the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea,—an aggregate length of land far exceeding 8,000 miles, accessible by water communication. Such a strip, 8,000 miles in length and one mile wide, covers 223,000,000,000 of square feet. As it has been practically established that one hundred square feet will suffice to produce one horse power by the sun's radiant heat, we learn that over 22,000,000 solar engines equal to 100 horse power could be kept in operation nine hours a day by utilizing only the heat now wasted on the assumed small fraction of land extending along some of the water-fronts of the sunburnt regions of the earth.

"Due consideration," it is added, "cannot fail to convince us that the rapid exhaustion of the European coal-fields will soon cause great changes with reference to international relations, in favor of those countries which are in possession of continuous sun-power. Upper Egypt, for instance, will, in the course of a few centuries, derive signal advantage and attain a high political position on account of her perpetual sunshine and the consequent command of unlimited motive force. The time will come when Europe must stop her mills for want of coal. Upper Egypt then, with her unceasing sun-power, will invite the European manufacturer to remove his machinery and erect his mills on the firm ground along the sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile, where an amount of motive power may be obtained many times greater than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe."

The invention of the solar engine is only an incident of the thorough investigation into the constitution of the sun, to which Ericsson has devoted years of his later life. In this investigation, his unbounded experience as a mechanical constructor has enabled him readily to design the apparatus required for his investigations and experiments, nearly all of which is novel. To begin with, the ordinary thermometer is useless for observations on solar heat. Mercury transmits heat from particle to particle too slowly to give a sufficiently rapid indication; and while one-half of the bulb of the thermometer is exposed to the sun's rays and receives heat from them, the other half in the shade, radiates this heat into space. For the mercury thermometer Ericsson has substituted the "barometric actinometer," in which heat is measured by the expansion of air in a bulb inclosed in a receiver from which the air is exhausted. With this instrument the sun's altitude and the intensity of its radiant heat can be observed simultaneously. Meteorologists will do well, we are told, "to adopt such an instrument in all important observations, since its simultaneous indications of solar intensity and zenith distance enable them to determine the relative amount of vapor present in the atmosphere with a degree of precision probably unattainable by any other means." Again, the accepted theories as to the reflective power of metals had to be set aside and an entirely new series of experiments has re-arranged the metals as follows, in the order of their power to reflect radiant heat: silver 1.000, brass .885, nickel .786, steel .709. On the authority of Laprovostaye and Desains, physicists who followed the thermo-electric method which Ericsson rejects, the relation of silver to brass is given as 1.000 to .978.

These are only illustrations, for it would

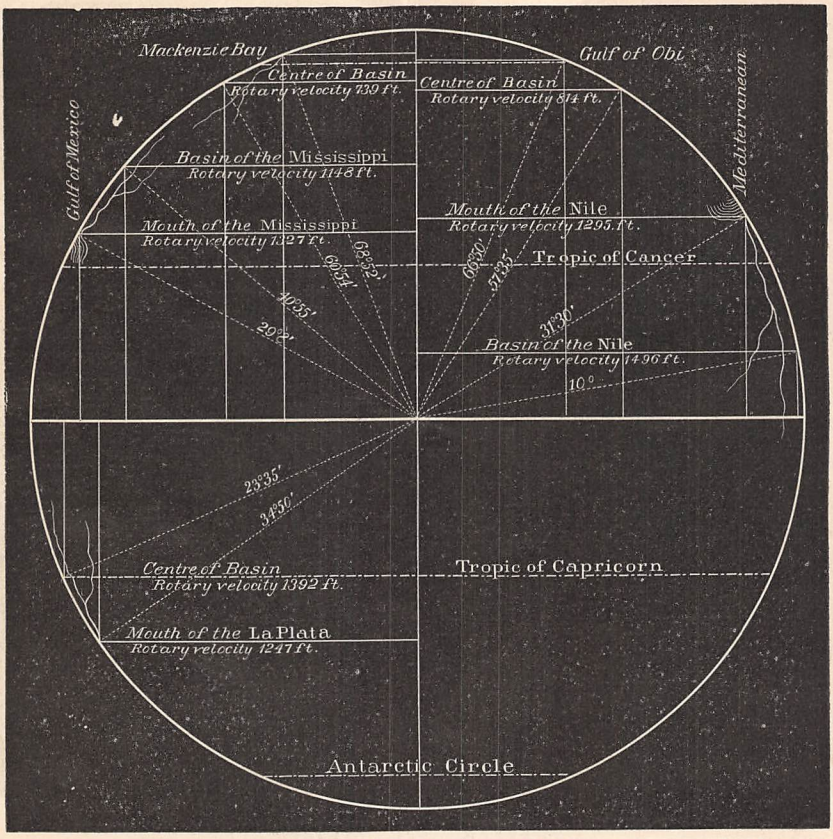


SOLAR ENGINE ACTUATED BY ATMOSPHERIC AIR WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF STEAM.

require a separate article to even indicate the results at which Ericsson has arrived, or to describe the novel methods of investigation pursued by him. He has demonstrated, among other things, that the polar and equatorial regions of the solar disk transmit radiant heat of equal intensity to the earth and that the sun emits heat of equal energy in all directions. Secchi attempted to dispute the accuracy of Ericsson's investigations of the intensity transmitted to the earth from various points of the solar disk, but he signally failed, as the readers of "Nature" are aware. The instrument constructed by Ericsson to solve the problem which the Italian astronomer had in vain grappled with for twenty years, is probably one of the most remarkable known to physical science.

In connection with his study of solar heat Ericsson has made some remarkable computations of the influences at work tending to retard the rotary motion of the earth. "That the hand and intellect of man," he says, "have caused a disturbance of the earth's center of gyration will be deemed a startling

assertion, yet it cannot be controverted in view of the following facts. The millions of tons of matter contained in the pyramids, removed to a greater distance from the axis of rotation by the muscular exertion of the ancient Egyptians, disturbed the previous balance of the rotating mass, causing a tendency to check the earth's rotary velocity and to increase the length of day. Nor can it be questioned that if London had not been built, and if the building materials of Paris yet remained in the catacombs, the transfer of matter under consideration. A first-class modern city contains upward of a hundred thousand houses; each house contains on an average four hundred tons of mineral matter; hence the total weight of brick, earth or stone, removed from below the surface, exceeds forty million tons,—a mere fraction compared with the weight of the whole of human habitations and other structures raised above the surface of the earth, chiefly by muscular effort. Let us add the weight of material raised from mines



GEOMETRICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE EARTH FOR DETERMINING THE EFFECT PRODUCED ON ITS AXIAL ROTATION BY PRECIPITATION AND THE FLOW OF RIVER WATER.

sun would rise earlier than it now does, though the difference would be small beyond computation. The aggregate of the weight removed from below, and piled above the crust of the globe by the hand of man, is, however, so great that figures are competent to express the extent of the consequent retardation of the axial rotation, while the divisions of our common instruments for measuring distances are sufficiently minute to indicate the expansion of the earth's circular gyration, caused by the to an increased distance from the axis of rotation by animate exertion, and by mechanical force controlled by intellect."

A more important calculation is that concerning the retarding influence exerted upon the earth by the flow of rivers. Taking the surveys of the Mississippi by Generals Humphreys and Abbot, of the engineer corps of the army, as the basis of computation, Ericsson undertakes to show the extent of the retarding influence produced by the solid and sedimentary matter detached by the

abrasion of rain-water, and afterward conveyed by the currents of rivers nearer the equator, thus farther from the axis of rotation. The Mississippi alone it appears retards the rotation of the earth $\frac{36}{100000}$ of a second in a century. "Independent of the counteracting force of the tidal wave (hitherto greatly overestimated), the retarding energy called forth by the evaporation within the tropics and the consequent condensation and precipitation in the temperate zones, fully account for the retardation of the rotary velocity—twelve seconds in a century—inferred from the apparent acceleration of the moon's mean motion."

This barely indicates the character of Ericsson's investigations, in the course of which he has expended not only many years of labor, but large sums of money upon the apparatus needed for them. This apparatus, it is interesting to know, is to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute.

Let us return to Ericsson's practical works. Merely to enumerate them with the briefest possible description would occupy a volume. We have before us such a volume, one of 600 liberal quarto pages letter-press, and 67 pages of illustrations, half of which is occupied with the mere description of his engineering constructions since he came to the United States.* It is true that this includes the experimental apparatus to which we have referred, but it also includes a description of the various naval inventions and improvements in the machinery of war upon which Ericsson's later reputation is based, and which have made his name famous the world over.

Preliminary to these inventions, and even more important, was the introduction of the screw propeller, which we owe to Ericsson, and which has, during the past half-century, completely transformed the mercantile as well as the naval marine. The principle of the propeller is the substitution of oblique for direct action. Observation of the movement of birds and fishes had convinced Ericsson early in his career that the secret of rapid motion was in this oblique action, and it became his study to apply this conception to mechanics. His demonstrations pointed out that the reciprocating motion in the bird and fish must in machinery give place to a rotary motion better adapted to muscles and integuments of steel and iron. The construction of a model boat two feet long followed. To this two screw propellers revolving in contrary directions on a common center were attached. This boat was launched in the circular basin of a London bath-house and connected by a movable radial tube with a boiler placed by the side of the basin. The steam being turned on, the model screws revolved upon their common center, and the hoped-for result followed; the little craft sped around the circular basin at a speed which was calculated at six miles an hour. The problem was solved, and the inventor was justified in anticipating that transformation of the navies of the world which has followed. By adopting nature's method of producing locomotion by oblique action, he had not only secured a new means of propelling the vessels which navigate the seas, but had provided a means of locomotion for those aëronons of the "near future," which, in the fancy of our charming poet-philosopher Stedman, have already superseded the clumsy craft that swim the lower seas. Ericsson found, as Mr. Stedman undoubtedly expects to find and will find, that it is easier to satisfy one's self than it is to convince others of the value of original ideas. With what must have since seemed to him very like temerity, he attacked the enemy of prejudice in its stronghold, and endeavored to persuade the most potent lords of the British Admiralty to adopt his invention. He built a boat eight feet by forty, of three feet draught, armed with two propellers of five feet three inches diameter. These carried her through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour, or seven miles an hour towing a schooner of 140 tons burthen. Having with this vessel accomplished the feat of towing the American packet-ship *Toronto* at the rate of five miles an hour, Ericsson invited the Admiralty to a test which seemed conclusive. Steaming up to Somerset House with his little vessel, he took the Admiralty barge in tow and started ahead with her, to the wonder of the watermen,

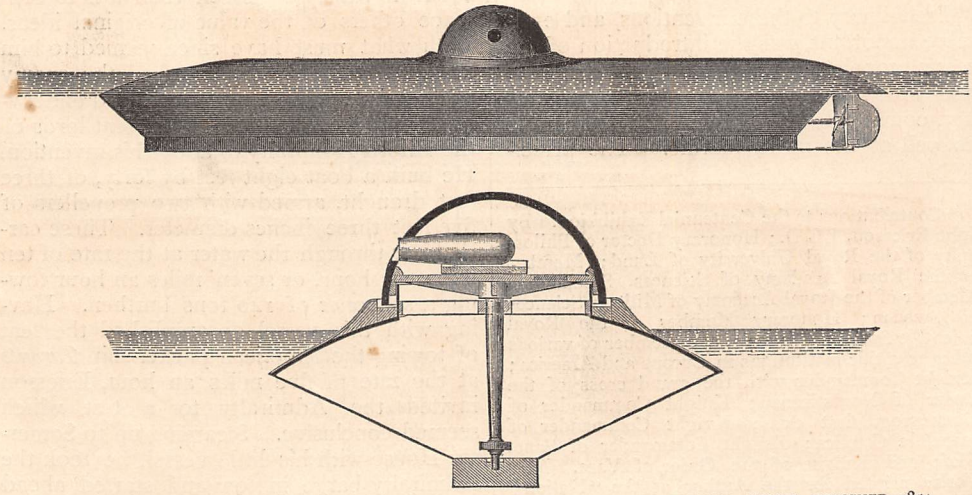
* Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition. By John Ericsson, LL.D.; Honorary Doctor of Philosophy of the Royal University of Lund; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Stockholm; Member of the Royal Academy of Military Sciences of Sweden; Honorary Member of the Royal Scientific Society of Upsala, and member of various other scientific institutions in Europe and America; Knight Commander with the grand cross of the Order of Nordstjernan; Knight Commander of Dannevrog, first class; Knight Commander of Isabel la Catolica; Knight Commander of Sanct Olaf; and Knight of the Order of Vasa. New York: printed for the Author at the "Nation" Press. 1876.

PROPELLER VESSEL "FRANCIS B. OGDEN" TOWING THE ADMIRALTY BARGE ON THE THAMES, 1837.

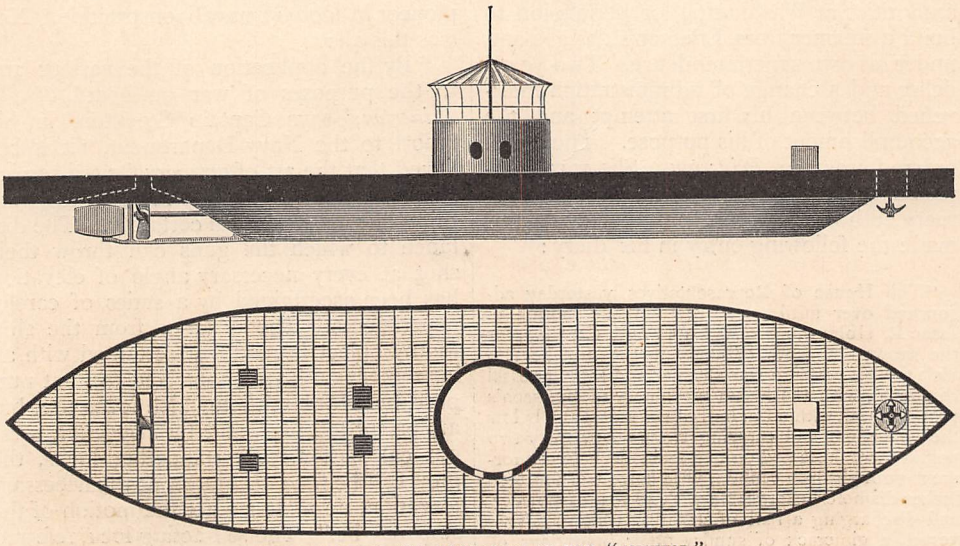
who could make nothing of the novel craft with no apparent means of propulsion. But the British Admiralty had sat on too many a promising invention to be so readily convinced by the mere evidence of their senses. With a consideration which did credit to their humanity, they forbore to crush the hopeful inventor with the proclamation of their wise conclusions. It was not until some time after that he learned incidentally, when the after-dinner conversation of a member of the Admiralty Board was repeated to him, that the verdict stood thus:

"Even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, because the power being applied to the stern, it would be absolutely impossible to make the vessel steer."

That bit of oracular wisdom cost England Ericsson and gave him to America! We were fortunate in having as our consul at Liverpool at that day, Mr. Francis B. Ogden, a pioneer in steam navigation on



SIDE ELEVATION AND TRANSVERSE SECTION OF A COMBINED CUPOLA AND TORPEDO VESSEL, DESIGNED 1854.

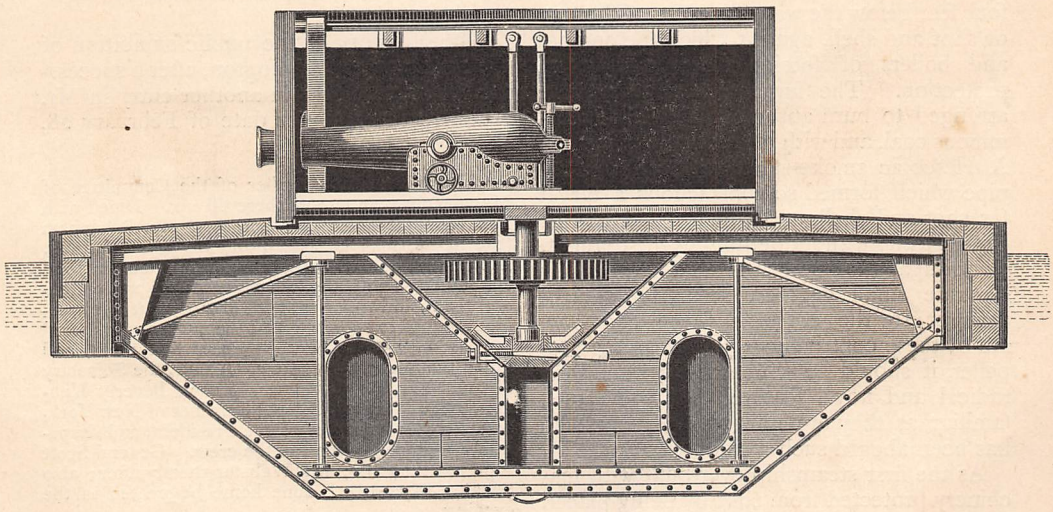


SIDE ELEVATION AND DECK PLAN OF THE "MONITOR."

the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He appreciated the invention, and through him Ericsson was introduced to another American, Captain, afterward Commodore, Robert F. Stockton of the United States Navy. Captain Stockton was a naval officer, but he did not take his nautical wisdom in such "solid chunks" as the British Admiralty. Seeing with him was believing, and when he returned from a trip on Ericsson's boat, the *Francis B. Ogden*, he at once exclaimed, "I do not want the opinions of your scientific men; what I have seen this day satisfies me." Even before the vessel had completed her trip with Stockton on board, Ericsson received from him an order for two iron boats on the same plan as the *Ogden*. These boats Stockton's wealth enabled him to build at his own expense.

"We'll make your name ring on the Delaware as soon as we get the propeller there," declared the hearty sailor in an enthusiastic speech at the dinner following the day's excursion in the *Ogden*.

Confiding in Stockton's assurances that the United States would try the propeller on a large scale, Ericsson closed his engagement in England in 1839, and embarked for the United States. Determined to make good his assurances, Stockton besieged the



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MONITOR" THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TURRET.

authorities at Washington for permission to build a steamer from Ericsson's designs and under his own superintendence. Two years' delay and a change of administration intervened between his first attempt and the accomplishment of his purpose. The vessel ordered was the *Princeton*. She was completed in 1844, and under the date of February 20th of that year, John Quincy Adams made the following entry in his diary:

"The House of Representatives yesterday adjourned over until to-morrow on the motion of Isaac E. Holmes, member from South Carolina, for the avowed purpose of enabling the members to visit the *Princeton*, a war steamer and sailing vessel combined, with the steam machinery of Ericsson's propellers, all within the hull of the vessel and below the water-line, and carrying twenty-four forty-two pound carronades and on her main deck two enormous wrought-iron cannon, with barrels of fourteen inches diameter, chargeable with 40 lbs. of powder, and discharging a ball of 225 lbs. weight. This vessel, a gimcrack of sundry other inventions of Captain Stockton himself, was built under his directions, and is commanded by him. She was ordered round here to be exhibited to the President and heads of the executive departments, and to the members of both Houses of Congress, to fire their souls with patriotic ardor for a naval war."

From the launching of "this gimcrack of sundry inventions" dates modern naval warfare under steam; it was the beginning of a new era in the warfare of the ocean. It was a revolution of incalculable importance, and one that has changed the construction of the fleets of the whole world. The semi-cylindric engine of Ericsson's designing developed the power of corresponding British marine engines with one-eighth of their bulk, and this engine was placed with its boilers four feet below the water-line, out of the way of shot and shell, against which the engines and boilers of foreign steamers had no protection. The furnaces and flues were arranged to burn anthracite as well as bituminous coal, and with a great saving of fuel. A telescopic smoke-stack replaced the tall pipe which formed so conspicuous a target for shot and shell, and which could not be carried away without deranging the draught. Centrifugal blowers in the hold, worked by separate small engines, secured sufficient draught to the engines of the *Princeton*. All of these contrivances as well as the propeller, it should be remembered, were then radical and novel features in a war vessel, familiar as they are now to every one who has been aboard such a ship.

As the first steamship ever built with machinery protected from shot by being placed below the water-line, the *Princeton* was the pioneer in modern naval construction. Nor was this all:

"By the application of the various arts to the purposes of war on board of the *Princeton*," says Captain Stockton, in his report to the Navy Department, "it is believed that the art of gunnery for sea-service has, for the first time, been reduced to something like mathematical certainty. The distance to which the guns can throw their shot at every necessary angle of elevation has been ascertained by a series of careful experiments. The distance from the ship to any object is readily ascertained with an instrument on board, contrived for that purpose, by an observation which it requires but an instant to make, and by inspection without calculation. By self-acting locks, the guns can be fired accurately at the necessary elevation, no matter what the motion of the ship may be." The self-acting lock, referred to by Captain Stockton, was offered to the English in 1828, but was employed for the first time on the *Princeton*, and has since been in common use on naval vessels. The committee of the American Institute said of the *Princeton*:

"Your committee take leave to present the *Princeton* as every way worthy the highest honors of the Institute. She is a sublime conception, most successfully realized,—an effort of genius skillfully executed,—a grand unique combination, honorable to the country, as creditable to all engaged upon her. Nothing in the history of mechanics surpasses the inventive genius of Captain Ericsson, unless it be the moral daring of Captain Stockton, in the adoption of so many novelties at one time."

The sad story of the public exhibition of the *Princeton* at Washington, after a successful trial-trip, is told in another entry in Mr. Adams's diary, under date of February 28, 1844.

"I went into the chamber of the Committee of Manufactures, and wrote there till six. Dined with Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Winthrop; Mr. Pakenham (the new British minister), and his secretary, Mr. Bidwell, were there. While we were at dinner, John Barney burst into the chamber, rushed up to General Scott, and told him, with groans, that the President wished to see him; that the great gun on board the *Princeton*, the 'Peace-maker,' had burst, and killed the Secretary of State, Upshur, the Secretary of the Navy, T. W. Gilmer, Captain Beverly Kennon, Virgil Maxey, a Colonel Gardiner of New York, and a colored servant of the President, and desperately wounded several of the crew. General Scott soon left the table; Mr. Webster shortly after; also Senator Bayard. I came home before ten in the evening.

"29th.—At the House, immediately after the read-

ing of the journal, a message was received from the President announcing the lamentable catastrophe of yesterday, bewailing the loss of his two secretaries, with others, and hoping that Congress will not be discouraged by this accident from going on to build more and larger war-steamers than the *Princeton*."

So tragic an introduction was not needed to direct public attention to the *Princeton*. As Senator Mallory, of Florida, said from his seat in Congress in May, 1858, "This vessel is the foundation of our present steam marine,—is the foundation of the steam marine of the whole world." Ericsson had placed the United States at the head of naval powers in the application of steam power to warfare. What was the reward a grateful country bestowed upon him for this service? He had made the experiment of the *Princeton* at a great cost to himself, and two years of concentrated effort had been devoted to the service of the government. For his time, labor, and necessary expenditures he rendered a modest bill of $15,000, leaving the question of what—if anything—should be charged for his patent rights, entirely to the discretion and generosity of the government.

This bill was paid at once, of course? Not at all. The present Congress is not the originator of those peculiar economies which consist in making use of sovereign power to treat just claims with sovereign contempt. Ericsson's bill was refused payment by the Navy Department, as was perhaps unavoidable, because of its limited discretion. He went to Congress; a dozen years passed without the slightest progress toward payment. A Court of Claims was at length established, and before this he finally obtained a hearing. A unanimous decree was rendered in his favor by the three judges, Gilchrist, Scarborough, and Blackford. From the Court of Claims, his account was returned to Congress for the passage of the necessary appropriation; there it has ever since remained. Not even the brilliant services which Captain Ericsson has rendered the country while this claim has been pending, have been able to secure its payment. He is an engineer, but not a lobbyist; and this tells the story of his disappointment. Were there any dispute as to the validity of the claim, there might be some show of justice or reason in the delay; but there is none. The American Congress will not appropriate the money to pay it, and that is all. It is said to be the nature of republics to be ungrateful; but must they also be dishonest?

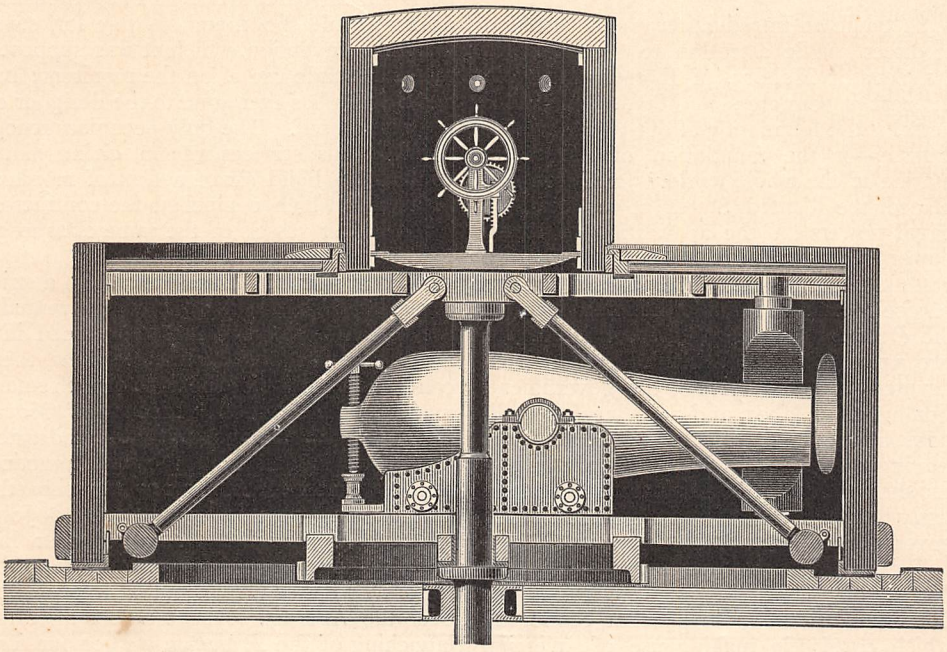
It may be as well to dispose here of the disagreeable subject of Ericsson's treatment by the government, by adding that, for the inestimable service rendered it by over-persuading it to accept the *Monitor*, he has been similarly rewarded. Fifty thousand dollars could be found to pay for some worthless invention which it was supposed might be made use of on the monitors; but not a dollar has ever gone to the designer of the vessel itself. The only pecuniary recognition of his services was in giving him a contract to build six of a fleet of monitors at a price which compelled the contractors for the other vessels of the same class to go to Congress for relief.

Whether or not Ericsson can, in a strict sense, have been said to have "invented" the screw, which was first introduced into naval constructions by the *Princeton*, there can be no question of the truth of the remark made by the London "Mechanics' Magazine," twelve years ago, that "the undivided honors of having built the first practical screw steamer, the first screw war ship, the first cupola (turret) vessel, belong to John Ericsson. That the screw propeller has been applied to vessels of war is due to the lessons, or rather warnings, that were wafted over the Atlantic. About a year after the launching of the *Princeton*, we got our *Rattler*."

Various nationalities claim the honor of the invention of the screw. At Trieste and at Vienna stand statues erected to Joseph Ressel, on whose behalf the Austrians lay claim to the invention, and patents for some sort of a screw date back as far as 1794. The late "Commodore" Stevens, of New Jersey, is included among the claimants, he having, it is said by Professor Thurston, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, built and worked a propeller in Hoboken in 1812. Leaving the champions of these various aspirants to dispute among themselves, I assert that there can be no reasonable question that, for the practical introduction of the screw propeller as a means of locomotion, we are indebted to John Ericsson.

Ericsson's transfer to the United States was worth a fleet to us, not only at the time, but again, at a more critical period of our history, when he placed us once more in the van of naval progress. No American, from whichever side of the border line he viewed the contest, can forget that dramatic scene when the little *Monitor* made its first appearance in Hampton Roads, on the eighth of March, 1862. The incidents of that mem-

orable contest, in which she took such timely part, have been too frequently told to be repeated here. There is a chapter of her preliminary history not so familiar. In the glamour of his final success, the story of Ericsson's endeavor to secure the adoption of his revolutionary idea for a war vessel was easily forgotten.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF PILOT-HOUSE AND TURRET. "PASSAIC" CLASS OF MONITORS.

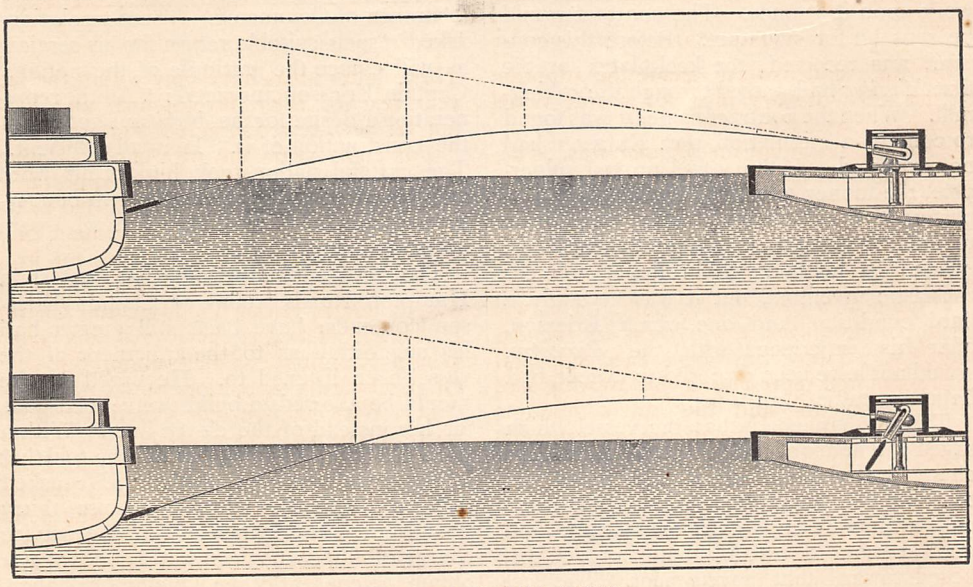
The suggestion of the *Monitor* was, as before stated, first made in a communication from Captain Ericsson to Napoleon III. This communication, dated "New York, Sept. 1854," contained a description of an iron-clad cupola vessel which was substantially the *Monitor* as finally built. This will be seen from the comparison of the designs which precede (pages 848, 849 and 852), the first representing the drawing sent to the emperor and the others monitors actually in the service of our government. That this novel suggestion for a war vessel did not escape the emperor's personal attention is shown by the letter of acknowledgment from General Favre, who wrote: "The emperor has himself examined with the greatest care the new system of naval attack which you have communicated to him. *S. M.* charges me with the honor of informing you that he has found your ideas very ingenious and worthy of the celebrated name of their author."

The new system of naval attack referred to here included not only the *Monitor*, but also movable torpedoes and a shell not subject to any rotation in the direction of its course, and so contrived as to explode with "infallible certainty at the instant of contact." These latter ideas have only within the last year reached their development and have not yet been tested in actual warfare.

For eight years the idea of the *Monitor* awaited its opportunity. That opportunity came when the necessities of war led to the organization at the Navy Department of a board to determine upon designs for iron-clads. This board consisted of Commodores Joseph Smith, Hiram Paulding and Charles H. Davis. The last survivor of this board, Hiram Paulding, has died within the year. Of this board Commodore Smith was president. With his previous experience of the waste of time and patience required to accomplish anything at Washington, Captain Ericsson, who is not, it must be said, like the man Moses, "exceeding meek," would not himself go to the capital to secure attention to his ideas. There were, associated with him, three men of practical experience, great energy and wealth, who had become interested in the *Monitor* and were determined that it should have a trial. One of these was Mr. C. S. Bushnell, of Connecticut. He went to Washington, but failed in the attempt to persuade the iron-clad board that the designer

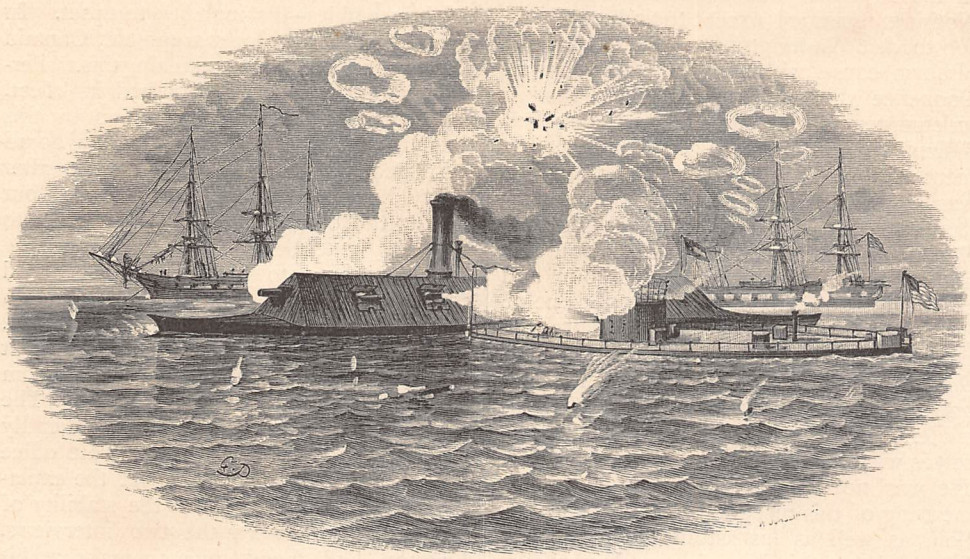
of the *Princeton* was worthy of a hearing. Nothing remained except to induce Ericsson to visit Washington in person and plead his own cause, with that rude but forcible eloquence which has seldom failed him in an emergency. To move him was only less difficult than to convince the Navy Department without him. At last a subterfuge was adopted. Ericsson was given to understand that Mr. Bushnell's reception at Washington had been satisfactory and that nothing remained but for him to go on and complete the details of a contract for one of his vessels. Presenting himself before the board, what was his astonishment to find that he was not only an unexpected but apparently an unwelcome visitor. It was evident that the board were asking themselves what could have brought him there. He was not left long in doubt as to the meaning of this reception. To his indignation, as well as his astonishment, he was informed that the plan of a vessel submitted by him had already been rejected. The first impulse was to withdraw at once. Mastering his anger, however, he stopped to inquire the reason for the determination of the board. The vessel had not sufficient stability, Commodore Smith explained; in fact, it would upset and place her crew in the inconvenient and undesirable position of submarine divers. Now if there is anything which especially distinguishes the *Monitor*, with its low free-board, it is the peculiarity which it has in common with the raft it resembles—its inability to upset. In a most earnest and lucid argument, Captain Ericsson proceeded to explain this. Perceiving that his explanation had its effect, and his blood being well warmed by this time, he ended by declaring to the board with great earnestness: "Gentlemen, after what I have said, I consider it to be your duty to the country to give me an order to build the vessel before I leave this room."

Withdrawing to one corner, the board consulted together and invited Captain Ericsson to call again at one o'clock. Promptly at the hour named he appeared at the Navy Department. In the board-room he found Commodore Paulding alone. The commodore received him in the most friendly manner, invited him into his private office and asked that he would repeat the explanation of the morning as to the stability of the vessel. Between the two interviews, Ericsson had found time to make at his hotel a diagram presenting the question of stability in a form easily understood. With this diagram, he repeated his previous demonstration. Commodore, afterward Admiral, Paulding was thoroughly convinced, and with a frankness which did him great credit, said: "Sir, I have learnt more about the stability of a vessel from what you have now said than all I knew before."



NEW SYSTEM OF NAVAL ATTACK.

This interview ended with a request to call again at three o'clock. Calling at three,



FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMACK" IN HAMPTON ROADS, MARCH 9, 1862.

Ericsson was at once invited to pass into the room of Secretary Welles. Here, without farther parley, the secretary informed him that the board now reported favorably upon his plan of a vessel, and wished him to return to New York and commence work upon it at once. The contract would be sent on for signature. Before this contract was received, the keel-plates for the first *Monitor* had passed through the rolling-mill. When the contract came, it was found to contain a stipulation that Ericsson had not expected. If the vessel proved vulnerable, the money advanced by the Navy Department from time to time was to be refunded. Such a guarantee was, perhaps, needed to restrain within limits too enthusiastic inventors, but it was certainly a hard condition, and one which Ericsson, after his experience with the *Princeton*, would not have been disposed to accept, had he known of it in advance.

Thus it happened that the vessel which saved the honor of the government, perhaps changed the issue of the war, belonged, not to the government, but to a private individual, and one who, patriotism apart, had good reason to feel anything but well-disposed toward that government. The last installment of money had not been paid on the *Monitor* when she fought her battle with the *Merrimack;* and had this vessel, hastily put together in one hundred days, failed to stand the crucial test to which she was on the instant hurried, not only would this last payment have been withheld but the payments previously made would also have been demanded back.

The spirit shown by Captain Ericsson under these circumstances was displayed in his reply to the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce. These resolutions asked "such suitable return for his services as will evince the gratitude of the nation." Captain Ericsson answered: "All the remuneration I desire for the *Monitor* I get out of the construction of it. It is all-sufficient." The grateful nation took him at his word and saved its money to expend on bounty-jumpers and shoddy contractors who were not so easily satisfied.

The results obtained in that contest in Hampton Roads would, as Captain Ericsson contends, have been still greater had his suggestion as to the armament of the vessel been listened to. He urged that he should be allowed to build twelve-inch guns for her instead of the eleven-inch. With a smile of superior knowledge he was told that larger guns were not needed. He asked that he might be allowed to use thirty pounds of powder instead of the service charge of fifteen pounds, but he could not obtain the consent of the Chief of Ordnance, Captain Wise. Thus the *Merrimack* might, as he thinks, have been sunk side by side with the *Cumberland* with a single well-directed shot from a gun of heavier caliber fired with a maximum charge of powder. It is to be remembered, however, that the

possibilities of heavy ordnance were only then beginning to be understood and are yet in process of development. At all events, the *Merrimack* was sufficiently damaged to have no further relish for an encounter with the *Monitor*. She never ventured on another assault and soon after ended her days less nobly than she might have done by becoming a *felo de se*.

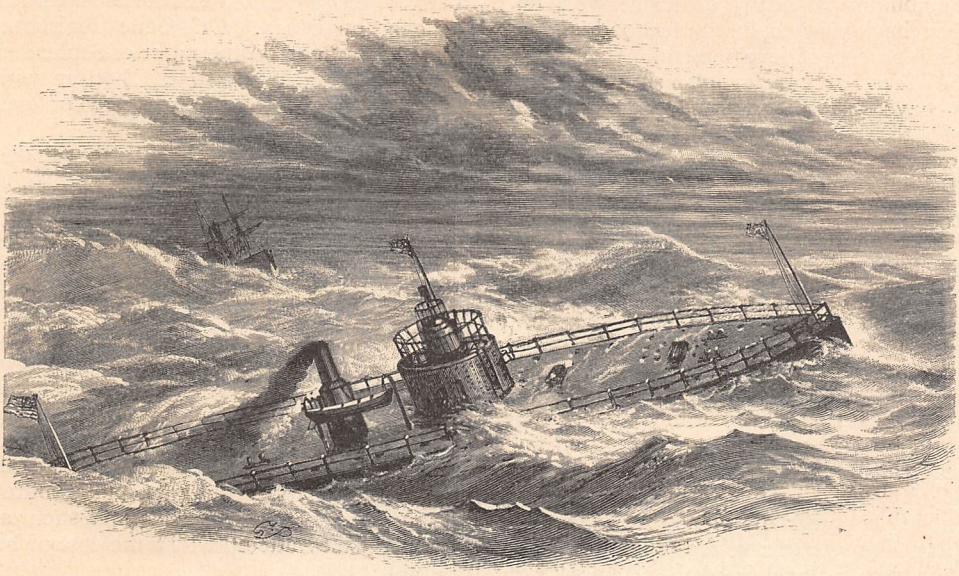
The monitors were speedily adopted by Ericsson's native country, Sweden, by Norway, and by Russia. England, with stubborn incredulity, long refused to believe that there was anything worthy of acceptance in this latest Yankee notion. It was not until the double-turreted monitor *Miantonomah* presented herself in English waters, in the summer of 1866,—more than four years after the appearance of the original *Monitor* in Hampton Roads,—that British public opinion finally yielded. Then something like a panic seized upon it. "The plain truth is," exclaimed the "Times," "the United States alone, among the nations of the earth, have an iron-clad fleet worthy of the name." The appearance of the *Miantonomah* was described "as a portentous spectacle." "Round the fearful invention," as the unhappy Englishmen were told, "were moored scores of big ships, forming a considerable portion of the navy of that great maritime power, and there was not one of them that the foreigner could not have sent to the bottom in five minutes, had his mind not been peaceful. There was not one of these big ships that could have avenged the loss of its companions, or saved itself from a like fate. In fact, the wolf was in the fold, and the whole flock was at its mercy."

An English naval officer, Captain Cowper Coles, sought to establish a claim for priority of invention over Ericsson, asserting that his experience in the Baltic and Black seas, in 1855, during the Crimean war, had suggested to him the idea of protecting guns by a stationary shield or cupola, of which he had a rough model made at the time. But Ericsson's letter to the Emperor Napoleon, in which the plan of the *Monitor* was presented in detail, was dated "September, 1854," and that plan included something more than a stationary shield or cupola—the idea of a vessel with sides protected against shot by being submerged in the water, thus securing protection and buoyancy at once. After much persistence, Captain Coles succeeded in persuading the Admiralty to build a vessel on his plan. She was finished, manned, equipped, and sent to sea with her designer on board. Off Cape Finisterre, Spain, she upset on the night of September 6th, 1870, and went to the bottom with Captain Coles and a British crew of over 500 men.

Thus ended the last chapter in the discussion between Cowper Coles and John Ericsson as to the comparative value of their two systems. Aside from the constructor's fatal error as to stability, which cost England the lives of so many seamen, Cowper Coles's high-side iron-clad was a feeble groping and experimental step in an old path. The *Monitor*, on the contrary, leaped with one bound wholly beyond the beaten track of naval architecture, and in so doing vaulted the obstacles which beset the path of the old model. It was at once audacious and revolutionary in its design, and admitted of no compromise or tinkering, such as Cowper Coles attempted at the cost of his life.

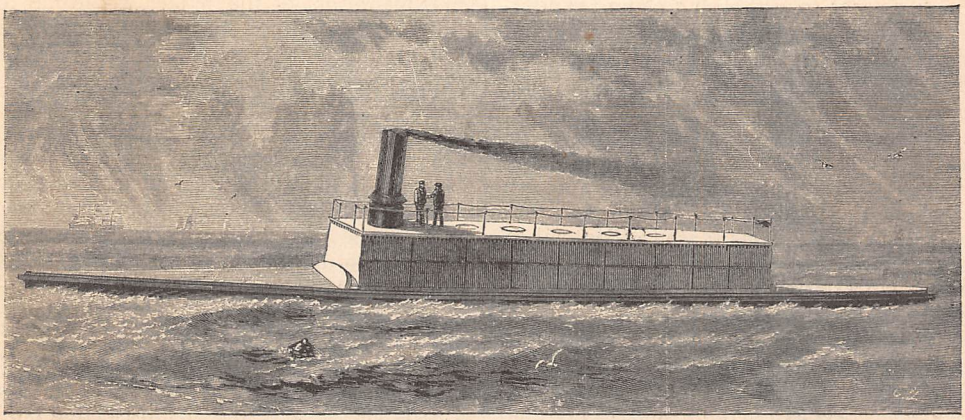
At present, Captain Ericsson's time is chiefly devoted to the introduction of his new system of submarine attack. Having shown the naval world how to build armored vessels uniting maximum resistance with maximum stability afloat, he is now proposing to show them how to abolish iron-clads altogether. Indeed, it is a growing conviction with many other thoughtful observers that the day of iron-clads is fast passing; that the increasing resources of attack will have much the same effect upon armored vessels that the introduction of gunpowder had upon armored men. Again Captain Ericsson leads the advance, and with his torpedo, *Destroyer*, emphasizes the warning he gave to foreign navies with his *Monitor*, which, as he stated at the time, in explanation of the name, would be to the Lords of the Admiralty a monitor "suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing their four steel ships, at three and a half millions apiece."

The *Destroyer*, a vessel built at Captain Ericsson's own expense, costing about fifty thousand dollars, is now complete and ready for service. The object of its construction is to overcome the existing defect in movable torpedoes,—the difficulty of guiding them. It is this that has rendered the famous Whitehead torpedo, upon which England has expended so much money, practically worthless. On several occasions it has had opportunity to show its quality, notably during the Russo-Turkish war, and in an isolated contest last year between the English *Shah* and

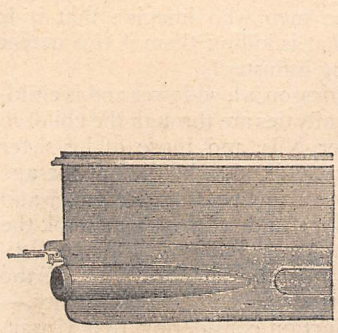


MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN A STORM.

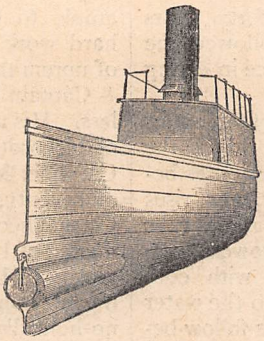
the Peruvian *Huascar*, in South American waters. The fact that the much-vaunted Whitehead has thus far accomplished nothing, is one not to be explained away by the admirers of this system of torpedo attack. Its fatal defects are that it cannot be turned from the direction in which it is once started, and that its propulsive force is so slight that light netting surrounding a vessel is sufficient to stop its progress. Its course is marked, too, by bubbles of air at the surface of the sea, which give warning of its approach, and enable a vessel to steer clear of it, as was done in the case of the *Huascar*, which escaped the attack of the Whitehead sent out by the *Shah*. The *Destroyer*, instead of being an automaton torpedo left to its own uncertain guidance, is a swift iron-clad vessel, manned and directed by a sufficient crew, and excelling in speed any of the heavy armored vessels afloat. It does not seek concealment, but trusts to its invulnerability and speed. Both ends are alike, so that, having discharged the torpedo, the *Destroyer* is able to steam away at full speed by simply reversing its engines. The torpedo with which it is provided has none of the internal mechanism that has proved so delicate and untrustworthy in other torpedoes. Ericsson's torpedo, in reality a submarine projectile, is discharged from the bow of the vessel by means of compressed



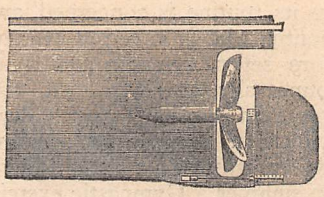
SIDE ELEVATION OF THE "DESTROYER" IN FIGHTING TRIM.



BOW OF THE "DESTROYER," THE TORPEDO TUBE OPEN FOR ATTACK.



EXTERNAL APPEARANCE, THE TORPEDO TUBE BEING CLOSED.



SIDE ELEVATION OF THE STERN, SHOWING PROPELLER, RUDDER AND ONE OF THE HYDRAULIC STEERING CYLINDERS.

air. As it weighs 1,400 pounds and has an initial velocity of 164 knots an hour, its momentum is such that it is not easy to see what outer defenses can protect a vessel from being hit by the projectile torpedo. The nozzle of the projectile carries a heavy charge of dynamite, to be exploded by concussion, but so arranged that it requires the resistance of a ship's side to fire the charge. The *Destroyer* is yet in the stage of experiment, except with its designer, who regards it as in all respects *un fait accompli*. Its preliminary trials for speed have been very satisfactory, so far as the intention of the designer is concerned, which was to produce a vessel excelling in speed existing iron-clads. The unimpaired vigor of body and mind which distinguishes Captain Ericsson at the age of seventy-six is illustrated by the fact that all the working drawings of the *Destroyer* have been made, as is customary with him, by his own hand, his assistant merely tracing these drawings for the use of the workman.

When we remember that John Ericsson was a competitor with Stephenson in that far-away period when the steam locomotive made its first essays in England, we realize the impossibility of giving any adequate idea of such a career as his within the limits of a magazine article. No more has been undertaken here than the briefest possible description of works the value and importance of which are most readily understood. Although these works are usually referred to as inventions, it should be remembered that Captain Ericsson objects, and with reason, to the title of inventor, a designation more properly belonging to men endowed with fertile genius but lacking rudimental knowledge, and in most cases ignorant of the first principle of mechanics. Ericsson's knowledge, on the contrary, embraces the entire range of mechanical philosophy. He is also a profound geometrician, and possesses greater practical experience as a mechanical constructor than any living man. In classical signification, as well as in popular use, the word inventor conveys too, the idea of merely coming upon a thing, of happy conceit rather than of rigid reasoning from cause to effect. Ericsson's results, on the contrary, have been accomplished through a mastery of physical science which entitles him to rank as unquestionably the foremost engineer of our time. Let who can dispute with him this title!

Of the purely personal history of a man like Captain Ericsson who devotes to labor all the time not occupied with eating and sleeping, little is to be told. No one could more completely identify himself with his works; and this man, whose name is intimately associated with the world's most vital material interests, is as far removed from its every-day concerns as the hermit in his cell. His whole thought is absorbed with his scientific and mechanical studies, and he never leaves the roomy old house in Beach street, New York, which is at once his dormitory and his work-shop, except it be for exercise or on some imperative errand of business. Social recreation he has none. He accepts no invitations and gives none; his only visitors are those who have business with him. His time is divided according to rigid rules, which make the most of the twenty-four hours. Among the machinery which he has studied to some purpose is that through which his mental operations are conducted, and he has, as we have said, shown himself able to devote himself to sedentary work for twelve hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, for certainly thirty years together, with scarcely the loss of a day. This is explained by

the fact that, since he was forty years of age, Captain Ericsson has followed the most exacting rules of temperance in eating as well as in drinking.

One day with him is like another, so far as its routine is concerned, and this is the routine: he is called at twenty minutes before seven, summer and winter, and rises punctually at seven. On rising, he rubs his skin thoroughly with dry towels, previous to a vigorous scouring with cold water, crushed ice being added to the water in summer. Gymnastic exercises follow before dressing. At nine o'clock a frugal breakfast is taken, consisting of eggs, tea, and coarse brown bread. At half past four he dines, the dinner never varying from chops or steak, a few vegetables, and brown bread and tea again. With the exception of tea, his only beverage is ice-water, and this is partaken of without stint. Tobacco is never touched in any form, and no dissipation whatever in the way of eating and drinking is allowed under any circumstances to vary this anchorite routine.

The hours from dinner-time until ten at night are usually devoted to work, and from ten until twelve Captain Ericsson seeks exercise in the open air. During working hours his time is divided irregularly between the drawing-table and the writing-desk. The day's labors conclude with a record of its events in a diary, which has one page devoted to each day, never more and never less. This diary is written chiefly in Swedish, and has now reached its fifty-seventh volume, amounting altogether to over 14,000 pages, indicating a period of about thirty-nine years. Not a day has been omitted in this period, excepting about twenty days during the latter part of 1856, when Captain Ericsson met with an accident which deprived him of a finger on his right hand, crushed by machinery. It may be added that his bedroom windows are never wholly closed, even during the severest weather, he having mathematically demonstrated for himself that direct communication should exist between the inner and the outer air, "to the extent of a sectional area of fifty square inches." The hall windows of his house are open, too, winter and summer, and none but open grate fires are allowed. Insomnia never troubles him, for he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow. His appetite and digestion are always good, and he has not lost a meal in ten years. What an example to the men who imagine that it is hard work that is killing them is this career of unremitting industry!

Captain Ericsson is a widower and is childless. His family ties are through the children of his brother Nils, and those of his sister Caroline, Mrs. Odhner, who died at the age of seventy, leaving two sons, Emanuel and Claes Theodor; both of these sons took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsala, the latter carrying off the highest honors of this celebrated university,—no light distinction considering that Upsala has 1,300 students, the *élite* of the Swedish youth. Claes Theodor Odhner is now professor of history in the University of Lund and has published several historical works, the latest of which has attracted much attention. Emanuel died several years ago.

Nils Ericsson, John's elder brother, although a powerful man, physically as well as mentally, died at the age of sixty-nine, from the effects of a severe surgical operation. He was ennobled at an early age, and in due time by royal favor became a baron. It is to his genius and enterprise that Sweden owes her system of state railroads, located with chief regard to strategical purposes, Nils Ericsson being colonel of engineers, as well as chief of the Swedish state railways. On the completion of the western branch of these railways the grand cross of the order of Vasa, set in diamonds, was presented to him by King Charles XV. The road on the eastern side of Sweden he did not live to see completed. Colonel Ericsson had three sons by his wife, Countess Wilhelmina Schwerin, John, Charles and Verner, and one daughter, Hedda, married to Count Axel Mörner. John and Charles entered the Swedish army at an early age, and the latter, led by a spirit of adventure, obtained leave of absence and went to Africa, joining a regiment of French Zouaves about embarking for Mexico. From Mexico he returned bearing the cross of the Legion of Honor and the scars of nine wounds. Soon after his return he was elected a member of the Swedish Diet, in which his father and brothers already occupied seats. The unusual spectacle was thus presented of a father and three sons of the Ericsson family being at one time members of the national legislature.

From this it would appear that the genius of John Ericsson is no abnormal growth, but the healthy product of a rare stock which has in him reached its best development.

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN THOUGHT AS SEEN IN ROMANISM AND RATIONALISM.

ROMANISM and rationalism are both of them large subjects. One might better attempt to write a volume on each of them than a brief paper on the two. To touch upon both in the same essay indicates at once its purpose, which is to fasten upon that feature which is common to both systems and to examine it as an index to the tendency of modern thought.

But have they even one point in common? That is the first question, and to answer it requires a brief survey of their respective developments up to their present status. For they would usually be classed, if classed together at all, as action and reaction; as opposite poles of thought having nothing in common, and suggestive of each other only by contrast; associated solely by that extreme difference by which heat and cold, storm and calm recall each other.

Looked at on the surface they appear to be direct opposites. The one claims to be the ultimate form of faith. The other is regarded as the last result of unbelief. The one is still building costly cathedrals for the worship of those who deny reason and rest solely in authority. The other recognizes worship only to criticise it, and resists and resents all authority save the authority of reason. One cries, Give up your private judgment; the other cries, Give up everything else. The one claims to represent God; the other that God cannot be represented, and may not exist at all. The general verdict would therefore be that the only point of contact between the two is the common battle-ground, where they stand defiant of each other and sworn foes.

The fact is, however, that they are in their separate departments both illustrations and exponents of one and the same tendency in modern thought. The one claims to interpret the religious nature irrespective of science, and the other to elucidate science to the exclusion of religion. But there is a oneness of method in both when we carefully scrutinize what each assumes to do and to deny. A glance at their present respective attitudes, and a rapid survey of the steps by which they have gained them will make this point clear.

Both subjects have at different times presented different aspects to men. Let us first glance at Romanism. It has been variously sought for the sake of its doctrine in reaction from the rigor of Calvinistic theology or for its æsthetic completeness in contrast with Puritan iconoclasm. It has attracted men and women by the pliant force of its varied discipline, as affording refuge to many weary, and new fields of action to many ardent, souls. It has fascinated a St. Francis Xavier and a St. Thomas Aquinas alike. It has charmed the politician by its power over the world, and the recluse by its separation from the world. In the long course of its history, in triumph and depression, it has presented almost every aspect of moving power. By command, by entreaty, by tenderness of appeal, by the menace of assured position, it has alternately awed, won, fascinated or terrified the world into compliance with its demands and submission to its authority.

In the present age, however, the secret of its magnetism has been the question of its authority. The drift toward it has been impelled by its doctrine of the Church. It is to-day not so much what it teaches as that it teaches with a claim to infallible authority, that leads men to enter it. Various subsidiary motives may have mingled largely in producing the convictions of many, but the general characteristics of the tendency of modern thought to Romanism are, I think, best illustrated and embodied in the history of that remarkable man, John Henry Newman, as disclosed in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." In reading those fascinating pages, it is apparent that his longing after Catholic antiquity must logically lead him to submission to the Roman See, because that longing was but a search for a visible absolute authority. Antiquity was not sought as a guide to the present by an investigation of the great underlying principles of the past in order to discover their real power and apply them in new forms to new conditions. It was not studied to gain the key by which to explain present uses or abuses. It was ransacked in order to display its antique garments and ancient manners afresh and establish them as the one absolute pattern of all true ecclesiastical life. The effort was to reproduce a patristic or a mediæval atmosphere, as essential to all true spiritual breathing. An escape was sought from the confusion of modern controversy by claim-

ing as an absolute standard the attainment of a former age. Doctor Newman and his chosen coadjutors seemed to say of God's truth what Job said in his perplexity of God: "Behold I go forwards, but He is not there; on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him." But they reserved one point of vision, and, more fortunate than Job, cried: "Behold if I go backward, I shall perceive Him there." The infallible church, the point of rest, was now placed on the borders of the fourth century, now in that of the eighth, again within the limits of the twelfth. But though men might re-issue the old coin with a certified impress and date as the only genuine metal, it would not circulate as a medium of theological thought in a new and different age from that of its original issue. An anachronism cannot survive. Chain armor, however tempered, cannot resist the impact of minie bullets; no more could an ancient dialectic meet the wants of modern inquiry. Men found that by seeking refuge in the impregnable castles of the Nicene or Ante-Tridentine age, they were not entering modern life with power, but it was passing them unheeding by, just as the trade and travel of modern life pour along the Rhine with a curious and half respectful gaze at the crumbling castles which crown its heights: abodes and fortresses which men enjoy as ruins, but with the spirit of whose life they have no communion, and for which they cherish no regard. An infallible church, in order to be the panacea for all spiritual maladies, must have an infallibility extending into the present age. An infallibility which could cease to be infallible was seen on maturer reflection to be fatally defective. Like honest character, it must be continuous to be real. When, therefore, those who sought in the Church an infallible authority limited it, the logic of the situation compelled them to one of two courses. They must either give up the infallibility or remove the limitation. What Doctor Newman calls the "palmary words of St. Augustine" sounded the anticipatory note of his espousals to Rome. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" The true power must be ever present and co-extensive with human affairs. Infallibility, an absolute quality, could not be put into a finite corner. If it once lived it must ever live. And submission is the only appropriate attitude of fallible man toward an infallible power. Through this gate the Oxford scholar passed within the cloisters of Rome. Most modern converts have found the same entrance door. Not what is taught, but who teaches, is the anxious question. Divergence of doctrine may be deemed development, and development is right enough if there be a power to develop it. We do not apprehend the force of the tendency of modern thought as regards Romanism, if we do not clearly discern this current. We cannot counteract that tendency by directing attention to practical abuses or theological curiosities. Rome is wiser than her opponents, and she has risen to the true grasp of the subject in emphasizing her infallibility by decreeing, in the council of the Vatican, the personal infallibility of the Pope. For this decree only balances one absolute quality by another. It makes infallibility omnipotent, which, logically, it must be. A general council, from the nature of the case, must be an occasional thing. Its decrees are intermittent and long separated. To meet the constant pressure of need there must be the constant source of an infallible supply. The infallible church, to be effective, must be omnipresent, and infallibility must therefore center in the perpetual Pope. With him as the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost, the Church has a constant guide. Those who carried the decree grasped the logic of the situation. To be possessed of one absolute attribute demands the possession of all the others. The infallible church being omniscient in relation to men's lives, through the confessional, and omnipotent in regard to salvation by the power of the keys, must be omnipresent, always ready for any emergency, by the constant presence of the infallible pontiff.

It is evident then that the Roman Church claims to surround men by a visible presence of divine powers at every hour. She claims in her action divine prerogatives, and must therefore be possessed in her nature of divine attributes. Is it not also evident that her doctrine of the Church's infallibility makes that church not so much a witness to an invisible truth and fact, as a substitute for it. She holds the doctrine of God above; but the fact of God, as a power of salvation here, she incorporates into her own life; and to such a degree that as a saving power He does not exist apart from her. "*Extra ecclisiam nulla salus.*" She is the visible substitute for the invisible power: she claims God's prerogatives because she acts in His stead.

Thus in the religious province she follows

the method and acts on the principle so prevalent in the scientific world to-day, that, namely, of substituting the visible for the invisible. The sacrament of the Eucharist is not with her the visible sign of an invisible reality, but the reality itself, though disguised. It is no more bread and wine, a symbol of a heavenly truth, but flesh and blood, a verity for the senses. Faith is called in to vindicate a physical fact in spite of false appearances, not to commune with the invisible presence of what is not physical. Her priests bow before the pyx and chalice and cry, "Behold the Man!" The God of salvation becomes the tangible reality of the senses. All beyond that is only the general power which the soul cannot grasp, and which we must relegate to the kingdom of the unknowable. In Jerusalem, a few years since, at the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a Roman priest said to me, in reply to an expression of mine as to my belief in God's presence here as everywhere: "Yes, he is present everywhere as a general power, but not as a Savior. We have Him there, locked up in the tabernacle of the altar; He cannot escape us."

As faith in relation to the sacrament is turned thus from a trust in the unseen to a belief in the sight of it, so the sense of forgiveness is not repose on the mercy of an inward monitor, but acceptance of the spoken word of an outward minister. In regard to the truth, faith, in this system, is turned into an intellectual submission to dogma, instead of a moral grasp upon the truth which underlies and gives rise to the scientific dogmatic expression. Faith, according to the catechism of the Council of Trent, is the faculty "by virtue of which we hold that to be a settled point which the authority of our Holy Mother the Church warrants to have been handed down by God." So far forth, the object of faith is the visible form of statement rather than the invisible reality which lies behind it. Only as such can we understand the canon (xxviii) founded on the decree of the Tridentine Council, that "If any one shall say that when grace has been lost by sin, faith also is always lost at the same time; or that the faith which remains is not real faith albeit not living; or that he who hath faith without charity is no Christian; let him be accursed." We find the confirmation in the other canon (xii) which says, "If any one shall say that justifying faith is nothing else than trust in the divine mercy which remitteth sins for Christ's sake * * * let him be accursed." The answer of a devout Romanist to the question "Do you believe so and so?" is "I believe it implicitly, *i.e.*, if the Church teaches it I believe it." His active faith is really in the Church which declares something to be an object of faith. "A man," says Dr. Newman in his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," "must simply believe that the Church is the oracle of God. When a man has become a Catholic, were he to set about following out a doubt which has occurred to him, he has already disbelieved. He is not in danger of losing his faith; he *has* lost it. * * * Let a man cease to inquire, or cease to call himself her (the Church's) child." "That Protestants complain of this as tyranny shows they do not know what faith is." No, we answer, not such faith as this, for it reads the apostle's definition backward and makes it say, "Faith is the evidence of things seen, the substance of things possessed." In fine, the visible Church, in the Roman view of it, takes the place of the invisible Christ. It executes his functions and stands in his stead. Submission to its dogmas, and obedience to its injunctions are the test of allegiance to God, because God for the soul exists only in these. The visible thus comes to usurp the place of the invisible.

Hence we see that in the religious province, the Roman doctrine of the infallible church ministers to the same tendency of modern thought, which in the world of science and philosophy, confines the mind to the physical universe, and denies both the possibility and validity of any knowledge which the senses may not start or test.

This is the tendency of modern thought as evinced by rationalism. For rationalism like Romanism has passed through many phases. Its tendencies display themselves more clearly as they are more fully developed. As modern Romanism is illustrated by John Henry Newman, rationalism may be traced in its later phases in the career of David Friederic Strauss in Germany, or of Miss Harriet Martineau in England, to take both a scientific and a popular illustration. Its latest feature is its exclusive claim on behalf of mere naturalism. It comes clearly to light in the writings and autobiography of John Stuart Mill, and in the numerous philosophical works of Mr. Herbert Spencer; in the historical treatises of Henry Thomas Buckle, and the brilliant essays of M. Taine. It is fostered in the scientific works of

Messrs. Tyndall, Huxley and Darwin. The more popular writers, like Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who would leave some safety valve for the escape of religious feeling, divorce it entirely from any historical revelation. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who wishes it understood that he writes in the interests of religion, relegates all theology to the realm of the unknown and unverifiable, and places all emphasis on visible conduct. One principle rules in all these manifold forms of modern thought, viz., exclusive reliance on that which is seen; neglect or scorn of that which is not seen; in history it may seek like Mr. Buckle to reduce civilization to a question of weights and measures, or of climate and food,—or, as some one has wittily parodied his system, it may say:

"I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue or in vice;
In a stated course of crimes,
In Macaulay and 'The Times';
Morals are a vain illusion
Leading only to confusion.
Would we learn what we should do,
We must watch the kangaroo.
Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates and starch.
I believe in all the gases
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition,
Oxygen controls volition;
Whate'er is great or good in men,
May be found in hydrogen,
And the body, not the soul,
Governs the unfettered whole."

With Mr. Mill it may seek to reduce duty to the dictates of utility, or with Mr. Spencer to resolve conscience into the play of the social instincts; it may take its stand on the gelatinous protoplasm, or wrap itself about with the nebular hypothesis which it unwraps into a doctrine of evolution; or, like Strauss, in his latest phase, may deny that there is anything to reveal or any God to reveal it; but whatever province of life or thought it touches, its only divining rod is the visible and tangible. Leaving God and immortality out of the question, modern rationalism rejoices, to use Miss Martineau's chosen expression, "to wander free and unfettered on the broad breezy common of the universe."

Rationalism, like Romanism, seems thus to have unfolded its ultimate principle. As no claim of infallibility can be more extreme than that which centers it in the mind and utterance of one individual, so we need expect no more sweeping assertion of the self-sufficiency of reason than its present claim that there is no validity to anything which it is not competent to originate; and, therefore, that the natural history of either mind or matter which it traces is all the history there is. A rationalistic has always been distinguished from a rational theology in that while the latter has held that religion is not contrary to reason, the former has affirmed there is nothing in religion beyond reason. To the one it has been a test, to the other the source of religion. Formerly each held a doctrine of revelation, but the one claimed for its contents a truth reason could never discover but only verify, the other, only that which reason had not yet discovered. Immanuel Kant, from whose system the term rationalism received its significance as a school of thought, claimed as of necessary validity only the truth of natural religion. In "Religion within the bounds of pure reason" he centers its essential quality in moral duty and makes religious ideas deductions out of this. The system has run a varied course, appearing as destructive criticism in Eichhorn and Paulus, meeting a rebuff in the spiritual feeling of Schleiermacher, assuming and asserting the ideal truth of Christianity by the destruction of its historic verity in the mythical theory of Strauss, and appearing at last in the Tübingen school as a disintegration of the New Testament writings into the separate and hostile elements of contending parties and tendencies. Its underlying principle, however, has always been the self-sufficiency of the reason, and from this principle its present naturalism is a legitimate outgrowth. For if the mind have within its own grasp all that a revelation can unfold, there is no adequate occasion for a revelation at all. The deity whom the reason is competent to construct and fathom must be restricted to the limits of the mind's capacity. When then philosophy deserts its idealistic basis, on which in the beginning rationalism rested, and becomes positive or materialistic, exchanging the philosophy of omniscience for the philosophy of nescience, then God, who by the very conception of Him is beyond the realm of the visible and sensible universe, must be either denied or relegated to the realm of the unknowable and unverifiable. If the postulate be admitted, as the tendency of modern thought so largely admits it, "*Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*," then the all-sufficiency of the reason is found to involve satisfaction with the knowledge of outward relations and of the phenomenal appearances of things which are seen and temporal. If, with Mr. Her-

bert Spencer, we must assume a power in which all that appears reposes, we must with him acknowledge an invincible ignorance concerning it, since it of necessity lies back of sense perception. If we think ourselves conscious of freedom of action, we must rest content with the law of antecedent and consequent, which proves us to be, in action from motives, as necessitated as the growth of a leaf upon a tree, or of a muscle in the arm. Rationalism, as the product of such a reason, becomes mere naturalism. All knowledge of what we call intuition, conscience, morality, is reduced to an analysis of the physical and physiological constituents of the brain. There is no legitimate faith but confidence in the evidence of things seen and trust in the substance of things possessed.

From this rapid sketch of the respective principles of Romanism and rationalism we find that the tendency of modern thought as illustrated by them is the tendency toward the outward, the visible, the tangible. There are, of course, world-wide differences between them. One is religious, the other irreligious. One holds on to God, to immortality, to judgment,—in fact, receives the whole supernatural revelation of God in Christ as the basis of its existence; the other rejects and ignores the validity of the whole of it. But they have a point of agreement in their method, each confining all knowledge in its respective sphere to visible realities, and limiting our contact with diviner powers to tangible existences; each remanding to the region of the unknown and unverifiable all of existence beyond itself. They are not so much witnesses of an unseen reality as its substitute, the only realization of it which can touch us. What one makes of the material and visible world, the other makes of the corporate and visible church. Romanism says man can have no saving knowledge of God or experience of his grace except in contact with her orders, her sacraments, her dogmas. All divine truth and life lie embodied in them; therefore contact with the body is the one essential need. Rationalism says, in its province, man can have no knowledge at all of what lies beyond the patent, positive fact, either of the great power which underlies the universe without him, or the Ego, the personality of which he claims to be conscious within him. Therefore study the body. Romanism acknowledges God, but declares we can only get at Him or He at us through a corporate, tangible institution. Rationalism ignores God, because we can get at nothing beyond the visible fact. The one rejects God because it can reach only so far as the senses; the other claims God while it limits His power over us to that which touches the senses.

The answer to both is contained in the affirming question of Christ. "Did not he who made that which is without make that which is within also?" Let us try and see in the light of this principle what the true corrective is to the evil tendency of modern thought as shown in Romanism and rationalism.

Apply the test of our Lord's words first to Romanism. In the light of the principle they unfold we see at once that we can never overthrow the undue exaggeration of the function of the Church by undue depreciation of it; for there is an outward part to Christianity, as well as an inward one. The life is more than the meat which sustains it, but still the meat is a necessary sustenance. The body is more than raiment, but a healthy body requires clothes. There is in religion a valid and important office for dogma, and sacrament, and ministry. The strenuous drift of modern thought toward the doctrine of the Church is a witness to its value. Some may have overleaped the mark in their efforts to gain the goal, but these were the efforts of serious and devout souls, earnest to the core. We must do reverent homage to the burning piety of Wilberforce and Faber among the dead, and John Henry Newman among the living. No one can deny the power of the Church as a witness to the truth. It is its well-grounded pillar. It is the fruitage of the seed contained in the Scriptures, and is the vindication of its vitality, as the pillared majesty of the oak is the exponent of the life within the acorn's shell. But the true witness of the Church is not to itself, but to its Lord. Its true call is not, come unto me, but go unto Him. It does not stand as the substitute of an absent Christ, by taking his place and exercising his functions; it points rather to a living Christ, present directly to every penitent and believing soul. Its absolution is not the conveyance of pardon, but only of the knowledge of it, in its assurance that God pardons, without any intermediary, every soul that trusts in Christ. Its sacraments are but the visible symbols of unseen realities, not the realities themselves. The Church may not say there is nothing of divine power beyond me, but rather must

say, it is all beyond me. "I am not the way, but the sign-board which points the way to Christ. I am not the heavenly body, but the telescope which brings it to your vision. My creeds, and sacraments, and ministry are but the lenses set in the instrument to let in the power and glory from above upon the soul; and, like the telescope, if I am looked at, and not looked through, I interpose an obstacle which blinds. And, moreover, like the telescope, without the eye which uses it, so are my dogmas, and orders, and discipline without the individual faith appropriating them. These are hindrances as ends, while as means, rightly used, they are full of life, and power, and blessing."

The true doctrine of the Church which is to conquer the false is that which makes it the exponent of the great truth of Christianity, justification by faith, or in more modern words, the direct relation of the soul to its Savior. We must be careful, however, to avoid the Roman method in the treatment of this truth, for it may be made a source of evil as well as the doctrine of justification by works. We commit that error if we make belief in this dogma, true as it is, equivalent to belief in Christ. When the Reformers advanced this doctrine as the antidote to Roman error, they were not seeking to displace one dogma by another. They were bent on introducing a living principle deeper than any dogma. They meant to replace an intellectual conformity to a statement by a spiritual conformity to a truth. Salvation to them was not believing in justification by faith or any other dogma, but believing in Christ, which is justification by faith. It was not the issue of an intellectual conception of the faith, but of a spiritual union with Christ, who is the truth. He that will come to God must indeed know that He is and what He is; but it is not the knowing but the coming, consequent upon it, which brings salvation; the moral surrender of the heart, not chiefly the enlightenment of the understanding. The science of theology, like the science of botany, is of great use. But as physically we live by the garden and not by the book, so spiritually we live by the soul's grasp upon God and His Christ, not by any intellectual reception of the wisest and subtlest statement concerning Him.

The true corrective therefore of the tendency of modern thought, as shown in Romanism, is not to hold a less truth concerning the Church but a greater. It is by showing the noble reality which lies beyond the outwardness of Romanism. It must come from out the aroused conviction in every soul of the immeasurable access it has to God through the gift of faith, whereby God comes directly to it as a living presence; not banishing His children to the confines of an outward body, but clothing them directly with the power of an endless life. We shall never dethrone the visible Pope, until we enthrone the invisible Christ in his stead. Nor shall we ever supplant Romanism by following its method, though we change its instruments. It will not do, when they say, "We believe in the Church," to answer, "We believe in the Bible." In a most important sense we ought to believe in both, but in the Romish sense in neither. We ought to believe in both, so far as they reveal and bear witness to God's revelation in Christ, but in neither as finalities, as making belief in the Church or in the Bible an equivalent to believing in Christ. Our point of difference is just that Roman method, which illustrates the tendency of modern thought,—the method which makes contact with the body identical with the inner appropriation of the spirit. It matters not in the end, whether one substitute the Decrees of Trent, or the Confession of Westminster, or the Thirty-nine Articles, which are received by the intellect, for the invisible Christ who is received by the heart; the result is the same evil. We romanize when we put anything, creed, sacrament, dogma, ritual, orthodoxy, what you will, into so central a place as to say, if you receive that you receive Christ. For these are but the instruments of apprehension, not the thing apprehended. It depends upon the inward act, the soul's faith, whether we rise through them to Christ's own presence, or miss him by seeking to dwell in them. "He who made that which is without made that which is within also."

Let us now turn our glance at modern rationalism, guided by the same light. Many would say we have fallen upon evil times, where rationalism has been transformed so largely into naturalism, and when it touches and taints our general literature to so great a degree. But amid all the evils of a time like this, it is in one aspect good. It is a gain when a principle has revealed its full significance. Its fruit discovers its root. Rationalism is no longer to be misunderstood by either its friends or its enemies. Strauss passed from the dream-land of myths into the assured day of materialism;

and Miss Martineau came to rejoice in her defiant atheism, and revel in her definite expectation of annihilation. God, immortality, moral freedom, these are banished by the thought of modern rationalism. When we approach it therefore, we know with what we have to do; and the remedy is also apparent. It is to make evident to men what God has put within them, as well as what he has placed without. The rationalistic writers of to-day reverse the conclusion of Bishop Butler. He argued from the presence of difficulties in nature, that difficulties in revelation could not show that it might not have the God of nature for its author; for a God of nature was conceded. But now, men say, the difficulties in both nature and revelation show that neither has a divine author. The characteristic of this modern thought is not the faith which removes mountains, but the mountains which remove faith. Christ argued, "If God so clothe the grass which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you;" but these reverse the conclusion and say, "If the grass so clothed is cast into the oven, shall not you also perish." The only answer lies in the awakening in men an irresistible moral conviction. The task of the believer is to force home that sense of responsibility, and to discover to doubters their soul's thirst for God, which shall unsettle the foundations on which the arguments of unbelief rest, just as the discovery of gunpowder made useless the buttressed walls of mediæval castles, by exploding the rock on which they were built. It is not chiefly argument, but life, which furnishes the answer. We may not rest in the demonstration of the weakness of rationalism, but only like St. Paul, in "the demonstration of the spirit and of power." It is the inward truth which alone can vanquish the outward error.

We must avoid the rationalistic method, as well as its falsehood, in the treatment of the truth. We cannot afford to borrow its weapons any more than we may use the weapons of Romanism. It is the sage advice of the Rev. Phillips Brooks to divinity students, "When you wish to attack the evils of a different denomination of Christians, first seek them out and destroy them in your own." We rightly protest against allowing scientific theories of creation to override theological truth concerning the Creator; the realms of theology and science, we say, are different, assuredly. But if so, we really take to the rationalistic method when we seek to deny scientific conclusions in the realm of nature by theological conclusions in the realm of thought. When science grows dogmatic and enters the realm of religion, theology rightly warns her off. But if we do not suffer others to force our facts by their theories, we must not follow their example. Jokes on the apes will never disprove evolution, nor will sneers at geology take the fossils out of the rocks. We justly complain of the unfairness and prejudice of the rationalist who approaches the Bible with his assumption that a miracle is an impossibility, and, therefore, that the only explanation of the record of miracles is to explain it away. This is forcing facts, and the evidence of facts, by a theory. But in defense of the Scriptures some theologians follow the same method if a pet theory of their own chance to be in danger. Some, for instance, approach the Bible armed with their special theory of inspiration, and insist on crowding all the facts into it, and molding them by it, however much they have to distort them in the process. Whereas the reverent method is to go to the Scriptures to find out of themselves what their inspiration involves, whether of scientific accuracy or literary felicity. The humility which learns is a more apt scholar than the dogmatism which teaches. Some may decide beforehand that illustrations of spiritual truth in an inspired volume must be in the language of exact science, and are greatly troubled if it turns out that the scientific allusion is popular, or such as the persons addressed received, instead of that received after some thousands of years of investigation by scholars. Recourse is had to overstrained and unfair explanations which produce no conviction, and all for the sake of a preconceived theory. The truth could afford to leave the discrepancy unchallenged, for it can make no difference whether a spiritual fact has a popular or an exact illustration, so long as its own force is fully set forth by it. The astronomy of David and Galileo may differ, but that does not touch the spiritual truth of a Divine Creator of the stars; nor does it lie in the province of any geological system to disturb a hair's-breadth the belief in the heavenly home, or of God who prepares it for them that love Him. It is not rational, but rationalistic, to adjust facts to our theory, instead of our theory to facts. Imagine one who should adopt as a theory of inspiration, that it involved impeccability of conduct, coming to the account of the altercation of St. Peter and St. Paul in Antioch.

What contortion of evidence would there be to turn into a slight misunderstanding what St. Paul terms a "withstanding to the face because he was to be blamed," like some trimming politicians who are said to speak of our civil war as the late little unpleasantness between the North and South. The fact is that we should not react from rationalism into irrational methods. Our treatment of the Bible should be too reverent to suffer us to read ourselves into it. It should be marked by such confidence in its spiritual truth and the supernatural character which it claims, as shall lead us to accept it as God in His providence has given it, and which would forbid our trembling at every new theory of science which can never touch its spiritual truth, or shuddering at every new fragment of literary criticism, which can never disprove its historical verity; which in fine would give us courage to hold the Bible fast by reason of its own inherent power, even though its illustrations and style may be shown to partake of the characteristics of the time in which it appeared. Its inward power is a sufficient answer to all that criticism of its outward form which seeks to crush the spirit by the letter. He who made that which is without, made that which is within also.

If then the tendency of modern thought, as seen in Romanism and rationalism, is a tendency to dwell on the outward appearance, its corrective must be found in putting emphasis on inward realities. Spirituality is the cure for naturalism, whether it comes in the form of materialistic ecclesiasticism or the positive philosophy. We must follow the larger method which both these systems miss and grasp the greater truth of which both fail. We must hold to the unseen both in theology and science as the eternal, and be too catholic to be Roman Catholic, and too rational to be rationalists.

HALF-WITTED GUTTORM.*

THERE may be many alive yet who knew half-witted Guttorm Haldorslia; he who built himself a church, a church-yard, church people and a clergyman in the pulpit; he who never harmed any mortal man, but only sat nodding at every one who came along; whom one might find, summer and winter, in fair and foul weather, busy with his sanctuary, shoveling away the snow from the graves and putting up new head-boards.

Guttorm was not born half-witted. He was once as brisk a little fellow as ever you or I have been. His parents were rarely at home, as they were poor and had to maintain themselves by hiring out, both man and wife. The father was a carpenter and was often employed outside of the parish; the mother went from farm to farm, and helped with bread-making. Guttorm was therefore obliged to stay at home and take care of his little sister, who was the apple of the parents' eyes and very dear to Guttorm, too. He thought nothing too good for her, and ran at her beck for flowers and berries and curious pebbles. He built houses and boats for her; he lay on hands and feet in the sun and barked and growled like a dog while she sat in the shade laughing at him, with nothing on but a little chemise and a pale-red hood. Now he would be horse and creep on all fours with her on his back; now he would carry her in his arms until the perspiration poured down his forehead, if she was tired and demanded to be carried. He dragged her across the brook or up the knoll, sometimes with the feet up and the head down, but always with the utmost tenderness. And Dolly understood this very well. She allowed her brother to handle her as if she had been a bundle, and if he happened to hurt her then she screamed, and he kissed her and patted her and made queer faces for her and told her about the bear and the fox, until she was quiet.

Guttorm reaped but little thanks for all his devotion. When his mother came home in the evening she always wondered whether he had really been good to his little sister, and then she pressed her against her bosom and kissed and caressed her.

On Guttorm she never bestowed the slightest attention; but he took that as a matter of course and was never in the least

* Written for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY by Kristofer Janson, a well-known Norwegian author. See "North American Review," October, 1872, and "Atlantic Monthly," volume 30, pages 497 and 498. Translated by H. H. Boyesen.

jealous. And the first thing he would do in the morning was to run up to Dolly's cradle, almost yearning to have the burden once more laid upon his shoulders.

Once, on a fine, sunny day, they were on the banks of the river. Dolly was then large enough to run about by herself. In the river there was a long, smooth sand bottom at the end of which lay a huge stone, where the current ran swift and strong. Guttorm had climbed up on this stone and stood there waving with his cap. Dolly stood with her feet in the water, lifting up her dress and looking longingly at him.

"Hallo, Dolly," he cried. "Now I am king. Come along and I will take you on my lap and you may be my queen."

Dolly needed not to be told twice. She forded boldly out upon the sand while the current foamed about her knees. When she was close up to the stone and Guttorm stretched himself out to catch hold of her, she lost her foot-hold, fell on the side and the current swept her away.

Guttorm stood as if spell-bound, with wide-dilated eyes. But when he saw her speeding down through the rapids, he gave a heart-rending shriek and plunged into the water after her.

Then for a while he knew of nothing until he found himself lying on the river bank with half his body in the water. He touched his head and when he looked at his fingers they were bloody; he must have hurt himself when he made the leap. But where was little Dolly? He looked round about him but she was nowhere to be seen. Trembling all over and with terror in his eyes he began to call her. No one answered. Like a hunted deer he ran down along the stream calling Dolly. He cut his feet on the sharp stones until they bled; his clothes caught in the bushes and were torn, but he did not feel it. He only ran and ran—ever calling "Dolly!" Then suddenly he saw a rag hanging on a low branch and right under something light and yellow was mingling with the current. He broke through the underbrush; yes, it was Dolly. A branch had become entangled in her dress; her head was under the water. Her fair yellow hair, tied up with a pink silk ribbon, floated in the stream like a flower.

When the mother came home late in the evening she did not see the children playing in the yard as usual. She searched for them, she ran up to the neighbor's to inquire, but no one had seen them. She roused the people from their sleep, and they went in search together; for at that time of the year the daylight lasts throughout the night.

It was a little past midnight when the mother came to the place where Dolly had been found. She bent aside the bushes; there she saw Guttorm, pale and with staring eyes, standing waist-deep in the river and holding the head of his little sister above the water. Her dress still clung to the branch which had caught it.

"God have mercy on thee, Guttorm! What hast thou done?" cried the mother, quite beside herself; and she leaped out into the water and caught the child to her bosom. The very moment it was torn out of Guttorm's hands, he fell down on the river bank.

Since that day Guttorm was never himself again. When he regained his consciousness he was lying in bed, and his father was sitting by him. A little black coffin was standing on a chair close by. There his little sister was lying, he was told. His mother was walking up and down on the floor, every now and then bursting into tears. Later in the day people came and took away the coffin, to bury it in the earth, as they told him. His father went with them, and his mother followed them out. When Guttorm saw this he threw himself out of the bed, dressed hastily, and ran after them. Before the father knew it he had caught hold of his hand. Then he lifted him up in his arms and carried him.

The way was long, but Guttorm sat all the while staring at the little black coffin. When they reached the church-yard they found some people gathered there. There were many fine graves with head-stones and crosses, and the minister was standing there in his long black gown, and both within the church and outside voices were singing. The coffin was lowered down into the ground, and the minister cast earth upon it. Then there was more singing, and at last all went away. Guttorm stared before him with open mouth, and as they went still gazed back toward the church-yard gate.

"Will Dolly never more come back to us now?" he whispered in his father's ear.

"Oh yes, she will surely come back sometime," answered the father. And nothing more was said.

For a long time after that Guttorm never spoke aloud. They saw him walking about,

shaking his head and talking low to himself. The father had obtained work in the neighborhood, and was thus able to look after him. Both he and the mother treated Guttorm with forbearance; a great gentleness had come over both of them of late.

One day, Guttorm had climbed up on the great bowlder in the river, and there he stood and talked. This he repeated day after day, until at last the father brought some neighbors with him and they rolled the bowlder away. Another time he did not return for his meals, and the father, after a long search, found him again in the river, standing under the bush which had caught Dolly's dress. He had waded out into the water, and stood as if still holding her head above the current. As he caught sight of his father he gave a start and cried out:

"It wasn't I who got little sister out into the river."

"I know that well enough," answered the father quietly, pulling out his knife and beginning to cut down the bush. But all of a sudden Guttorm leaped up and rushed against him like a wild beast, beating him with clenched fists. The father had all he could do to keep him at arm's length.

"You surely know that Dolly is asleep in the earth, so she can no more be here," he said.

Then Guttorm grew calmer.

"Dolly asleep in the earth—Dolly asleep in the earth," he kept muttering to himself. "But will she then never return?" he added after a while, with an anxious glance at his father.

"Oh yes, she will surely return sometime," answered he, as before, "and then you will take care of her again, Guttorm."

"Will you let me take care of her?" asked the boy.

"Yes, you are the one to do it."

Guttorm nodded with his head as if he were thinking.

"Dolly asleep in the earth," he whispered. "Dolly is coming back—and I shall take care of her again."

He made a somersault and laughed. The father took him by the hand and led him home, but he did not cut down the bush. The next day Guttorm rose early. All night long he had been heard talking contentedly with himself. He ran up toward a pine grove close to the highway, carrying with him a spade and a pickax, and fell to work with a will. He rolled stones together; he tore up the turf, and piled it up in small hills. It seemed incredible that such strength could dwell in him, small as he was. No one had any idea what he meant to do. If he was asked he only laughed shrewdly. The grove was worth very little, so the owner left him in peace to amuse himself as he liked. His father was happy because this new labor took him so far away from the river. Little by little Guttorm's intention revealed itself. He was building a church and a church-yard. The church was built as nearly as possible like the great church where he had seen Dolly buried, and the graves round about were similarly placed and adorned with white and brown headstones, just as he had seen them on that Sunday. Inside of the wall, just under the great window in the nave, was Dolly's grave. He had adorned it in a very fantastic way with flowers, pine-cones, shells, and small pieces of boards which he had carved into figures. There he sat always when he rested from his labor or when his food was brought to him.

One day he went into the huckster's store and looked about him.

"What is it you want to-day, Guttorm?" asked the huckster kindly.

Guttorm laughed, and pointed to a shelf where some colored ribbons were lying.

"Ribbons for Dolly," he said.

The huckster cut off a small piece of ribbon and gave it to him. He caught it up eagerly, flung a shilling on the counter, and ran away as if a mad dog were at his heels. The huckster called after him that he had paid too much; but he only ran the faster. He was afraid some one might take his property away from him. The ribbon he bound around a small cross which he had made. She had had such a ribbon in her braid when he saw her last. The cross he planted on her grave, and watched it as if it had been of gold. If the weather was wet, he wrapped it in a pillow-case, lest it should be injured.

Guttorm had to labor and toil for many years before he got his little church and his church-yard in complete order. The parish people pitied the poor, good-natured lad, and gave him many a lift now and then. A houseman had even made him a minister with a black-painted gown, who stood in the pulpit, and gradually he also got together a congregation, both men and women, who sat scattered about in the pews.

In the course of time this place of Guttorm's became known far and wide, and all travelers who came through the valley had

to stop to see his church-yard. And never was Guttorm happier than when they praised his church and thought it was very fine. Then his whole countenance beamed. But he never would accept money; if they urged him, he put his hands behind him and shook his head. If, however, some one whispered to him, "It is for Dolly, when she comes back," then he looked long and wonderingly before him, took the money and hid it. The drivers from the horse-stations soon were informed of this, and they never neglected to tell the travelers about Guttorm, and thus it happened that from year to year many shillings were collected for Dolly. This money Guttorm gave every evening to his mother, and begged her keep it for Dolly. The father could thus afford to let Guttorm have his own way, as he contributed much more to the household in this manner than he could have done by running errands for people or doing small jobs.

A happier boy than Guttorm was one could hardly imagine. He went about busying himself among his graves; if he was tired, he sat down in a pew next to some wooden doll, took off his cap, and gazed with devotion at his painted minister; or he sat at Dolly's grave, waiting for her return. One would be sure to find him there early and late, rain or shine, and even in a snow-storm. The parish folk would often stop to have a chat with him, and ask him if Dolly had not come yet. Then Guttorm would place his fingers on his mouth, and look about him with an anxious gaze, and whisper, pointing to the grave:

"Dolly is asleep—she will come back—I must take care of Dolly, father says."

This was always his answer, whenever he was asked.

One sunny day when the summer was far advanced, Guttorm had run home to get his dinner, and on returning remained standing at the church-yard gate, quite bewildered. There sat Dolly, large as life, on her grave. She had still the pink silk ribbon in her braids, and the same yellow hair. He stood for a while staring, with open mouth; then he laid himself down, like a cat which sees a bird it would like to catch, and crept warily forward, hiding behind the hillocks. Dolly did not see him; she sat playing with some shells and snail-houses which she had picked up on the grave. All of a sudden, the half-witted lad rose up in front of her with five outstretched fingers resting on each knee, staring into her eyes and laughing mightily.

The child gave a scream, dropped its playthings, and hurried out through the gate. Guttorm looked crest-fallen after her; then followed her down upon the highway. The girl was too small to get along very fast; but Guttorm had clumsy wooden shoes on, and it took some time before he caught up with her. When she saw the simpleton pursuing her, she gave a shriek; a man upon the meadow threw away his scythe and came running down. He caught the child in his arms, and with one hand grasped Guttorm's coat and shook him. "You nearly frightened the child to death," he said fiercely, flinging Guttorm straight against the wooden fence with such force that every bone in him seemed on the point of breaking. Then he walked with the little girl up the hill, toward the red-painted farm. The child was trembling, and laid its arms close about his neck.

Guttorm remained for a while standing on the road, and gazed about him. Presently he went up to the fine, white-painted gateway, pressed his face against it, and stared up toward the farm. As he did not come home toward evening, his father began to grow anxious. Such a thing had not happened for many a year. He went out to look for him, seeking him first at the church-yard, but without finding him. He then hastened to the neighboring farm, where he found the boy still standing with his face pressed against the gate.

"Are you here, Guttorm?" asked his father.

Guttorm looked at him timidly. The father saw that there was something which he did not wish to tell, and therefore did not ask further. The boy followed him willingly homeward.

The next morning, as the father arose, Guttorm had already gone. The father hurried out, and after some search again found him standing at the gate of the farm, exactly as on the night before.

"What does this mean, Guttorm?" inquired the father.

Guttorm beckoned to him to come nearer, then whispered in his ear:

"Dolly has come. She is up there on the farm. She did not know me."

He smiled as he said this but his eyes were large and full of tears.

"They have a little girl up there on the farm who has yellow hair," answered the father. "But your Dolly, you know, is asleep in the church-yard. You must go and keep watch over her, or she might come while you are gone."

So saying, the father took hold of him and dragged him along; but Guttorm struggled, turning his eyes ever toward the red-painted farm-house.

"Dolly is no more in the grave," he stammered. "The ribbon is gone. The ribbon was in her hair."

That day Guttorm sat sadly and silently in his church-yard; he was unable to do anything, and Dolly no more returned to him. The next day, however, he ventured out through the turnstile and walked half way up toward the farm. There he stood peeping into the yard until the harvest men came from the fields and among them the man who had shaken him.

"What is it you are lying in wait for here?" he cried to him. "You had better take to your heels or I might be after you."

Guttorm bounded down the hill and the harvesters laughed.

For two days he only ventured to stroll timidly about in the neighborhood; but the third day he walked fearlessly up the highway. He carried a saucer filled with blueberries in his hands. The housewife met him in the hall.

"We don't want to buy berries here, to-day," she said.

"Don't want to sell," answered Guttorm. "Want to give them to Dolly."

"There is no Dolly here," replied the housewife.

Just then some one opened the door, and through the opening Guttorm saw Dolly standing in the middle of the room.

"There is Dolly," he cried, beaming with delight and rushing toward the door.

"Wait a while," said the woman, taking the saucer with the berries, and going in ahead.

"Some one has come here with berries for you," she said to her little daughter. "Here, go out and give two cents to the little boy and thank him."

The little girl hid herself with a scared look behind her mother's petticoat, while Guttorm stood with flashing eyes on the threshold; for he dared not advance any further.

"Shall I go with you?" asked her mother, as she emptied the saucer and took out a couple of pennies from her pocket. "Give the pennies to the boy," she said.

The little girl did as she was bidden, but Guttorm put his hands behind him and refused to take the money.

"No pennies," he said, and taking suddenly hold of the little hand patted it and gave a joyful shout.

The girl began to scream and buried her face in her mother's dress.

"Now you had better go," said the mother. "You have frightened her. She does not know any better, you see. Here is your saucer."

Guttorm dragged himself slowly away, and turned once more in the door. When he was down in the road, he saw Dolly standing at the window. He nodded to her and she immediately ran away.

Some days later when it was dark and the great logs crackled on the hearth, the little girl suddenly saw a pale face pressed almost flat against the window-pane. She shrieked out with terror and immediately the face was gone. It was Guttorm who had climbed up on the garden fence and was peeping in.

Again some days passed. Then the housewife looking out through the window saw some one approaching.

"Good gracious!" she cried; "there is that half-witted boy again. And only look how he has decked himself out with flowers in his cap and in all his button-holes, and with his hands full of flowers. Hark now, Peer," she went on, addressing her husband. "You will have to frighten him so thoroughly that he will not come back again; for we can't have him running here every day. Little Kari is so afraid of him that she hardly ventures to go out into the yard any more."

Peer took his rifle from the wall and went out. Guttorm came rushing straight toward him, holding on to his flowers with both hands.

"What do you want, boy?" said the man, making his voice as fierce as he could.

"Flowers—for Dolly," answered Guttorm, holding out his bouquets of field flowers as if inviting him to admire them.

"Don't you know that we have loaded guns here on the farm?" said the man, lifting his rifle as if to take aim.

Guttorm made a leap down the hill. The man fired into the air; Guttorm ran still faster, so that the pebbles flew about him.

When he had reached the highway, he dropped down breathless. He stared up toward the farm, and two big tears rolled down over his cheeks. His paradise was closed to him.

After that day Guttorm never went to the farm; but faithfully, like a dog, he sat down on the road and watched whether he could not catch a glimpse of Dolly when she went

out. Then he followed her, but always at a long distance. If she happened to look back, he nodded to her, and smiled and made strange grimaces. But Dolly never heeded him.

If little Kari went to any of the neighboring farms, or if she went into the woods with her playmates to pick berries, Guttorm was sure not to be very far off. He always stood at some distance and watched their games. He never spoke to them, or offered to take part; but whenever his "Dolly" jumped or laughed, he too would laugh aloud with delight. Some of the more courageous among them sometimes threatened him with their sticks, and those who wanted to gain the special favor of "Dolly" threw stones and tufts of moss after him. And the rest laughed, if any one hit him.

Guttorm never allowed himself to be in the least disturbed, but would only gaze at them, and sometimes point out places to them where the berries grew thickly.

Children may be malicious without themselves knowing it. They at last grew tired of having Guttorm always at their heels, wherever they went, and the elder ones, who had charge of Kari, said to her: "Come, let us go and tear down his church; then he will have something else to do than to be forever running after us."

When Guttorm, the next day, came to his church-yard, he saw the ruin they had wrought. The tower had been torn down, the clergyman lay prostrate, the congregation scattered about on the floor, and the pews were broken to pieces. Out on the church-yard, many of the head-stones were torn up and overturned. Guttorm stood for a while as if thunderstruck; then he gave a shriek like a wild beast, lifted up a large stone and hurled it away over the fields. He tore his hair, and threw himself down in the sand.

When he arose, his face was quite changed. The gentle, good-humored expression was gone; his eyes were wild and evil; he yearned for revenge—only revenge. He remained lying in wait all that day, expecting that those who had wrought this destruction would return to complete their work. But no one appeared. Day after day he lay hidden, and rarely even went home for his meals; yet no one appeared. On the third day, his father came and forced him to go to eat his dinner. He tried to comfort him, saying that they would soon repair all the damage, and make it as fine as it had been before. But Guttorm refused to be comforted. He had hardly swallowed his food when again he started out. He stopped suddenly as he came up to the fence, for his sharp ear had perceived that some one was moving about in the church-yard. It was three little boys, who had brought Dolly along to show what great things they had done. Guttorm laid himself down flat upon the ground, and crept noiselessly forward, like a snake. He caught sight of two of the boys, who were already hard at work. He had a stone in his hand, and when he saw them breaking to pieces the cross on Dolly's grave and digging up the earth, he hurled the stone at them with all his strength. Then a scream was heard; he knew that he had hit. With three leaps he was in their midst, and was about to rush against his adversary, when suddenly he saw—Dolly. There she lay, pale and motionless. The blood was running from a wound in her head, and dripping from her red silk ribbon. Guttorm struck his hands against his face, then gave a heart-rending shriek, and ran panting down through forest and fields toward the river.

That night Guttorm did not return home. His father sent messengers to all the farms around, but no one had seen him. He gathered his neighbors together, and they searched far and wide without any result. Then the father suddenly remembered the shrub at the river, which Guttorm had not allowed him to cut down, and with a heart full of fear he hastened thither. There lay Guttorm—dead. His hair was entangled in the twigs of the bush; the body itself lay out in the river.

The next day came little Kari's father, to complain of Guttorm; he had cut a large hole in the head of his little girl. It wasn't dangerous, to be sure, but he must make an end of this persecution.

"He will not trouble you any more now," said the father, as he lifted the sheet from the pale, unhappy face.

The man went; but the father stood long looking at his son. "They will be kinder to him up there," he murmured. "Now he has found his own Dolly."

Weeping silently, he drew the sheet again over the dead face.

HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK.

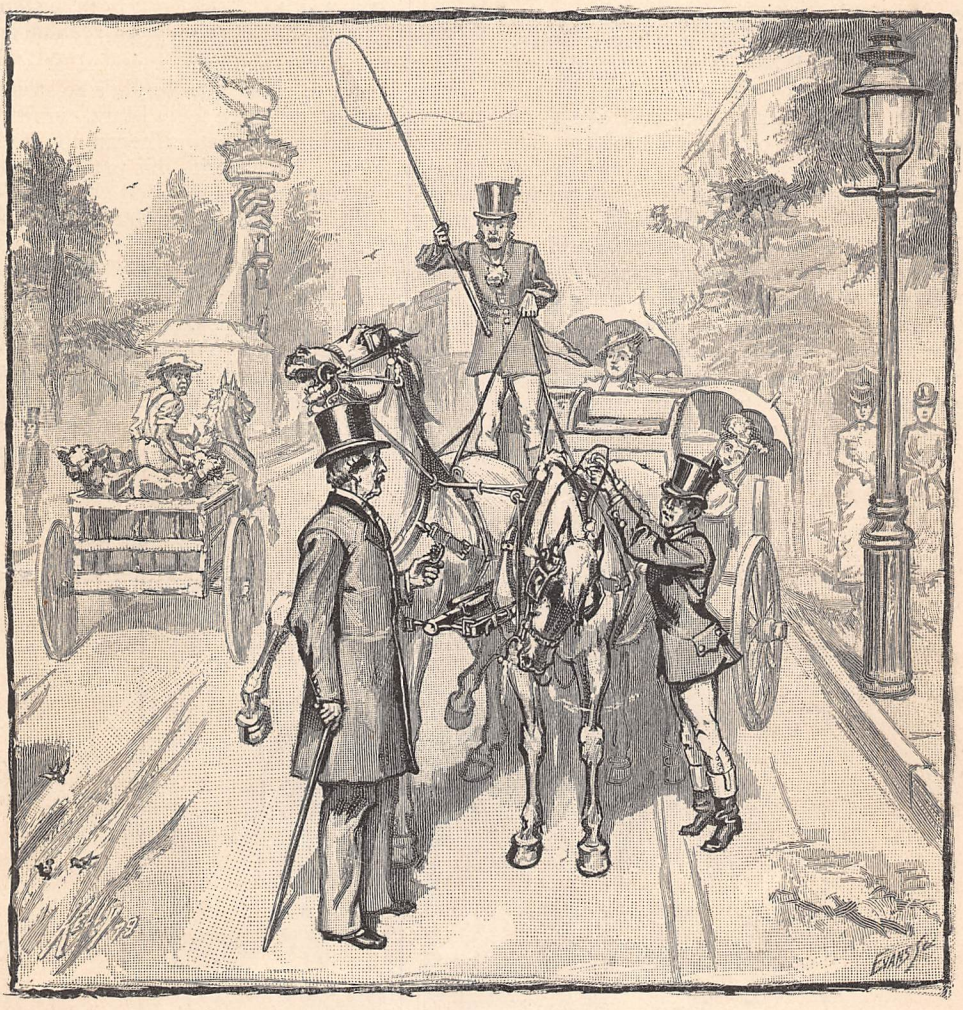
It may almost be said of Henry Bergh that he has invented a new type of goodness, since invention is only the perception and application of truths that are eternal. He has certainly laid restraining hands on a fundamental evil, that blind and strangely human passion of cruelty, the taint of barbarism that lingers through ages of refining influences, to vent its cowardly malice on weak humanity and defenseless dumb animals. Henry Bergh is a stalwart hero, a moral reformer worthy of an enlightened and practical epoch. This is easily said and maintained now that a denial of the beneficence of his work would be accepted by most persons as a confession of moral turpitude; it is here said in simple justice to one "who has braved more obloquy in the discharge of an honorable duty than any other man in the community," and carried a worthy cause, through ridicule and abuse, to assured success.

The position Mr. Bergh occupies at the head of one of the greatest moral agencies of the time, is not more unique than his personal character. Here is a man of refined sensibilities and tender feelings, who relinquished an honored position and the enjoyment of wealth, to become the target of sneers and public laughter, for the sake of principles of humanity the most unselfish. By day and by night, in sunshine and storm, he gives his strength to the cause as freely as he aided it with his fortune. For a few years his person and his purposes were objects of ridicule, in the less scrupulous public prints, and on the streets. He was bullied by lawyers in courts of justice, and took his revenge according to Gospel precept. He was called a fanatic, a visionary, a seeker after notoriety, and a follower of Don Quixote. But faith and courage never forsook him, nor the will to shield a dumb animal from a brutal blow and help a fellow human to control his evil passions. The results and his reward are already proportionate to his labors, for the legislatures of thirty-three states have decided that dumb animals have rights that masters must respect; and the Court of Errors, the highest tribunal in the Empire State, has recently confirmed the equity and constitutionality of the cruelty laws.

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defense without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street, he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiseled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility.

Almost every fourth person knows him by

sight, and the whisper, "That's Henry Bergh," follows him, like a tardy herald, wherever he goes. Parents stop and point out to their children "the man who is kind to the dumb animals." Many enthusiastic men and women address themselves to him, often saying: "You don't know me, Mr. Bergh, but I know you and want to grasp the alert eye of the Jehu, dropping on a familiar figure, knows at once with whom he has to deal. If he sees a disabled or overloaded horse he stops the vehicle and lets his judgment decide whether the lame animal shall be sent to the stable, or the load reduced. Frequently the driver is willing to argue the question, but not so often now as formerly.



HENRY BERGH ON DUTY. (CAPTURING A BURR BIT.)

your hand and tell how much I am in sympathy with your work." He courteously offers his hand and his thanks, says a pleasant word freighted with quiet humor or common sense,—for he is a quick and ready conversationalist,—and bows himself on his way. When he sees an omnibus driver in a passion with his horses, he raises his cane and

Mr. Bergh's town residence is well located on Fifth avenue (his summer residence being situated on the shores of Lake Mahopac). After the heavy snow storm in January last, as he was taking his customary morning walk down the avenue toward his office, he saw at a cross street on Murray Hill a burly fellow whip-

ping a stout horse, who was yet unable to budge a heavy load of wood, owing to the depth of the snow. Mr. Bergh went to the animal's defense and told the driver to lessen the load by getting down. The latter offered to do as he pleased about that, adding that it "wasn't no load at all." Several characters of sympathetic roughness came up and volunteered the opinion that it "wasn't no load at all." They made loud remarks, too, about "arbitrary action," and the value of a "free country." "Enough," said Mr. Bergh, stepping into the snow; "we'll call it 'no load at all," but you get down and then we'll see if you wont have to take off half your load." The driver stood up and beat his horse in defiance, and by this time a large crowd was awaiting the result of the conflict. Mr. Bergh stepped to the horse's head and in a moderate tone of voice that wanted no element of authority said: "You get off that load at once or I shall take you off." The driver obeyed and the horse started the load. "When you came over here," he concluded, addressing himself to the driver's sympathizers, "you thought a free country was a place where you could do whatever you liked. That's a mistaken idea of a free country."

Moral suasion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscular strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an altercation pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner of Washington square, inspecting the horses of the Seventh Avenue Railroad. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of overloaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curb-stone three feet distant, turning a deaf ear till the spectators began to urge the bully on. Then, losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with.

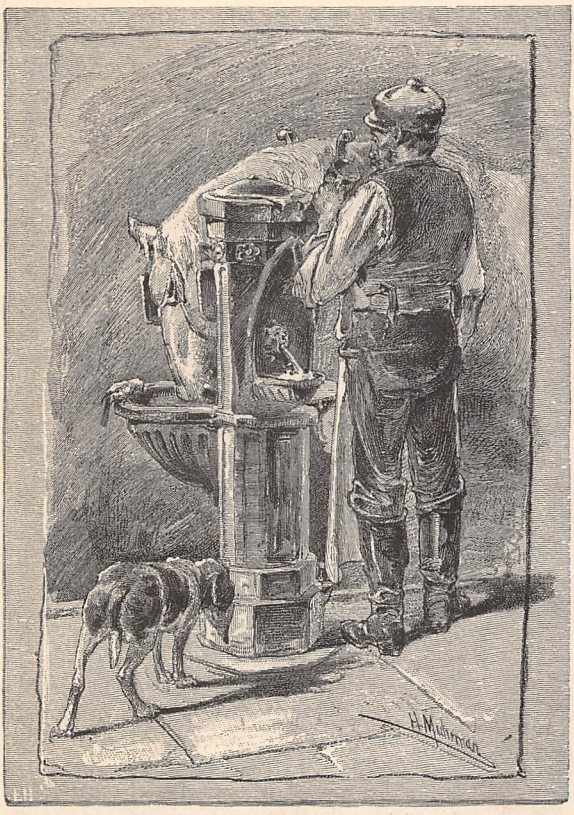
This is one of his "curb-stone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once, Mr. Bergh ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal which would

THE STAY OF THE FAMILY.

have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out of the crowd and said:

"Mike, you better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the gospel in this city."

"The law and the gospel is it then?"



ONE OF THE SOCIETY'S FOUNTAINS.

replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit like it."

"No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench."

And the trench was filled.

It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great authority, that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the city; these people may frequently be seen lifting their hats to him, a courtesy always acknowledged with a bow. Horse-car drivers have been known to leave their cars and run to the assistance of his officers, notably when Superintendent Hartfield was attacked at Madison square.

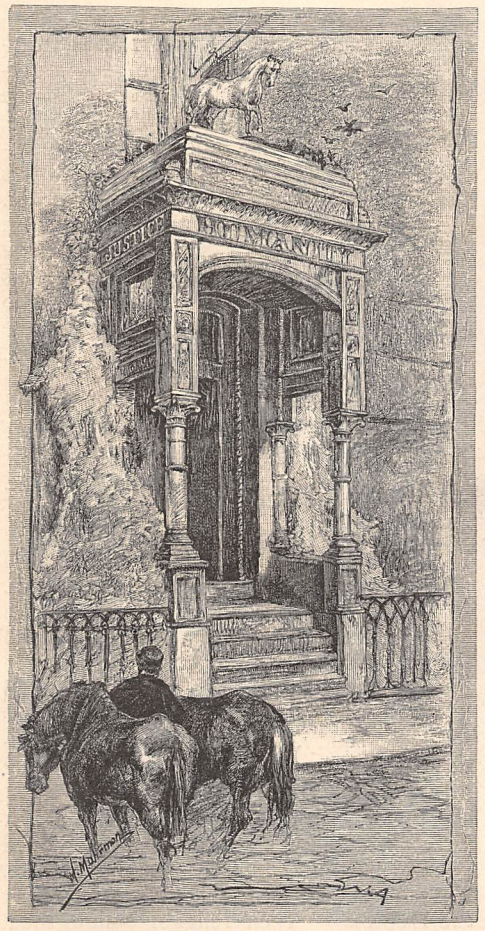
About half-past nine or ten o'clock in the morning, the President of the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" (*Thierschutzverein* is the facile German condensation of it) walks into the general offices at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. He does not start as every new-comer does at sight of the stuffed Newfoundland dog in the vestibule. In the main business office on the first floor are exhibited instruments of cruelty to animals, of brutal and ingenious patterns, and the effigies of bloody game-cocks and bull-dogs, and photographs of pitiable horses,—a perfect chamber of horrors. On the second floor is Mr. Bergh's office, a light and cheerful room comfortably furnished, in which his letters are written and received. On the day of the writer's visit, a check for $100 was received from a lady. Many such letters are received from women, who sympathize most warmly in the work of Mr. Bergh's society. "Yes," he adds in reply to a question, "I suppose it is a mark of confidence in me. If I were dependent upon the society for a salary it might be different. The chief obstacle to success of movements like this is, that they almost invariably gravitate into questions of money or politics. Such questions are repudiated here completely. There is no sum of money or public position that I could take. If I were paid a large salary, or perhaps any salary, I should lose that enthusiasm which has been my strength and my safeguard."

"I dread to visit those butchers," said Mr. Bergh one morning, "and have postponed going till it amounts to criminal neglect. Three-fourths of the butchers of the city are Hebrews. Their religion obliges them to bleed to death the animals they slaughter. So they hook a chain around the hind leg of a bullock, jerk up the struggling beast, head downward, and cut his throat. Well, their religion doesn't require them to suspend an animal by the hind leg,—which frequently dislocates the hip and lacerates the flesh. This brutal and shocking torture must be stopped."

Among the letters to be answered are those calling for suggestions for founding similar societies, and this class of corre-

spondence has come from South America or remoter parts of the globe. Recently Mr. Bergh drafted a bill of cruelty laws to be presented to the legislature of Arkansas. If no other business offers itself, he sallies forth to look for "cruelists."

Very little has reached the public concerning Henry Bergh's personality. Photographers and portrait painters find him implacable. When several influential gentlemen proposed to erect a bronze statue to his honor, he said: "No, gentlemen, your well-meant kindness would injure the cause." Henry Bergh believes that fate called him to his work, and that nature expressly fitted him for it. It gave him an imposing stature and muscular strength. Circumstances provided him with the power of honest money and the travels and ambitions of his early life educated him in experience of men and the world, and for successful effort on the platform and at the bar. If men are what they are born,—a theory growing in popularity,—Henry Bergh's obligations to his ancestors can be plainly traced. He was born in the city of New York, "of rich but honest parents," in 1823, but since he was once heard to remark, "Age is a point I'm very tender upon—I'm never going to be more than forty-five," each reader is left to solve the easily formed equation. One hundred and fifty years ago his German ancestors emigrated from the banks of the Rhine and settled on the Hudson. His father, Christian Bergh, who died about twenty-five years ago at the age of eighty-three, was regularly apprenticed when a boy to a builder of small vessels. After attaining by degrees the position of master carpenter, he began business for himself, eventually establishing a ship-yard at the foot of Scammel street, East River, opposite the Navy Yard. When he died he was called the senior member of his craft, and had built more ships than any other ship-master in the country. For several years he was in the service of the Government; he built the frigate *President* during the war of 1812, when the American navy astonished the world by its valor. Ill-luck, however, quickly overtook the *President*. The treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814. During the following month, both sides being ignorant of the treaty of peace, the *President*, in attempting to put to sea from New York Harbor, was pursued by the English frigate *Endymion* of forty guns. The *President* showed fight and might have come off victorious but for the arrival of other vessels that hastened to aid the *Endymion*, compelling Commodore Decatur to strike his colors. Years ago, when Henry Bergh was riding on the Thames in a yacht, he steamed under the oaken bows of the *President*, then a hoary captive still pulling at the anchors that chained her to foreign waters.



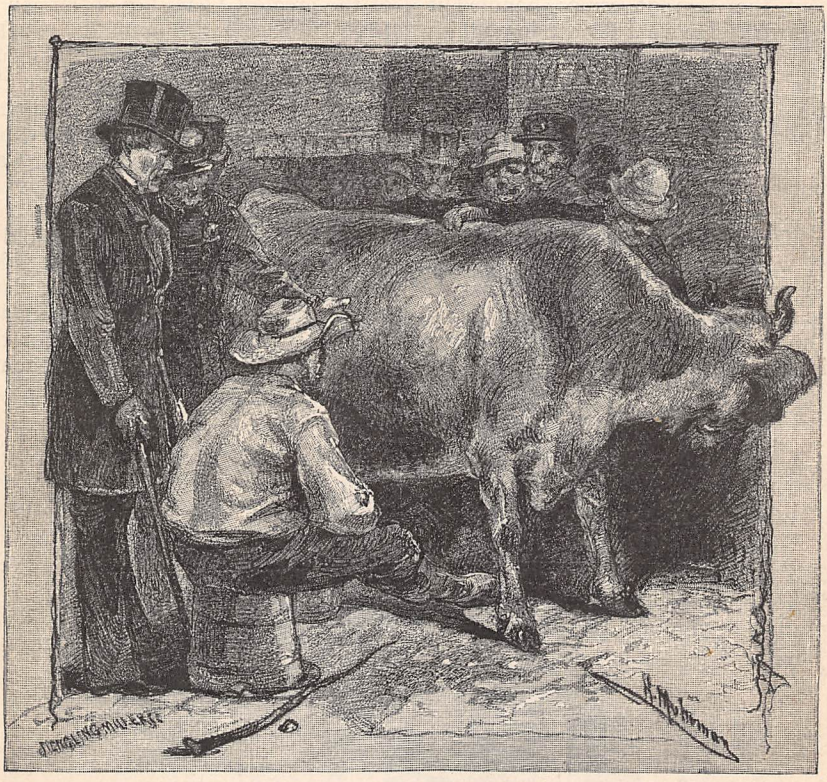
ENTRANCE TO THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

Christian Bergh built several of the Greek frigates that fought in the war of deliverance with Turkey. He was a man of iron will and steadfastness of purpose. As tall as his son, his dignified stature and long white hair gave him the appearance of a patriarch. He was a member of Tammany Hall, and because he could not be induced to take office was a favorite with the society, and was usually asked to preside at public meetings. The idol of his soul was honesty, and his acute dread of being in debt, for a man in his circumstances, was

a curious virtue. On his death-bed, it troubled him to think that he might die before his physicians were paid, and his son was compelled to draw a check to their order to calm the steadfast spirit in its last moments on earth. It was the verdict of the press that a useful man and a great builder of ships had passed away, and that "he was known to be a perfectly honest man." Henry Bergh once said that the most of what was in him that was good he owed to his mother, who was Elizabeth Ivers, the daughter of a Connecticut family, an amiable and excellent woman and a devoted Christian.

The fortune of the great ship-builder was shared by three children, of whom the daughter died in middle life. Henry Bergh entered Columbia College, but before he had completed his course or his minority made his first visit to Europe. Shortly after his return, in his twenty-fifth year, he married a New York lady, the daughter of Thomas Taylor, her parents being English. During a residence of twelve years abroad, during which period he returned home at intervals, he visited every part of the Continent, and traveled extensively in the East.

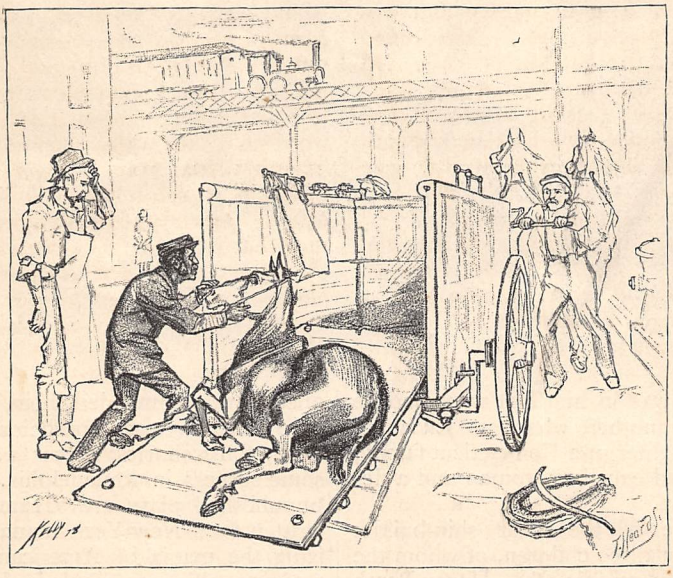
Literature was the object of Henry Bergh's youthful ambition, and he pursued it till well advanced in life. He had a strong desire to succeed as a playwright, and wrote poetry. Ten or twelve plays are the fruit of his foreign leisure, and they abound in genuine humor. London dramatists have commended them, but managers here were loth to attempt their representation. One of his shortest pieces was acted with some success in Philadelphia. Among his unpublished plays are "Human Chattels," written for a New York manager and satirizing the mania of American mothers for securing alliances of their daughters with the pauper nobility of Europe; "A Decided Scamp," a comedietta; "An Extraordinary Envoy," a melodrama, and "Peculiar People," a comedy. He has published a book of tales and sketches, including "The Streets of New York," "The Ocean Paragon," "The Portentous Telegram," and a serio-comic drama in five acts, blank verse,



MILKING A COW IN THE STREET.

entitled "Love's Alternative," the scene of which is the terrace and castle of Lahneck on the Rhine, opposite Stolzenfels,—a ruin which Mr. Bergh once could have purchased for $100; in the play it is supposed to have been purchased and rebuilt by an English earl. Nearly twenty years ago he published in London a poem called "Married Off," dealing with the same subject of marriage with noble "tramps." Mr. Bergh still adheres to the opinion that it was not a bad poem, but the London critics handled it without mercy. He went at once in anguish of spirit to his publisher in Cheapside, with numerous newspaper slips in his hand. "Look at that!" he cried to the cheerful bookman, "they have literally skinned me alive." Taking him apart, Cheapside wisdom remarked, consolingly: "I will give you a little advice that may serve you well through life. If you are bound to appear in print, well and good if the newspapers speak in praise of you; but, next to praise, being cut to pieces is the best thing to be hoped for. What we have to fear most is that we wont be noticed at all. His experienced pen has been of vast service to him in his philanthropic work.

Whisperings of his true mission in life came to Henry Bergh about the time of his appointment as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburgh in 1862. For years he had taken note of the cruelties practiced on dumb animals in European countries, and the brutal sports in which animal life was sacrificed. His strong sense of justice and human obligation led him to regard such cruelty as one of the greatest blemishes on human character. In Russia the common people have, or had, a profound respect for official position. Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I've found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as



AN AMBULANCE AT WORK.

Silence is fatal." In after years, Mr. Bergh, in alluding briefly to his literary experience, said: "I had once, with an unpardonable want of discretion, published a little book. (O that the enemies of the brute creation would write a book!) The critics got hold of it and tore it to pieces." executive officer, sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. This coachman was a rather pompous *muzhik*, who spoke bad French to his master and prided himself on his command of Russian billingsgate. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruel-

ist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a "regular blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect, though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting pastoral poetry in an off-hand way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife found the out-door climate of St. Petersburg beneficial, but the in-door climate was very damaging to health, owing to the double windows and to the large furnaces that burned all the oxygen out of the atmosphere. He was forced to resign his office on account of ill health, though he was much pleased with the country, as the Russian officials were with him, for he received the extraordinary compliment of having the emperor's yacht placed at his disposal to visit the naval station of Cronstadt. The vessel on this occasion carried the American flag. Secretary Seward in accepting Mr. Bergh's resignation wrote that the government did so with great reluctance.

Before leaving Russia he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the interests of dumb animals, and on his way home stopped in London to confer with Lord Harrowby, president of the English society that was afterward Mr. Bergh's model. He landed at New York in the autumn of 1864 and spent a year in maturing his plans. First of all, he took himself aside, as it were, and scrupulously inquired if he had the strength to carry on such a work and the ability to make the necessary sacrifices. He concluded that he was equal to the task.

A paper now hangs on the walls of the office bearing the signatures of seventy citizens of New York and inspiring almost as much reverence of a kind as the Declaration of Independence. It proclaims the duty of protecting animals from cruelty, and among the signers are Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George Bancroft, John A. Dix, Henry W. Bellows, Mayor Hoffman, John Jacob Astor and Alexander T. Stewart. After procuring this paper, Mr. Bergh next prepared a charter and laws, and successfully urged their passage at Albany. On the evening of February 8th, 1866, Mayor Hoffman, A. T. Stewart and a few other gentlemen, came through rain and six inches of slush to listen to Mr. Bergh at Clinton Hall. In the following April the society was legally organized, Henry Bergh being elected president and George Bancroft a vice-president. At the close of his brief address the enthusiastic president cried: "This, gentlemen, is the verdict you have this day rendered, that the blood-red hand of cruelty shall no longer torture dumb beasts with impunity."

That same evening Henry Bergh buttoned his overcoat and went forth to defend the laws he had been mainly instrumental in securing, aware that on himself more than on any other man depended whether they were laughed at or obeyed. They were a radical innovation, for up to 1865 no law for the protection of animals from cruelty could be found on the statute book of any state in the Union. The common law regarded animals simply as property, and their masters, in wanton cruelty, or anger (for which Rozan, the French moralist, says there is no better definition than "temporary insanity"), might torture his sentient chattels without legal hindrance or accountability. Henry Bergh put on this new armor of the law to battle no less for humanity than for dumb animals. A timely arrival at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, where a brutal driver was beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip resulted in an indecisive skirmish. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pommel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia, where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry. The next day, from an omnibus, he saw a butcher's wagon loaded with live sheep and calves, thrown together like so much wood, their heads hanging over the edges of the wagon box and their large innocent eyes pleading in dumb agony. He alighted, and made a sensation by arresting the butcher and taking him before a magistrate, but New York justice was not at that time quite prepared to act without a precedent. Early in May Mr. Bergh succeeded in having a Brooklyn butcher fined for similar acts of cruelty, and numerous arrests, resulting in a few convictions, were made in New York. He visited the market-places and the river piers and walked the busy streets, searching his brains for some means of bringing his cause prominently before the people. One morning, late in May, he saw a schooner just arrived in port from Florida with a cargo of live turtles that had made the passage on their backs, their flippers having been pierced and tied with strings. Seeing his opportunity to make a stir, Mr. Bergh arrested the captain and the entire

AN OBSOLESCENT SPORT.

crew for cruelty to animals and marched them into court, the judge sharing the amusement of the spectators and the lawyers. The captain's counsel urged that turtles were not animals within the meaning of the law, but fish, and if they were animals the treatment was not cruelty because painless. The learned judge, in giving a decision favorable to the prisoners, said it was past his belief that cruelty could have been inflicted on the turtles when the sense of pain caused by boring holes in their fins was about what a human being would experience from a mosquito bite. Professor Agassiz afterward came to Henry Bergh's assistance in the long struggle to "make it legally apparent," as the latter said, "if not otherwise, to the torturers of the poor despised turtle, that the great Creator, in endowing it with life, gave to it feeling and certain rights, as well as to ourselves."

Mr. Bennett had already begun in his newspaper to ridicule the society and Mr. Bergh as the "Moses of the movement," while a little later he aided the cause with money. He did the greatest possible good to the movement, however, two or three days after the turtle suit, by publishing a satire several columns long, purporting to be a report of a mass meeting of animals at Union Square, Mr. Bergh "in the chair." Each animal expressed his honest conviction concerning the work, and the article was so amusing and keen that before forty-eight hours had passed Mr. Bergh and his society had engaged the attention of perhaps half a million of people. From that day the cause moved steadily forward.

By August the new society was in a flourishing condition financially, Mr. and Mrs. Bergh having bequeathed a valuable property to it. Drinking fountains for horses and dogs were placed on the streets in convenient and thronged localities. "That ubiquitous and humane biped," as Mr. Bergh was called, was attacked for inconsistency in not interfering against the wholesale slaughter of dogs in the city pound. He replied: "It does not necessarily follow that there is cruelty in taking animal life; otherwise the butcher exposes himself to this charge, and all who eat flesh are to a certain extent, accomplices. * * * In the case of the dogs, it is more a question of death than cruelty, and I am free to confess that I am not quite satisfied in my own mind whether life or speedy dissolution is most to be coveted by man or beast in this hot and disagreeable

THE BULL-DOG OF THE FUTURE.

world." This was a summer of many discouragements, and his words were, as to the last sentiment, doubtless colored by his disappointment. His wife, who has been a tower of encouragement and never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go upstairs to his room and have a "jolly good cry." Yet the next morning always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

In November, 1866, was begun a controversy with the professors of the medical colleges on the subject of vivisection. It was kept up at intervals for several years, Mr. Bergh maintaining his position against vivisection, except with the use of anesthetics, in several eloquent letters, saying, in one of the first, "I protest in the name of heaven, public morality, and of this society against these fearful cruelties inflicted on dumb, unresisting creatures confided to the merciful protection of mankind." In Mr. Bergh's office may be seen a lithograph portrait of Majendie, who appears to be as handsome and as finely organized a person as Washington Irving. Underneath the picture, in Mr. Bergh's bold handwriting, is this scathing commentary: "A French physiologist, otherwise known as the 'Prince of Brute Torturers,' who dissected, alive, 40,000 dumb animals, and ere he died confessed that vivisection was a failure!!"

During the three years following, Mr. Bergh had use for all his pluck and courage. In the trial of dealers who had been detected in mixing marble dust with horse-feed, Mr. Bergh, as usual, conducted the prosecution himself, and being called to task in court for his personal interference, exclaimed: "I stand here as a humble defender of the much-injured brute creation. I am here as an advocate for the people." To the Superintendent of Police he wrote, on deep provocation: "I claim a right not only to the assistance of your officers, but also especially to exemption from contempt and insult." At another time he says: "Two or three years of ridicule and abuse have thickened the epidermis of my sensibilities, and I have acquired the habit of doing the thing I think right, regardless of public clamor."

By persistent interference on behalf of lame and overloaded car-horses he made himself the object of much abuse and opposition, but finally corrected the shameful evil and gained at least the outward respect of horse-railway companies. The president of an east-side railroad made a futile effort to have him convicted for obstructing travel. In 1872, when the horse epidemic was so prevalent and fatal, Mr. Bergh worked with tireless energy. As at other strategic points, he stood at the Bowery and Fifth street, where two lines converge, stopping every down car with a sick horse attached, and compelling the passengers to alight. "If we are a civilized and Christian people," he would say to them, "let us show it now and walk." Public opinion sustained him.

Such incidents as follow, were of frequent occurrence in his daily life.

One June morning he met, opposite the City Hall, two men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist; "that may be, but the milk is Nature's and belongs to the famishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the men, in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging, and frisking its tail in vealy ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the streets when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hours' rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home. During the erection of a brick building in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow iron girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workmen, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries, and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause, and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down

the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr. Bergh, "to prosper in your business with such a crime sealed up in your building? How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order those walls taken down at once, or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed, and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out, with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

As soon as Mr. Bergh saw his way clear to success he began a vigorous crusade against the dog-fighters, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, who carried on their brutal sports in the vilest quarters of the city with little attempt at secrecy. Within two or three years these degrading exhibitions were almost banished from Manhattan Island, and Mr. Bergh carried the war into Brooklyn and Westchester County. With dauntless bravery, himself and agents, sometimes making a party of three or five, would make a descent on a dog-pit where one or two hundred of the roughest men were gathered, and break up the fight, always making numerous arrests. Their success was complete in New York, but dog and cock fighting still prevail on the outskirts of Brooklyn, in which city Mr. Bergh has been compelled, from lack of the support of the authorities, almost to abandon all effort. One of the greatest services rendered to New York was the exposure and prosecution of those who were engaged in the "swill milk" crime. Cows were kept in stables under ground and fed upon garbage and distillery slops. Sometimes the animals were so diseased that they had to be supported by belts from the ceiling. The New York public was horrified by the revelations made. But in his report for 1877, Mr. Bergh says: "Swill milk still continues to be one of the preferred beverages of Long Island, and in deference to the popular aphorism, *vox populi suprema lex*, we have determined not to interfere further with their enjoyment of it." He wrote a letter to the farmers of Long Island asking them to co-operate against the attempt to introduce fox-hunting as a sport, but could awaken no enthusiasm. He calls Long Island the "jumping-off place," and has predicted that it will be taken possession of some day by all the thieves and desperate tramps of the country, who will intrench themselves, and defy the whole power of government. "Figs do not grow on thistles," he says, "and if the devil be at the head of a people it is simply because the people are devilish."

In suppressing pigeon-shooting he had to confront the influence of wealth and position, and to encounter many personal indignities, but he succeeded as in everything else that he has undertaken. Hollow glass balls thrown from spring traps now frequently take the place of the live birds. By impartial arrest he compelled wealthy residents to blanket clipped horses in cold weather. The coachmen of the city, mostly without the knowledge of their employers, began using a round leather bit-guard, barbed with short spikes, so that when the reins were tightened, the nails sunk into the side of the horse's head, and made the animal exhibit a very fashionable degree of mettle. These were discovered and quickly captured. So considerate is this class now, that if a peculiar check-rein or binding-strap is used on a coach-horse to correct "pulling" on the bit or other equine foibles, the horse is often driven to the society's offices to get Mr. Bergh's sanction.

At the outset, Henry Bergh found it necessary to attend personally to the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, for humane feeling and moral courage were more useful than profound legal knowledge to secure legal penalties, without which his society and his laws, no less than himself, would soon have become failures. To enable him to practice as counsel for the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, the Attorney General of the state and the District Attorney of the county clothed him with representative power. His clear, impressive voice is still heard almost from day to day in the Court of Sessions, where he has done some of his most valuable and characteristic work. Mr. Bergh was once brought up for contempt of court because he wrote a letter to a grand jury, but the strong effort made to punish him for this failed. Once when a New Jersey magistrate refused to sentence a man who had been guilty of great cruelty, Mr. Bergh wrote him a very sharp letter, saying: "Next time, if you will not do your duty in the premises, I shall take measures to punish you legally." New Jersey justice was not always indifferent. A young man in Hackensack was courting a young lady in Paterson, and because the drive was a long one and a cold one, would bask unconscionably long in the beams of his sweetheart's countenance, leaving his horse to starve and shiver in the wind. The

magistrate, before whom the lover was taken, cooled his ardor with a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs.

From time to time unscrupulous newspapers attacked Mr. Bergh on various grounds. Most frequently he was accused of inflicting cruelty on human beings in his over zeal to protect animals. But, in fact, he has been very considerate, and has privately shown charity. One day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to drag a rickety wagon and the poverty-stricken driver. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but look at the horse, look at the wagon, look at the harness, and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken limb past use; but I have a wife and two children at home, as wretched as we here, and just as hungry."

"Come with me," Mr. Bergh replied, "I have a stable down this street; come and let me give one good square meal to your poor horse, and something to yourself and family." He placed oats and hay before the stay of the family, and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.

He has often pleaded in court for some person arrested for cruelty, whose miserable poverty and the dependence of wife and children were made to appear by the testimony.

In Mr. Bergh's office hangs the portrait of a man of almost repulsive features, in whose countenance there is yet something peculiarly attractive and re-assuring. It is Louis Bonard, next to Mr. Bergh the society's chief benefactor. He was a Frenchman who, leaving Rouen a poor man, came to this country, and made a fortune in trafficking with the Indians, which he greatly increased by judicious investments in New York real estate. When he was taken sick in 1871 and removed to St. Vincent's Hospital he sent for Mr. Bergh, who happened to be in Washington but soon returned. Bonard, at his own request had a will drawn bequeathing his entire property, $150,000, to the society, believing, as he said, that he had no relatives living. After his death Mr. Bergh saw him decently buried in Greenwood, near Battle Avenue, and erected a monument to his memory. In his memorandum book, over a space of a few years, was found occasional mention of Mr. Bergh's name but no commentary. Alleged relatives in Rouen endeavored to break the will on the assumption that Bonard was a believer in metempsychosis or the doctrine of transmigration of souls. A long litigation confirmed the society's right to the property. Similar interest in animals is not infrequent. It was a New Jersey bachelor who left $400,000 for the "use, benefit and behoof of his horses for ten years," his relations being put off for that length of time. A French lady offered to leave $20,000 to the society. Wills aggregating half a million dollars in bequests have been drawn by philanthropic men still living, in favor of the society, which now needs ready money more than the prospect of stepping into dead men's shoes.

Before the Bonard bequest the society lived in a little upstairs room at Broadway and Fourth street, plainly furnished with a manilla carpet and a few chairs. No room of its size on this continent, it was admitted, wielded the same power and moral influence. Mr. Bergh could look out of his window and note the condition of passing horses. During heavy snow storms, he would stand in the street protected by a heavy coat and top boots. Once, when the snow was ten inches deep, he turned back every stage, compelled the passengers to walk, and in this work finally reached Union Square, where the crowd of people that had gathered gave him three rousing cheers. With the Bonard money available it was decided to seek more imposing quarters. The building at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street was purchased and decorated according to Mr. Bergh's plan, so as to attract the attention of all passers-by and remind them of the society and its work. In 1874, Mr. Bergh rescued two little girls from inhuman women,—most notably the shockingly treated little "Mary Ellen." This led to the founding of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The previous year he made a lecturing tour over the principal cities of the West, which resulted in the formation of several societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He spoke twice before committees of the Evangelical Alliance and once before the Episcopal Convention, which confirmed a new canon to the effect that Protestant Episcopal ministers should, at least once a year, preach a sermon on cruelty and mercy to

animals. He has often addressed school children, and frequently advocated the cause of the animals in pulpit and on platform. Elbridge T. Gerry, the legal counselor of the society and a grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose name he bears, is a self-sacrificing co-worker. A neat illustrated journal, called "Our Animal Friends," is published under the auspices of the society, and is now in its sixth year.

Henry Bergh and his officers cannot be everywhere at once, but they sometimes think that some mysterious providence leads them to cases of cruelty, so successful are they in being at the right place at the right time. All members of the society have a badge of authority, and frequently supplement the officers' efforts. Many gentlemen with no authority assume it. In January last a Broad street merchant was seen to rush out of his office into the street and shake his fist at a teamster sitting on fifteen bales of cotton, with his truck fast in the snow, the merchant exclaiming: "You ruffian! Stop licking those horses, or I'll have you locked up!" The driver stopped. Two ambulances for disabled horses are now kept ready for public use. When the ambulance was first introduced, it was passing Wallack's Theatre one evening with a noble white horse that had been injured, standing in it. The novel spectacle attracted the crowds that were passing into the theater. They turned around, waited for the cavalcade to pass, and gave three cheers for the society. A clergyman once said: "That ambulance preaches a better sermon than I can." Devices for raising animals out of street excavations and various other appliances are kept at the principal office.

Every few days the superintendent, with an officer, drives at six o'clock in the morning to the pork-packing establishments on the west side, where horses are made to draw enormous loads; then to the trains at Forty-first street, where live hogs are unloaded; thence down the west side, stopping at all the Jersey ferries to examine the milk-cart horses and truck horses; thence to Washington Market and Fulton Market to look at the peddlers' horses, getting back to the office at nine o'clock, ready for the daily routine. Up to the present time, the society has interfered, without making arrests, to prevent seventeen thousand disabled animals from being worked, and has prosecuted in over six thousand cases of cruelty.

Great as are the material benefits society derives from Henry Bergh's work, in the economy of animal life, the moral benefits obtained are vastly greater. Indeed, the work was first rendered possible by the liberation of the slave, because a reasonable people could not have listened to the claims of dumb animals while human beings, held in more ignoble bondage, were subjected to greater cruelty and added outrage. He took up the principles of humanity, for which two chief martyrs fell, crowned with human love, and is carrying them forward by teaching men to be noble and strong through pity and self restraint.

THE PORTRAIT.

BEAUTY of yonder portrait! 'tis from thee
That thy descendant hath the loveliness
Of her arch smile, and blue eyes' thoughtfulness.
Telling thy tale, she bade me laughingly
Beware thy ghost. Thus lost in reverie
I heard the rustle of a silken dress
And saw what seemed the ghostly ancestress
Enter my lonely chamber stealthily.
Close by she passed, a little hand I caught,—
'Twas snatched away,—she vanished into air,
Leaving a ring so small its size with naught
But Cinderella's slipper might compare,
Which, strange to say, when like the Prince I sought
An unknown bride, one hand alone could wear.

FRAÜLEIN.

SHE sat upon the great rack behind the wheel-house as I came staggering up the companion-way and across the unsteady deck of the steamer already three days out from Liverpool. Her seat was on the very edge of this wooden frame where it joined the guard; and with no support save this, she almost overhung the plunging ocean. Her feet swung clear, and she was clapping her hands in a kind of ecstasy as the stern of the great ship rose in the air, then fell, to churn the waves into spray flying far above her head.

She wore no wraps, though the air was icy cold; no head-covering of any kind—only the tightly braided masses of her dark hair. The locks about her forehead had blown free and hung loose and wet over her face or were tossed wildly in the furious wind. As she pushed them aside with her dripping hands, I was struck by her beauty, heightened by the enthusiasm of the moment into a brilliancy of color and intensity of expression fairly startling.

Her precarious position had already given me a shock. Seizing her arm rather roughly,

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but you will be tossed off here if you are not careful."

What disenchantment was in my touch! In an instant she had changed from a water-sprite into an exceedingly abashed young girl.

"I thank you, madam, but I haf no fear," she said, with the precision of one to whom the English language is strange.

But I was glad to see that she hugged the rack closer with her knees and seized the slender flag-staff with one hand, while she tried to gather the stray locks of her flying hair with the other. With the exception of the man at the compass, she had been alone upon the deck. My appearance and warning had broken the charm of the situation. She soon slipped down from her perch and vanished around the corner of the wheel-house just as the stewardess appeared with my bowl of broth.

"Who is she—the girl you met in crossing the deck?" I asked as I received it.

"I met nobody, ma'am, but the German nurse in the state-room next to your own."

"It is not possible!" I exclaimed. There was an intelligence and a grace about this girl which placed her above the rank of nurse-maid. "Do you mean to say she has the care of that dreadful baby?" It had kept us awake for two nights.

"Well 'm, the ladies do complain," the old stewardess replied gently, "but the poor little thing can't help its pains. It had a kind of a wastin' sickness when they brought it aboard. No doubt the motion of the ship *do* make it worse. But what the mother would do without 'Frawl-hine,' as they call her, a body can't tell. Sea cap'n's wife though she is, she's not fit to raise her head, and this the third day out."

We had heard through the thin partition of our state-room, a soothing, crooning voice essaying to hush the fretful wail of the sick child. This then was the voice of the German nurse.

"But she can never have begun life as a nurse-maid," I protested, as I took my last spoonful of lukewarm broth.

"Well, she *do* appear different from them we usually carry," admitted the placid old stewardess, as she rolled away with the empty bowl.

I thought so, indeed, as at that moment one of these nurses "engaged for the passage," crossed the swaying deck,—a novel borne ostentatiously in her hand, a series of faint, appealing shrieks issuing from her lips and addressed to the third mate stationed before the compass; her young charge, in the meantime, sprawling crab-like and forgotten at her feet. The German nurse was certainly not of this order.

Before many days I had made the acquaintance of the Jerninghams, to whom the sick baby belonged. They had been spending some months upon the Continent—for Captain Jerningham had left the sea—and were now returning to New York, where they had taken a house in the same street and close by some friends of my own, I soon found out. Mrs. Jerningham spoke at once of her German nurse whom I had watched with increasing interest, quietly busying herself about the sick child and only occasionally flying to the deck for a breath of fresh air, and then at the hour when it was deserted by the passengers.

"Do you happen to know of anybody about to return to the Continent—some nice family? I ask on account of Fraülein Köner, who has the care of the baby. She desires to go back at once. She has only

crossed for a sight of the ocean and one glimpse of America."

"A remarkable curiosity, for one in her position," I said snobbishly.

"But Elsa is no ordinary nurse-maid," Mrs. Jerningham replied quickly. "We became acquainted with the family last winter, in Göttingen, where my husband was laid up with a broken ankle. Her father holds one of the minor professorships in the university there. We had some German lessons from his step-son, a fine young fellow whom we all admire. Indeed, we enjoyed the whole family immensely, and I finally brought Fraülein off in charge of my baby. She was crazy to see the ocean and 'that big America,' as she calls it, and they are poor, of course. All those German professors are, you know. But I have promised to send her back immediately, and by safe hands. There is always somebody going; only, of course, I am particular as to the person. She would do excellently well as companion to an invalid lady. Her English is good; her French even better; and Doctor Carew, who has spent years in Germany, assures me that her German is of the purest quality."

"Doctor Carew?"

"Yes, the surgeon aboard. I have had him once or twice for the baby."

So our young English doctor, whose name I had never chanced to hear before, had made Fraülein's acquaintance. It occurred to me that I had seen him playing the part of moon to her—revolving around and at a little distance—that very afternoon. Now, I did not thoroughly like our young ship-surgeon. He was somewhat of a fop in dress and air, and full of boasting concerning a rich brother-in-law down in Connecticut, whose place he averred to be the finest in the country. We were all rather tired of the surgeon, and especially of the brother-in-law, who had been brought forward upon every possible occasion. Perhaps it was this prejudice which rendered the reference to Fraülein in connection with the surgeon a disagreeable one.

I might have forgotten it, but that I came upon them together the same evening. I was scurrying across the deck at odd and uncomfortable angles, making my way toward the wheel-house, when I discovered my favorite corner to be already occupied by two absorbed figures. I veered to the other side. The golden bowl of the sun was broken and gone; but a flood of glory still poured over the sea and sky, and by the waning light I had no difficulty in recognizing Elsa and Doctor Carew. She was perched upon the rack as usual, striving with both hands to hold in place the light skirts which the rampant wind would convert into a balloon,—too thoroughly engaged in these efforts, and an animated conversation full of "ichs" and "achs," to notice my erratic approach. Doctor Carew, leaning against the guard, cool, taut-rigged in his close-buttoned coat and regulation cap, was less oblivious. There was an instantaneous change in his lounging, easy attitude. He came to his feet, and, after a moment, resumed his apparently interrupted promenade. The first turn brought him to my side.

Fraülein, in the meantime, had slipped from her pinnacle of danger and gone below, and the other passengers were beginning to straggle up the companion-way.

"That's a nice little body, that German girl," he remarked carelessly, knocking the ash from his cigar, and hoping the smoke did not offend.

As it was being borne in the opposite direction at the rate of sixty miles an hour, I replied that it did not, and that Fraülein Köner was a very charming and estimable young woman.

"I always make a point of speaking to her, if I happen to be on deck when she runs up with that timid air (perhaps you have observed it). I make a point, really, of noticing her."

"You are very kind, I am sure. Fraülein must be grateful to you."

He gave me a suspicious glance from under his gilt-banded cap. But outwardly I was meekness itself, though I fumed within over the man (and his brother-in-law down in Connecticut!) and his airs of condescension to pretty, bright Fraülein.

"She is really intelligent," he went on, to make the matter quite plain. "And a perfect enthusiast over the sea."

I bowed my head. It was not necessary to shriek a reply into the wind, and I was obstinately determined not to discuss Fraülein Köner.

"If you could persuade her to make her observations from a less dangerous position!—she will be tossed off here some day, I fear."

I agreed with him as to Fraülein's temerity. But I did not half like his anxiety on her account, even though I shared it. And yet, why should not the girl have her friends or even her lovers, I argued to myself. But, in spite of my arguments, I was uneasy over her anomalous position.

The sick baby improved each day. The weather was delightful, the sea like molten malachite—green and shining, and curiously veined with foam. The sun traveled his course overhead unobscured by cloud, solitary in the heavens as was our ship upon the sea. Mrs. Jerningham and I had discovered many friends in common on shore. This, with the prospect of being occasional neighbors, drew us together. We formed, with my traveling companion, a party of our own,—Fraülein, with the weazen-faced baby in her arms, making one of the same, and the surgeon hanging upon its outskirts. He related stories of his experience aboard ship, and with a good deal of dramatic effect; he brought books from his private store, when we had exhausted our own; he bribed the head steward to furnish us with fruit at unwarrantable hours; and we might have swam in champagne—our heads at least—but for our persistent and virtuous refusal of this exhilarating beverage. He was deliberately exerting himself to please—whom? not my companion, who was ill much of the time; not Mrs. Jerningham, entirely taken up with her stout, indulgent spouse; not me; there is a conviction beyond reason in such matters. It could only be Fraülein. She was prettier than ever since the weather had grown cooler, and she had donned some dark-blue habit, half cloak, half gown,—some mysterious, foreign combination I could not make out. Did she know that it added the last needful charm to her quaint appearance? Certainly, it was worn without a shade of self-consciousness. She was still shy and reserved. She took little or no part in our conversation, but she furnished a most inspiring listener—as the surgeon soon discovered. He was never so moved to eloquence as when she formed one of our group.

A dance upon the deck had been arranged for one evening. But the night proved unfortunate, the moon being obscured by clouds. In vain lanterns were hung in the rigging. They only served to make the darkness more evident, and shed but ghostly circles of light in which one or two adventurous couples drearily revolved. Finally, we drew our chairs into a close circle, wrapped our rugs about us and somebody told a story, at the conclusion of which, our handsome captain, pacing off his watch on deck, paused, to startle us all with a wonderful song.

There was a faint odor of cigar-smoke beside me. Our party had received an addition. "An excellent substitute for a ball, Doctor Carew," I said; "or do you prefer to dance?—and, by the way, did you attempt it?"

"I, Miss? I have but this moment come on deck."

What an unnecessary as well as unavailing falsehood it was! I could have taken oath that he had been standing at the entrance to the bridge the last half hour, with a muffled figure beside him which could be no other than Fraülein Elsa. She came up at that moment and betrayed him innocently:

"I have been telling Doctor Carew that he should sing. For it iss Doctor Carew who can sing beautifully, if he will."

"I am sorry to question Fraülein Köner's musical taste;" the surgeon began, stiffly. He added something, possibly by way of excusing himself and moved a few steps away.

"Has he sung to you, Elsa?"

"Oh yes," the girl replied in her ringing voice, which must have reached the surgeon where he stood. "Once, twice, in the efening, like this, when he has come for me to walk on the deck. For it iss not good, he says, that I stay below. And now that the baby will sleep, I can go. I can go fery well indeed in the efening when the baby will sleep."

She crossed her hands and met my eyes with her bright innocent ones as though asking me to share in this new pleasure. How then could I say anything against it?

The next morning as I was lying on the sofa in the ladies' cabin I heard two familiar voices in the passage between the saloon and the forward deck.

"Why did you tell Miss —— that we walked on deck together?" said one in a guarded tone.

"And why should I not tell her?" Fraülein responded openly. "It wass fery amiable of you to ask me to walk on the deck with you, Doctor Carew, and the efenings were fery long until that you did ask me."

"Yes, yes, but it is a very small affair. There is no occasion to spread it around."

"Yes, it iss a small affair. But it iss a fery pleasant affair to me," and there was a laugh in Fraülein's voice. "What do you mean by not 'spread it around'? Iss it that I shall tell nobody?" she asked with sudden wonder and suspicion. "Ah! it iss to haf shame to keep things in your own heart. And iss it you who haf shame to walk with me? Oh, now I see what it iss!" And her burning words overran each other.

"You ask me to walk in the efening when the ladies are not on the deck. It iss I that will not walk with you again, Doctor Carew, not if you come and ask me many times." And she rushed away from him and past the cabin door.

The air had been growing softer each day. The sky deepened its blue as we approached America. An awning was stretched over the deck. The ladies discarded their wrappings and brought out their work. The ship had ceased its wild plunges and lay like a tired creature upon the still waves. "To-morrow" and "to-morrow," we said as we looked for sails against the sky, lounging on the deck and watching the tiny rainbow which each wave threw off with its spray.

"Ah! that is finer than all," exclaimed Doctor Carew.

He addressed Fraülein.

"It iss fery beautiful," she responded coldly. She did not raise her eyes. She had been lulling the baby upon her knees to sleep. She laid it upon a pile of rugs, covering it carefully and screening its face from the light.

The surgeon, leaning upon one of the hatchways, watched her as she did all this quietly, deftly. When her task was done he spoke again.

"You have never been forward over the bridge, Fraülein. There is no motion to-day. Suppose you come now."

"I thank you, but I haf no desire to go. And do not say 'Fraülein' to me, but *Mees*, as you do to Mees—— here," motioning to me. "When she come to Germany I will say 'Fraülein'. Then she will not be a—a—what you call a foreigner, any more. It iss not good to be a foreigner. One does not know the ways of the people."

There was a suspicious break in her voice over the last words. But her face was screened from sight. She was bending over the child, re-adjusting its wrappings.

"But you expressed a desire to go out there, one day—one evening *when we were walking the deck together*."

He uttered the words with remarkable distinctness. Were they a concession to Fraülein's pride? Her head bent lower. The color deepened in her face.

Mrs. Jerningham, who saw nothing and suspected nothing, took the matter up now.

"You had better go, Elsa, since the doctor is so kind."

And Fraülein rose and went.

They spent a long half-hour out among the smoke-stacks and apparently in earnest conversation. And he must have made his peace with her, for she came back with a glow on her beautiful face which could never have been caused by the freshening wind.

We were drawing near to America. At last one Sabbath morning its hazy shores came out to meet us. Of our steaming up the bay with the faint church-bells sounding in our unaccustomed ears, this story need not tell, nor how the black "tug" to convey us to the shore, appeared so suddenly out of the mist as to seem like some uncanny thing.

"Take care, Fraülein."

We were being lowered into the boat when Elsa slipped.

Some one caught her. It was Doctor Carew. "Don't forget us," I heard him say in a passionate, repressed voice. Then he turned to exchange a few pleasant parting words with us all. But his easy grace was gone. His face was very pale; his manner strangely disturbed.

"We will not say good-bye," and Mrs. Jerningham offered her hand cordially. "You must promise to call, Doctor Carew, when the *B*—— comes in again."

He promised eagerly, shook hands rather hastily with the passengers crowding the small deck and sprang up the ladder-like stairs against the side of the steamer.

There was some delay about our getting off. We were all engaged in securing comfortable places and gathering our various belongings, when suddenly the surgeon appeared again in our midst.

"Miss Köner has forgotten the copy of verses I promised her. Only a few German verses I offered to write off for her," he explained to me as he put them into her hand.

She did not seem to comprehend. But all was confusion. Already there were shouts of "Let go! fall off!" and we seemed to have parted from our huge companion, the steamer. Fraülein started up with a faint shriek as the strip of water suddenly widened between us and it. But the surgeon was safe upon the ladder, and waving his cap in adieu. I doubt if any of the passengers save one gave him a thought, Every face was turned eagerly to the shore, —every face but Fraülein's. Leaning against the bulwark, she alone watched the great ship growing less upon the water, until the figures upon its deck were indistinct and lost. Then, with a trembling sigh, she sat down by my side. She was twisting the paper in her hand (for I had taken the baby out of her arms).

"You will ruin your verses, Fraülein."

"Ah, yes, I forget," and she opened them without curiosity. At the first glance a vivid blush began to steal over her face. "They are Heine's verses," she explained to me as she refolded the paper, "and—and there are a few words which Doctor Carew did write of himself."

Perhaps it was these last which had left a tender light in Fraülein's dark eyes.

We bade the Jerninghams good-bye upon the wharf, and I saw no more of them until two or three weeks later, when I went up to town to visit the friends who were their next-door neighbors, as it proved. Fraülein was still with them, no opportunity having been found for her to return home.

The *B*—— was expected every day now. "I wonder if Doctor Carew will call," said Mrs. Jerningham.

There was no doubt in my own mind. Of course he would call, and, moreover, make violent love to Fraülein. But of this I kept my own counsel, although time and distance had modified my prejudices in regard to the surgeon.

Two or three evenings later, as I was going out of the house, I ran down the steps and almost into the arms of a passer who seemed to be loitering upon the walk. It was almost dark, but I could see that he still lingered about the area of my friend's house, when I had crossed the street and looked back. Apparently Mrs. Jerningham's upper windows attracted his gaze. Fraülein had appeared at one of these with the baby in her arms. The room behind her was brilliantly lighted. Her face was glowing with health and happy excitement. She laughed as she tossed the child in her arms, her loose sleeves showing her pretty arms to the elbows, while she looked up and down the darkening street all unconscious of the watcher below. As she began to draw the curtain, he passed slowly on and out of sight.

The outline of this figure, especially in motion, was strangely familiar. Where had I seen it before? I could not recall. But next morning, when Mrs. Jerningham said:

"We sent in for you last evening. Whom do you think we had for a visitor?"

"The surgeon from the *B*——," I replied at once. It had come to me like a revelation that it was Doctor Carew who had been watching Fraülein the night before.

"You know he always expressed the kindest interest in Elsa," Mrs. Jerningham went on, "and now he has found a chance for her to return home. Some friend of his own, an elderly lady, desires a companion for the voyage, and, once in England, Elsa's father, or Fritz (the son of her father's wife) could meet her. The only difficulty is that this friend sails in the *B*—— on Saturday, and I am not sure that I can spare Elsa so soon. The baby is not well this morning, nor is Alice (a child by Captain Jerningham's former wife). The doctor thinks it may prove measles, and I know nothing of sickness. Besides, they are so fond of Elsa, I could not have her leave when they were ill. But in the meantime, Doctor Carew is to see this friend. She is somewhere out of town, and he has gone to Connecticut to remain until Friday night. He will call on Saturday morning to learn our decision."

But by the next morning the disease had proved to be measles. The children were both ill, and Fraülein had generously given up all thought of going home at present. I was in the sick-room on Saturday morning when the servant tapped at the door to say that Doctor Carew was below. Elsa was dropping medicine into a spoon with unfailing dexterity, but this announcement sent it running over into the glass. Her eyes dilated with expectation, then with a surprise which was not yet disappointment as Mrs. Jerningham hastened out of the room alone. She waited, making her step more noiseless than ever, her whisper breathless, lest that faint tap at the door should come again and escape her ear. But it did not come. An hour went by; I could not see her suffer the agony of hope stretched on the rack—not though I almost distrusted the surgeon.

"Suppose you run down for a moment," I said at last. "Leave the children with me. Doctor Carew cannot have much longer to stay, and the servant has certainly made a mistake or forgotten to call you."

"Go down!" she repeated, turning her burning eyes upon me. "No, no, Mees ——, that I will nefer do. He—he did not ask for me."

Just then the heavy outer door closed with a clang. In a moment Mrs. Jerningham appeared. Her manner was flurried and excited.

"I have sent him away at last; but he was really persistent beyond reason. He declared that it was my duty to let you go, Elsa. What! tears, child? And do you, too, think me selfish and unreasonable?"

"Oh no, dear friend;" and Fraülein's arms were thrown around Mrs. Jerningham's neck.

"It will only be for a month. He thinks his friend may wait, as she dislikes the idea of crossing alone. You can spare me one more month, Elsa?"

"I will *nefer* leave you while the dear children are so ill."

"I should have sent for you, dear (he asked for you), but that I did not think it well to subject you to his persuasions."

Now Fraülein's face glowed.

"He really argued the question," Mrs. Jerningham said when we had left the sick-room together. "I had some difficulty in sending him away. It was such an excellent opportunity, he said. And when one considered the peculiar dangers to which Fraülein's inexperience and beauty must expose her."

"Indeed!" I said. "But what do we know of Doctor Carew himself?"

Mrs. Jerningham stared.

"Why, he is a perfect gentleman."

"I wish I were as sure that he is a man of honor."

"What do you mean?"

"N–othing. Though really what do we know of him beyond the fact that he has agreeable manners."

Mrs. Jerningham's countenance expressed the blankest dismay.

"But I could inquire," she said after a breathless pause. "There are the Brentfords down at R——, where his brother-in-law's place is."

"Then the brother-in-law's place is at R——? How did you ever find it out?"

"I asked where it was."

"And you said perhaps that you also had friends there?"

"No, it did not occur to me at the time."

But here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, and it was not resumed,—not at least till some weeks later when the children had passed the climax of their disease and were slowly recovering. Mrs. Jerningham's anxiety having been out of all proportion to their danger, she had become quite worn out with care and watching, and her husband had taken her away for a week of rest and recreation.

I found her the first morning after her return busy in her own room, unpacking her wardrobe with Fraülein's assistance. When the children had been discussed and set aside, we turned to her late journey.

"And did you go to R——?" I had forgotten Fraülein's presence.

"Yes; we were there two or three days."

"Then it is to be hoped that you saw the brother-in-law's place!" And I laughed.

But Mrs. Jerningham answered, quite seriously:

"We did, indeed; and it is everything that Doctor Carew made it out to be. I never knew landscape gardening carried so far."

"And the doctor?"

"Is expected now on the *B*——. Let me see,—two, three,—Fraülein, do you find another cuff? There should be four of these with sleeves. Ah, yes, here it is.—And we met his wife."

"'*Met his wife!*' Whose wife?"

"Why, Doctor Carew's, and a very pretty little English girl she is. Thin, as they are apt to be; but with pretty blue eyes and a complexion like milk. Take care, Fraülein! You are upsetting that jar. Here, you may take these into the children's room."

I rose straight up from the corner of the bed, where I had been sitting. Elsa, pale as death, had escaped from the room.

"Do you mean to tell me that Doctor Carew is married—the Doctor Carew we know?"

"To be sure he is; I dined with his wife. They have been married four years, I understood her to say. He brought her over this last trip of the *B*——, and she is to stay some months. And, do you know, it struck me as peculiar that he should never once have mentioned her to us."

"*Peculiar!*"

"Yes, I felt so; I shall say a sharp word to him when he comes again."

But I did not heed her. *Poor Fraülein!*

Elsa did not appear again that morning, nor did I see her for several days,—not until I met her coming down the stairs at Mrs. Jerningham's one morning. Her changed appearance surprised me into an exclamation.

"You are not well," I said.

"I thank you; I am fery well," she answered gently, but going on with the baby's porringer of milk in her hand, its contents scarcely whiter than her face.

I opened the subject of Fraülein's health to Mrs. Jerningham, who suspected nothing of the truth, I soon found. Nor would I betray her secret pain.

"Yes, she is beginning to feel the care of the children," Mrs. Jerningham said. "Dear Elsa! It has been more than either of us expected, for the baby was well when we left Göttingen. But the sea voyage will do everything for her, and the *B*—— must come in before many days now."

The *B*——! And did they still plan for Fraülein to return under Doctor Carew's

care? This should never be. I would warn the girl, if she did not herself refuse to go with him. But how? She seldom appeared now, confining herself closely to the nursery and the children, and the days were slipping away fast. The *B*—— was expected momentarily.

I had been detained down town until nearly dark one day, and was hurrying home across the small park in the square below my friend's house. The lamps were lighted, and the nurses were hastening away with their young charges. The white paths, the gleaming lights among the trees, the great pots of foreign plants, and the white-capped *bonnes*, gave to the spot a thoroughly foreign air. It was early yet for the evening strollers. The seats were empty; the paths deserted, save for an occasional hurrying, belated figure. I slackened my steps involuntarily, enjoying the faint reminiscences called up by the scene, glad of a moment of quiet security after the plunge and din and bewilderment of the streets outside, when I was startled by a voice—Fraülein's voice, I could not mistake it—coming from behind a clump of flowering shrubs at the end of the path upon which I had just entered. The tone was that of excited remonstrance. I flew down the walk until an opening in the shrubbery revealed the girl and her companion to me. She was standing in the light of one of the great lamps, which gleamed more and more brightly as the darkness set in, her hands clasped together, her head thrown back, her face deathly pale.

"Iss it to go with you?" she was saying. "To go with you on the *B*——? No, Doctor Carew, I will nefer go with you. And now that I haf told you, you will not come to the house and ask me to go, before them all."

He seemed to reason with her,—to plead in a low voice.

"Oh, I know about you, Doctor Carew; I know fery well indeed about you. *And I know about your wife*," Fraülein cried out in a voice sharp with anguish.

The man started back.

"Who has been telling you foolish stories?"

"It iss no foolish story that I haf heard. I know fery well about her eyes that are blue, and her face that iss like the milk. *It iss Mrs. Jerningham who has seen your wife!*"

His face grew white under the yellow light of the lamp.

"What do I care?" he said desperately. "Will you turn away from me because I didn't meet you earlier? It was no fault of mine, and I'll not give you up now—not for all the milk-faced girls in the world!"

"What iss it you say? *Gott im Himmel!* Now I know you for one fery bad man! Oh, if my father could hear you! If Fritz could know!"

She was regarding him with dilating eyes, as she retreated backward. To see her slowly going away from him like this, with horror in her eyes, must have maddened him. He sprang and caught her. She gave a faint scream as she wrenched herself out of his hands, then she flew along the path to the curb-stone, darted among the carriages in the street, and vanished from sight.

He started after her. Then, flinging his hands back with an oath, he turned and disappeared in another direction.

In two days the *B*—— sailed for Liverpool. Doctor Carew neither called nor wrote. But Fraülein had been stricken down with a fever, and no one remembered the surgeon or thought of the girl's going home. There were long, dreadful days and nights, when we had little hope that she would ever see her own people again. But God was good to her, and pitiful of the poor old father in a distant land, who never knew that she lay sick almost to death until, after anxious, weary weeks, she began slowly to recover. As for the *B*——, it passed out of our thoughts. It may have come and gone; we never knew or inquired.

When the summer was nearly spent, we all went down to the sea together, to a quiet resort where the Jerninghams had taken a cottage. We were sitting on the rocks together one day, Fraülein and I, the idle waves drifting in to our feet, and her wistful eyes on the dim line where sea and sky met. She sighed.

"It is a fery great way ofer the sea, Mees ——."

"Yes, Fraulein."

"Oh, it iss I that wish I wass at home;" and she fell to weeping bitterly. And then it came out that she had missed her weekly letter from over the sea.

"There is only some mistake in forwarding it here," I said, cheerfully. "It will surely come later. And when we go back to the house you shall write. Your eyes are stronger now and you might easily write a few lines." It was Mrs. Jerningham or her husband who had kept Fraülein's father informed of her progress toward recovery. "But you have never talked to

me about your home, Elsa. Tell me something of your people."

"I haf nothing to tell," she answered simply. But my request had roused her to reminiscence, for presently she began.

"There iss my father—oh, you should see my father, Mees ——," and the color flowed into her pale cheeks. "His hair it iss white, and when he comes down the street in the efening in his professor's gown there iss not any of the scholars behind him who haf eyes so sharp and bright as his. And he iss so wise, Mees ——! There iss not anything written in books that he does not know. He knows it all fery well, indeed."

I showed my surprise silently, lest I should break the spell.

"And there iss Frau Eisenbach, my father's wife. She has been married to him only one year. And it iss a fery good heart Frau Eisenbach has. There wass always a place in my father's house for me, though she did come to be his wife."

She paused, then she went on slowly.

"And there iss Fritz."

"Who is Fritz?" I asked, though I knew very well. "Your brother?"

"No, he iss not any brother to me, Fritz iss not. He iss Frau Eisenbach's son."

"And has he also a good heart?" I asked slyly.

But there was no blush on her cheek and her great dark eyes met mine without embarrassment.

"Oh yes, it iss Fritz who has a fery good heart. And what he will say to-day, Mees ——, he will say to-morrow, and the next day, and other days. There iss not any change in Fritz," she added thoughtfully. "He iss—what you call it? He has scholars. And some day—who can tell?—he may wear a gown like my father. It iss Fritz who does write—who does tell me of them all. Ah!" and she drew in a deep sigh, "I do not understand, that I haf no letter!"

I comforted her as well as I could and leaving our seat among the rocks strolled back toward the house. Fraülein still lingered. The cottage which the Jerninghams had taken for a few weeks stood entirely by itself with only a stretch of sand between it and the open sea. In the rear a rough cart-track led over the coarse tufted grass to the road. We had no neighbors within a quarter of a mile, where a small summer-hotel had brought the locality into mild repute, and as our vicinity offered nothing to strolling curiosity we were seldom annoyed by visitors from the former place. What was my surprise, then, as I approached the cottage from one side, to find a stranger, dusty and travel-stained, resting upon the broad steps before the open door. He had removed his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his forehead like one prepared to take his ease. One glance at his dust-covered garments, his formidable stick, his general air—as I fancied—of purposeless peregrination convinced me that he was that pest of remote dwellings and terror of defenseless women—a tramp.

He rose as my dress rustled over the sand. He bowed respectfully, yet not with abjectness. Certainly there was nothing alarming in the appearance of this dusty, fair-haired young man with a brown, intelligent face and anxious, prepossessing eyes. But they often had handsome eyes, and I had known several of intellectual countenances.

"Madame, I come from Chairmany."

"Chairmany?" Oh yes, Germany. They were always coming from somewhere and desiring to go further. Content was not an attribute of the tramp. All this did not reassure me. It was, as I have said, a lonely situation, and during the day we were a family of women. I searched my pocket in nervous haste, and brought out a lead-pencil and a few pennies, which I offered deprecatingly. But he scorned the gift with a hasty motion of his hand and an indignant protest in the German tongue.

As the heavy, three-cornered adjectives and verbs began to fall about my ears, I staggered back in terror.

He advanced a step.

I had no strength to fly. I was too weak to call out, and there was Fraülein, feeble and alone, advancing toward the house! Her foot ground the sand behind him. I made a motion to her to fly just as he wheeled about. Had the girl gone mad? She gave a faint shriek and ran toward him with extended arms, her face whitening to her lips. Then she fell in a little heap at his feet.

He took her in his arms with an exclamation of endearment. There are words the tender meaning of which no foreign tongue can hide! He laid her head against his breast and bore her to the house, I following meekly in the rear. There was no need of explanation, though that came later. It was Frau Eisenbach's son. It was Fritz, the good Fritz, who had come all the way

from Göttingen and many a mile on foot at the news of Fraülein's illness, to find her and bring her home.

I remembered what she had said, that there was not any change in Fritz, and I was convinced, although she seemed strangely blind to the fact, that he had loved her tenderly and long.

They sailed in a week. We all went down to the steamer to see them off. There was the usual crowd, the flowers,—appropriate to nothing,—the hurry, the excitement of compressed and scarcely concealed agony at parting, among friends; for all of which we had no eyes to-day. We said "good-bye" with tears, and yet as they say farewell who hope to meet again. We crossed the gang-plank,—already the hands of the sailors had seized its ropes,—then we turned for one last look. There was a sound as of a mighty sob from the great steamer, as it parted from the shore. We strained our eyes to find our friends upon its deck. They stood apart from the others. Fritz had bared his head; Fraülein had thrust back the hood of her cloak. Her great, sad eyes were searching the crowd on the wharf. She saw us; she threw out her arms to us in a gesture of unutterable love. Then she buried her face upon Fritz's shoulder.

Was it the sun in his eyes which seemed to transfigure his countenance? Was it not rather the assurance of faith which comes to those who wait and serve? He waved his hand to us. Slowly the ship turned upon its keel. It moved away, and we saw them no more.

It is six years since Fraülein left us. At first we often heard from her; less frequently as the tone of her letters became more cheerful. Happiness is content to glow and be silent.

For a year we had received no letter. Then there came one to us full of spontaneous joy, and at the end the announcement that she was going to be married to Fritz. "And when you come to Germany again," she wrote, "you will not pass by Göttingen. There are the University and the theater and the Garden of Plants; and are they not worth that you should come and visit them? And there, too, will be your happy Elsa, who has no longer any desire to go away and see the world, unless it should be that Fritz will come to America. For Fritz does say that in your country—— But there would not be in the whole world paper or ink enough to tell all the beautiful things that Fritz does say of your country. And if it was not that he does love this land and is to have a place in the university another year, I believe that he would go and live always in America. He looks over my shoulder while I write, and he says, 'There will always be a welcome in our home for them all.' And that is true, as you know very well, if Fritz does say it."

THE TOKEN.

CLAD in purple, he sat in his palace,
A powerful king, in the days of old;
They brought him wine in a beautiful chalice,
Whose gems were crusted in beaten gold.

"Who hath jewels like mine?" demanded
The boastful monarch; and straightway then,
Through his men-at-arms, who at once disbanded,
Came one, who looked like the Man of men.

He came in proudly, and held up a jewel,
Held it with both hands over his head;
Its light was lovely, its light was cruel;
But, cruel or lovely, the light was red.

It shot out sparkles; it was a Glory,
A terrible Splendor, a heart of Fire;
No one light like it, in song or story,
For who had that had his soul's desire!

Its brightness shone over land and ocean,
Far-reaching,—a dazzling, blinding light;
Creating wonder and strange devotion,
A sense of Love, and the sense of Might.

"Who hath jewels like thine?" demanded
This Man of men. "Look at my great gem!
It grew where the rivers are golden-sanded,
With others,—it does not compare with them!

"I say to thee, monarch, it is a token
Of the Masters, that ever on earth remain;
And if by chance any part is broken,
It is nothing less, but is whole again."

Thus in Gallic Latin,—your Southey will show it,—
Two hundred and fifty years ago,
Wrote the great de Thou, of an early poet;
But what the meaning, he did not know.

I know his secret, without his learning;
I have divined it, by my deep art;
It is only dark to the undiscerning—
This parable of the Poet's Heart!

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

I HAVE taken advantage of enforced rest from the usual pursuit of my art of painting to illustrate in an improved form my rediscovery of the "Measure of a Man," essentially the same measure, though in less ample form, having been first published by me in New York in 1860, entitled "A New Geometrical Mode of Measuring the Proportions of the Human Body." It might better have been called, I think, the old mode, etc.

I carefully redrew the figures of the plates in 1876, inclosing each view within a square subdivided each way by 12, thus dividing the whole into 144 equal small squares. I have here added to former illustrations the plate of the antique standard of the human form, viz., "The Egyptian Water-Carrier," and also the plate of the three views of the female figure.

The proportions explain themselves geometrically in the drawings, but I may also add, by way of explaining how they came to me, that in Rome, in the year 1853, having been engaged for some months in carving wooden figures for manikins for artistic purposes, I was impressed with the fact that of nearly one hundred and fifty different measures of the human figure, not one was adapted to popular use. Some are applicable to the front, some to the back, others to the bones, and all in general leading from lesser to greater parts. Something more universal was needed, and so external that if one path of measure is lost in a particular attitude, another corresponding one may remain practicable, as, for instance: if the figure inclined forward, thus lengthening the back and contracting the chest, that the sides might show a line unchanged in length though curved; or, if inclining to one side, as in the "Ilissus," making one side long and the other short, that the back or front might show points to fix the exact division in the chest.

While seeking for truth of form and adjusting the proportions of my manikins, a remarkable statement in the Revelation engaged my attention:

"And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."—*Revelation*, xxi (see 12–17 inclusive).

I thought I would take the writer at his word, and ask the unit of measure of his

golden reed. The Golden Rule of life being the real mean proportional of morals and religion, might I not hope to find the mean common ground of art and science, of nature and humanity, in the "Measure of a Man," the highest work of nature and the most perfect image of his Maker which the Supreme Artist has left us?

In other words, my own impulse, with these hints, was to try and find out if these seemingly cabalistic words might be capable of a practical artistic interpretation.

In measuring my little "Egyptian Water-Carrier" I found it plain as a foot rule—*the figure in height and breadth is divided by twelve.* Being satisfied in this respect, I reassured myself and friends by immediate actual measurements of the Egyptian standard in the Vatican, and of the casts of the "Theseus" and "Ilissus" at Rome, and afterward of their marbles, and the "Fates" at the British Museum, considering these to be the highest "angels" of sculpture that the world has known. Other famous figures, in proportion to their excellence as acknowledged by the best judges, were found to come more or less near this standard, that is, according as their divisions into twelfths were accurately indicated. For instance, the beautiful and almost perfect "Venus" dug up from the Campagna near Rome in 1859, is of a higher type of proportion than the "Venus de' Medici" of which it is probably the original, being the same in action. But for a fatal hesitation this—one of the very finest of the antiques—might have been secured for this country. We had the first refusal of it. Its perfect proportions made me sure there was no mistake about its very great value. The Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia was also so sure that, while our men were hesitating, she bought it, I was told, for $10,000. I cite this as a useful and practical illustration of the value of exact knowledge in matters of art. I may also add that, owing to the unfortunate ignorance of the restorers, a fault was made in mending the raised forearm,—it was made too short, and with little excuse, as the supports of the fingers of that hand were left on the breast, as well as on the thigh for the other hand.

It was after much reflection that I decided that the perfect figure must be divided into three equal parts; partly because three is a measure of twelve as well as four, which numbers the sides on which the divisions are found; also because three is the universal basis of science, philosophy and art, when spoken of in numerical technicalities, embracing the all of end, cause and effect, being the first perfect number and involving the axiom, "parts equal to the same are equal to each other," while the division into *two* involves only a repetition of equals without this additional variation; and furthermore, as will be seen in the explanation of the plates, the dividing the figure into three equal parts allows a sliding scale of immense practical importance; also, in my method of reasoning, the whole figure is admitted and the process of subdivision follows in order, from greatest to least, or from the whole to its parts. The importance of these three upright divisions is enhanced by their being equally distinctly marked in the external muscles on all *four* sides of the figure, in the very "walls" of the man. These numbers, three and four, being multiplied together give a significance to twelve, which, being squared, since the man is broad as high, that is, "the length as large as the breadth," gives a hundred and forty and four, "according to the measure of a man."

I may here mention that my friend, Robert Browning, was the first one to whom I had the pleasure of communicating my discovery and its use. Subsequently he advised me to publish it in some English periodical, and assisted me in recollecting the date of my first observations by saying: "I put it in 'Cleon,' and my wife in 'Aurora Leigh.'"

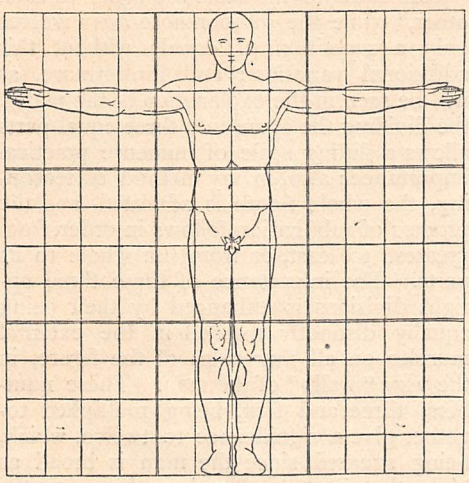
> "I know the true proportions of a man,
> And woman also, not observed before."
> CLEON.

> "The only teachers who instruct mankind,
> From just a shadow on a charnel wall
> To find man's veritable stature out,
> Erect, sublime—*the measure of a man,*
> And that's the measure of an angel, says
> The Apostle."
> AURORA LEIGH.

At an early day I told my countryman, Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor and author, of the hints I had gathered from St. John, and the use I had made of them. I communicated my method of measures to Bartholomew, who used them in 1853 and 1854. I also assisted the lamented Akers in giving his "Pearl Diver" the "measure of a man," and gave my first drawings, scratched on slate, to Ferraro, the draughtsman, when I left Rome in July, 1860.

There is nothing new under the sun, and even the sun can no longer be commanded to start or to stand still. An Eastern scholar sends me word to-day: "We have known

this measure thousands of years in India; it is the cruciform man of Plato, in space, and twelve is the Pythagorean number of



NO. 1.

man and humanity." A distinguished physiologist has expressed surprise that these external markings of the twelve divisions, so obviously anatomical, should so long have escaped modern artistic observation. To many artists I am indebted for very kind expressions of their appreciation of the use and beauty of these proportions.

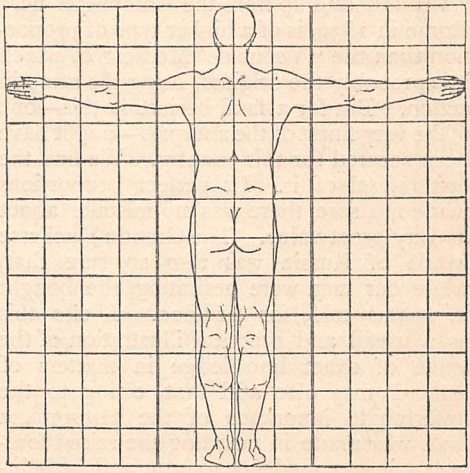
During my own seeking and finding of these truths I was led only by my great desire to get on in sculpture and painting. My little wooden manikins, strung on strings, with places left for joints to be filled in with wax to secure chosen positions, were much more satisfactory when finished, from my having so carefully measured the best that is known of antique art. They became most instructive artistic dolls, their actual beauty of proportions adding greatly to the excellences of the poses they might fall into.

I am very happy to have rediscovered among the lost arts facts confirmed by eminent scholars, philosophers, poets, and artists. But, I may add, at the time of my studies and discovery of this measure, of course I was not aware the old Farther Indians used it; that Pythagoras and Plato taught it; that Phidias gained by it; that perhaps St. Luke, the painter, and St. John, the writer, may have practiced it; that science, philosophy, religion, and art might shake hands over it. All this was afterthought. Then I was satisfied it "had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels," for sculpture and painting.

Art pays its dues to nature, music owes its special debt to numbers. The ear to hear it is a recording phonograph, which, parrot-like, tells to the mind what external vibrations tell to it. Music of the spheres used to be special star-science. Color, the natural medium of which the imitative art of painting is a parallel, has its own laws of form and number, its wave lengths and vibrations, its three axes and fourth proportional, its own proper figure of motion which adepts call its fourth dimension—all which science is endeavoring to define as accurately as it would the figure of motion which the mind calls sound. The Supreme Machinist holds each element to its own proper gauge. Light itself, which is an expression through the eye of the forms and numbers of ethereal vibrations varied in a way the mind calls color, drives the car of Phœbus, keeps his own time-table, numbers star, sun, and planet on his way. "God geometrizes," said the old philosophers. Nature is modification, echoes science through geometry.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE PLATES.

THE accompanying plates illustrate this ancient geometrical canon of form of the



NO. 2.

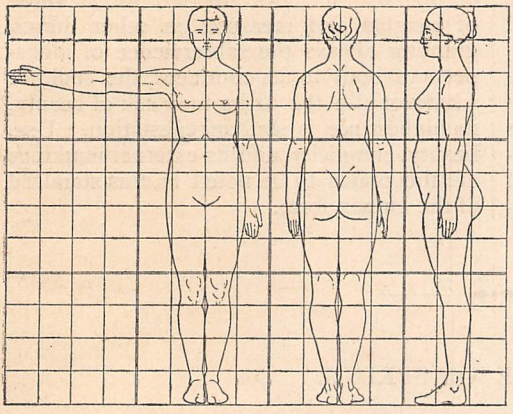
human figure as applied to the Egyptian "Water-Carrier" of the Vatican, and illustrated in the best examples of Greek art:

The cruciform figure in the plates is equal in height and breadth, and each of these dimensions has its three grand divisions, which are subdivided into four others, thus comprising the whole extended figure within a perfect square whose root is twelve.

The female figure is smaller than the male, but of the same proportions.

The boundaries of the upright grand divisions of the figure are indicated in nature at the extremities, and on the back, front, and on both sides of the figure.

The whole width of the figure is included within the extended finger-tips—the middle third embracing the chest and shoulder



NO. 3.

muscles. The sixths and twelfths in this plane are very distinctly marked.

Division into sixths of the whole figure is very obvious as shown in the drawings, and the same may be said of the twelfths—though these minor divisions are not all equally clearly marked externally on each of the four sides of the figure.

The proportions of the human figure as seen in the drawings are strictly geometrical; that is, they are to be measured in the actual figure by a straight line, in a plane parallel to the planes in which the points indicated are situated; or by a rule whereon the divisions may be marked corresponding to those of the height or breadth of the man. They will be found to be identical with the proportions of the famous "Egyptian Standard," known by the various names of the "Egyptian Apollo," the "Water-Carrier," or the "Egyptian Antinoüs," as well as with those of the best remains of Greek art in the figures of "Theseus" and "Ilissus," and the "Fates" by Phidias, from the Parthenon, now among the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum.

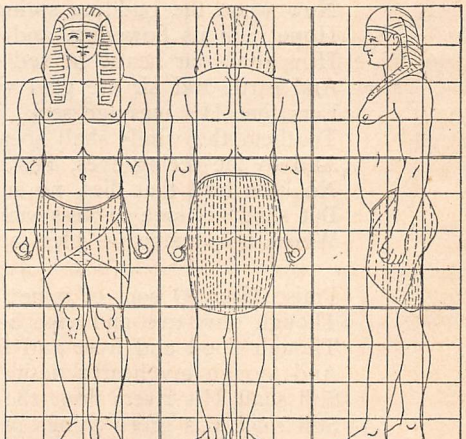
The first third of the perfect upright human figure extends in front from the top of the head to the point called the pit of the stomach; behind, to where the great muscles of the back dip to the spine, and at the sides to where the crossing of the muscles lies in the plane of the pit of the stomach, and the point in the back forming the waist.

The second third extends from the waist in front to the end of the muscle just above the knee-pan, and at the sides and behind, to points as plainly indicated both in nature and in the drawings.

The third division extends from this point above the knee and its plane to the bottom of the feet.

It is not uncommon in nature to find the first two thirds of the figure agreeing exactly with the highest ideal of proportions, while, as every sculptor and painter knows, the part from the knee down is usually too short, showing that here we either have not departed from, or have degenerated toward, the type of the inferior animals.

The next striking division of the figure, male or female, is into six equal parts; but these, except at the termination of the thirds, are distinctly indicated only on the front and on the back, as may be seen in the drawings, at the pit between the collar bones and at the middle of the figure in front, and at the bottom of the calf in the back of the leg. And here it is proper to notice the sliding scale alluded to in the preface, by which, without changing its grand proportions or interfering with its thirds and sixths, a figure may still be drawn or measured by this rule, whether it be tall and slight and full up to the "eight head" or heroic standard, or short and thick, according to a more Herculean type;



NO. 4. "EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER" OR "ANTINOÜS."

(This figure, being slightly in perspective, could not strictly be drawn on the square, but serves as above for illustrating the general subject of proportion.)

as, for example, by enlarging and lengthening the head and shortening the neck, and *vice versâ*, the character of the figure is entirely changed without changing its general proportions. In the same way, the width of the shoulders may be increased without interfering with the principal divisions indicated of the chest and arms.

I have purposely avoided technical terms in naming the points of division of the figure, since they are as evident in nature as in the best specimens of art we know, and need only to be noticed to be understood.

The convenience of the minor divisions indicated by the lines forming the squares on the drawings will be found in the use of this measure; and the great advantage of its entirely external character may be appreciated from the fact that in nature the general divisions are so marked as to show themselves even through the extremely artificial clothing of the common soldier.

This is not the standard of Canova or of Thorwaldsen, or even of the Apollo Belvedere, but it is the standard of Phidias and of the remains of the Parthenon. Far down the line comes the beautiful Apollo and the finest Roman pieces. Beauty in the highest sense is not a mere matter of feeling, or sympathy, or opinion; its laws are rigorous as those of weights and measures in other things, granting always the subservience of all aspects of body to its continent, the soul, for whatever else the artist may ask of beauty, its highest use is soul manifestation. Use, beauty, simplicity, and its external markings are the points to be noted in this standard of the human form.

A CANTICLE OF SPRING.

O GREEN, up-springing grass, your tender freshness spreading
By many a narrow pass where way-worn feet are treading,—
O lightly waving trees, whose swelling leaf-buds render
Undoubted promises of the full summer's splendor,—
O dainty daffodils, whose lovely sunlit faces
Brighten the barren hills with unexpected graces,—
O all ye blossoms, set the fells and meadows over,
Wind-flower and violet, and columbine and clover,—
Bless ye the Lord on high; by wood, and field, and river,
Praise Him, and magnify His holy name forever!

Now when the budding spring escapes from winter's durance,
Hope hath its flowering, and Faith its sweet assurance:
How shall our hearts be sad when Nature's face rejoices,
And earth and air are glad with her tumultuous voices?
Ears that His message seek, and doubt not in possessing,
To them the winds shall speak in undertones of blessing;
And to the seeing eyes, His gracious works beholding,
No little bird that flies, no small green thing unfolding,
But shall his love express who doth our souls deliver—
Whose holy name we bless and magnify forever!

Praise Him, O soul of mine! nor ever cease from praising,
Though olive-tree and vine be blighted in the raising;
Though flood and frost and fire assail me in one morning,
And though my heart's desire shall perish without warning!
Still shall His rivers flow, the heavens declare His glory;
Still shall His green things grow, His winds repeat their story;
And I, who sit to-day beneath the cloud of sorrow
And see no opening way to sunshine for the morrow,
Still by His mighty word upheld for fresh endeavor,
Will magnify the Lord, and bless His name forever!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Thin Virtues.

As a working rule, in the conduct of life, we suppose there is no better than that which has been denominated "The Golden Rule," but its author could hardly have regarded it as the highest and best. There seems to be no motive bound up in it but a selfish one, and no standard of morality but the actor's own desires. The Golden Rule, as we call it, seems to be hardly more than common decency formulated. Nothing, obviously, can be decent in our treatment of others that we do not recognize as proper and desirable in their treatment of ourselves. It is a rule that seems to be made for supreme selfishness. Refrain from putting your foot into another pig's trough, unless you are willing to have another pig put his foot into your trough. One of the great mistakes of the world, and especially of the Christian world, is in the conviction that this is a high rule of action, and that the virtue based upon it is of superior value. It is the thinnest kind of a virtue, and if there be not the love of God and man behind it, to give it vitality and meaning, it can never minister much to good character. What a man does, actuated by the motive of love, he does nobly, and the same thing may not be done nobly at all when done in accordance with the rule to do to others what one would like to have others do to himself.

There are other virtues that are very much overestimated, eminent among which is that of toleration. We know of none so thin as this, yet this is one over which an enormous amount of bragging is done. We talk about the religious toleration practiced by our government, as if it were something quite unnatural for a government to protect its own people in the exercise of their most precious opinions and privileges. The man who personally tolerates all men, and all societies of men, in the exercise of their opinions upon religion and politics, is not without his boast of it, and a feeling that he has outgrown most of the people around him. The sad thing about it all is, of course, that a country or a community can be so blind and stupid that toleration can appear to be a virtue at all, or so bigoted and willful that it can even appear to be a vice.

We thank no man for tolerating our opinions on anything, nor do we give him any praise for it, any more than we thank him for the liberty of breathing with him a common air. Toleration is the name that we give to the common decencies of intellectual and moral life. It is the Golden Rule applied to the things of opinion and expression. It is by no means a high affair. It is simply permitting others to do, in all matters of politics and religion, freely, in our presence and society, what we claim the privilege of doing in their presence and society. People who are intolerant—and we are informed that there are such in this country—are simply indecent. They are devoid of intellectual courtesy. They are boors who are out of place among a free people, and, no matter who they may be, they ought to be persistently snubbed until they learn polite intellectual manners. The spirit of intolerance is a spirit of discourtesy and insult, and there is no more praise due a man, or a sect, for being tolerant, than there is due a man for being a gentleman; and we never saw a gentleman yet who would not take praise for being a gentleman as involving an insult. It is at least the thinnest of all virtues to brag about.

There is a virtue lying in this region, though, alas! but little known, which needs development. Toleration, as we have said, is a very thin affair. Men tolerate each other and each other's sentiments and opinions, and are much too apt to be content with that. They altogether overestimate the value of it, but beyond this there is in some quarters, and ought to be in all quarters, a sense of brotherhood among all honestly and earnestly inquiring souls. There is no reason why Dean Stanley and Mr. Darwin should not be the most affectionate friends. There is no good reason why Cardinal Manning and Mr. Matthew Arnold should not be on the most delightful terms of intimacy. There is no good reason why Mr. Frothingham and Dr. Hall, Dr. Draper and Dr. Taylor should not be bound up in a loving brotherhood. They undoubtedly tolerate one another now. It would be simply indecent for them to do anything less, but we fear that we have not quite reached the period when these men, with a profound respect for one another's manhood, truthfulness and earnestness, recognize each other as seekers for truth, and love and delight in each other as such. We are all interested in the same things, but we happen to be regarding them from different angles.

Some of the sincerest men in the world are the doubters.

> "There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

These men get very little of the sympathy that by right belongs to them. They have as great a love for truth as anybody, and are looking for it, but by the constitution of their minds, or by the power of an unfortunate education, or the influence of an untoward personal experience, they find themselves thrown off into a region of skepticism, where they have no congenial companionship. They do not get even toleration, from those particularly who inherit their creeds, and to whom faith is as natural as breathing. These men ought all and always to be brought affectionately into the great brotherhood of truth-lovers and truth-seekers, and a Christian of any name who cannot throw his warmest sympathies around these, and regard them with a peculiarly affectionate interest, must necessarily be a very poor sort of creature. All honest truth-seekers are always truth-finders, and all have something in possession that will be of advantage to the others. The differences between them are sources of wealth to the whole.

This is true of all truth-seekers, and it is particularly true of the different sects of Christendom. Let not the Catholic think for a moment that he has nothing to learn of the Protestant, and let not the Protestant think that he holds all truth to the exclusion of his Catholic brother. The fact that all these sects exist and find vitality enough in their ideas to keep them prosperously together, shows that there is something to be learned, everywhere, and among them all, and that the policy is poor which shuts them away from one another's society. It is better to remember that truth is one, and that those who are earnestly after it, whether they deny Christianity or profess it, whether they are called by one name or another, belong together, in one great sympathetic brotherhood of affection and pursuit.

Improving Politics.

NOT quite so much progress has been made toward a reform of the civil service as we had hoped and expected, but certain events have occurred within the last few months which indicate an improvement in politics, that the country may well congratulate itself upon. Certain political machines have been badly smashed. First we had a smashing of a political society in this city known as "Tammany,"—a party within a party,—which undertook to dictate candidates and measures to a considerable portion of the body politic. The existence of such a society is an impertinence, and the exercise of its authority a usurpation of the popular will. It existed for the purpose of determining the policy of the Democratic party—for the purpose of governing the many by the few—and thus making the name of the party itself absurd. A combination of all opposing elements of political society in the city smashed this powerful machine, and gave us a city government over which Tammany has no control, thus weakening its power and prestige in the political councils of the state. It was an exceedingly happy result, in which all lovers of democratic government and pure politics may legitimately rejoice, and out of which it may draw courage for the future. We all know now exactly what to do to keep this machine out of power, and we shall be very much to blame if we neglect to do it.

We have had in the councils of the Empire State another machine, presided over by an eminent New York Senator. Mr. Conkling has been running this machine for some time, very much in his own personal interest, and for his own personal benefit, and that of his friends. It is certainly greatly to his credit, as a small politician, that he has been able to control the action of a great state through the operations of his machine, and very much to the discredit of the better men who enter into the composition of his party. It is not unfair to say that Senator Conkling likes the political machine, and believes in it. He does not like the project of a reform in the civil service. Such a reform would, as he very well knows, deprive him of his personal power in the politics of his state. It would deprive him of his influence in the distribution of the federal patronage. It would bring to him the necessity of being useful in the conservation of the interests of the great state which places him in office. It would not permit him to sit idle and silent while the great questions which concern his constituents are discussed and decided. It would compel him to depend upon his merits for success, and not on the ingenious handling of the wires of his machine. Now it is quite possible that the President has not done so much as was expected of him toward a reform in the civil service, but it should be remembered in his favor, or as partly an explanation of the fact, that he has had to fight at every step this same New York Senator, and all the machine men who sympathize with him. Mr. Conkling has, at least, determined to control the influential and important offices at this port. Colonel Arthur was his man, and when the President presumed to remove him from the collectorship, and put another man in his place, great was the wrath of the New York Senator. And still greater was his wrath when, on the 3d of February, General Merritt, the President's appointee, was confirmed by the Senate. It was a good thing for the Senate to do. It was a good thing thus to uphold an honest President's hands, in the dignified exercise of his right, and it was a most excellent thing thus to rebuke the arrogance of a machine politician who had no right of control whatever in the matter. We thank the Senate for its action, on behalf of a great multitude who are sick of this whole machine business, and who devoutly wish that the country were well rid of it. We assure the Senate that a great multitude of honest people are more than satisfied; they are delighted with its action, and they honestly rejoice in the fact that the machine, as handled by the New York Senator, has been squarely beaten.

There are other matters for congratulation connected with this affair. Mr. Conkling took the occasion during the discussion of this confirmation to "free his mind." This was particularly gratifying to those of us who had heard that the Senator was a master of the arts of oratory, and who had been watching through many months of Senatorial discussion of the great questions before the country for a speech from him. There have been many times, during the past two years, when New York would have been glad to have her voice heard on the floor of the Senate, on questions, especially of finance, and has been disgusted by her own silence. She has felt that her influence has gone for nothing, except as she has been able to exercise it directly through committees that have gone on as volunteers to do this work which her Senator failed to do. It is pleasant, therefore, to be assured that Mr. Conkling can make a speech, and is a "master," at least, of the "arts of vituperation." It is proved, at last, that he can speak, and that we have only to touch his pets, and interfere with the operation of his machine, to bring him out, however silent he may be when the interests of his state and his constituents demand his efforts. It is pleasant,

at least, to know that our Senator is not dumb, and that he is a "master" of something or other, although he does not at present seem to be master of the New York appointments, or of the President of the United States.

We say that the smashing of the Tammany's machine, and the smashing of Mr. Conkling's little machine, are marks of a gratifying improvement in politics. One thing is certain: that we can have no reform in the civil service until such politicians as Roscoe Conkling are put out of power. They are its sworn and inveterate foes. They look upon it and its aiders and abettors with hatred and contempt. The principal reason, apparently, why President Hayes has failed to fulfill the pledges of the platform on which he was elected, is that he has not had the support of the party that elected him. Such politicians as Conkling have fought him from the beginning, and intend to fight him, in every attempt at a reform in the service, to the bitter end. But this is one of the reforms that must triumph at last. It has the right on its side. It has purity, justice, common sense on its side. Until it shall triumph, politics will be a trade, office-seeking a business, and everything connected with the making and the execution of the law will be—must be—tainted with corruption. Let us rejoice, therefore, over the smashing of all political machines of whatsoever sort, connected with whatsoever interest.

The Medical Profession and the State.

DOCTOR ROOSA, President of the Medical Society of the state of New York, recently delivered an address before the society over which he presides, on "The Relations of the Medical Profession to the State." The address, considering its subject and the point from which it emanated, was very notable for an omission. The arrogance which has been manifested in many quarters of what is called "the old school," was not manifested in the address, as we find it reported in the papers. In that part of it which treats of physicians as "protectors of the community from quackery," we find nothing that offends the common sense of the community. Doctor Roosa very properly leaves room for systems of medicine other than his own, if they are only intelligently practiced, and it is a comfort to record in this fact the advance of a profession which in many states and on many occasions has shown itself not only bigoted, but ill-mannered and stupid. Doctor Roosa says: "While we may not ask the state to endow medical schools, we may expect that it will protect its citizens from well-defined quackery. It certainly cannot discriminate in regard to modes of treatment when there must always be such honest difference of opinion. The state cannot catalogue the drugs that may be used, or name the doses, but it is the bounden duty of a government that cares for the welfare of its inhabitants to see to it that no one is allowed to prescribe for diseases who has not furnished evidence of a satisfactory knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry." Here the doctor very distinctly, and with a courtesy which it would be well for his profession everywhere to imitate, makes room for homœopathy, a system pursued by many scientific, moral, and intelligent men all over the country. It has been quite too commonly the custom in medical bodies of the old school to treat this system as one of impudent, if not immoral quackery, and to arrogate to themselves the functions of "regular" practice. The attitude of the "regular practice" toward homœopathy has been generally absurdly arrogant and childish, for it so happens that it has been the educated and the intelligent rather than the ignorant and stupid who have given in their adhesion to the new system, and its practitioners have largely been recruited from the ranks of the old practice. The day is gone by when it was possible to whistle and hoot this system down, or to frown it down by assumed medical authority. It has won its right to live and its right to respectful recognition. It has done this at least by the power it has shown to modify and reform the old practice, and it is high time that intelligent physicians everywhere should follow Doctor Roosa's example in withdrawing or withholding the charge against it of being a system of quackery.

But we did not notice this address for the purpose of vindicating homœopathy, but to call attention to that part of it which treats of the members of the profession "as sanitary advisers to the commonwealth." Doctor Roosa very wisely says that there should be a Board of Health in every county and every town, and that there should be no man upon it who has not a scientific, medical, or legal education. He furthermore says that "not a schoolhouse, not a jail, not a hospital, not a sewer, should be built unless competent sanitary advice, with power to enforce it, be given." This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go half far enough. The truth is that every private house that goes up should be built under public sanitary supervision. Men are dying in New York every day because houses are built improperly. The arrangements for plumbing and ventilation are not only incompetent, but utterly vicious and murderous. Men put up buildings all over the country just as they please. We have built houses for human dwellings, and we have never yet been questioned by any public officer as to how many fatal traps we had set for human life. House poisoning has now become the most common form of poisoning. Diphtheria, pneumonia, and typhoid fever are the constant, daily demonstration of vicious modes of building, and there is no authority, apparently, to prevent the formation of the sources of these diseases. A builder puts up a block, and offers his houses for sale. The buyer sees everything fair, for the sources of disease are covered from sight, but he moves in, and one after another of his family sickens and dies, and he learns, at last, that he has dealt with a criminal, and that the municipality or the state has afforded him no protection.

The truth is that we not only need to have Boards of Health established in many places where they are not, but we need to have their powers much

enlarged where they exist. No one, we suppose, can doubt the great usefulness of our New York Board of Health, but if they could be armed with powers that would enable them to act more directly upon the prevention of disease they could be much more useful. If they could have authority to dictate the plumbing and ventilation of every structure, private as well as public, erected in this city, they could save the city a large percentage of its cruelest mortality. If they could have the control of the cleaning of the streets, does any one doubt that they would greatly improve the health of the city? We talk about the adulteration of food as if that were a great thing, and our Board of Health busies itself about it in the absence of other work, but the adulteration, the absolute poisoning, of the air we breathe, is of almost infinitely more importance.

Doctor Roosa speaks of what is done in the way of preventive medicine by our wise system of quarantine, by which the city has been saved from destructive epidemics. With our yellow fever lesson of last year fresh in memory, it really seems as if towns should learn something. There is no question that all these epidemics become fatal in the degree in which the air is vitiated by poisonous odors. When yellow fever or cholera visits a place, it becomes a terrible or a mild visitation, according to the conditions which it finds. If it finds a people already poisoned with foul streets and bad drainage, it finds food for a great and grave mortality. If it finds a place where everything is pure and sweet, it does not stay long or work such mischief. There are some states which have a Board of Health, or may have one, in every town, armed with a considerable amount of power—with the power, at least, of holding inquest on private premises, and determining what shall be done to remedy evils; but what we really want most is a wider power of prevention, such as shall make it incumbent upon every builder to secure the approval of such a board before he can live in his house himself, or offer it for sale or rent.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Are Our Insane Retreats Inhuman?

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—There is no doubt a more or less wide-spread public impression that great cruelties are not uncommonly practiced at our insane retreats. The stories which give rise to this impression are mainly started by the patients themselves. Are these stories true, or are they false? Having had some practical experience at two of the leading institutions of the country, I will endeavor to give an answer to this question.

On the first day of July, 1878, I embarked on the steamer *Mary Powell*, from Kingston on the Hudson, for New York City. During the passage, for reasons which need not be here detailed, I broke forth in a most pronounced condition of mental derangement. The next evening I found myself an inmate of the Bloomingdale Asylum, situated in the upper portion of the metropolis. There I remained until the tenth of October, when I was removed to the Hudson River State Hospital, located at Poughkeepsie.

When I left Bloomingdale, I not only believed but would have solemnly sworn in any court of justice that I had been the victim of the most diabolical treatment. I would as soon have doubted my own existence as doubted that no effort had been spared to compass my destruction. I had been purposely left, for example, an entire week without food, but I could not be starved. I had been given every poison, and every conceivable combination of poisons, but I could not be killed. Moreover, scheme after scheme had proved abortive, the object of which had been my assassination. I was proof against even silver bullets. Not that I was the devil, for was I not the great Original and Supreme, even Brahma?

It is needless to say that I am now speaking only of certain enormous delusions which took possession of my mind at Bloomingdale. But I have spoken of these delusions in order to illustrate the undoubted general fact that, to a great extent, the cruelties which the insane are so prone to charge upon the asylums which shelter them, are as much a part of their hallucinations as is any other aspect of their insanity.

It would not be to tell the whole truth, however, did I stop here. It is no mere imagination that I was roughly handled during the more violent stages of my sickness. I was, for instance, put in straitjackets of the stoutest linen, and in muffs and manacles of the strongest leather. I was likewise beaten, choked and stamped upon. Yet this is a mere statement of the treatment irrespective of the reasons. Were the reasons sufficient and even imperative?

I did not indeed develop any tendency to inflict upon myself personal injuries of the graver character; though to do so is not at all uncommon among the insane. But I did develop a most marked mania for tearing and breaking things in general. What, for example, was bedding for, or clothing for, or furniture for, except to be devoted to destruction? Take a single illustration. One day a special meal had been provided for me in the hall. I walked up with the utmost nonchalance and kicked the table over. Had you been the attendant in charge would you have first dealt with the patient, and then cleared away the *débris;* or first cleared away the *débris*, and then dealt with the patient?

I was at times dangerous. Thus, one day I

was out in the exercise-yard with the other patients, when I suddenly began to sweep about the grounds with great rapidity and power. After the first fury of the outburst had somewhat spent itself, I seized a huge stone, and, taking my position near a certain tree, held the entire posse of attendants at bay, as if I had been a cannon loaded to the muzzle.

Now this dangerousness of the insane is of very frequent occurrence. Thus, my second morning at the Hudson River State Hospital came very near proving fatal to me. I had been placed upon what may be appropriately termed the Wild Ward of the institution. One appearing like a human demon came rushing into my room, and almost before I could realize that he was there, struck me three full blows with a heavy chair. I caught the first two blows upon my hands, and managed to protect myself against the third by throwing myself upon my back and holding up my feet. At this juncture, an attendant came to my relief and rescue.

This then suffices to show that in the more furious cases of insanity, rigorous personal restraint and, on the part of the hospital officials, vigorous personal resistance are often not only permissible, but necessary.

Unfortunately, however, it is only too common among convalescents to remember—often with the greatest bitterness—their restraint and sterner treatment, while they utterly forget their destructiveness and dangerousness. Not a few cases of this character have come under my own observation. I remember, for instance, one stalwart giant, who was my fellow-patient at Poughkeepsie. He was a rough—standing six feet four inches in his stockings—muscular and heavily proportioned. When we were in the Wild Ward together, I used sometimes almost to tremble to see him go about with glaring eyes, his arms bared to the elbow, and breathing out threatening and slaughter. Still at that time, he was not even confined to his room. Judge of my surprise at afterward hearing him, in the Convalescent Ward, denouncing the institution with the utmost vehemence for the outrages previously perpetrated upon him, without the slightest provocation. He referred to the days before I had met him, when he must have been at his wildest, and when the personal safety of those about him must have required that he should be kept in a condition bordering closely on intimidation.

Now, it is only in these extreme instances that anything even approaching to severity is ever visited upon a patient at either of the institutions of which I was an inmate. As a general thing, the patients are treated with marked forbearance, courtesy, and kindliness. Nevertheless, the entire atmosphere of an insane retreat is more or less overladen with fault-findings and complainings. This one should never have been placed there at all. That one is being detained there in violation of every principle of humanity and justice. This one is slighted and neglected by the physicians. That one is being deliberately deprived of the proper diet by the authorities in general.

Not that there is in all this any conscious and intentional falsification on the part of the complainants. It is simply a condition of things inevitably resulting from their disordered nervous and mental state. Thus, one man will eat a hearty meal, and yet, because of his impaired memory, forget within an hour that he has done so. Another will eat enough to satisfy a glutton, and yet, because of his abnormal appetite, have no other burden to his conversation than that he is hungry, hungry, hungry.

In the female wards of the retreats of which I am speaking, as I have had no personal experience, so I have had no personal observation. It is a well-known fact, however, that in certain forms of insanity peculiar to women, as in puerperal mania, the patient, however virtuous and chaste when sane, appears to be given over to the very devil of obscenity and lustful accusations, both toward herself and all about her. Under these circumstances, a physician at an insane asylum is pre-eminently liable to the gravest but most baseless charges on the part of the female inmates, and, as a consequence, is pre-eminently entitled to be considered innocent until clearly proven guilty. As a rule, the evidence of their accusers is as crazy as it is truthless.

The design of this paper is not, of course, to suggest any relaxation of vigilance in connection with our insane retreats. If any class of unfortunates need protection, the insane do. If any class of institutions could be converted into the most awful of human hells, did they chance to fall into the hands of cruel and lustful men, our insane retreats could be thus converted.

Neither is it the design of this paper to bear testimony whether for or against any retreat, except the two above, at which I was a patient. I am credibly informed, however, that the Bloomingdale Asylum and the Hudson River State Hospital are not exceptional, but merely typical of the better class of institutions scattered throughout the country. For some reason or another, I have, on the other hand, gained the impression that certain of our minor retreats, and notably all such as are subject to political management and manipulation, require a constant watching and a frequent overhauling. But all this is merely hearsay and impression, and constitutes no sufficient ground whether of vindication or accusation.

What I have to say, therefore, is simply this: For reasons at once suggested, no insane retreat can be conducted to the satisfaction of the insane themselves. If it were the ideal institution of its class, only too large a proportion of its inmates would denounce it. And it is with peculiar pleasure that I herewith bear personal witness that there are at least two retreats in this country which reflect the highest credit on our Christian civilization, of which they are among the most benignant outcomes. To these, and to kindred retreats, friends may commit their loved insane ones with the fullest confidence that they will in every respect be placed under conditions most conducive to their physical convalescence and mental restoration.

Very truly yours,

AUGUSTUS BLAUVELT.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"H. M. S. Pinafore," for Amateurs.

ENGLISH OPERA FOR COUNTRY TOWNS.

SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE," AS SET AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, NEW YORK.

In the spring of 1878 there was produced in London at a little theater in the Strand, known as the Opéra Comique, an original nautical comic opera in two acts, called "H. M. S. *Pinafore*," written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. It is now nearly a year since Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore* sailed into public favor in England, but the songs of its sailors are still heard in the same London theater night after night; the saucy ship has crossed the blue Atlantic, putting first into the harbor of Boston, then making the port of Philadelphia, while, in a very short time after its first appearance off our coasts, there were in the city of New York four theaters at once each flying the pennant of "H. M. S. *Pinafore*." So much for the success of the opera. As much can fairly be said of its merits. It is the best light musical comedy written in our language since the "Beggar's Opera," —not excepting Sheridan's "Duenna," or Moore's "M. P." And the "Pinafore" has the advantage over the "Beggar's Opera" in that it contains nothing to offend the most fastidious. It has the lightness, the brightness, the airy cleverness, in short, all the good qualities of the best French opéra bouffés, —with none of the bad,—none of the blemishes which so often disfigure even the finest French humor. "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" has a purely English story set in simple action and told in simple language. Its humor, its satire, its moral,—all these are as clean, as honest, as healthy, as the most rigid respectability could desire.

The author of this amusing play is Mr. W. S. Gilbert, well known in this country as the author of "Pygmalion and Galatea," of "Charity," of "Trial by Jury," and of the grotesquely humorous "Bab Ballads,"—from one of which, "Captain Reece, of the *Mantelpiece*," he has taken the suggestion of his plot. The composer is Mr. Arthur Sullivan, almost equally well known in the United States as the composer of many a charming ballad; his more important work, overture, oratorio, symphony, is not unfamiliar to musical experts here.

When we have said that the costumes of the "Pinafore" are modern, that only a single scene is shown during both acts, and that there are only seven parts of any prominence, it will be seen at once that the piece is one just suited for performance by amateurs. There is hardly a small city or a large village in the country which has not its soprano, its contralto, its

little knot of musical people, its somewhat large circle of people who take an intermittent interest in music, and its still larger circle of people who are only too glad to find something to be interested in, and on which they can worthily spend their energies. In any such community "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" is a possibility. The practicability of its performance depends wholly on the possession by the music-loving and amateur-acting sets of some one possessed of sufficient influence, energy and musical knowledge to manage such a performance. If he can see a good professional performance of the piece, he can obtain at first hand many of the following suggestions and many others which do not lend themselves to description.

The book of the opera, published in one volume by Oliver Ditson & Co., is sold for one dollar and contains the whole play, —the words spoken as well as those sung, —the songs and the concerted pieces, all properly scored, and the piano accompaniment. It contains, therefore, all the musical information needed. As the humor of the piece is largely in the words of the songs, the singers must not attempt to display themselves at the expense of the dramatist; the words *must* be heard distinctly, they must be enunciated with great clearness, and the accompaniment must never be loud enough to drown the voice. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point: —the lines must be heard; the musician must be subordinate to the dramatist. But the music is so good that it will repay ample study, and with ample study it will be found possible to give due effect to the words without sacrificing the music. But it will need hard work.

MR. THOMAS WHIFFIN, AS "SIR JOSEPH PORTER." (STANDARD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.)

As the play itself is very funny, the actors need not try to "make fun"; if they do, they will kill the humor. The piece must be played throughout gracefully and easily, with no effort to be amusing, with no straining after comic effect, but just as though the actors fully believed in the entire possibility of the impossibilities with which the piece abounds. It is in this calm acceptance by all the characters of numberless improbabilities that the humor of the play consists. Any touch of burlesque extravagance is out of tone and inharmonious.

The scenery is very simple. The same set suffices for both acts. It represents the deck of the *Pinafore*. For the flat at back, any view of a distant town will do; a little in front of this runs the bulwark of the ship about two or three feet high; it crosses the stage. On the right hand side of the stage is a little house, the cabin of the captain; the roof of this can be easily arranged and serves as the bridge from which the captain makes his recitative speech to the assembled crew. A trap-door in the center of the stage, back near the bulwark, has a ladder going down, and is surrounded by a brass rail; this is supposed to be the hatch-way leading below. Any bare places can be filled up by a hanging sail or two and by any number of flags.

SCENE FROM SECOND ACT (STANDARD THEATRE).

The costumes, as has been said, are modern. *Ralph Rackstraw* (the tenor), *Dick Deadeye*, the *Bosen*, and the rest of the crew, are all simply

dressed as sailors. And here it is to be noted that the simpler and the more commonplace the costume, the more humorous seems the fundamental absurdity of the whole thing. *Captain Corcoran* should wear the uniform of a captain in the R. N., but white linen trowsers and any dark blue military coat with brass buttons and gold lace may be made to serve. *Sir Joseph Porter* wears the court dress of a British minister,—pumps, silk stockings, white satin knee-breeches, dark dress-coat embroidered with gold on collar and sleeves; he has an eye-glass and either carries under his arm or puts on a flat-folding court hat, which may perhaps fairly be described as a three-cornered hat with only two corners. *Tom Tucker*, the midshipmite who has nothing at all to say, should be given to the youngest possible boy; he is dressed in dark blue navy suit with a peaked cap and carries a very long telescope under his arm; during the opening chorus, sung while the sailors are at work polishing the brass of the deck, the midshipmite superintends them with an air of authority. *Dick Deadeye*, it may be remarked, ought to be given to a gentleman of tragic aspirations.

The ladies' costumes are equally easily managed. *Josephine*, *Hebe*, and the relatives of *Sir Joseph* all wear the neat dresses a lady naturally would wear on board ship; in England they wore yachting suits of white and blue. In the second act, *Josephine* has a wedding-dress of white. *Little Buttercup* may be played either by a young or old woman, who is attired somewhat in the Mrs. Gamp style, and bears about with her a sort of peddler's basket. But a copy of the "Bab Ballads," illustrated by the author, will give an adequate notion of just what is wanted.

One word more. If "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" is played anywhere by American amateurs, let the authors benefit by it. No honest man will use the labor of others without reward. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have published their work, and it can be taken by any one without money and without price. They have no legal right to demand payment; and the moral right on our part therefore to pay them if we use the result of their toil is but the stronger.

A fee of £5 or $25 would probably seem to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan an adequate reward for any one performance by amateurs. The money might be sent to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, care of Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, London, or to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, care of Metzler & Co., Great Marlborough street, W. London. Money sent this way will do much for international friendship. ARTHUR PENN.

"In Tea-cup Time."

TEA-LOVERS embrace a universal brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity from Elia and his cousin Bridget, who were "old-fashioned enough to drink their hyson unmixed, still, of an afternoon,"—down to Mrs. Gamp, and her familiar, Betsy Prig.

Never was there a period when the five o'clock tea-table and all of its appurtenances played so conspicuous a part in our homes, as now. Belinda and Evelina, exchanging gossip in their sacques and hoops at an eighteenth century kettle-drum, knew not the numberless little contrivances and devices that to-day surround this enticing ante-prandial repast. It is the *fleur fine* of entertainments—a meal so purged of the grosser element that even Lord Byron could not have shuddered to view the fair participants. It is the hour for confidential revealings of the inner self, which break into shy existence as the light of lamp and candles glimmers out upon the fading day. Above all, is it not the supreme moment when woman meets woman for the discussion of their fellow-beings, an operation sometimes resembling the whipping with feathers which befell poor Graciosa at the hands of Grognon's Furies in the ancient fairy tale!

But this delicate and impalpable refection must not by any means be confounded with the tea-table of our aunts and cousins, grandmothers and other relatives, still happily to be enjoyed in rural neighborhoods. Who does not retain a vivid and cheerful recollection of that evening regalement in the country, around a groaning board, where the palate is required to run up the gamut of gustation, from chipped beef to strawberries and cream? The five o'clock tea-table of fashionable society claims but a far-away, fine-lady kinship with its rustic cousin. There is only one feature, indeed, bespeaking relationship between them—and that is the generous nectar whence they take their name.

No doubt the present passion for five o'clock tea is, in some sort, a symptom of the china mania which sits like Atra Cura behind so many saddles nowadays, driving us to rash and desperate lengths. We exhaust time and means in the eager acquisition of —to quote again from the gentle Elia—"those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup." For them we explore every dingy den of a shop to be found anywhere; we coax them from the cupboards of patient spinster aunts; we palpitate for them at auction sales; we amass them by hook or by crook, and then—suffer righteous pangs until our treasures are properly displayed to the eyes of envious friends! There is no limit to the range of our tea-tray collections: they embrace Davenport and Longwy, Crown Derby and Mings, Tokio and Dresden, Minton, Spode and Copeland, Sèvres and Etruria. Cups and saucers of every age and family meet together in the symposia of to-day. And sweeter far than honey of Hymettus is the draught of "English breakfast," sipped by a collector, in the sight of her china-loving friends, from a fragile cup of which she knows no duplicate!

The dainty equipage of porcelain, thus secured, is supplemented by one equally rare and valuable in silver. If you have inherited an old English service, glittering in its purity, and hammered into charming shapes of by-gone art, so much the better. Marshal in array, as only a woman's fingers can, the cheerful hissing urn, the tea-pot, with its queer, little, old-timey strainer hanging to the spout, the liberal dish of sugar lumps, the slender jug (bearing in mind, here, Dr. Holmes's two sprightly maxims: "Cream

is thicker than water," and "Large heart never loved little cream-pot"), the sugar-tongs,—thin, graceful and lustrous, with golden claws,—the spoons worn by years of honorable service, but still sporting half obliterated crests. Forget not the tea-caddy, either antique or modern, on which fashion now lavishes much extravagance. Nor omit the porcelain or silver plates and dishes, bearing wafer-like slices of bread and butter, tiny cakelets, and (if you wish to be truly and indubitably English) a shape of hot buttered muffin bread, not unlike our good old Sally Lunn!

And now for an appropriate support. Happy if ou possess a Chippendale, with its immortal spindle shanks, you may yet rest content with the more ample expanse of a table of smooth and ruddy old Santo Domingo mahogany, claw-footed, and polished to a luster which reflects the flickering shapes of a flaming hickory fire in Walpurgis dance. Women have even been known to survive spreading their afternoon tea upon the ordinary dining-table, reduced in the matter of leaves! The shops are full of trefoil tables too, and the Decorative Art Society is ready with suggestions about their ornamentation and drapery. These latter suffice to hold a tray with two or three cups, but are more frequently used at the elbows of nervous people to whom are tremblingly consigned the egg-shell jewels of the hostess. A glass of violets or forced lilacs, pallid crocuses or heavy-headed, delicate-tinted rose-buds, mingling their fragrance with that of a *pétillant* wood fire upon the tiled hearth, makes a luxurious supplement to the furniture of the trefoil table, sometimes as gorgeous as a cardinal in its drapery of antique lace.

Your table-cloth is a subject for profound consideration, and is susceptible of endless variety. It may be white or *écru*—fringed or frilled with lace. It may be worked all over in sprays of forget-me-not, or bunches of cyclamen or honeysuckle, in crewels, with margin of the same. It may be bordered with Holbein work in scarlet tracery, and there is nothing prettier. Or you may have a square of virgin linen, with inserting and edge of real antique lace. The work in "Old Blue" colors and designs is always cool and crisp-looking.

The use of the tea-cosy, a sort of wadded night-cap for the tea-pot, is an English fashion now prevalent over seas, and deriving its origin from old Scotch and English customs. The tea-cosy, made in silk or satin, worked to match the table cover, is ugly beyond measure, under the most favorable conditions. Some of them bear the embroidered monogram of the hostess. We have seen them made entirely of swan's-down. One could pardon their homeliness, perhaps, in the pleasure of a cup of good tea kept hot by one of them.

More attractive are the tea-gowns, now much in vogue in England. These are graceful *négligé* garments, worn by dwellers in large country houses, and assumed just after removing the walking dress, and preparatory to putting on that intended for dinner. They are ascribed to poor ugly Queen Anne, who surely never affected anything half so coquettish,—a combination of sacque and wrapper, often made of black satin, with blue or cherry bows and rivers of old lace. This toilette, worn with red stockings, high-heeled slippers with huge buckles of *cailloux du Rhin*, lit by wax-lights set in sconces of old English brass, and reflected in a convex mirror high upon a wall hung in Morris's *couleurs tuées*, completes the enchantment wrought by the influence of that favored spot—the five o'clock tea-table.

SACHARISSA.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.—VI.

DUTIES OF A NURSE.

"THAT child is happiest who never had a nursery-maid, only a mother," says Miss Muloch. I think no one will deny this, yet the necessity for hired nurses is a part of the artificial life we all lead. A nurse is the most difficult of servants to find. Many servants are honest, well meaning, capable of being trained for any service except that of nurse. No rough or ignorant woman should be tolerated. I should consider good looks, good accent and manner of speaking desirable, and among the necessary requirements, good health and activity, a cheerful, good-tempered expression of face; for children are imitative, especially of expression. One wants also conscience, taste, gentleness, and supreme neatness. Where will you find all these qualities combined? There is but one resource: the mother must be head nurse herself. She must overlook no short-comings. Health, temper, habits—all are in question. If one is fortunate enough to meet with a sensible woman, she may be made to understand how much the future welfare of the children depends upon her obedience to directions and upon the careful performance of her duties, that the cares of the mother must be seconded by hers, and that the smallest omission may produce bad results—the exchange of a warm garment for a thin one, the leaving off any article of clothing usually worn, etc.

Little children should be made happy, left free from unnecessary checks and restraints, and supplied with occupation. Indeed, occupation is the secret of happiness, whether with children or adults. The law of love should govern the nursery, and not the law of irritation. Blocks, picture-books, threads and needles, round-ended scissors, paper and pencils, chalks, dolls and doll-clothes, are among the accessories of a good nursery. If the nurse has the will she may keep children amused, and if they get the nursery in great confusion it is easily put in order again by a willing and active nurse. No one should take a place as nurse, nor be allowed to keep such place, who has not a natural love of children. A watchful mother can soon judge how worthy the nurse is of her confidence.

It is desirable that the children should play in a different room from that in which they sleep, and that it should contain an open fire of wood or soft coal.

Children are rarely ill tempered, unless made so by others or by sickness and suffering, in which cases it cannot be considered as ill temper. They may be willful, but decision and gentleness will

remedy it. Yielding and coaxing are the great enemies of obedience with children. A nurse should not be allowed to punish a child. If she attempts it, she should be reproved, and if not obedient, dismissed. She should be a light sleeper, ready to wake at the slightest noise, and cheerfully, and should always be within easy hearing distance of a sleeping baby, since a baby may wake and cry on account of discomfort which she could readily remove. No two children should be put to sleep in one bed, nor with the nurse; it is injurious to health. I prefer a nurse not less than 25 nor more than 35, unless she has grown old in the service of the same family—a rare event now.

A nurse should be up early in order to make her fire (unless a housemaid is kept), air the clothes, and have everything ready for her little charges. She should wash and dry them well. A white cotton sheet, for each child to be wrapped in upon being taken out of the bath, is a great safeguard against exposure; a baby should be taken in a blanket. Most mothers would reserve this pleasure and duty of washing the baby for themselves. The windows should be opened, the water and tubs removed, and everything restored to order but the children's beds, which should be left to air for a long time. An India rubber cloth over the little mattresses, with a blanket over it and under the sheet is advisable. Flannel night-gowns are much better for little children than cotton. Nothing should be left in a nursery for a moment which can affect the air. No napkins should be dried in it.

A boy should not be kept in the nursery after five years of age; and a little girl should have her own room, and have a pride in it at as early an age as possible.

Children's meals should not be taken in the nursery if it can be avoided, and the nurse should see that the children are neatly dressed, washed and aproned before sitting down to their meals, and that their aprons are removed and their hands and faces washed after eating.

A nurse should have her work-basket always at hand to make any repairs, but unless under peculiar circumstances (only one child, or a happy, contented baby), she can do little consecutive sewing. If there are many children, and she does her duty faithfully from early morning till her little charges are in bed, she should have rest, and time for reading and for her own sewing. She must have her hours of recreation, and time for her meals, uninterrupted. All this each mother must arrange for herself, but "all work and no play makes" not only "Jack" but the servants "dull."

MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Joseph Cook on "Conscience."*

JOSEPH COOK'S last volume is a strange compound of sound sense and sound without sense. On the whole the book is well worth reading; many true and profound things are forcibly and brilliantly said; and one is filled with amazement on reading some of these vigorous passages, that the mind that conceived them could ever have given vent to such stuff as we find in their vicinity.

Mr. Cook calls his book "Conscience,—with Preludes on Current Events." A conscience with a prelude is a curious piece of psychological property. Whether Mr. Cook's own conscience is of this sort we are not expressly told; but we do not need to be told that his logical faculty is fitted up with some such attachment as this: preludes and postludes, and all sorts of running accompaniments,—arpeggios and trills, and fugues,—abound in connection with his severest thinking. Indeed, certain labored discussions of this book would be well described as examples of logic with variations.

The first chapter, on "Unexplored Remainders in Conscience," though the title does not well describe it, contains an admirable definition of conscience, and a clear showing of its validity and its authority as the central part of our moral nature. The conscience, according to Mr. Cook, is simply "that which perceives and feels rightness and obligatoriness in choices." It is the faculty that tells us that there is a distinction between right and wrong, and that we ought to do the right and shun the wrong. It is the judgment, and not the conscience, which tells us *what* actions are right. The fact that conscience is an original faculty of the soul is here impressively set forth; and the statement of what conscience includes and what it implies is made with great skill and power. There is nothing especially new in this analysis; but Mr. Cook has done philosophy a good service by the felicity and force of his discussion in this chapter. So we may also say, with some qualification, of the chapters on "Matthew Arnold's Views on Conscience," on "Organic Instincts in Conscience," and on "The First Cause as Personal."

But what shall we say of those two tremendous chapters entitled "Solar Self-culture," and the "Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law"? If they were set before us as poetic presentations of some curious analogies between the physical and the moral realms, we might read them with a degree of patience; though even then the way they "prance around among the eternities" would be somewhat startling to minds unfamiliar with the heroic and resounding rhetoric of Tremont Temple. But when these conceits are baptized with the name of science, one hardly knows what response to make. To laugh is not dignified, and

* Conscience,—with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

to argue against such a whirlwind of words is harder than to take up arms against a sea of troubles.

Mr. Cook's definition of solar light is borrowed from Dante:

> "She smiled so joyously
> That God seemed in her countenance to rejoice."

"Its specific difference from every other light," he says, "is that in it God seems to overawe beholders and to rejoice. It is scientifically incontrovertible that there is sometimes seen such a light in the present world. * * * This mysteriously commanding and glad light is to be distinguished from merely æsthetic or intellectual luminousness in the countenance by a peculiar moral authority, incisive regnancy, and unforced elateness, bliss and awe."

Into this "whole topic of solar self-culture," Mr. Cook now exhorts his readers to look, "through the lenses of the coolest inductive research. Put aside all mysticism," he cries; "build only on the granite of the scientific method." And this is the way he goes at it:

"1. There is sometimes in the face a solar look. 2. There is sometimes in the face an earthy look."

And so on. But what under the sun is a solar look? And what on earth is an earthy look? These definitions that we have quoted above—the lines from Dante, the rhetorical sentences from Mr. Cook—do they give us a clear and unfailing description by which we may know either of these looks when we happen to see it? It is quite true that we sometimes see a bright and happy and confident look on the faces of good people. But it is equally true that we often see on the faces of people who are the reverse of good a look that neither Mr. Cook nor any one of his applauding auditors can distinguish from this "solar" look. Mr. Cook ought to be told by some good friend that he is simply making himself ridiculous when he keeps using metaphysical propositions containing such physical terms as "solar" and "earthy,"—terms that are thus used are utterly metaphorical,—terms that are defined only in the loosest manner, and that cannot, in this use, be defined so as to convey any precise idea to the mind—and still keeps loudly asserting that this theory is built "only on the granite of the scientific method." There is scarcely a sentence in this whole lecture in which words are not used in highly metaphorical, or even hyperbolical, senses. These words kindle and please the imagination, but to insist that the propositions of which they are the principal terms are scientific propositions, and to claim for them the respect and authority belonging to science is an aggravated instance of obtaining credit on false pretenses. "Activity of the upper zones of feeling is what causes this peculiar light." Is that a scientific statement? "Men may be made of floss-silk, and have æsthetic luminousness in their faces, and yet no solar light." Is that a scientific proposition? "The intellectual, the æsthetic, the executive, and all other light combined, quail, other things being equal, before the solar light." Is this science? Where is the definition of intellectual light, or æsthetic light, or executive light? Precisely what are they? Mr. Cook is talking about subjects that neither he nor any of his auditors has anything more than a vague, undefined notion of. He is using terms to which no precise meaning can be attached, yet he will keep saying that all this is the result of the coolest and most incontestable science.

So in the next chapter, on "The Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law." The chief propositions of this chapter are these: that "the gestures prompted by the blissful supremacy of conscience have their general direction upward," and that "the gestures prompted by the opposite relations to conscience have their general direction downward." It is also asserted that the state of conscience which produces these upward gestures is accompanied "by a sense of repose, of unfettered elasticity, and of a tendency to physical levitation," and that a disapproving conscience produces the opposite effects, among them "a tendency to delevitation." The gist of the chapter is that the bodies of good men ought to weigh less than bodies of bad men of the same bulk. Mr. Cook is careful not to say that they do weigh less, but he declares that we have "a sense of a tendency"—whatever that may be—to weigh less when we are good than when we are bad. "All the common instincts" and beliefs approve the theory of physical levitation; many of the painters have made pictures of levitated bodies; Shakspere talks of the "heaviness" of guilt; Professor Crookes has collected statistics of the "names, country, condition, and date of life of forty levitated persons," and while Mr. Cook thinks it very doubtful whether we can now demonstrate "that physical levitation has occurred under the eyes of experts," yet he does assert that "a physical tendency to levitation is a matter worth investigation." Well, then, why not investigate it before lecturing about it? If this is a natural law, then it operates uniformly, and its operation can be tested. When a man is converted, his conscience ceases to be a "disapproving" and becomes an "approving" conscience. It is very easy to find out whether the weight of his body has diminished in the process. If this "levitating tendency" of which Mr. Cook is talking is a scientific fact, if it is anything more than a fanciful figure of speech, so radical a change as that which takes place at conversion ought to be easily detected by any ordinary steelyards. When people come away from Mr. Cook's lectures they are said to be in much loftier "states of moral elevation" than when they go in. How easy it would be to weigh them all as they enter, and again as they depart, and thus obtain some really scientific proof not only of the truth of this theory, but of the elevating tendency of this lectureship!

But the supreme result of these two theories of Mr. Cook is seen in their application to theology. By his theory of "solar light" he explains the transfiguration of Christ, and by his theory of "levitation," the ascension. At the vestibule of

the temple that he is building, he says he wishes "to erect two pillars—two glorious marble shafts, if you please to look on them as I do, facts of science making them glorious—two columns, one on either side the door, Solar Light and Moral Gravitation. *Both are physical facts.* Both we can touch in the lower flutings of the shafts, and we know by the argument of approach and by the whole scheme of analogical reasoning, that if the solar light were covered up to its loftiest capacity, it might, at its summit, have the Transfiguration; and if the laws of moral gravitation are examined, and we ascend them to the highest point to which analogy can take us up, we may, without violating by the breadth of a hair scientific accuracy, find there the Ascension." If the "finest intellectual culture" of Boston and New England had not broken forth at this point in "applause," we should have known what to say about this passage. As it is, we must be dumb, but nobody can forbid our thinking that it runs perilously near the line that divides blasphemy from bosh. Which side of the line it is on we have not yet been able to make out.

Hardy's "Return of the Native," and Black's "Macleod of Dare."*

WHAT strikes one first in this latest book from a novelist whose position is assured is the preponderance of descriptive parts over every other. The landscape painter is abroad in Thomas Hardy's work. He describes Egdon Heath, the scene of his novel, with the breadth of view we find in the French landscapists, and, not content with that, speaks of the minute things which compose the landscape of the Heath with some of the circumstance of a Pre-Raphaelite. The easiest of all criticisms to make on "The Return of the Native" is that it is too prolix; yet merely to say that would be far from just. The prolixity is intentional and ranks it with a certain kind of novel that ought not to be confounded with other varieties. The reader must understand once for all that there is to be no hurry and no skipping; the current of the story moves on as slowly as a weed-encumbered stream, or as slowly as the furze-cutters move who figure in it. A serious fault on the other hand cannot be denied. Hardy is not content with one good forcible and new simile, but must give half a dozen.

Nor will one description do for a certain point; it must be viewed in another way. Like Browning in poetry he attacks the same thing again and again. The result is a wordiness, an apparent straining after strength and wealth of simile, which harms the book much more than the mere clogging of the current of the plot. Of this latter there is naturally little. The mind that dallies with particulars so lovingly is seldom if ever capable of managing an effective plot. Where the drama does come in and the tragic point is reached the author must be convicted of unnaturalness and want of ease. In this particular he may be compared disadvantageously with William Black, a comparison lying ready to hand, from the fact that "Macleod of Dare," one of Black's very best efforts, has been coming out as a serial side by side with "The Return of the Native" in "Harper's Magazine." Black, too, is celebrated for his descriptive scenes; but to our thinking his landscape painting is crude compared to that of Hardy. While he is not quite so redundant in that particular, he wants Hardy's depth and feeling. But as to plot, if comparison is made between their two latest novels, Black is the stronger.

At first blush there seems more diversity between these two than really exists. Both undoubtedly make their books too long, but Hardy will be more generally accused of padding than Black. Yet after the first mannerism of Hardy has worn off and the reader is willing to give to his wordy paragraphs all the time this writer demands, there remains behind a quality greater and more charming than that which Black can show. To speak of the parts relating to nature merely, one has only to compare the loving descriptions of Egdon Heath in the present novel, the way in which Hardy interests one in the small particulars of the scene, with Black's rather violent theatrical descriptions of the landscape of the Hebrides. Hardy gains immensely by restricting himself to the compass of a little heath district in Wessex, while Black, with his cruisings about from London to Mull, loses far more than he gains by the comparatively rapid change of scene. And to speak of the human parts also: there Hardy shows at least on one side a superiority, as will be seen on comparing the despair and tragic death of Mrs. Yeobright with the catastrophe of Macleod of Dare. The truth of Mrs. Yeobright's distress shows far higher powers in their limited way than the theatrical ravings of Macleod, which are as faulty in their literary style as they are unreal to nature. Neither writer may be said to know exactly when or how to stop, but of the two Black is decidedly the weaker in his catastrophes.

"The Return of the Native" has this more in its likeness to Browning's style in poetry: one can read it again with pleasure, although the fortunes of the actors are known; indeed, their fortunes have comparatively little to do with the charm of the book. For this one reason it makes a good serial, because, pick it up where you will, there are thoughtful passages, phrases of great cleverness, piquant expressions that no one else uses and that urge one to make a better acquaintance with the writer. On the other hand, "tableaux," situations managed so as to whet the reader's interest in the plot, are entirely lacking, and that makes the book one which editors of magazines might hesitate to use. Hardy's old liking for rustics who are strangely like Shakspere's clowns remains; Grandfer Cantle is a most sprightly ancient body, whose irrepressible good spirits are frowned upon by his rural comrades as being derogatory to their pride in his great age. He is a delightful old idiot who will not be solemn and patriarchal, say what they will. His ninny of

* The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc., etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Macleod of Dare. By William Black. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

a son is admirable. The Shaksperian talk of these dwellers on Egdon Heath is said to be quite true to life. As to the main figure of the book—Eustacia Vye—she is of an excellence that throws other heroines into the shade. Like the Trojan ancients before Helen of Troy, we understand how men are infatuated with her despite her manifest naughtiness, and are forced to lament the fate that such conduct brings in its wake. Black's Sheila, in the "Princess of Thule," is a lay figure to her. In fine, the novel has such excellent qualities that one feels that here is an author who has wasted great gifts, perhaps a great name in literature, for the present advantages that come with the writing of a book of regulation length, calculated more for the demands of a three-volume public than for enduring fame.

Drone on Copyright.*

LITERARY property and the rights, natural and legal, of authors, have caused considerable discussion of late, and the subject is one of growing interest. The frequent recrimination and bickering resulting from the absence of an international copyright convention between Great Britain and the United States,—the only two great nations the world has ever seen, which speak each other's language and read each other's books; the many cases decided of late in our courts as to the rights of foreign dramatists in this country; the publication of Mr. James Appleton Morgan's comprehensive volumes on the "Law of Literature;" the articles of Mr. Drone himself in this magazine and elsewhere; the recent clear and convincing report of the British Royal Commission on Copyright; the great gathering of literary men in Paris during the Exposition last summer,—all these circumstances show a wide-spread public interest in the subject, and if examined closely they seem to point toward a general revision of literary legislation at no distant date.

In any such revolution Mr. Drone's work will not be an unimportant factor. The book before us is a simple and direct treatise on the law governing intellectual productions as it ought to be and as it is. Mr. Drone has no slavish reverence for precedents; he reverses decisions right and left; and here—although he is always careful to show just what has been held, however absurd he may deem it—is the weak spot of the book. For practical purposes there seems to be somewhat too much of mere theory opposed to judicial declarations. Much of Mr. Drone's book is an argument—a well-considered and ably written argument—for an inherent common law right to the perpetual ownership of his works by an author and his successors whoever they may be, after whatsoever lapse of time. The weight of opinion, legal and lay, outside of the Latin countries, is wholly against this. Macaulay was not a great lawyer nor did he perhaps as a thinker get much below the surface, but on this subject he was on the right side. The British copyright commission made a practical suggestion—that copyright should run for the life of the author and thirty years after; and this seems as equitable as any term which may be arrived at. The perpetuity of copyright runs altogether contrary to generally received ideas of public policy, and stands, therefore, no chance of acceptance. But the advocacy of this theory only injures Mr. Drone's book by undue expansion; as we have said before, he is careful to state what the actual decisions are, however opposed they may be to his own views. In only one instance, indeed, have we noticed that Mr. Drone makes an assertion without citing a case. In discussing (p. 232) the joint working of native and foreign authors, he says that if the parts of each in the joint work cannot be separated, "it would seem that copyright will not vest in any of it." It is difficult to see why a native author who has collaborated in good faith with a foreigner should by that fact be deprived of the protection of the law.

This, however, is but a trifle. In general, both the manner and the matter of Mr. Drone's book are worthy of all praise. It is pleasant to see that he gives no support to the phrase "property in ideas" used by Mr. A. G. Sedgwick in a recent article in the "Atlantic" on "International Copyright by Judicial Decision." There is no such thing as individual "property in ideas" which are the property of mankind. The author's right is to the order of words—not to the words or to the ideas, but in the combination of the words, as Erle, J. held in Jefferys *v.* Boosey (cited by Mr. Drone, p. 5, note 3). And Mr. Drone also repudiates (p. 566) the theory that a play may be reproduced by any one who may be able to carry it away in his memory.

Mr. Drone has chosen to call a dramatist's control over the acting of his piece, "play right." This is an awkward word, because of its identity in sound to "playwright," and it is to be noted as an evidence of the needless confusion the use of this word would occasion, that in some of the publishers' advertisements this very book was declared to contain a discussion of "copyright and playwright." Mr. Charles Reade's word "stage-right," which is gradually coming into general use, is at once free from this objection and more expressive.

The book is well made, and has an ample and accurate index, and closes with a careful collection of statutes, British and American. We have noticed but two misprints: Coleman for Colman (p. 555 *et seq.*) and 1862 for 1872 (18th line of p. 476).

"The Trip to England." By William Winter.*

MR. WINTER, gifted with a highly sensitive and poetic temperament, and received in England with "surprising kindness," could not write otherwise than he has in his prettily printed *brochure*, "The Trip to England." His book is delightful reading.

* A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States, embracing Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, and Playright in Dramatic and Musical Compositions. By Eaton S. Drone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

* The Trip to England. By William Winter. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. pp. 115. Printed by Francis Hart & Co., New York.

The enthusiasm of a child over a new and charming toy is infectious with all healthful natures; and he must be dull indeed who fails to sympathize with the fresh ardor with which Mr. Winter describes the sights and sensations of a voyage across the Atlantic. It is not that he has a new way of telling an old, old story that we read his pages with a sense of enjoyment: it is because of his utter disregard of the fact that millions of men and women have had his experience, and that hundreds and thousands of them have duly recorded all that they felt and saw and heard. But no human being can see, or hear, or feel for another, and Mr. Winter's sensations are as novel to him as though he were the first man who ever crossed the raging main. The loving lingering with which he touches his chapter of personal experiences is not egotistical. It is the unconscious expression of a great and overmastering delight—a delight in which all mankind must share.

We cannot fairly expect from even an enthusiast any very close and minute views of England. There are glimpses given of green fields, blossoming hedge-rows, stately elms, ivy-mantled towers and blue skies with argosies of floating clouds. Everything is touched with the divine radiance of a sun that shone on Chaucer, Shakspere, and the kings and queens of English history and literature. We take brief but not hurried views of the beautiful and memorable things. We see England only as a gentlemanly poet ought to see it; and we come away regretting that our lot is cast in a land which has no atmosphere, no perspective, no past. Possibly, with the poetic tourist, lingering over the hallowed places of London, we may be irked to think that "the cab-drivers in Kensington may neither regard, nor even notice, the house in which Thackeray lived and died," or that "the shop-keepers of Old Bond street may, perhaps, neither know nor care that this famous thoroughfare witnessed the death of Lawrence Sterne." And we may greatly wonder that people can be privileged to live in London and yet "never think of Will's Coffee-house, and Dryden, or Button's and Addison, as they pass the sites of those vanished haunts of wit and revelry in the days of Queen Anne." The glamour and mist of the past cover all these historic spots, and the imaginative scholar or artist must needs pause and sigh and clasp his hands in silent ecstasy as, after years of longing, he stands upon them. It is a delicious view of England which this poet takes. It is the noble, hospitable, merry, romance-haunted England of our fathers—the England which we know in song and story. We will not seek to cast a shadow over the lovely vision nor too curiously descend into the cool valleys which lie among the sunny places of the enchanted land.

Alexander Wilson's Ornithology.

HAPPY is that ornithologist whose early fondness for birds was intensified, and early studies guided, by reading Alexander Wilson's "Natural History of the Birds of the United States." Wilson's poetic temperament, less extravagant than the somewhat furious zeal of Audubon, gave him an insight into the real meaning of bird-life, taught him the beautiful spirit which animates the feathered breast, and so lent that wonderful charm to his graceful sketches which mere accuracy of observation and elegance of language would never have sufficed to give. It is therefore with pleasure that the naturalist hails anything which tends to make more accessible and widely disseminated the history of our birds which Wilson wrote. Since, in 1812, the magnificent folios, colored by the author's own pencil, were distributed to the subscribers, not a few editions of small size and price have been issued here and in Europe, with the plates represented by wood-cuts. In this respect, Wilson has fared far better than Audubon, whose Ornithology is still so costly as to be out of reach of most lovers of birds. And now we have from the presses of Messrs. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, another reprint, this time following Ord's edition of Wilson with Prince Bonaparte's additions, which the same firm issued in four volumes, with a splendid folio atlas of colored plates, several years ago. That cost $100, and the present claims to be an exact reproduction, minus the colored plates, and bound into one large octavo of 400 pages, elegantly printed and tastefully bound. Besides the Ornithologies of Wilson and Bonaparte, the book contains Ord's brief but excellent biography of Wilson, including a large number of his letters, and a catalogue of American birds.

Upon the accuracy or pleasant presentation of all this, we can offer no criticism; but we cannot help expressing a regret that the publishers should have considered it wise to have stopped so far short of what might have been a great success. For the price which is charged for this book it is feasible to buy all of Wilson's text (possibly Bonaparte's, too,—the latter doesn't much matter) and these same wood-cut illustrations. Any new reprint of his work, therefore, unless it could have been sold lower than a dollar, was not needed, and we fear will not prove remunerative. No one now reads Wilson as a study of ornithological science, because the advance which our information has made since his day has left him too far behind. But it would have been a real service to ornithology, and undoubtedly a more profitable undertaking, had the publishers seen fit to have given us an authentic edition of Bonaparte and Wilson, revised to date. By means of concise foot-notes, or otherwise, the progress in the knowledge of American birds made since Wilson's time could easily have been indicated, and the young student thus put in possession of a manual which should have been at least a trusty guide-board to his future inquiries. Dr. Brewer did this, and did it well, in an edition brought out by him in 1840. As it is, Wilson's short-comings are not supplemented, his errors—and he made them—are uncorrected, and his many excellences unnoted. Even the "Catalogue of North American Birds," which is the only attempt made in this direction, is worse than nothing, for though it was well enough in the former edition, it is obsolete now. Ornithology has undergone a radical regeneration during the last

twenty years. As a fine reprint of an American classic, which for its loving appreciation of nature and its pure English everybody ought to read, the present volume, though unwieldy, is to be recommended; but as an addition to the ornithological literature of the United States, it simply represents an opportunity thrown away.

Colonel Waring's "Typhoid and its Causes."*

A CONCISE *résumé* of the facts so ably discussed in this little pamphlet may prove of such vital importance to fever-haunted districts that no apology need be offered for submitting them. As with meningitis, scarlet fever and diphtheria, a disregard of the laws of health in regard to sewage, etc., conduces alike to the spread of the deadly typhoid poison and supplies the conditions for its reception. The air we breathe and the water we drink, if tainted, not only carry with them the living germ of the disease, but they at the same time so lower the tone of the system that that deadly seed shall take root, develop and bear its fruit of suffering and death. Typhoid is a disease of the alimentary canal, and that presents the only surface susceptible of attack. Each case is derived (almost if not quite always) from a previous one, and the poison by which it is transmitted exists in the dejecta of a typhoid patient, but only becomes active when it undergoes decomposition without sufficient oxygen. Too great care cannot be taken in the disposition of that poisonous matter.

The water which lies in the waste-pipe traps of a hundred dwellings may become poisoned from the common cess-pool, and the *contagium* contributed by a single typhoid patient exhale poison through a hundred families. This poison possesses exceeding vitality; it may be carried miles by a running stream, it can be absorbed and exhaled by standing water, it is retained for a great while by clothes saturated with it, and then develops in the most virulent manner upon exposure. Perfect cleanliness, good drainage with sewage pipes closed by mechanical contrivances and not merely by traps, pure air, and water safe against possible contamination, together with strict adherence to hygiene in the persons exposed, will almost certainly and immediately stamp out the disease where it appears, and usually when constantly practiced prevent its appearance.

* Fiske Fund Prize Essay. The Causation of Typhoid Fever. By George E. Waring, Jr. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Lewis Sargeant's "New Greece."*

AMONG the books hastily called forth by the Eastern Question is Mr. Sargeant's "New Greece." The author is a strong Philhellene. He justly arraigns the policy of England in regard to Greece, and points to the flattering hopes she held out and the promises she broke; he justly attacks Lord Beaconsfield and England for their breach of faith in the Berlin Congress. He proves beyond a doubt that Greece, against her own interests, was induced by England to hold aloof from attacking Turkey and then left out in the cold. But his argument that it would be for England's advantage to raise Greece to the position of a first-class power in the East is by no means conclusive. On the contrary, it is questionable whether it would not be more advantageous that Russia should occupy Constantinople than that Greece should hold all the coast of the Ægean, for Russia is not a naval power, while Greece would soon threaten England's supremacy as Queen of the Seas.

The first part of "New Greece" consists of a summary of the present condition of education, literature, commerce, finance, manufactories and agriculture in Greece, but unfortunately Mr. Sargeant has drawn his information largely from the beautifully printed but untrustworthy book by Moraitinis, and the statistics must therefore be received with caution. In spite of the bright picture painted by our author, it is doubtful if Greece is at present much better off than she was a century ago under the Turks. The second part is a brief history of the country since the Revolution of 1821, and being founded on the faithful works of Finlay and Gervinus, it can be accepted without question. The book is furnished with an incomplete index and two large but poor maps.

"Under the Empire." †

"UNDER the Empire" is no more than its preface claims: "A trifle, confusedly sensational in name and structure." The plot is simple and natural, the style dramatic, the sentiment though not pointing a moral is healthy, and it has the merit of being interesting. A half-hour spent upon it would not be lost.

* New Greece. By Lewis Sargeant. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. London, Paris, and New York.

† Under the Empire; or, The Story of Madelon. By J. B. H. Norfolk, Va.: James Barron Hope & Co.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Lighted Buoys.

BUOYS having whistles or horns that sound continuously as they float are already in use, and it is now proposed to light such floating beacons at night so that they may serve as miniature light-houses. From the experiments that have been made, it appears that gas can be successfully employed for this purpose. The buoy itself is designed to be filled with compressed gas, and at the top, above the water, is placed a suitable lantern containing a single fish-tail burner that once lighted burns steadily for several weeks, or till the gas is exhausted. To accomplish this a rich, fatty gas, distilled from shale oil or fatty material, is compressed in the buoy to a pressure of from five to six atmospheres. A suitable regulator for reducing the

pressure of the gas before it passes to the lamp is provided, and above this is the lantern. Such a buoy of the ordinary shape and size has been put to a severe trial on an exposed coast for several weeks, and has maintained its light day and night through all weathers. Such buoys once charged and lighted are estimated to give a light visible in clear nights for a distance of four miles for about ninety days without attention or renewal. Other experiments in this field, though in another direction, have been recently tried. A Ruhmkorff coil and vacuum tube or globe are placed in a lantern on top of the buoy, and below, suspended in the sea water, is a battery made by fastening together a large zinc and carbon plate. Wires from this battery pass up to the primary circuit of the induction coil and the secondary current becomes visible in the vacuum tube. The light is comparatively faint, and is only visible at night, yet is sufficient to warn passing vessels and prevent them from running the buoys down, as sometimes happens on dark nights. The light is said to remain constant till the battery is consumed, and from the experiments already made it is thought good practical results may soon be obtained.

Preservation of Wood.

Two new processes in the preservation of wood are reported. In one a boiler is prepared, and in this are placed iron gratings on which the pieces of wood may be placed, care being taken in loading up the boiler to keep each piece of timber separate from the others. Water is then placed in a second boiler and raised to a temperature of 113° Fahr. when the following chemicals are added in these proportions: sulphate of zinc, 55 kilograms; American potash, 22 kilos; American alum, 44 kilos; oxide of manganese, 22 to each 55 kilos of water. When these have dissolved, sulphuric acid of 60°, in the proportion of 22 kilos, may be slowly added till the mass is well saturated. This mixture is then placed in the boiler containing the wood till the wood is covered, when the whole is boiled for three hours. The wood is then taken out and laid on wooden gratings to dry and harden. Wood treated by this process is said to become partially petrified and able to resist fire successfully, only charring slowly under intense heat. The second process is cheaper and much more simple. Timber is placed in pits and covered with quicklime, and the lime is then slowly slaked with water. The timber is then left undisturbed for eight days. Wooden sleepers thus treated are reported to become very hard, tough and durable while retaining all their strength and elasticity.

Economy of Fuel.

VERY many appliances designed to heat the water intended for steam boilers by means of the waste heat of the fires, or waste steam, are in use through the country. These feed-water heaters vary greatly both in construction and economy, but the least valuable is better than none at all. Among the latest and cheapest of these heaters is one designed to save the heat that usually escapes up the chimney, and thus to carry the economy of the fuel to a still greater refinement. In erecting the stack a long and narrow chamber of brick-work is placed beside the stack, and resting on iron beams at a convenient height above the ground, and between the furnaces and the stack. This chamber opens into the chimney at one end, and is connected with the flues from the fires at the other end, the outlet to the stack being somewhat higher than the other entrance or inlet. Within this chamber are placed a number of upright wrought iron pipes connected at top and bottom by a series of horizontal pipes, the entire system of pipes resting on brackets on the sides of the chamber, and extending through the roof to allow for expansion when heated. Iron scrapers arranged in groups are suspended by chains among the vertical pipes, and by means of a windlass on the roof of the chamber all the scrapers can be raised and lowered at once for the purpose of cleaning the pipes from soot and dust. The cold water for the boilers is admitted at the bottom of this system of pipes on the side furthest removed from the fires. The outlet is placed at the top next the fire, where a safety valve is provided to permit the escape of steam, should it form in the pipes, or to relieve the pressure caused by the expansion of the water. Below the chamber is a pit for collecting the dust brushed off by the scrapers, and by means of outlets the contents may be shot into carts below as often as may be desired. It will be seen that this simple appliance saves the heat usually quite thrown away into the air through the chimney. The spaces about the pipes are sufficient to keep up the draft, and as the pipes are kept clean without opening the chambers, it will continue its work without repair or attention for a long time. This form of feed-water heater has been tried with success in a large sugar refinery, and is reported to supply feed water ready for the boiler at a temperature of 300° Fahr., at an estimated economy of twenty per cent. in the fuel, and as this is obtained from heat otherwise wasted it represents a clear gain.

Butter Package for Export.

THE rapidly growing demand for butter for export has led to the invention of a number of packing devices for preserving the butter in warm climates. One of the best of these was described here recently. Another form of package reported to give good results consists of a strong wooden box, a pail with a double wooden cover and handle. Within this is placed a stone-ware "crock," or jar, in which the butter is placed. The box is somewhat larger than the crock, so that there is an air-space on every side. The crock is fastened into the box, no filling being required to prevent injury from breakage.

The Pedo-Motor.

FROM the parlor or roller skate has been evolved a curious device called a pedo-motor. The appara-

tus is practically a sandal shod with wheels and is designed to assist the lame and halt in walking and the ordinary walker in making good time. The sandal is provided with four wooden wheels bound with rubber, two on each side, and when strapped to the boot gives the wearer a firm footing. From the toe projects a point, or supplementary toe, shod with rubber, and at the heel is a similar projection almost touching the ground and shod with leather. In using these wheeled sandals the ordinary walking step is taken, one foot giving the body a slight push with the pusher, or toe, while the other foot rests flat on the four wheels. The result obtained is a greatly lengthened stride as the sandal rolls forward under the influence of the push and the walker practically gets over much more ground and with less exertion than in ordinary shoes. The pedomotor is reported to give a good walker a speed of twelve miles an hour over good sidewalks, and while the apparatus may be regarded as a mechanical curiosity, it is worthy some attention on account of its promises for the future. The roller skate was the result of innumerable inventions and patents before it was perfected, and, in like manner, this wheeled sandal may lead in time to something of value.

Preservation of Iron.

THE Barff process of producing an inoxidizing film on the surface of iron has already been described in this department, and as often happens, the original process has led to the development of others. By one of these new processes good results have been obtained at a much less cost. An air-tight cylinder, presumably of iron, is placed in a furnace where it can be raised to a high temperature. The iron articles to be bronzed, or covered with the film of oxide, are placed in the cylinder and the ends are closed by means of riveted plates. Through one of these is passed the pipe for the admission of the dry steam. At the other end are three openings, into one of which is placed a thermometer to give the interior temperature, while the other openings have valves for the escape of the surplus steam and the water of condensation. In operation the cylinder is raised to a temperation of 930° Fahr., and steam under a pressure of two and a half atmospheres, or a temperate of 644° Fahr., is admitted to the heated cylinder for five hours. The iron articles are then found to be covered with a firmly adhering film, or bronzing, of a greenish-black color. Still later experiments show that hot air may be substituted for the steam in this process. A coil of pipe, open at the lower end, ascends gradually through a chamber heated to 248° Fahr. and then enters the cylinder. The escape valve is modified somewhat to permit only a slow current of air to pass and the pressure within the cylinder is kept slightly above one atmosphere. Iron articles bronzed in hot air have been exposed to the weather for a month without injury. The process is regarded as a success, and is about to be applied upon a large scale in a manufactory of gun-barrels. Another and much more simple method of protecting small iron articles is announced. The iron to be protected is painted with or dipped in a mixture of borate of lead, containing a little cuprious platinum in solution and having bright scales of precipitated platinum in suspension. The articles are then brought to red heat when the mixture fuses and covers them with a gray glassy film that will resist sewer gas, weak acids and alkalies and the heat of a range. The process is reported to be much cheaper than painting or plating.

Inlaying Wood by Compression.

A METHOD of producing inlaid wood for ornamental purposes by compression has been recently tried with success. A veneer of some soft wood is laid over a board of hard wood of a contrasting color and the two are firmly glued together and dried. The two pieces are then steamed till softened, and a sheet of zinc, cut out as a stencil in some ornamental pattern, is laid over the veneer, and while the wood is still soft, the whole is passed between heavy rollers. The pressure forces the zinc into the veneer, pressing it into the backing below. The soft veneer swells up through the openings in the zinc plate, and in this manner the pattern is reproduced in relief on the wood. The plate comes off easily and it is then only necessary to plane down the veneer till the hard wood is reached. This method of compressing one wood into another is reported to give a smooth unbroken surface with clearly defined lines between the two woods.

Stone Planing Machine.

A MACHINE for planing granite and other hard stones has been brought out that promises to prove of value in reducing the cost of preparing building stones. It consists of an oblong frame of iron, supported at the corners, and carrying a movable platten, somewhat after the manner of iron planing machines. On this is placed a strong head-piece or tool holder, and by means of a system of long pulleys and corresponding belts, power may be brought to the tool whatever its position during the work. The block of granite to be planed is placed on a hand-truck and rolled under the machine and raised by means of jack-screws to the proper level for the work. The revolution of the cutting tool planes down the stone at about the pace of the iron planers, and performs the work in a manner fully equal to hand labor. The tool is fed to the work by hand, one man being sufficient for all the work.

Paper for Roofing Domes.

To reduce the weight of an observatory dome recently erected, and thus to economize the power needed to revolve it, the experiment of roofing it with paper was tried with entire success. The frame of the dome was made of wood in the lightest manner consistent with strength. Strips of a tough paper, such as is used in boat building, were laid over the frame-work, carefully fastened down and thoroughly painted. This paper roof is about four millimeters thick, and is strong, hard and apparently able to withstand the weather for an indefinite time.

The dome is 9.84 meters (31 feet) in diameter, and weighs something less than 2,000 kilos, and may be easily moved on its rollers by hand.

Dental Drill Stop-motion.

THE use of power drills in dental surgery has been attended by one inconvenience occasioned by the continuous motion of the drill. The teeth are cut too deeply before the operator is aware or can stop the work by removing the drill, or shutting off the power at its source. To prevent this, a simple form of stop-motion has been introduced. The holder used to carry the drill and protect the hand from the motion of the flexible shaft is provided with a clutch just below the drill and inside the holder. This is kept in connection with the revolving shaft by a spring, and by means of a button projecting through the side of the holder and in reach of the forefinger it may be thrown out of gear at will. A very slight movement of the finger serves to stop or start the drill without stopping the engine. The drills may also be changed in the same manner without stopping the power.

Apparatus for Signaling by Means of a Heliotrope.

THE use of a small mirror mounted on bearings that give it two motions, vertical and horizontal, in signaling from place to place by means of reflected sunlight, is already familiar in surveying. A simple apparatus for obtaining a correct sight in this work may prove of value, not only in surveys, but in telegraphing from distant points. A strip of wood of convenient width and thickness, and from 50 to 100 centimeters long has secured to each end upright screens of wood, each having a hole about 25 millimeters in diameter bored through the center. To get these holes in line it is best to lay one screen over the other and bore both holes at once. Fine wires are then drawn across each hole at right angles (vertical and horizontal) and secured in place. A sight is then taken through the holes at the distant station where the signals are to be sent, and when the two sets of wires are in line, the apparatus is secured in that position. The heliotrope is then arranged to throw a beam of light through both holes, when it will be visible at the distant station. Such an apparatus has been used without the aid of glasses for a distance of thirty miles, and with a telescope, the "day star" has been seen a distance of 100 miles across Lake Superior, though the distant shore could not be seen by the observer. The Morse alphabet is used in telegraphing with this apparatus, but in surveying a shorter code is found to answer all requirements.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

An Interview with a Poet of the Future.

I HAD an interview not long since with a poet of the future. He kept a book-stall and peddled "The New York Weekly" to dyspeptic school-girls. But he had a soul; and he was possessed by an idea.

Meeting him and coming to know him I grew interested in his soul, and so I seek here to set forth his idea.

He was not beautiful. He was no Antinoüs. He was no Apollo. He was no operatic tenor. He was rather plain. He was short, not to say squat. He was stout, not to say fat. He was round, not to say globular. And yet he had a soul and an idea, and he was a poet of the future.

For the present he had a great contempt, and I fear the feeling was mutual, as he never by any accident succeeded in disposing of any of his poetic wares.

I went to his stall one day and fell into conversation with him. I say "fell" advisedly, for his talk was so deep I could not always touch bottom. But these more incomprehensible parts of his discourse I consequently remember but ill, and shall not attempt to set down.

I happened accidentally to make a remark about the remarkable properties of the number nine. I do not know just why I made the remark, but make it I did. And it set him off.

He coughed gently, and said:

"Nine is scarcely as queer or as weird as seven. I have begun a poem on Seven——"

I remembered that Wordsworth had done the same, but I held my peace.

He continued:

"Here is the first stanza:

> "Seven was the sacred number
> Of the ancient Greeks,
> Seven were the men whose slumber
> Lasted many weeks."

He paused for a moment, and said, with a sigh: "That is not all, but it is as far as I have got."

"You find poetry a severe task?" I asked.

"I do, I do!" he answered, with noble enthusiasm. "But I lisp in numbers, for the numbers come. A similar remark was made by one of the poets of the old school. Numbers indeed have a singular fascination for me. Number three, for instance; I have another poem on that. Here it is:

> "Number three was weird and mystic
> As you learn from this artistic
> Distich."

I did not like to tell him that a three-line poem was hardly a distich, especially when he drew my attention to the identity existing between the number of the lines and the subject of the poem.

"These two poems form part of my 'Book of Numbers,'" he said.

EASTER.

PRAGMATIC OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Look-a-here, conductor, how can you expect me to sit a little closer with my pockets full of eggs?"

"A dream-book?" I asked, irreverently.

"Yes, sir, the book of a poet's dreams—the execution and exemplification of my idea."

I asked him what the idea was.

"It is contained in two words," he said, "in two words—Comprehensiveness and Condensation."

I asked for further explanation, which he willingly granted.

"All modern poetry is too diffuse—it lacks condensation. And all modern poetry is simple—it lacks comprehensiveness. I write in a condensed form for readers of comprehension. Thus, here is an epic of mine."

I trembled as he took down a roll of MS. An epic—and in warm weather! I began to fear I had erred in my temerity. But his first words re-assured me.

"My epic is an illustration of my theory of condensation and comprehensiveness. It is four lines long, and yet it comprehends the sum of two lives."

And he read, with great impressiveness:

THE EPIC OF THE SEASONS.

"He had met her in the spring-time, when the early buds appear;
He had courted her in summer, when the gayest flowers are here;
He had married her in autumn, when the falling leaf is sere;
And he buried her in winter, when the trees were bare and drear."

I acknowledged that this was comprehensive—with a vengeance.

"It is comprehensive, but it is not as condensed as I should like. The lines are too long. It is too diffuse in its versification. I have improved on it in other poems. Here is a sonnet of mine, which I think is a novelty. Do you know the rules of the sonnet?"

I confessed to some familiarity with them.

"Then you know the sonnet consists of fourteen lines. Now my sonnet consists of fourteen words, and each of the fourteen words is a monosyllable."

I told him that this seemed to be comprehensiveness and condensation raised to the n^{th} power, and I asked for a sight of the quatorzain.

Then he read it to me, with many eloquent gestures:

SONNET

Suggested by reflections on the vanity of human action and the emptiness of humanity itself.

Why
Should
Good
Die?
Would
I
Could
Cry!
Slow
Roll
Tears:
No
Soul
Fears.

"It seemed rather pessimistic at first," I said, "but you come out all right."

"And yet," he answered, sadly, "I should be justified in being a pessimist. In the execution of my idea, in attempting to condense and comprehend, I sought last April to get printed a poem I had composed on 'Winter Lingering in the Lap of Spring.' It was suggestive both of 'Snow, Beautiful Snow' and of 'Hail, Gentle Spring,' which I had dextrously blended in intricate harmonies." And here he sighed, and his voice took on a tone of ineffable

sadness. "I took it to an editor, and before he had read the first stanza, after he had perused only the title of the poem, he treated me with contumely, contempt, and indignity. In short, sir, I, the poet of the future,—I, the inventor of the idea of condensation and comprehensiveness—I, sir, was bounced! A. Z.

A Sermon for the Sisters.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trabbel;
I nebber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grabble;
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' whut dey wearin',
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' markit-price, 't 'd hurt yo' little feelin's:
You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, for all yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leetle apples (for you're r'a'lly mighty like 'em)—
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough it's suldom I kin strike 'em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prison:
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian frien's, dis story proobes dat eben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a' been a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it:
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches
Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Philadelphy breeches;
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught him better,
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahs, wont you copy him? Say, wont you take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'?
How much yo' spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might remember
Yo' preacher aint been paid a cent sence somewhar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder hittin'
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's a-sittin';
To look at dem, an listen at dey onrespec'ful jabber,
It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty nigh to clabber!

A-A-A-MEN!

The Two Antis.

EXTREMES in friends will often meet;
So oddly did they in these twain
That should you see them in the street
Scarce from a smile could you refrain.

One day poor Mrs. Gross exclaimed
To Mrs. Spare, "Good news to tell!
You know how long I've been ashamed
At making such a horrid swell;

"Now, don't you think, they advertise
A medicine for such as I;
Of course good papers tell no lies,
One bottle I shall surely try.

"Would you be kind enough, my dear,
To get it for me, you're so thin?
I am so fat, 'twould look right queer,
And surely make the shopman grin!"

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Spare;
"Now the like favor do for me,
My thinness makes the people stare
As much as your obesity.

"Last night I heard this joyful sound:—
'*Full testimonials are shown,*
A wondrous cure for leanness found,
No longer be but skin and bone.'

"Ay, that I wont. I vowed outright
That, ere the set of one more day,
To work those curves that charm the sight
This magic should be on its way.

"Our need, we both so plainly show
For its supply, '*tis* hard to ask;
And if for mine you'll later go,
Then yours shall be my instant task."

So Spare went straight for *Anti-Fat;*
And Gross then went for *Anti-Lean;*
At thinking "Where's the need of that?"
Twice had the clerk a smile to screen.

Now both these ladies feared the eyes
They had at home—how keep this dark?
One to the other quick replies,
"Let's strip the labels right off stark!"

And so they did at edge of night;
These foxy friends while homeward bound,
Tore every hint from fireside sight
In hintless tatters on the ground.

They had exchanged without a look,
With countless thanks for favors done;
As to the dose—why each one took
What seemed the most effective one!

Well! did these Antis prove a cheat?
Oh! not at all—the truth was this,
Our chemist, being quite discreet,
Supposed the ladies asked amiss,

Not knowing Latin. Each had blushed
And stammered over fat and lean,
So with hid smile his judgment rushed—
Letting no question intervene—

But settling from the looks of her,
With what she wished to be supplied;
(For one may lose a customer
If luckless asking hurt the pride);

And trusting he should see it back
If well-read label proved it wrong,
The clerk with eyes politely slack,
Wrapped, tied and passed the thing along.

They drain the bottles in a week;
They hasten for an interview
With horror blanching either cheek
But fiery-tongued as any shrew.

For Mrs. Spare had parted then
With her one pound in one week's dose,
While lo! the scales had added ten
To the gross weight of Mrs. Gross!

You'd like to hear, I have no doubt,
Whether the wiser grew the clerk;
Or Ladies Spare and Gross found out
What came of dosing in the dark.

But really here I'm at a loss
Until I see the two,—and then
If Gross is spare and Spare is gross,
Be sure they have exchanged again!

Pros for the *Antis!* Good or bad,
They did as claimed, say what you choose;
For Mrs. Spare lost all she had,
And Mrs. Gross had more to lose!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

A Blue-Stocking.

SOME years ago I madly loved
A maiden scientific,
Whose knowledge about everything,
Was perfectly terrific!

She writes to-day for magazines,
Essays, and verse, and stories;
And in all kinds of abstruse themes,
She positively glories!

Her mind of long forgotten lore,
Is an unique condenser;
She knows by heart John Stuart Mill,
And likewise Herbert Spencer!

Before her comprehensive brain,
All difficulties vanish,
She's mastered Hebrew, Chinese, Greek,
And French, of course—and Spanish!

In Latin she composes hymns,
And five-act plays in German!
While she in Zend or Portuguese,
Could surely write a sermon!

But when I spoke of love to her
In accents chaste, poetic,
She'd chat for hours to prove that love
Was hate turned sympathetic!

And show by legends, myths, or dates,
And curious Hindoo omens,
That such unintellectual trash
Was unknown to the Romans!

I thought the only way to please
Her most æsthetic optic,
Was quietly to go to work,
And master ancient Coptic!

And this I did, and further wrote
A mammoth life of Moses,
Also three volumes in blank verse
About metempsychosis!

It took me many years, and when
I went unto her dwelling,
I found—she'd run off with a man
Who made mistakes in spelling!

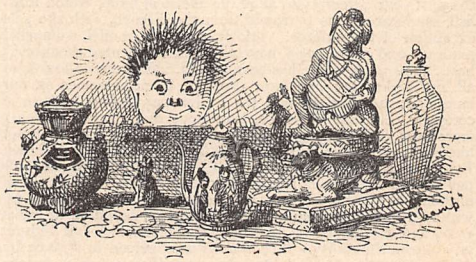
DEBONAIR.

A Few Features of Decorative Art.

"CHILD, child, pray what distorts thy lineaments wild?"
"Culture artistic, at great expense,
Has twisted all my lineaments."

"Nose, nose, and who gave thee that upturned nose?"
"Studying high art and picture shows,
And that gave me my upturned nose."

"Eyes, eyes, and what gave thee those great round eyes?"
"Palissy platters of monstrous size,
And they gave me my wide, round eyes."



"Hair, hair, and what gave thee thy bristling hair?"
"Cloisonné plaques and Kaga ware,
These all erected my bristling hair."

"Face, face, and what doth knit thy frowning face?"
"Tapestry, broidery, rugs, and lace,
All these have woven the frown on my face."

Smile, smile, and what gave thee that guileless smile?"
"Broken mosaic, antique tile,
'Tis these elicit my guileless smile."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

FLORENCE:—"Oh, Gramma, isn't it terrible? there's a live dandelion out in the back yard!"

GRANDMA:—"Oh, gracious! how careless those circus people are! What shall we do?"

"Ears, ears, and what gave thee thy very long ears?"
"Picking up critical arrows and spears
Has turned to quivers both my ears."

"Brain, brain, and who gave thee thy giant brain?"
"Culture artistic, 'tis very plain,
Has given me this gigantic brain."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

Rain and Shine.

(BALLADE.)

[In this department have appeared from time to time, within the past year, attempts in all of the metrical forms which English versification has borrowed from the French, with the sole exception of the *ballade*. Triolet, rondeau, rondel, villanelle, pantoum and *chant-royal* have all in turn presented themselves here: the *ballade* alone has been absent. And the *ballade* is in all probability the one form destined to permanence in our language; the rondeau and the triolet may remain to bear it company, but the villanelle, pantoum, and *chant-royal* are mere feats of literary gymnastics, interesting as such, but not likely to exert any permanent influence on metrical forms. But, in the hands of Villon and Clement Marot, the *ballade* has proved itself an admirable instrument, and a certain kind of thought cannot be better expressed than in its rolling octaves, with its recurring refrain and its final envoy, summing up, as it were, and driving home, like the moral of a fable—but without any fabulous morality. The *ballade* was revived in France by M. Théodore de Banville, to whom versification owes much; and the first English *ballade* was Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable "Prodigals" which was soon followed by Mr. Swinburne's exquisite "Ballad of Dreamland." Since then the form has been used by Messrs. Gosse, Lang, Henley, Payne, and others in England. Satirical *ballades* of more or less temporary interest have not been infrequent in "London" and in "Puck." It remains to be said that the *ballade* has no connection with the ballad. The English ballad is a class of poem. The French *ballade* is merely a metrical form, wholly independent of its subject. The form is somewhat akin to the *chant-royal*, and like it demands the retention of the same rhymes in the same place in each stanza. But the following specimen, offered solely as a specimen, must speak for itself. It is a *ballade à double refrain*—that is the fourth line as well as the eighth is repeated; this is not obligatory, although it doubtless is more effective.]

THE clouds are thick and darkly lower;
The sullen sodden sky would fain
Pour down a never ending shower:
I hear the pattering of the rain,
I hear it rattle on the pane.—
And then I see the mist entwining
Nor one position long retain,
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

As though exulting in its power,
The storm beats down with steady strain;
Upon the ivy of the tower
I hear the pattering of the rain;
It swiftly sweeps across the plain.—
And then I see the sky refining
And molten with a golden stain.
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

Beneath the storm the cattle cower;
It beats upon the growing grain,
And as it breaks both bud and flower,
I hear the pattering of the rain.—
From where the clouds too long have lain
They turn, and show a silver lining,
A splendid glory comes again.
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

ENVOY.

Although like some far, faint refrain,
I hear the pattering of the rain,
The storm is past. No more repining—
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

J. B. M.

The Death-bed of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

BY DAVID S. FOSTER.

"HEAR me last wurruds! Faix, there's O'Shaughnessy,
That wurruld's thafe!—owes me ninepince happeny,
And there's Phil Coyne, with his decaiving thricks,
Owes me five shillins', and there's Pathrick Free
By that same token owes me two and six,
The craythur! May the divil howld him fast!"
"*The ould woman is sinsible to the last!*"

"Give me a dhrop! Arrah, where was I thin?—
And I owe Micky O'Nail wan pound tin,
And Phelim M'Carthy two pounds, and I owe
Three pounds to Jimmy Hone, and Mrs. Flynn
Wan pound sivin shillin's, two pince happeny. No!
'Tis two pince and three farthin's, by your laves."
"*Howly St. Pathrick! Hear now how she raves!*"

"SHOO!"